



# THE QUIVER

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR

SUNDAY AND GENERAL READING

NEW AND ENLARGED SERIES

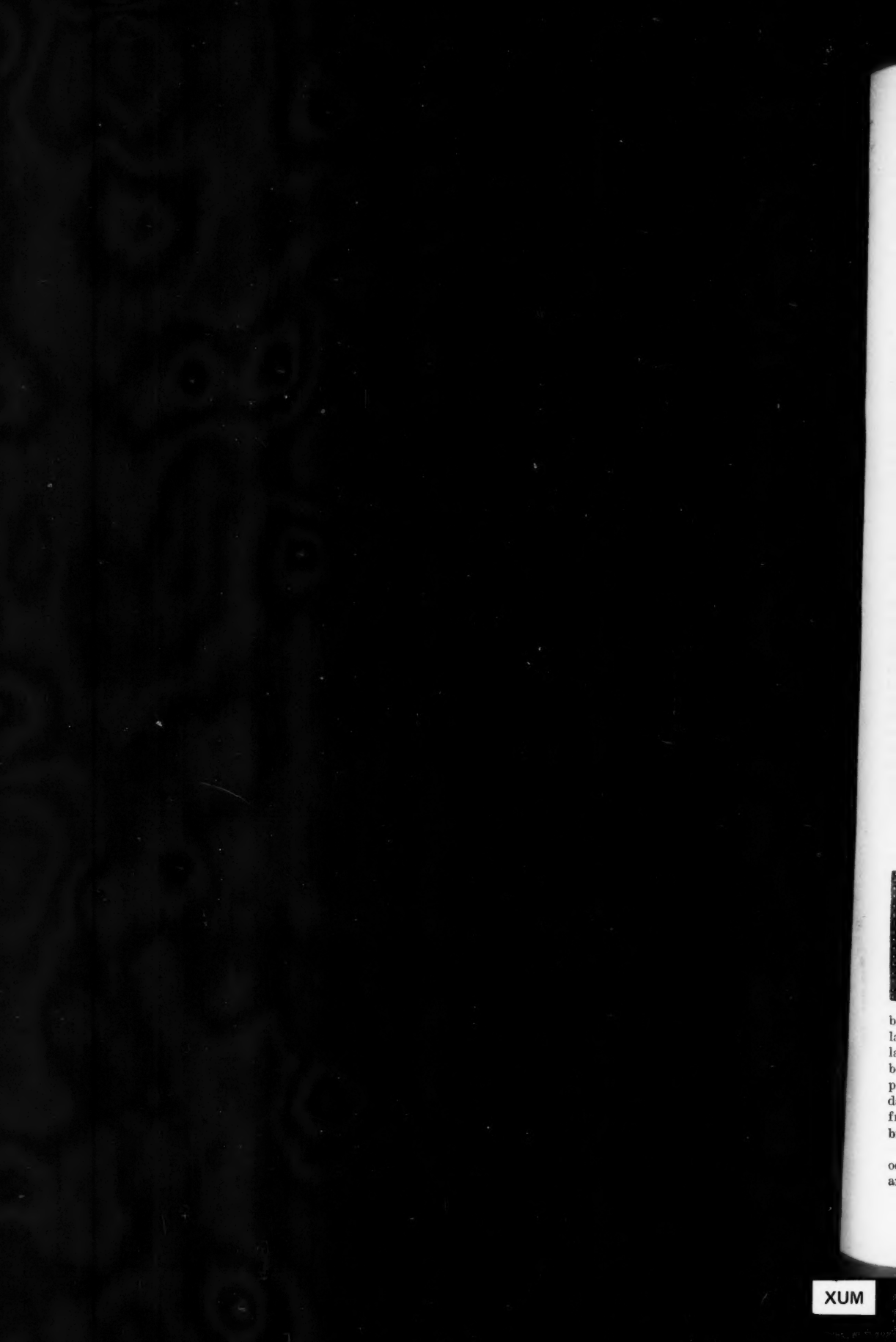
CASSELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED

LONDON, PARIS, AND MELBOURNE

1894







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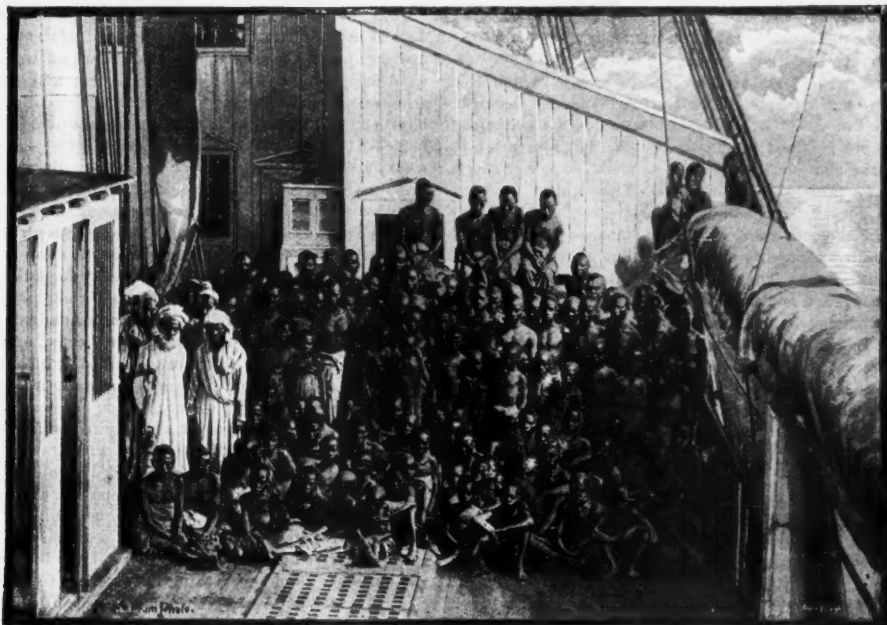
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# THE QUIVER.

## THE CAPTURE OF THE SLAVER.

BY THE REV. D. GATH WHITLEY.



A GROUP OF RESCUED SLAVES.

(From a Photograph taken on H.M.S. "London," latterly used as a depot and hospital in Zanzibar Harbour.)



It is night on the lowlands which stretch along the sea-shore of Eastern Africa.

All through the day the sun has glared down upon jungle, and swamp, and palm-grove. The sluggish streams and stagnant pools have shimmered all day long in the glowing heat, and the foul

black ooze has sent up its pestilential miasma, thickly laden with the poison of fever and dysentery. The land has dozed all through the long hours of the day beneath the sweltering sunshine, as if it were oppressed and borne down by the heat; and now that darkness has descended it seems to breathe more freely, and to recover its strength beneath a gentle breeze which comes from the distant sea.

The air is still; and so faint is the breath from the ocean that it hardly stirs the tops of the palm-trees, and does not move a leaf of the bushes or bend a blade

of the rank high grass. The sky is dark overhead, for the brief period of twilight has long passed away, and there is no moon. Great black clouds cover up the sky, but in some places long open streaks of clear sky occur between them, in which here and there a star faintly twinkles. All else, however, is gloom and darkness, and in the general obscurity the palm-trees stand out like gaunt spectres against the black sky. Although all around is so still, there are heard now and then the usual sounds of the African night: the shout of the solitary native watcher to scare the hippopotamus from the fields by the river's bank, the splash of some heavy fish plunging in the stream, the qua-qua of the night heron, the dull roar of the bull-crocodile in the reedy pool, and the distant murmur of the surf on the flat sandy coast: all these sounds fall on the ear with dreary monotony. This is the land of pestilence: the land of the mangrove and the mosquito; the land in which the white man feels that the dank unwholesome vegetation breathes a creeping horror o'er

the frame, and over which, by day and night, Death spreads his wings.

But hark! what sounds are these? Tramp, tramp, tramp!—clink, clank! The grass rustles beneath the tread of human feet, and gives warning of the approach of marching men. No voice is heard, no single word proclaims the presence of human beings, and only the regular and heavy tread indicates the advance of a considerable body of men. The sound draws nearer. The high grass opens in front, and in the darkness a long string of men in single file is seen approaching, accompanied by others who walk beside them. It is a gang of slaves.

The melancholy procession passes by. Of the slaves, every two of the men are secured by heavy logs of wood with forks at their ends, through which the men's necks are placed, whilst their hands are also tied. The women—of whom there are many in the gang—are not confined in the slave-sticks, but are fastened to the men either by chains or cords, and they carry heavy burdens on their heads. The children walk by the side of the men and women, wearied and ready to drop, but nevertheless driven pitilessly on by the merciless slave-drivers. The traders march by the side of the slaves. They are Arabs or half-caste Swahilis of the coast, and are all well armed with rifles, knives, and hatchets. The gang marches by in perfect silence, for the slave-traders have good reason for quiet and secrecy in their movements. They know that the white men are opposed to slavery, and that the arrival of a slave-gang may be reported to Europeans on the coast. And so the slave caravan avoids the villages, and marches by night along by-paths and unfrequented tracks, in order that suspicion may not be aroused.

As the long and seemingly endless chain of fettered slaves passes by in perfect silence, let us ask: Where did these slaves come from? through what experiences have they passed? and what will be their future fate?

These slaves all come from the lands west of the great Lake Nyassa, and have walked a weary march of many hundreds of miles. Many months ago they lived in the great Valley of the Loangwa, which falls into the Zambesi. Here they had

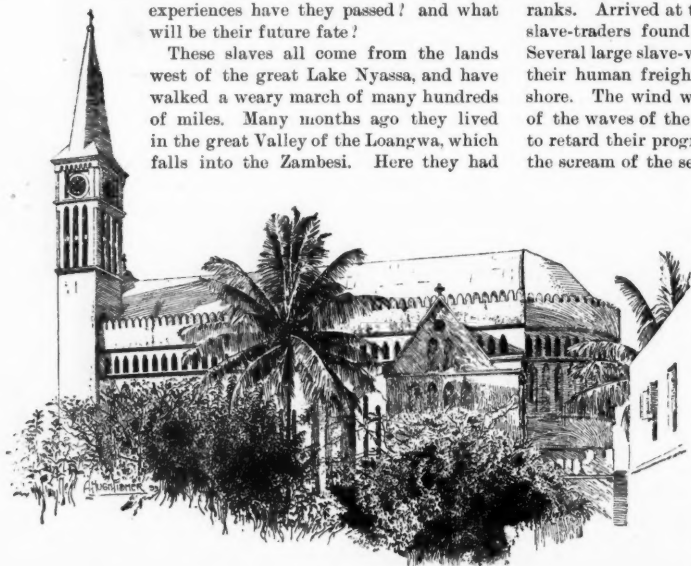
their home in the villages which lie thickly scattered about under the shade of the great mopane-trees, and amidst fields of maize and millet.

But African life is a constant scene of wars and terrors, of which the Loangwa Valley has its share. The savage Angoni, a warlike tribe of Zulu origin, descended from their home on the high tableland between Lake Nyassa and the Loangwa, and spread fire and death among the timid natives of the lowlands. Night after night the glades and dells debouching into the Loangwa Valley were scenes of massacre, and the night sky was illuminated by the red glare of the burning villages. Groups of spearmen stood at the door of each hut that had been fired, and as the terrified occupants rushed out, the older men and women were ruthlessly slaughtered; the younger and more athletic, and the boys and girls, were collected by the blood-stained murderers, and driven off in droves to the homes of the merciless Angoni, there to await the arrival of the slave-dealers from the coast. By-and-by these men, Arabs from Kilwa and Mozambique, arrived in the country, and set about purchasing slaves and buying ivory. Not content with those slaves already provided for them by the Angoni, they began slave-raiding on their own account, and the country for miles in every direction echoed with the reports of their rifles as they shot down the wretched Africans in hundreds.

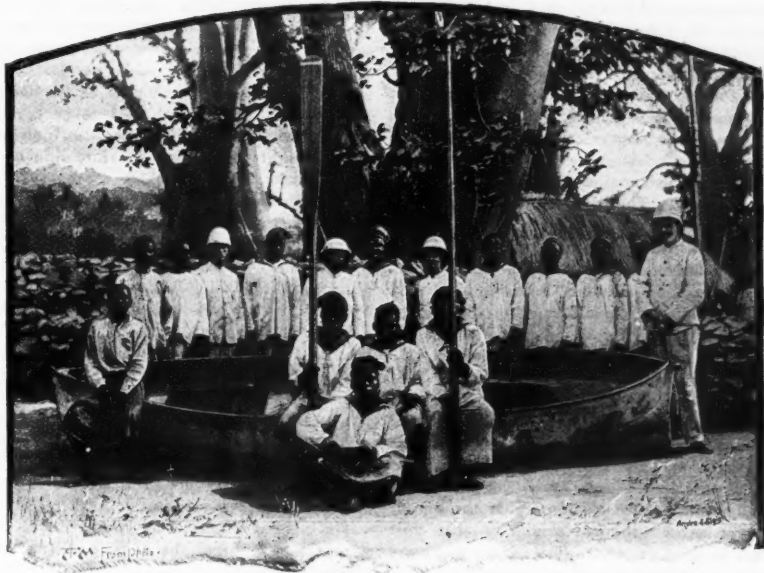
Again the trembling captives were collected, and at last a great gang of slaves was formed, which the Arabs proceeded to drive towards the eastern coast, nearly six hundred miles distant. Soon the deep blue waters of Lake Nyassa came in sight, lying far beneath them, and looking like the sea itself, with its distant mountains stretching like a faint dark line along the eastern horizon. Down the long slopes to the lake marched the slave caravan, already much thinned in numbers; for by this time death had been busy in its ranks. Arrived at the western shores of the lake, the slave-traders found everything in readiness for them. Several large slave-vessels—or dhows—were filled with their human freight, and they started for the eastern shore. The wind was favourable, and the long swell of the waves of the lake seemed rather to favour than to retard their progress. The clear blue sky overhead, the scream of the sea-birds sweeping with rapid wing

above the heaving waters, the foam-tipped waves glittering in the hot sunshine, and the fresh breeze blowing over the vast expanse of waters, would all have been delightful to those who could have appreciated them. But the Arab traders had no thought for these things, and the slaves packed in dozens in the bottoms of the dhows could neither hear nor see what was around them.

About the middle of the lake—in the slave traders' passage—the Arabs in the dhows, as they looked towards the north, saw a long dark streak low down on the water horizon, which filled



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, ZANZIBAR.



THE CREW OF THE S.S. CHARLES JANSON.

them with apprehension. It was the trail of smoke from a steamer on the lake, and came either from the *Charles Janson*, belonging to the Universities Mission to Central Africa, or from the *Domira*, the property of the African Lakes Company. But the steamer had already been seen by the Arab watchers on the hills, and signal-guns were fired by the slave-traders on the shore, to warn their brethren on the water that a white man's vessel was approaching. But the steamer was too far off, and the slave dhows sailed on safely.

At last the lake was crossed, and the slave-vessels ran into a curving bay on its eastern side, above which extended for a mile the thatched huts and plaster houses of the African slave-trading chief Mankanjira.

This is a great centre of resort for scores of Arab slave dealers and traders, and much barter and discussion now took place. The slaves had died in great numbers, but many were still left; and after remaining at the town for a short time, the caravan divided, one stream going northwards, and the other, pursuing a more easterly direction, is that which has just passed before us.

The long tramp from Lake Nyassa to the coast was dreary and terrible. Slave after slave died, and occasionally whole groups of wretched Africans were left to die in the forests or by the side of the path. Famine, fever, and small-pox claimed victim after victim, and those who fainted by the way were ruthlessly butchered by the savage Arabs. The hyenas followed the gang in packs, making the still night air ring with their horrid laughter, and feasted on the corpses; while vultures congregated round the camping-places, and disputed with the hyenas for a banquet on the bodies of the dead. So passed

day after day, until at last the caravan, with its numbers sadly diminished, reached the coast, and we have seen what remains of it pass before our eyes.

Let us follow its progress in imagination, and see what its end will be.

An hour's march through the darkness brings the caravan to the sea-shore. There is no port, and only a few huts and sheds, buried beneath the palm-trees, stand close to the shallow strand, on which the waves are lazily rising and falling in the calm night. Through the darkness, a huge slave-vessel (or dhow), bound for Muscat, in Arabia, can be seen lying near the houses, and prepared to receive its cargo of living beings. Not a word is spoken. Silently and rapidly the wearied slaves are driven on board, and covered over in the bottom of the vessel, of which a strong crew of Arabs—all well armed—is in charge. All is ready, and the dhow, with its living freight, leaves the land in ghostly stillness.

"Like some ill-fated bark that steers  
In silence through the Gate of Tears."

The faint breeze plays feebly on the great triangular sail of the slaver, and slowly she gains the open sea, while the stars glimmer down here and there between the rifts in the black clouds. The vessel, however, makes but slow progress, and when the day breaks she is still within sight of the land, although the flat coast in the distance looks only like a dark line on the western horizon.

With the daylight, however, a thick fog comes on, and the wind dies away. It becomes dead calm, and no progress can be made. The waves lap idly against the sides of the dhow, and Arabs and slaves fall asleep in the weltering glare of the glowing sunshine. Hours

pass, noon draws on, and still no wind, and still they sleep: and even the watchers in the vessel are dozing in the heat and the calm.

Suddenly through the still hot air of the noon there comes a sound which startles all on board—boom!

Up spring the Arabs composing the slaver's crew, and looking over the waters, they discern in the distance a large vessel, from which issues a long trail of smoke: it is a British man-of-war.

What is to be done? The wind has changed, and a breeze is springing up, and the Arabs in the dhow, after a hurried consultation, decide to try to run back again to the place on the coast from which they started the night before. Round goes the head of the dhow; she catches the breeze, and now she is speeding towards the distant shore.

But this change of course will be dangerous.

Boom! Another gun is fired from the cruiser, the shot of which strikes the water just in front of the bows of the slaver, and sends up a column of spray into the air. More than this: the man-of-war has powerful engines, and the intentions of the Arabs are very plain to all on board her, so she steams in full strength towards the place for which the dhow is running. In a few minutes it is plain that the slaver cannot escape from the cruiser in this manner, and another method must be adopted.

Now, therefore, the Arabs in the dhow fancy that they can creep along the shore, where the cruiser cannot come, from lack of deep water. The Arabs therefore keep their vessel nearer in towards the shore, and manage fairly well for a brief time. But soon they observe, to their terror, a long reef of rocks right in their way, and which stretches out into deep water; and to go outside this obstacle is to lose time, and to fall into the hands of the pursuer.

Once more the Arabs must change their plans; and after a brief debate, they decide upon a last desperate course. They resolve to run their vessel right upon the shore, and allow her to be wrecked. The slaves may be drowned or may escape as they can, and the Arabs will get to shore as best they may. The shifting wind favours the plan, and now the slaver runs straight for the long white line of breakers which marks the low shore.

But all these changes, of course, have made the dhow lose much way, and the pursuer has gained considerably on the slaver.

The water is fast shallowing, but a large boat filled with armed blue-jackets, rowed by the powerful arms of British sailors, and provided with a large sail, is speeding after the fugitives. The chase becomes exciting, for the breakers are now only a short distance ahead. The shore is covered with dense forests of palm-trees, and crowds of white-robed Arabs come running down to the beach with guns in their hands, ready to fire at the British sailors, and to prevent the slaves from escaping if they are fortunate enough to get to land after the dhow has been capsized in the breakers.

The breeze freshens; the great sail of the dhow fills with the wind, and she sweeps swiftly on for the beach; surely she will escape, after all!

Suddenly—flash, boom! another gun from the man-of-war; and then, crack! crash!! The shot has struck the mast of the slaver, and has cut it in two, and down come tumbling sail, rigging, and broken spars in one wild mass of confusion. It is useless for the Arabs to curse the infidels or to pray to all the saints of the Koran—the course of the slaver is ended. Her crew try to cut away the wreckage, so that she may drift into the breakers; but it is too



A GROUP OF GIRLS AT MBWENI, ZANZIBAR.



late, for the man-of-war's boat is within hail. Resistance and flight are both alike hopeless, and so the Arabs sulkily surrender.

The British boat comes alongside the dhow, and an English officer steps on the deck of the slaver. He asks the Arabs who they are, and where they are sailing: to which they reply that they are simple traders, and are bound for the island of Pemba, near Zanzibar. The English officer is, however, not satisfied with this answer. He calls several blue-jackets from the boat, and they search beneath the ropes and sails. There they discover, at the bottom of the dhow, the trembling slaves, packed together in masses, and half-dead with fear, exhaustion, and starvation. Quickly enough their fetters are struck off, whilst their Arab masters are firmly secured. The slaves and their now fettered tyrants are transferred to the cruiser, and while the dhow is left to her fate, the man-of-war takes her course for Zanzibar.

At length the white buildings of Zanzibar come in sight, and the cruiser anchors close to the busy town which is the centre of trade and of English influence on the eastern coast of Africa. What is now to be done with the slaves on board the cruiser? The Universities Mission to Central Africa has its headquarters at Zanzibar, and its active agencies are unceasingly at work to rescue and reclaim all liberated slaves. There is a Home for orphan boys, with plenty of decent houses attached to it, and connected with the Mission near Christ Church Cathedral in Zanzibar; then a Theological College at Kiungani, a short distance out in the country, carries on an active work in training liberated and native Africans for the work of the Christian

ministry. At Mbweni, a few miles from Zanzibar, the Mission has a school for native girls, and the trees and shrubs grow around it in such profusion that Mbweni is one of the most beautiful of places that can be imagined. Here also is a large estate, with cottages for the rescued slaves. At this place the younger girls find a home, whilst the elder men and women are lodged in the cottages of the Mission. The children are sent to the Mission schools at Mkunazini and Mbweni, where they are trained under Christian teachers, and many of them ultimately become evangelists of the Dark Continent.

Such is a picture of events now happening in Africa. Notwithstanding our boasted civilisation, the slave-trade still flourishes in that unhappy land; and as old routes are closed by the advance of the white man, new tracks are opened up by the Arab slave-traders, along which incessantly their unfortunate victims are driven to slavery and death. It is a melancholy fact that for one slave-vessel captured by our ships of war, at least ten escape; and it must also be remembered that the inland slave traffic can never be affected by a naval blockade of the east coast. English people must be thoroughly aroused to the horrors of this African slave traffic; and it may well be said that at the present day rivers of blood are flowing from the heart of Africa.

And at the same time, let sympathy and assistance be extended to the humane efforts of the Universities Mission to Central Africa, which, at Zanzibar and elsewhere, is so nobly endeavouring to rescue, clothe, and Christianise those slaves who have been delivered from their merciless Mahomedan oppressors.

\* \* Our Illustrations are from photographs kindly placed at our disposal by the Universities Mission to Central Africa.



## POOR PRIDE.

BY ISABEL BELLERBY.

### CHAPTER I.

**A**LL Winchmore was awake and out, though the hour was two a.m. A builder's premises in the lower part of the town were on fire, and the flames could be seen for miles. There was a large amount of timber in the sheds, and some mahogany and pine-wood which had come in only the day before.

burned rapidly, and, in spite of the sympathy felt with the builder, and with the men who would be thrown out of work as a result of the fire, most of the lookers-on decided that the sight was well worth leaving their beds to see.

On the outskirts of the crowd stood two girls, arm-in-arm: one slight, and fragile-looking in the broad glare; the other, though a trifle shorter, appeared of stronger build, and her face revealed the fact that its owner had a will of her own.

"I wish we could get a bit nearer, Drusy," she said presently, touched with the excitement of those around.

"No, no!" The other girl shrank back a little. "I should be afraid to get into the crowd."

At that moment a man in a light overcoat approached the spot where they stood, having come, evidently, from another point of vantage.

At the sound of the last speaker's voice he started, and looked round quickly, raising his hat, with a look of keen delight on his pleasant but by no means handsome face.



The two fire-engines were quickly on the spot, and there was a good supply of water; but the wood

"Miss Weston and Miss Margery!—to think of your venturing out, now! Alone, too, I'll be bound!"

"Why, of course!" and Margery laughed a little as she shook hands. "What should we have done with nurse had we brought her? The dear old soul is probably fast asleep at this moment. When did you come, Captain Warre? We thought you were not expected until next week."

"I managed to get away to-day, so took my father

"Now, Drusy, don't be tiresome," expostulated the more venturesome Margery; "we shan't get such a chance again in a hurry. Captain Warre will take care you are not crushed to death, and I can defend myself."

Drusilla generally found it pay to give way to her younger sister; and now, though she would much rather have remained where she was, and not have been beholden to Captain Warre for the strength of



"The old man artfully talked him into signing away the entail."—p. 10.

by surprise this evening. Grand spectacle, isn't it? Hope poor old Davis is insured. No one seems to know how the fire originated. I have been talking to Davis and some of his men."

"I wish we could get nearer," said Margery.

"No—let us stay where we are!" pleaded her sister.

She had not spoken since Captain Warre joined them, having merely shaken hands in silence, and with evident reluctance.

He looked down at her from his superior height—his military training had developed full six feet of length in him—without attempting to conceal the tender light in his eyes.

"I know you don't like a crowd, Miss Weston; but if you would trust yourself to me—"

"No!" she said again, without allowing him to finish.

his arm, she allowed herself to be led into the thick of the crowd, which was feasting its eyes on the leaping flames and huge columns of smoke, and regaling its ears with the loud crackling of the rapidly burning timbers, the roar of the fire, and the hissing of the water as it fell on the flames.

"It's grand!" exclaimed Margery, with sparkling eyes, peeping over Drusy's shoulder.

"It's suffocating!" complained Drusilla. "I shall faint if these people press much closer."

"Allow me." Captain Warre's voice was quiet enough, but his heart thumped against his ribs with ecstasy of joy as he passed his left arm round the shrinking girl, and so protected her from the ever-moving crowd.

It was of no use to object: perhaps she even felt grateful to him for taking it for granted that she



would rather endure such a liberty from him than be crushed to death. There was nothing in her face to show if she understood what those moments meant for him.

She watched the fire with increased eagerness now she was shielded from the pushing of the people around; and he watched her, the wavy black hair nestling low on her forehead beneath the small hat; the straight eyebrows—the curling lashes that hid the blue-grey eyes from his wistful gaze—the delicate little nose, and small sensitive mouth and chin—one and all of the girlish features were the dearest and sweetest the world held for him.

Margery, tearing her eyes for an instant from the fascination of that roaring, crackling furnace, glanced now and then from her sister to the man beside her, who had plainly forgotten the fire and all around in the dear delight of having Drusy close to him, within the shelter of his arm. Margery knew that Reginald Warre would gladly have forfeited half his worldly possessions to win her sister; and she knew also that Drusy, yielding in most respects, could be very obstinate when she chose, and when she had the noted Weston pride to help her. For centuries past the Westons had prided themselves on being yeomen; and as such, they considered any advance beyond mere neighbourliness on the part of the lord of the manor and his family as intended patronage, and therefore to be scorned and returned on their hands.

Drusy refused to believe in the genuineness of Captain Warre's interest in her sweet self. When Margery showed a disposition to argue the point, she had always the same answer ready.

"You will never convince me, Margery. You know as well as I do that old Mr. Warre is anxious for his son to marry one of us. If Captain Warre is dutifully disposed to be sacrificed to his father's conscience, it is no affair of mine."

Whereupon Margery would express a desire to shake her unbelieving sister.

"He worships the ground you walk on, you blind little bat! Sacrifice himself to his father's conscience, indeed! I haven't patience with you!"

"Haven't you? Suppose it were you instead of me, Margery? Would you encourage him to think you would have him?"

"Not likely!"—for Margery, too, possessed a share of the family pride. "I never said I wanted you to have him, you little goose! only you *might* believe he is not such a donkey as to pay you attention just because his father tells him to."

"I really don't see that it matters what I believe or disbelieve," Drusy would say, with an imperceptible little sigh. "We are both agreed that it wouldn't do at any price; and so, what is the use of talking about it?"

Margery thought of these occasional arguments, and their inevitably unsatisfactory conclusion, as she watched the light on Reginald Warre's face—a light not occasioned by the red glare that touched all the eager faces in that human crowd.

"Poor fellow!" she said to herself; "I half wish we were not so abominably proud. I wonder if Drusy cares—just a little bit! She is as close as wax, bless

her heart! If she does care, I hope to goodness something will happen to vanquish our horrid pride."

Then, availing herself of a slight opening in the crowd to advance a step or so, her eyes returned to the fire, and she missed seeing an expression of firm determination that suddenly stole into Captain Warre's face, which was the result of a vow he had just mentally vowed to himself in these words:

"I *will* win her—in spite of her pride—please God!" And what had produced this determined frame of mind was a simple little incident enough.

A big fellow, working his way through the crowd with his fists and elbows, had come perilously near Captain Warre's precious charge. To guard her the more effectually, Reginald clasped his other arm about her for an instant, covering her left shoulder with his right hand: and not a moment too soon, for the great burly intruder brought his elbow down on that slender shoulder with a force that must have bruised it sadly had not Captain Warre's hand received the blow.

Drusy glanced up hastily.

"Did he hurt you?"

"Nothing to mention. The great brute! He wouldn't have cared if it *had* come on your shoulder."

"How thoughtful you are! Are you sure it doesn't pain you much?"

"Quite sure."

Her words had been so gentle, her glance so kind, that, half-involuntarily, he drew her a little closer to him. She did not resist. His arm being now further round her, he became aware that her heart was beating rapidly.

"You are not frightened now?" That was his first thought.

"Oh no!" And she smiled a little.

And then the blissful thought entered his brain that her heart beat faster than usual because they two stood so for the first time—close together, and as one, in that increasing surging mass of humanity. Could it be possible that she cared for him—that it was only her pride that kept them apart?

And that possibility, which he chose to think was already a certainty, made him vow to himself then and there—

"I *will* win her—in spite of her pride—please God!"

Presently, when the fire had been got under a little by the unceasing exertions of the firemen and their voluntary assistants, Drusy suggested going home.

"I suppose the best of it is over!" sighed Margery regretfully. "I really am sorry for Mr. Davis; but I do love a good fire."

"How independent you are!" said Reginald Warre, watching her elbow her way skilfully to the edge of the crowd. From that hour he looked upon her with brotherly eyes; and much as men like their sweethearts to lean on their masculine strength, they do not object, as a rule, to any amount of independence in their sisters.

"I am used to looking after myself," replied Margery, glancing back at him with a contented smile. "Phil and Drusy are the two timid ones of the family. Now Phil is married, and will always have someone to look after her: and, of course, Drusy will marry some day."

"There is no 'of course' about it!" Drusy spoke a trifle sharply, and her cheeks grew rosy with—vexation, was it? But they had turned their backs on the fire now; so no one could see. She contrived that Margery should walk between Captain Warre and herself as they returned to Long Reach; considering, perhaps, that he had "sacrificed" himself sufficiently for one occasion.

St. Ouans was about half a mile farther up the hill which led past Long Reach. In the old days when Gregory Warre signed away his right to St. Ouans, the manor-house and the farm were both quite in the country, Winchmore being at that time an insignificant little fishing village. But time, which changeth all things, had worked wonders at Winchmore: first the village became a town, by the addition of several streets, the only original one being lengthened, and paved, and rebuilt, and lighted, out of all semblance to its ancient self. Then suburbs were begun and added to—the more aristocratic houses nestling, as by common consent, under the shelter of the hill where grew the picturesque woods which wound round St. Ouans, and formed a background for the fine old house. As a natural result of suburbs, there appeared, eventually, an esplanade, which in due course was improved by the addition of a pier, replacing the little jetty that had done duty so many years. And thus it came to pass that Long Reach was not far now from other houses, and that made it more cheerful as a residence for the girls, who were too much attached to it to leave it for anything less than for the sake of a husband, to whom they might be even more attached.

Captain Warre's newly born hopes were somewhat damped when he observed that Drusy yawned again and again on the way home. He told himself that he never felt less like yawning than when in her society.

They began to ascend the hill, and Drusy dropped behind.

"I cannot go so fast!" she said plaintively.

Reginald's heart smote him even while it rejoiced: the poor child was tired out, of course, with the excitement and the unearthly hour, and all the rest of it: and that was why she had yawned. He slipped behind Margery to Drusy's further side, and coolly took her arm, saying—

"Now, Miss Margery, you take her other arm, and we shall get along splendidly. You step out as if you were made of cast-iron."

"I believe I am!" Margery was proud of her powers of endurance and of her perfect health. With all the arrogance and ignorance of twenty-one, she failed to sympathise with her more fragile sister, though she was always ready to help her.

Long Reach was less than a quarter of a mile up the hill; a very few minutes' climbing brought them to the gate, with its pretty arch of Virginian creeper: similar arches were placed at short intervals up the sloping path leading to the lower entrance, which was always used by the girls themselves: their snugest sitting-room, where they took their meals, and usually sat of a winter evening—for all it was called breakfast-room—being on the ground floor. Just inside the gate some steps on the left led to an upper garden and to the hall door proper, and up those steps Captain

Warre had always felt compelled to go on the rare occasions when he had called with his father on the Misses Weston: visits the girls never returned, owing to the absence of a mistress at St. Ouans—at least, so they said; though when Mr. Warre's sister stayed with him for a month or two at a time, which she did every year, there was no inducing the Westons to so much as call at St. Ouans; much more accept invitations to dinner.

"Lady Vanborough cannot possibly desire to receive a farmer's daughters," the girls would say to the discomfited "squire."

"My dear young ladies, when will you remember that the same blood runs in your veins as in ours?"

"Not *all* the same, Mr. Warre; we are half Westons, you know."

"Well, the Westons were gentlefolks before they took to farming, and I know of no law which forbids a farmer being a gentleman."

"But there is a social law which forbids his ranking as one," was the unanswerable reply of a pride that was not to be vanquished.

Remembering the distance at which he had always been kept by these haughty young neighbours, Captain Warre glanced wistfully up the dark pathway under the arches, but did not offer his escort to the door.

Margery was in a wicked mood that night; she produced the latch-key as Drusilla was about to shake hands and thank Captain Warre for his "kindness."

"It is fearfully rusty; I shall never get the door open. I meant to have it oiled to-day, and I forgot it. Do you mind coming up and insuring our getting in, Captain Warre? I don't feel inclined to pass the remainder of the night with earwigs and spiders."

Smiling broadly with pleasure—all unnoticed in the darkness—Reginald took the key, and accompanied them up the path Drusy's feet had trodden nearly every day of her life—that thought alone made him long to kiss the ground he walked on with reverent step.

In spite of Margery's fears, the door was opened easily; and when he had been vouchsafed one glance at the dimly lit hall, he had to wish them good-night and take his departure.

And then Drusilla turned on her sister.

"Margery, what possessed you to do that?"

"What, dear?" Margery had tossed off her hat, and was drawing hair-pins from the massive brown coils which adorned her head.

"What possessed you to ask Captain Warre into the garden?"

"Didn't you hear? The latchkey wanted oiling; it was so difficult to turn the last time I used it." She gave herself a little shake, and the coils fell and spread themselves over her shoulders and below her waist.

"As if it was not enough to invite him to take care of us, without——"

"Begging your pardon, Drusilla, we did *not* invite him to take care of us. He proffered his assistance, and *you* accepted it. I did not require, or get it."



"Like this, ma'am."—p. 11.

This was turning the tables with a vengeance, and Drusy had not a word to say in self-defence. She walked up-stairs in meekest silence, partly as a token of defeat, and partly to hide a pair of conspicuously red cheeks.

Margery nodded triumphantly at her retreating form, and followed; magnanimously saying not another word.

Superstitious people fully expected a third excitement to follow on the fire, for that had been the second great event of the day: before it had come the wedding, when sweet Philippa Weston—sister to Drusilla and Margery—had given her life into the keeping of Dr. Theo Kershaw.

There had been a reception at Long Reach in the afternoon, attended by many friends and acquaintances, who had assembled to congratulate the young couple; not the least important of these being Mrs. Algernon Pearson, of clerical descent—as she liked to remind people—who had so far forgotten her duty to society as to marry a wealthy tradesman. An ironmonger in a large way of business was her husband.

A little later there arrived two gentlemen who generally went about together: one was Mr. George Harrison, retired solicitor, with a weakness for rocking-chairs; and the other Mr. Thomas Maver, formerly a pawnbroker, who had never succeeded in curing himself of a boyish affection for hardbake. The former was a widower, the latter a bachelor; both were well off.

At the gate of Long Reach they came face to face with three ladies who were leaving, one of whom planted herself in front of Mr. Maver, saying severely—

"You enticed my dog away again yesterday; he was absent over two hours."

"Twist is a friendly little brute," was the evasive reply.

But he was not to escape without receiving a bit of Miss Fraser's mind, the others listening in somewhat awed silence; albeit they were used to such scenes. Mr. Maver amused himself occasionally by purposely aggravating Miss Fraser, who was capable of showing much irritation. That lady was shortish and stoutish, compared with her companions. Possibly she was the eldest of the three, though she never said so. Her hair was as grisly as Mr. Maver's own, and she possessed an irrepressible moustache—very short, but very bristly.

Yet, in spite of the moustache and the frequent angry light in Miss Fraser's eyes, she was not so awe-inspiring at a second glance as Miss Foster, who was tall and gaunt, and utterly colourless—hair, cheeks, lips, and eyes.

Miss Fagan, the youngest of the trio, was small in every way; she had thin lips, and was much given to knitting. It went without saying that Miss Fagan kept a cat.

When Miss Fraser had finished with Mr. Maver, he and Mr. Harrison disappeared up the garden path,

and the three ladies departed for South Terrace, where they all lived—at Nos. 30, 31, and 32 respectively.

No. 30 was Miss Foster's residence; there they paused with one accord.

"Miss Paule will have arrived by now," said Miss Foster, as they entered the garden gate.

Miss Paule was her new companion, who was expected that afternoon, and had arrived while they were all at Long Reach; so Miss Foster herself had not seen her yet, the engagement having been by letter.

"My goodness!" was the mental exclamation of all three ladies when they entered the drawing-room; and if they had said it aloud it would not have been much wonder, considering that the companions formerly engaged by Miss Foster had been of the depressed and anxious sort, with limited wardrobes, and painfully anxious to please.

Miss Paule, by way of contrast, was elegantly dressed in a tailor-made grey cloth; she had a quantity of hair on her small head, arranged in the newest fashion, and she stood in perfect self-possession as her employer advanced and scrutinised her fashion-plate form in undisguised amazement.

"You aren't exactly what I expected to see, Miss Paule!"

But the severe tone did not dismay her in the least; she smiled sweetly, revealing some wonderfully white teeth.

"No? But I think you will find that I suit you. You've been to a Reception, your servant tells me; aren't you awfully tired? Let me take your bonnet and cloak up-stairs. I told the girl to be sure and have tea ready."

Before Miss Foster could remonstrate, her bonnet was off, and her mantle was being carefully unfastened by her new companion.

"Thank you; but I'll go up myself. I want a particular cap; and you won't know where to find it."

"Won't I? Try me!"

"Well, it's in the top right-hand drawer of my chest. Do you know my room? Yes? You haven't wasted time since you came, evidently. It's cream lace and red velvet, with silver pins."

The companion disappeared, trailing half a yard of train gracefully on the carpet behind her.

"Walks as if she'd practised before a looking-glass," observed Miss Fagan, screwing up her mouth.

"Looks as if she'd moved in tip-top society," said Miss Fraser, who had aristocratic connections, and visited them by invitation once a year.

"Humph!" Miss Foster reserved her opinion; she had not decided yet whether or no she liked being taken possession of, as it were, by her new companion.

Miss Paule returned with the cap, and was presented to the other two ladies; then, as tea was brought in, she took her place at the tea-tray as a matter of course, dispensing the beverage with much grace.

"Tell me about the wedding, please, Miss Foster," she implored, when she had settled in a low chair to

enjoy her own cup of tea. "The bells have been ringing like mad ever since I came, and everyone looks more or less excited about it. Who are these Westons? They might be ladies of the manor, by the interest people seem to take in this wedding."

"So they would be but for an unfortunate occurrence which took place nearly a century and a half ago," replied Miss Foster.

Misses Fraser and Fagan nodded their heads, and looked as if they could a tale unfold.

That was sufficient invitation for Miss Paule to beg them to unfold it.

"You make me so curious," she declared. "It sounds like a romance hidden somewhere."

"You will think it is a romance when you have heard it," said Miss Foster. "Keep the tea hot; I shall want another cup when I have finished telling the story." She drank what she had, and leant back comfortably against her own particular cushion as she began the history of the Westons.

"As you came along in the train you must have seen a fine old house nestling against the hill, nearly at the top of it—a house that had a covered terrace or verandah running nearly round it, with massive stone pillars supporting it? Well, that is St. Ouans, which has belonged to the Warres for I can't say how many generations. They used to call themselves De Warre, but for the last hundred years they have preferred to drop the 'De'. Nearly a hundred and fifty years ago the property belonged to a childless widower—Christopher Warre. The heir-apparent was his nephew, Gregory Warre; but the two did not get on well together. Gregory was inclined to be wild, and he was so lazy that he refused to help his uncle in the management of the estate. They quarrelled frequently; and when, at last, Gregory fell in love with and married the daughter of one of his uncle's tenants, old Christopher began to cast about in his mind for some means of disinheriting him. Previous to this, he had married again himself, hoping to have a son; but he was disappointed: he was destined to be childless. One day he encouraged his nephew to drink more than usual at dinner; and when he was in a manageable mood—which was only when half-intoxicated—the old man artfully talked him into signing away the entail, promising that the farm tenanted by his wife's father should be his and his heirs' for ever, with all the fields, and so on, then let with it. This meant a tidy little income, and not half the work and responsibility of managing an estate; and young Gregory weakly allowed himself to be talked over. So it fell about that *his* son, instead of inheriting St. Ouans, found himself merely in possession of Long Reach, and was so disgusted that he challenged his more fortunate cousin—the son of a younger brother of Gregory's, who had been substituted for him—to settle the matter by a duel. They fought, and Gregory's son was killed. As there was no other boy, Long Reach went to his sister, who married someone called Weston, and there have been no lack of Westons ever since; while the Warres have simply existed by the skin of their teeth, as it were—each Warre since then having only one son to inherit the property after him. The present Mr. Warre is



said to be of opinion that this scarcity of heirs is a judgment on the family for continuing in possession of a property to which they have no moral right; and his son, Captain Reginald Warre, if all accounts are true, not only agrees with him, but is something more than willing to at least share the property with one of the Westons. The three Weston girls have lived alone at Long Reach for the last ten years. Their mother died when the youngest girl was barely twelve months old; and when, ten years later, their father followed her, the girls, acting on his advice, let all the fields and pasturage land, with the larger orchard and the farm buildings, keeping the dwelling-house, smaller orchard, and flower-gardens for their own use. They have sufficient income—about £100 a year each—to enable them to live comfortably, their only *chaperon* being their old nurse. Now the eldest daughter is married, and it remains to be seen whether the other two will like living alone. Perhaps Philippa's example will make the second one, Drusilla—they always call her Drusy—more inclined to be civil to Captain Warre. But the Westons were always as proud as Lucifer in some ways, for all they are—or have been until now—only farmers. The youngest is called Margery, and she is my favourite. Another cup of tea, please, Miss Paule."

Lilian Paule had listened very attentively.

"Where will she live: the one who is married?"

"At Norwood. Her husband, Dr. Kershaw, has a practice there, or has just gone into partnership with someone who has one."

"Perhaps the other two sisters will go and live with her?"

"Not they. They will never leave Long Reach. Must you go?"

This to Miss Fagan, who was arranging her bonnet-strings.

"Scott will want his tea." Scott was Miss Fagan's cat: a handsome Persian, and a most important member of her small household. "Don't trouble to come to the door, Miss Paule; you will find we three run in and out of each other's houses without any ceremony. Are you coming, Miss Fraser? Do you observe that Twist is eating the cake?"

"A naughty doggie!" But the tone was not severe; and as his mistress caught him up, the naughty doggie licked her face with assurance of not being repulsed.

## CHAPTER II.

"ONLY wish I'd been awake, and caught ye going out in the middle of the night, that's all! You'll be catching your deaths of cold: that's what'll happen. Please to send in some linseed-meal, Miss Drusilla, in case; and you with your 'ceptional chest, too."

"I am all right, nurse. There is no fear for my 'ceptional' chest, I think, on this occasion; and the fire was worth seeing; wasn't it, Margery?"

"Rather! You should have seen it, nurse!"

But nurse grunted disapproval and retired to the kitchen.

The fire formed the principal topic of conversation at more than one breakfast-table that morning.

Bob, Mr. Pearson's "general man," calling early to drive his master to the station—Mr. Pearson having to be away on business that day—volunteered the information that he "seed'd Cap'en Warre at the fire 'long of the Miss Westons."

"Nonsense, Bob!" said Mr. Pearson.

"Surely you must have been mistaken—er—Robert!" Mrs. Pearson glanced reprovingly at her spouse as she laid a stress on the man's baptismal name; she greatly objected to his being called Bob.

"No, ma'am; I didn't make no mistake. There wasn't no chance of making a simple mistake of that sort with that there glare making it seem as if the whole world was afire. The Cap'en it was, sure enough; and the Miss Westons it was, just as certain. Miss Drusilla, she were nestlin' up to 'm terrified like. Miss Margery, she looked to be enjoyin' the flames; she never fears nothin' mortal, she don't. But I make bold to say as Cap'en Warre was a-harming of Miss Drusilla."

"Harming her! In what way, Robert?"

"Like this, ma'am;" and "Robert" grinned as he hooked his arm round an imaginary waist. "Law! you must have seed it done many's the time in courtin' days. Miss Drusilla, she'll be followin' Miss Philippa's example afore she's much older, I reckon, if it's come to that already out-o'-doors: though the quality is, in general, main particular about such things; but I s'pose 't was the fire done it. The Cap'en, 'tain't like as how he'd see her frightened, and not go for to comfort her."

"Really, Robert, I think your eyes must have deceived you!" Mrs. Pearson was bridleing with decorum. "Miss Weston would *never*—er—permit such familiarity in public, were she twenty times engaged—er—to Captain Warre."

"Guess you'd had an extra glass or so, Bob, before you saw that. Come now; aren't I right?"

"No, sir: I'll stick to what I says. It happened: and I seed it. But as it seems to strike you as bein' a trifle unexpected like, perhaps I'd better hold my tongue about it t' anyone else. You're the first I've told."

"Just as well, I think, Bob. Miss Weston would not care to have such a report going about, I am sure. Time's up! Good-bye, Matilda. I shall come by the seven o'clock, if I can catch it. You must hurry up, Bob."

It never occurred to Mr. Pearson to put a stopper on his wife's tongue similar to that he had put on "Robert's."

As soon as she could decently call anywhere, Mrs. Pearson put on her bonnet and went to South Terrace. As she approached, not from the town, but from the opposite direction, she came first to No. 32, Miss Fagan's house; but her curiosity to see Miss Foster's new companion made her give No. 30 the honour of her presence on that occasion.

Miss Foster was at home, but not prepared to receive visitors, being still arrayed in the flowered dressing-gown in which she had passed the early hours of every week-day for the last fifteen years.

"Now, don't you be put out, Miss Foster: I'll go and talk to her while you dress yourself in comfort."

Put on the same cap you wore yesterday, will you? It was wonderfully becoming."

It was Miss Paule who spoke: she was as much at home at No. 30 as if she had lived there all her life. Instead of the question, "Would she do?" Miss Foster was already asking herself how she had hitherto existed without her new treasure.

Mrs. Pearson stared when a self-possessed person in a tailor-made gown entered the room, introduced herself as Miss Foster's companion, and proceeded to apologise for that lady's tardy appearance, gliding from that topic to others with an ease that Mrs. Pearson would have given her best bonnet to possess.

When Miss Foster came gliding into the room in her ghost-like fashion, robed in a gown as colourless as herself, and began to murmur excuses for having kept her visitor waiting, Mrs. Pearson cut her short by declaring most affably, if—er—a trifle hesitatingly, that she had been unable to find the time of waiting otherwise than agreeable, so well had Miss Paule entertained her.

"She is the very companion I have sought for years," declared Miss Foster, with a sigh of satisfaction. "To what do I owe the pleasure of so early a visit, Mrs. Pearson?" For Mrs. Pearson rarely made calls so early in the day.

"I—er—thought you might not have heard the news."

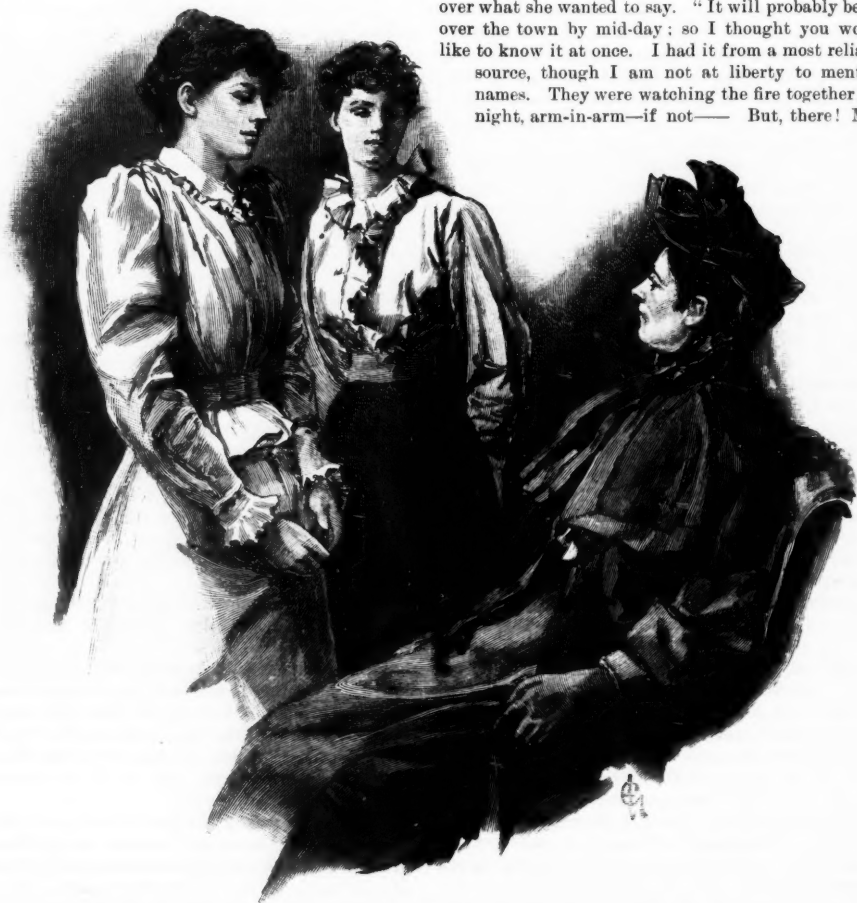
"About the fire?—oh, yes: the milkman told Sarah all about it. Davis has lost between £1,500 and £2,000; but he is insured for nearly the full amount, you know."

"That is not exactly what I meant. I was referring to—er—Miss Drusilla Weston's engagement to Captain Warre."

"What?"

Miss Foster almost shrieked out the question, and Miss Paule visibly started—possibly remembering the story she had heard little more than twelve hours ago.

"I thought you would be surprised," said Mrs. Pearson complacently, forgetting, for once, to hesitate over what she wanted to say. "It will probably be all over the town by mid-day: so I thought you would like to know it at once. I had it from a most reliable source, though I am not at liberty to mention names. They were watching the fire together last night, arm-in-arm—if not— But, there! Miss



"I don't understand, Mrs. Pearson. To what are you alluding?"—p. 13.

Drusy would not thank me for spreading *that* piece of information."

"Now, that is too bad!" declared Miss Foster, her pale lips working with curiosity and excitement. "Do finish what you were going to say, Mrs. Pearson."

"Well, you won't let it go any further, I am sure. But—er—I was told that Captain Warre had his arm round her waist most of the time."

"To protect her from the pressure of the crowd, of course," suggested Miss Paule, smiling. "How interesting! To think this should have happened so soon after your telling me the history of the two families, Miss Foster. How pleased old Mr. Warre will be! By the bye, I think I did not tell you yesterday—I'm sure I did not, in fact, for Miss Fraser at that moment gave a turn to the conversation—I know Captain Warre slightly: he visits occasionally at the house of some intimate friends of mine. I have not met him many times. He may not remember me."

"That is your modesty!" observed Mrs. Pearson, smiling. "I think, Miss Foster, all Winchmore will rejoice—er—at this unexpected *dénouement* to the estrangement between the families."

"I should think so. Shall you call to-day?"

"Certainly. I am all anxiety to—er—satisfy myself that my informant was correct. Not that I have the slightest doubt on the subject."

Mrs. Pearson rose, well pleased that her news had not been anticipated, and delighted that she would have the start in the matter of ascertaining whether there really was "anything in it": of which she did not feel so certain, in spite of her assurances; and, if not, what a dear little bit of scandal it would be to spread concerning one of those proud Weston girls, who had more than once caused Mrs. Pearson to feel that she was almost beneath their notice. She thought this was because her husband was in business, whereas it was simply because she was ashamed of that fact.

They were at home, both of them: Drusy colouring a little sketch she had drawn of the fire for Phil's private edification, and Margery exercising her sweet mezzo-soprano voice at the piano.

Mrs. Pearson was shown into the drawing-room; she was not one of the privileged few who were received into that cozy used-for-everything breakfast-room down-stairs.

"What in the world can bring her here again to-day?" queried Margery, linking her arm in Drusy's as they mounted the wide stairs together.

Mrs. Pearson rose with a rustle when they entered the room, and held out her hand with a smile of vast understanding.

"Dear Miss Drusilla—I should say, Miss Weston—it is so difficult to remember that your sister is now Mrs. Kershaw; I have hastened to offer my congratulations. How heartily gratified Mr. Warre must feel! All Winchmore is delighted at the news."

"I don't understand, Mrs. Pearson. To what are you alluding?"

Drusy stood before her, white to the lips, fearing she knew not what, and dreading to hear her visitor's next words.

Margery also stood: only Mrs. Pearson, wilfully blind to the expression of the girls' faces, sat, choosing the most comfortable chair in the room.

"Oh! I see, you didn't think the news would spread so rapidly. I assure you—er—it reached my ears before ten o'clock."

"What news? Kindly explain yourself."

For a moment Mrs. Pearson quailed before the look in Drusy's eyes, which were fixed steadily on her face. Then she smiled again, and recovered her equanimity.

"Explain myself?—certainly. I can easily understand that you feel—er—a little strange about it at first. I allude—er—dear Miss Weston, to your engagement to Captain Warre."

For a moment the room seemed to rock under Drusy's feet; Margery had hard work to refrain from catching hold of her, but she guessed rightly that pride would enable her sister to hold up before this odious woman.

"You have been misinformed, Mrs. Pearson: Captain Warre and I are not engaged."

Drusy spoke with an effort, but her voice was steady enough, and her tone as cold as ice.

"No?—you astonish me, Miss Weston. I was told you were watching the fire together, and evidently on terms—er—of great intimacy."

The girl's face crimsoned painfully. Margery longed to roll Mrs. Pearson's stout little body down the stairs and out into the road, but she refrained from speaking, knowing that Drusy would rather go through with it herself.

"I understand now what has misled *you*, Mrs. Pearson, though I don't see how it misled your informant, who was, of course, present at the fire. Captain Warre very kindly protected me from the pressure of the crowd; but for him, I should have been sadly bruised. It was, perhaps, foolish of my sister and myself to go alone into the midst of a crowd."

Both girls still stood, and both looked exceedingly haughty, though apparently as cool as cucumbers.

Mrs. Pearson, beginning to feel very uncomfortable, rose, anxious to take her departure, and conscious that she had made a mistake in thinking she was going to get a rise out of "those Weston girls." But she determined not to leave the house without making them pay for making her feel so small; she had a beautiful little bit of venom left in her sting, and it was some satisfaction to know she could wound, even though her victims were too game to show that they were hit.

"Really, I am very sorry I was so precipitate, Miss Weston. I can understand how exceedingly awkward it is for you to have to contradict such a rumour. I should hope Captain Warre will feel, now he has got you so unpleasantly talked about, that the least he can do is to propose at once."

This, spoken without a single "er," struck Drusy dumb, though she stood unmoved.

One glance at her sister's white proud face, and Margery laid her hand on the bell, and moved to open the door, saying softly and distinctly—

"As you are so quick to understand things, Mrs.



Pearson, you will easily comprehend my meaning when I tell you that, for the future, we receive no ladies who are not also gentlewomen. Ellen, the front door!"

Then, as the discomfited woman disappeared, Margery turned to take Drusy in her arms, and to hear her moaning appeal—

"Whenever—if ever—he comes again, alone or with his father, tell them to say we are not at home, Margery."

### CHAPTER III.

MRS. PEARSON did not return to South Terrace to contradict the report she had started on its rounds. She congratulated herself on having done her best to publish it before going to Long Reach to ascertain if she was justified in doing so. The more "those upstarts" were made to smart, the better pleased she would be.

"To shut the door in my face! As if I wasn't just as good as they are! They shall be sorry for it, or my name is not Matilda Pearson. Here comes Mr. Maver. I wonder if he has heard anything!"

Mr. Maver was about to pass with a bow and a "good-morning," but he was not to escape so easily.

"I was just—er—wishing I could meet someone who is sure to have been watching the fire at close quarters. Tell me now, Mr. Maver, *did* you see the Miss Westons there?"

"Certainly not!" was the prompt reply. And, considering the number of people there assembled, and that they were divided into three sections—there being three streets from which the fire could be seen equally well, Davis's premises being at the corner where four roads met—it was not surprising that Mr. Maver had missed meeting Drusy and her sister. But Mrs. Pearson chose to think he was not speaking the truth.

"Ah! You want to shield that imprudent girl. When—er—I heard of it, I immediately concluded that the Captain had proposed; though, even then, it seemed a little—er—noticeable. And now to find they are *not* engaged!"

"May I ask what you are talking about, ma'am?" Mr. Maver scented scandal in connection with the Westons, and his back was up at once.

"It really *is* kind of you to pretend—er—not to understand! Of course, one does not like to be uncharitable. And they are motherless—poor girls!" She cast her eyes upwards, as if to confide her concluding remark to the care of the clouds.

"Now, look here, Mrs. Pearson, I am not pretending anything. I see you have something to say about the Miss Westons, and I conclude by your manner that it is something not too kind. Tell me what it is without any more preamble, or I'll go straight to Long Reach, and ask for myself; I see you have just come from there."

For a moment Mrs. Pearson was tempted to let him go; but she quickly reflected that it would not pay to get herself disliked too much; as she was fond of reminding her husband, she was, even now, only received on sufferance in the little circle into which she had forced her way. So, acting on the advice

of second thoughts, and trying hard to keep her tone from sounding too malicious, she told him the story as it stood to the moment of her calling at Long Reach. Her interview with Drusy and Margery she gave in these words:—

"I entered the house primed to the lips with congratulations, only to find that they were—er—not only unnecessary, but decidedly *de trop*. It was a most unpleasant position to be in, and that foolish girl found it so, I'm sure; for she could not—er—deny that Captain Warre had been with them, and that Robert had *even* correctly."

"Robert be hanged!" exclaimed Mr. Maver. "I should have thought you of all people would be above encouraging a servant's tittle-tattle. How annoyed the Warres will be at such an idiotic piece of folly if it reaches their ears—and of course it will. Mr. Warre would pay five thousand pounds down to see his son married to Miss Weston, and the Captain would give his eyes to win her. And now this will spoil everything; she will never look at him again. I wouldn't stand in your shoes for anything you could offer me, Mrs. Pearson. Winchmore will feel itself aggrieved to a man. Shouldn't wonder if you were sent to Coventry; and, upon my word, it would serve you right."

"Thank you, Mr. Maver! I might have known I was liable—er—to insult of some sort from a man of such low origin as yourself. I deeply regret that my husband compelled me to suffer you to be introduced to me."

"This is personal with a vengeance!" and Mr. Maver laughed aloud. "I deserve it for speaking so plainly to a woman. I wish you good-morning, ma'am."

Mrs. Pearson resumed her walk, beginning to think that her favourite amusement of scandal-mongering was likely to cost her dear on this occasion.

Mr. Maver, continuing on his way to the town, met Miss Fraser and her dog.

"Have you heard the news, Mr. Maver? But of course you have; it's all over Winchmore by this time, I should think. I didn't like to call too early, so I did my shopping first. Now I'm going to take Twist home—they won't have him at Long Reach, you know, poor little doggie!—and then call and congratulate Miss Drusy."

Of the three "witches"—his own name for them—Mr. Maver fell out most frequently with Miss Fraser, whose bristling moustache irritated him beyond measure; and whose all-too-ready tongue frequently provoked him to downright incivility; yet, of the three, he preferred her—if preference were possible in a case where he dreaded all, fearing they conspired against his bachelor-liberty. Scarcely pausing to consider his words, he said:

"Miss Fraser, I'll bless you if you will call at Long Reach, and say not a word about the fire, unless they begin the subject. Mrs. Pearson, no doubt, has been to your house with her imaginary story of Miss Weston's engagement!"

"Yes; at least, it was to Miss Foster's; but it's all the same. Go on, please."

"That story has not an atom of truth in it. The

woman went to Long Reach, and had it contradicted there—from head-quarters, you see. But I make no doubt that poor girl was sorely wounded before she got Mrs. Algernon Pearson out of the house."

"She's a snake—that woman!" muttered Miss Fraser. "Twist, don't scratch."

"My sentiments exactly, Miss Fraser. Now, if someone—especially a woman, and more especially one of you three South Terrace ladies——"

"All right. Mr. Maver; I see your meaning. I'll go at once. But what am I to do with Twist?"

"Will you go a-walking with me, little dogling?" And Mr. Maver put his hand in his pocket, and rustled a paper bag containing sticky stuff that was therein.

Twist held up one paw and winked one eye.

"I think he'll follow you, Mr. Maver."

"I think so too, Miss Fraser. Come along, Twist."

Miss Fraser went straight to Long Reach, and was observed approaching by the sisters.

"Another of those odious women, Margery! I cannot go through a second interview of that sort."

"I think you can, Drusy dear. We can't allow Mrs. Pearson to be told that she was successful in——"

"Thanks, Margery; I was forgetting."

She braced herself for the ordeal, and went up-stairs with her sister.

Miss Fraser chatted about every topic of local interest except the fire and Captain Warre's return; and when ten minutes had passed without the dreaded congratulations being forthcoming, Drusy began to breathe freely once more. Surely if Mrs. Pearson had said a word to anyone, it would have been to Miss Fraser, or Miss Foster, or Miss Fagan, and if it had been whispered to one, all three would have heard almost simultaneously.

Miss Fraser began to think her task an easy one; but Drusy, not able to feel quite comfortable in her mind, presently asked point-blank—

"Have you heard that Margery and I were childish enough to leave our warm beds to go and watch the fire, Miss Fraser?"

A plain "Yes" would have been equivalent to saying, "I know all there is to know about your nocturnal doings, Miss Drusy Weston." Miss Fraser, however, was equal to the occasion, replying, without a moment's hesitation:

"You did?—actually? But, there! girls of your age will be venturesome. Did you drag poor old nurse out too?"

Margery took it upon her to reply; she had had her eye on their visitor, and she had seen behind the scenes.

"No, Miss Fraser: we didn't dare wake nurse; she would never have let us go. I suppose it was foolish of us, for Drusy is terribly afraid of getting into a crowd. I don't know what we should have done if Captain Warre had not appeared at just the right moment, and taken her under his wing."

"But I thought the Captain was not expected until next week?"

Miss Fraser's little bit of acting deceived the joyous Drusy; but Margery's keen eyes saw through that

also, and her heart warmed to this old maiden lady as it had never done before.

"I would hug her, if I dared!" she said to herself.

"He turned up some time last evening—so he said."

Drusy got this out with elaborate carelessness, and then turned the conversation to Phil's wedding once more.

Miss Fraser had commenced with that: explaining her presence so soon again by saying she had called to see how they felt after their excitement the day before; so now, feeling that she had safely circumnavigated the conversational globe, she took her leave.

"Ellen," said Margery to the neatly dressed Abigail whose duty it was to open the door, "next time Miss Fraser calls *alone*, show her into the breakfast-room."

"What's that for, Margery?" asked Drusy, when Ellen had vanished.

"Oh—because I like her rather, don't you? The other two are horrors; but I really think Miss Fraser is a woman."

Later—and not so very much later, either—Drusy learnt for herself why Miss Fraser was to be "promoted."

For, although Mr. Maver's kindly thought, so ably carried out by his willing aide-de-camp, saved the two girls much annoyance, it could not remedy the evil set afloat by Mrs. Pearson's malicious tongue. Before Miss Fraser could inform her neighbours of the incorrectness of the news brought them by that past-mistress of the art of scandal-mongering, they had repeated what they had heard to several persons, so that by mid-day the rumour was, in reality, all over the town.

Mr. Maver started in one direction and Mr. Harrison departed in another, seeking converse from all they met, and flatly contradicting the news, whenever volunteered, that Miss Weston and Captain Warre had "come to an understanding at last."

It was not improbable that the gossip would have mounted to St. Ouans, but the father and son set off to visit Long Reach after lunch; and it met them on the way, through the mouth of a man who was driving sheep into one of the fields above the old farm buildings, formerly a part of Long Reach itself.

"Af'noon, Squire—af'noon, Cap'en; glad to see you back agen, s'r, and more'n gladder to 'ear the noos."

"What news, Wilson?"

"'Bout you and Miss Weston, Cap'en. I wishes you long life and 'appiness, if it ain't too persoomptuous-like."

Reginald Warre flushed a deep red, and gnawed the end of his moustache.

"I am sorry to say your good wishes are a wifle 'previous,' Wilson. Who has been telling you this—this mistake?"

"I 'eerd the boys a-talkin', Cap'en: they was all main pleased—like I be—leastways, should 'ave been, arskin' your pardon, Cap'en. As 't is, I'm main sorry as 'tain't true, and wish you good af'noon, Cap'en and Squire."

Wilson hurried after his sheep, having perceived, with the delicacy possessed by many of his class, that his too "previous" congratulations were the reverse



"'I 'eerd the boys a talkin', Cap'en'"—p. 15.

of pleasant to Captain Warre; though why he should object to an allusion to what it was well known he hoped would some day be a fact was a problem Wilson found beyond him, and settled in his own mind as being "quality ways."

"Confound it!—just like my luck!" muttered Reginald angrily, as he strode on down the hill, giving his father plenty of work to keep up with him.

"What's the meaning of such a rumour getting about?" asked the squire.

"I'm afraid it's last night's business that's done it," replied Reginald, waxing more and more wrath. "I told you they were at the fire, sir; and I saw them through the crowd, and walked home with them afterwards. Some jabbering idiots must

have seen us, and formed their own imbecile conclusions."

"Humph!—it's a pity! They won't like it," said the squire briefly.

"If it reaches *her* ears, I'm done for!" and Reginald almost groaned aloud.

"Tut! tut! 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' my boy. Your mother would never have been my wife if I had been easily daunted. I like the Westons for their enormous pride; and, as I can't help thinking Miss Drusy, in her heart of hearts, doesn't exactly dislike you, I must say I admire the plucky way she always keeps you at arm's length. What's that you're muttering with such an abominably conceited smile?"

Reginald had been telling his moustache that she

hadn't kept him at arm's length when they were watching the fire together; only, of course, he wasn't such a prig as to repeat his words aloud.

"I was wishing she wouldn't, sir, that's all," was his mendacious translation. "In that one respect, her arm is a deal too long to please me. What's the use of my going in with you? She won't see me."

For they had reached the picturesque old house by this time; and the squire had his hand on the gate.

He looked round doubtfully.

"Bless you!—she hasn't heard! Come along, lad!"

And Reginald, longing for a glimpse of her after her "sweetness" twelve hours before, suffered himself to be persuaded, and went.

But no Drusy was visible. Margery alone received them in the drawing-room; Drusy was out, she

explained, but she did not say—though Reginald guessed it quickly enough—that Drusy had seen them coming down the hill, and had put on her hat and slipped out through the orchard at the back of the house to avoid meeting Captain Warre.

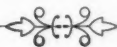
The two gentlemen chatted for half an hour, discussing the wedding and the fire; and then they rose to go, to Margery's infinite relief, for she knew Drusy was sitting on the stile leading from the orchard to the fields beyond, and was watching for the signal her sister had promised to tell her the coast was clear.

"Did they say anything?" she asked breathlessly, rushing back to the house.

"Not a word," said Margery: "you needn't have been afraid, you goose!"

"I don't care! I never, never can meet him again!"

(To be continued.)



## DAVID'S BIBLE.

BY THE REV. R. B. GIRDLESTONE, M.A., HON. CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, AND INCUMBENT OF ST. JOHN'S, DOWNSHIRE HILL, HAMPSHIRE.



WHO would not like to see David's Bible? He evidently had one, and loved it dearly. God's Word was to him sweeter than honey, and more precious than gold—yea, than much fine gold. It is true that much which is described as the Word of God may

have come through personal intercourse with prophetic men, and much may have descended through tradition; but we have every reason to believe that beside all this David had some parts of the Holy Scriptures within his reach, and in this sense he had a Bible. Let us inquire what it contained.

According to the natural common-sense view of Scripture, to which we may in the main adhere, we gather that there were already in existence in David's time the Pentateuch, Joshua, the Judges, and Ruth; though these may not have been quite completed or arranged as we have them now. The materials for Genesis probably came into Moses' hands, together with the mummy of Joseph, the last of the patriarchs. The next three books are a wilderness-growth, and the official scribes under Moses must have committed the documents either to the heads of the tribes or to the priestly officials. The latter alternative seems the most probable. The speeches which the old legislator uttered a few days before his death, and which make up the fifth book of the Bible, were put in charge of the priests, the sons of Levi (Deut. xxxi. 9), and provision was made that they should be read every seven years at the Feast of Tabernacles, a selection of the earlier books being probably read also. It is quite possible that this goodly custom was not kept up, but it was reverted to in the days of the return from captivity. This may be seen from Nehemiah viii.,

where we are told that day by day, from the first day of the feast to the last the book of the Law of God, or (as it is called in the first verse) the book of the Law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded to Israel, was read out clearly and distinctly in the ears of the people. Such a feast, we are further told, had not been kept since the time of Joshua.

Phinehas, the grandson of Aaron, survived Joshua, and was the connecting link between the time of Moses and the days of the Judges. To him we probably owe the collection of speeches and official documents which make up the Book of Joshua; whilst the fragmentary records of the next few centuries may have been collected by the industry of Samuel, and formed a fitting introduction to the history of his own time, written by him in his later days (1 Chron. xxix. 29).

We are thus brought to the time of David himself. A scion of a notable family and an inhabitant of an historic city, he must have heard in his boyhood the stories of the patriarchs, the thrilling incidents of the Exodus which were brought vividly to mind as the yearly Feast of the Passover came round, and the rude and stormy scenes connected with the days of the Judges.

The story of Ruth would also be well known and treasured up by one who was her lineal descendant. Memories were good in those days, and the same tales were told with wonderfully little variation from one generation to another. Reading, moreover, was not uncommon. Those who wanted to learn would readily find a village scribe to teach them, and the art of copying was already a very old one. The sacred archives were fairly accessible, and we can well understand that a youth of piety, intelligence, and vigour, such as David must have been, would not



rest satisfied until he had seen with his own eyes and read with his own mouth copies of some of the ancient records preserved in the Tabernacle. His duty in this respect, when he became a king, was very clear. In Deut. xvii. we have an account of the provision for the Days of the Kingdom, and we read in verse 18 concerning the ruler who should be appointed in time to come that "when he sitteth upon the throne of his kingdom, he shall write him a copy of this law in a book out of that which is before the priests the Levites: and it shall be with him, and he shall read therein all the days of his life: that he may learn to fear the Lord his God, to keep all the words of this law and these statutes, to do them: that his heart be not lifted up above his brethren, and that he turn not aside from the commandment, to the right hand, or to the left."

David first comes on the scene at the time of his anointing, in 1 Sam. xvi. We can almost picture him: a youth, ruddy, comely, vigorous, strong in the limb, active with his hands, whether with staff, sling, or harp; impulsive, affectionate, with intense reverence for the God of his fathers, and with a deep conviction that the God of Israel was the living God, a present help in the day of trouble. The battles of Israel were God's battles, the enemies of Israel were God's enemies, the covenant made with the patriarchs centuries ago was instituted by the everlasting God, whose faithfulness and mercies stood sure. How dare such a one as the uncircumcised Goliath defy the armies of the living God! The Hebrew words which he used in reply to the giant's challenge stamped themselves on the language of the people, as many other of his utterances did, and may be seen reproduced on a similar occasion centuries afterwards (see 2 Kings xix. 4). The great truth committed to Israel that the Lord is a Saviour was grasped by David from his youth up. Whether it were a lion or a bear or an army that stood against him, his trust was in something better than muscle or weapon or troop. He "encouraged himself in the Lord his God" (1 Sam. xxx. 6). He felt, like Jacob of old, that the Being who redeemed him from all evil was ever present to bless, and it became a form of oath with him to swear "as the Lord liveth, Who hath redeemed my soul out of all adversity" (see 2 Sam. iv. 9; 1 Kings i. 29; and compare Psalms xxxi. 5, 7).

There are other points which show how the truths of David's Bible had got hold of him. For example, his reverence for the anointing oil which had been poured on the head of Saul; his feeling that Canaan was the Lord's inheritance; his intense interest in the Ark, and in the various religious services, many of which had been neglected for centuries and were brought to life again by him; also his constant habit of inquiring of the Lord through the medium of one of the priestly family, or through a prophet.

It would be interesting to inquire whether in David's public speeches, of which we have only a small selection in the historical books, there are to be found any definite verbal references to the preceding Scriptures. The inquiry is simpler and narrower than in the case of the Psalms, because there is some uncertainty as to the authorship of many of the Psalms,

whilst in the case of the speeches we have official accounts preserved to us by the authorised compilers of Samuel, Kings and Chronicles. There are certain notable occasions on which David's words have been recorded at some length. The first is his thanksgiving to God in connection with the great Messianic promise (2 Sam. vii.; 2 Chron. xvii.). In the course of it we read, "Wherefore Thou art great, O Lord God: for there is none like Thee, neither is there any God beside Thee, according to all that we have heard with our ears. And what one nation in the earth is like Thy people, even like Israel, whom God went to redeem for a people to Himself, and to make Him a name." The truth contained in the words, "There is none like Thee," springs from Ex. viii. 10 and ix. 14, and reappears in the blessing of Moses (Deut. xxxiii. 26). The words that follow are condensed from sentences in Deuteronomy iv., where the nation is described as unique. See especially verses 7, 8, and verses 32-38, where it is shown that the exceptional dealings of God with Israel were intended to show that "The Lord He is God, there is none else beside Him."

In 1 Chron. xv. 2, David utters a brief order, "None ought to carry the ark of God but the Levites: for them hath the Lord chosen to carry the ark of God, and to minister unto Him for ever." Further, he calls on the priests and Levites to sanctify themselves that they might bring up the ark, and adds, "For because ye did it not at the first, the Lord our God made a breach upon us, for that we sought Him not after the due order." Accordingly, "The children of the Levites bare the ark of God upon their shoulders with the staves thereon, as Moses commanded according to the word of the Lord." The context shows that it was the sons of Kohath in particular to whom David assigned this important duty. We have here a definite reference to the Levitical ritual prescribed in Num. iv., where the sons of Kohath have this special work allotted to them. Things had got into sad disorder, but David, in the spirit of a true religious reformer, resolved to have everything carried out as far as practicable in conformity with the Scriptures.

In 1 Chron. xxii., we have David's instructions to Solomon with reference to the building of the Temple. He urges his son at the same time to "keep the law of the Lord his God:" and adds, "Then shalt thou prosper, if thou takest heed to fulfil the statutes and judgments which the Lord charged Moses with concerning Israel: be strong, and of good courage; dread not, nor be dismayed." These words are almost entirely taken from Joshua i. 5-9. Three times in these verses is Joshua told to be strong and of a good courage, and again and again he is told not to dread, not to be dismayed, but to observe and do according to what is written in the law of Moses.

In another address to Solomon (1 Chron. xxviii. 20), these words of encouragement are repeated, and a further sentence from the same passage in Joshua is added—"He will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

The same chapter in Chronicles has David's address to the people, in which we have the remarkable reference to Jacob's blessing on Judah, which it was natural enough for David to have known: "The

Lord God of Israel chose me before all the house of my father to be King over Israel for ever: for he hath chosen Judah to be the ruler; and of the house of Judah, the house of my father; and among the sons of my father he liked me to make me king over all Israel." Compare with this what the chronicler says (chap. v. 2): "Judah prevailed above his brethren, and of him came the chief ruler." The reference is evidently to Gen. xlix. 10, where Jacob is Divinely taught to predict the coming and pre-eminence of the Prince of the house of Judah. It is interesting to notice that David was the first person in whom this prediction was verified; and from his time onward Judah stood at the head of the tribes.

We now come to the parting address to Solomon as given in 1 Kings ii. It seems to be different from any of those already noticed, though it bears a certain relationship to them. David is now an old man, and would doubtless prepare himself for uttering his last charge by recalling words used on similar occasions by holy men of old. Accordingly, he combines some of the last words of Joshua with part of the last address of Moses. "He charged Solomon his son, saying, I go the way of all the earth"—words taken from Josh. xxiii. 14—"be thou strong therefore, and show thyself a man; and keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in His ways, to keep His statutes, and His commandments, and His judgments, and His testimonies, as it is written in the law of Moses, that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself." So in Josh. xxiii. 6, "Be ye therefore very courageous to keep and to do all that is written in the book of the law of Moses, that ye turn not aside therefrom to the right hand or to the left." Joshua is here passing on to the people the very words which the Lord had spoken to him thirty years earlier (see chap. i. 7, quoted above),

and they are themselves a reiteration of Deut. v. 32, where we read, "Ye shall observe to do as the Lord your God hath commanded you: ye shall not turn aside to the right hand or to the left. Ye shall walk in all the ways which the Lord your God hath commanded you, that ye may live, and that it may be well with you." With these passages David combines a reference to Deut. xxix. 9, where Moses in his last charge urges the people to keep the covenant, "That ye may prosper in all that ye do."

There can be little doubt that David knew by heart the prophetic hymn which every Israelite had to learn, and which is so frequently referred to in Scripture (Deut. xxxi. 19; xxxii. 43). There are subtle references to it in his own song of triumph (2 Sam. xxii. and Ps. xviii.), notably in the title of God as the Rock and the Salvation of His people. Once more, in 2 Sam. xxiii., which contains "the last words of David," God is spoken of both as the Rock of Israel and as the God of Jacob, and the sweet Psalmist gives his final testimony to the faithfulness of God and the inspiration of His appointed messenger.

Enough has been said, we trust, to illustrate the fact that David really had a Bible, that he used it, and that he drew from it those substantial truths about the Divine Being and His Word, which lie at the foundation of our own Christian faith. His great mistakes in life came through negligence or forgetfulness of God's Word; but so far as he kept the truths contained in his Bible as a light to his feet and a lamp to his paths, he did well. We have a much larger Bible and a far more wonderful salvation than David had, but it is all too easy for us to fall; and we need constantly to remind ourselves of the old prescription, "Thy Word have I hid within my heart, that I may not sin against Thee."

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## IN CHICAGO SLUMS.

BY G. E. MORGAN, M.A.

**A**ND how long have you been on the road to glory?" asked a rough-looking fellow of a Salvationist officer who was conversing with him on South Clark Street, Chicago.

"Thirty years," was the response.

"Oh, well, I guess if you have been at it all that time, and have only got as far as South Clark Street, I'll take my chance!" facetiously replied the other.

Such a remark was doubtless beneath the dignity of so solemn a subject; but apart from that, it may be taken to indicate a popular estimate of the locality in which the circumstance occurred.

Like all other large cities, Chicago has a lower as well as an upper crust, in regard to its moral, as also its social, condition. The admixture of many nationalities has much to do with this, their respective standards of right and wrong being as varied as the colours of their skins. While the beautiful buildings and

grounds of the World's Fair have earned, and very justly so, the graceful title of the "White City," there lies close at hand a great district which to the casual visitor is a dark, unknown world, teeming with life truly, but morally rather a living death.

Let us go down to where our Salvationist friend was standing, and on the way I will explain the purpose of our visit.

It is Saturday evening, and to-morrow afternoon there is to be a Gospel service in a vast hall, at present used for a military tournament, a spectacle performed by British soldiers, similar to that held in the Agricultural Hall at Islington every year. Around the interior are 5,000 seats, and the arena itself will accommodate 6,000 more.

Who is going to conduct the service?

Why, Mr. Moody, the American evangelist, who has organised a special religious campaign in the city during the World's Fair season. In this scheme he

has secured the co-operation not only of many local ministers and friends, but also of some of the world's finest preachers from England, Scotland, Paris, Berlin, Austria, and various parts of the United States, as well as the most effective exponents of Gospel song. Thus is the message of "good-will to men" declared in many tongues to the strangers that sojourn in Chicago, not forgetting the little children, to whom also are given lectures on the life of Christ, illustrated in dissolving views by the works of all the best painters who have studied Scriptural subjects from the birth to the ascension of our Lord.

But here we are at South Clark Street, the beginning of a district assigned to us in which to distribute tickets of invitation for to-morrow's meeting. Look at this group of Chinamen coming towards us. The nearest one has not been in the city long; that is evident, for he is clad from head to foot in consistently native attire. Before long he will probably find himself in one of the numerous "rig" shops, from which he will emerge just as much an American in outward appearance as he likes to pay for. His two companions, apparently, have not made up their minds to be out-and-out for their own attire or for that of the land of their adoption. One of them has tucked up his pigtail beneath a "bowler" hat, and from under his long tunic come forth a pair of trouser-legs, introducing native shoes. The other wears the Chinese skull cap above a profuse pigtail, but the rest of his costume is entirely Western.

We now pass a Chinese tea-shop, the owner of which is a reputed millionaire. On the other side of the street is a house of which the basement is used as an opium den. This fact might have been unknown, except to regular *habitues*, had it not been made public a day or two ago under the following circumstances:—

The police, acting upon their suspicions, "raided" the premises, and haled the transgressors before the magistrate. Two had punishment meted out to them, but a third raised an ingenious defence. Said he—

"Yes, I was there, I cannot deny it; but not for the purpose you suppose. Having contracted the opium habit, I went to obtain a cure which I heard could be had there."

"Yes," said Mr. Proprietor Chinaman, "he say quite true. He got nasty habit, me cure him; quite right!" In the absence of contrary evidence, the prisoner was released, but the magistrate fears he will hear that defence again!

Passing this region, and another peopled by Italians hard by, we now have what an artist might call a "study in black and white," for here the Southern element is in force, as negro and white man pass each other in the proportion of about two to one. Here are shops, saloons, lodging-houses (more or less respectable) in thick profusion, peopled by stalwart men and Amazon women, while street and gutter are occupied with black little gamins of childhood's every age and size. Here, at any rate, English is spoken, so now we can get to work.

First we enter a second-hand-clothes shop, just such a one as referred to above, where a stranger can in a very few minutes have his appearance completely

altered by the exchange of his garments for others of any style—ay, and a wig and whiskers too, should he have any motive for making the transformation more complete. The proprietor is unmistakably an Israelite. An hour ago we should probably have found his emporium closed, but at sunset his Sabbath ended, and he is now quite ready for business. He accepts and reads the card presented to him; he cannot understand why it should bear the word *Sabbath* instead of *Sunday*, and is anxious to debate the point.

But as we "have other fish to fry," and must hasten on, we ask him to send one of his household, if his business will not allow him to go himself. So he promises that at any rate the ticket shall not be wasted.

Soon a man on the pavement describes the ticket, and the meeting, and religion generally, as "all humbug," and ourselves as "a lot of fools." "No one ever came back from the dead to say there was any hereafter," he declares. "Well, friend," we reply, "Lazarus and one or two others have returned from beyond the grave, so you see you are not quite correct in your facts. But we need not go back so far as that for proof that Christianity is true. We shall reach the hereafter soon enough, but we have to face *this life first*. Suppose there *were* no hereafter, yet have you never seen a man who has ruined his life, and destroyed his business or his home by drink or evil living, who has 'turned religious,' as you call it? He gets a decent coat on his back, his wife loses her black eyes, his children's feet are covered, and their faces look bright and clean. What brought about such a change? His believing in Christ as the Saviour from all his sin. Man, you know in your heart these things are true, and if you have never benefited by them it has been because you would not put them to the test. Get your present and past sins forgiven, live a Christian life *here*, and the hereafter will come all right."

"Well, if you believe these things, I guess you will be all the better for 'em," with which admission he walks away, putting the ticket into his pocket, and leaving us silently praying that the word may prove to be "fitly spoken" and "in due season."

This little talk has gathered a crowd around us, to which we hand tickets as rapidly as possible ere it disperses. Continuing our errand from door to door and along the street, for the next half-hour we do not meet with any incident that calls for special mention here. Chaff, abuse, good-will and words of cheer, alternate with each other in such proportion as not to discourage us.

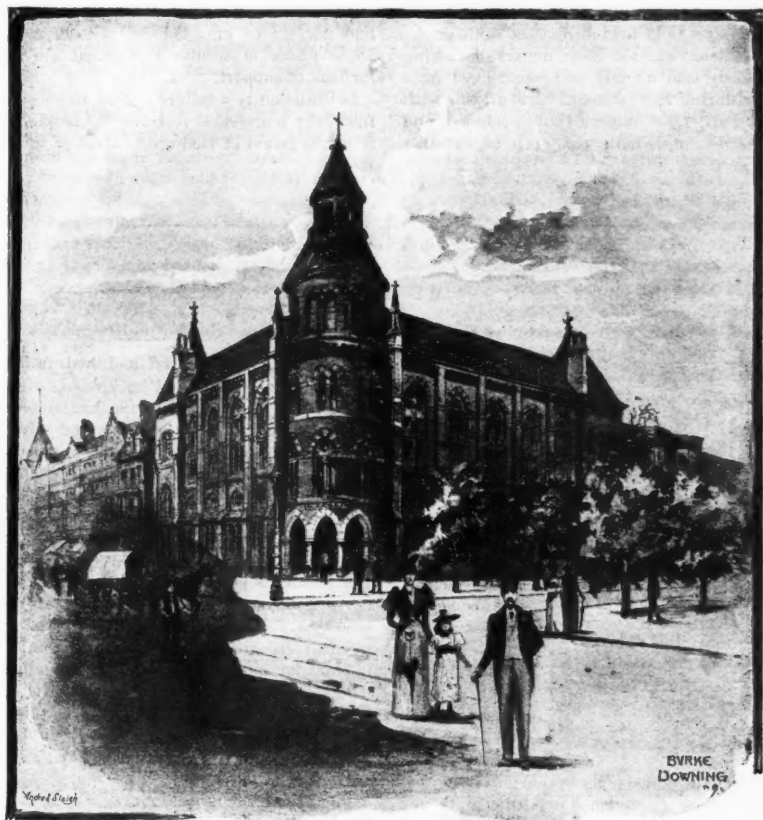
Presently we meet with the first rebuff encountered in a saloon. Having made it a matter of principle to address the proprietor or his deputy first of all, we usually secure his permission to hand round our invitations. In this case leave is granted by the landlady. Presently, however, a man whom we had taken for a customer, but who proves to be the landlord, raises serious objection to the proceedings; but being a German, his remarks are less fluent than forcible as he exclaims, "Do not come here to make fool out of yourself, such things in here to bring!" But relief comes from an unlooked-for source, as his buxom spouse bids him lie down and "not insult the gentlemen."



A more serious but not less amusing incident occurs lower down the street. A saloon keeper, becoming enraged at the invasion of his premises for such a purpose, tears up all the tickets he can grab from the hands of his customers, and summons a policeman to eject the perpetrator of the outrage. A burly form in blue promptly seizes the offender, who, however, by dint of a facetious remark, raises a laugh at the

so it is that here and there we find those in whom the spirit of opposition prevails; but, on the other hand, many receive us kindly and with the courtesy that the poor often know so well how to show.

One thing is noticeable throughout. Even saloon-keepers and their friends know how to appreciate an honest man, and again and again they express their admiration for D. L. Moody, who for eighteen years



MR. MOODY'S CHURCH, CHICAGO.

officer's expense. This dispels the solemnity of the occasion, and we follow up our advantage by asking the landlord whether, if he objects to his customers going to the meeting, he will not represent them by going himself.

"Ah," he says, "you wouldn't welcome me if I did."

"Indeed we would," we reply; "see, here's a special ticket" (writing a pass to reserved seats on a visiting card).

"Then I'll go," he responds: "that's a bet." (Nor was this an idle boast. Like a man, he kept his word.) Needless to add, we are allowed to repeat our distribution among his customers, and the policeman, somewhat disappointed, resumes his beat alone. And

had lived continuously in their city a noble, consistent Christian life. "Oh, we believe in him," they say; "pity there are not more like him. Guess we should all be the better if we followed his lead."

Thankful enough are we for this testimony, which affords opportunity to point from the man to his Master who had enabled him so to live, and to urge that those who thus saw his good works should glorify his Father that is in heaven.

We have at length parted with 3,000 tickets in eight hours,\* while similar couples of workers have

\* This narrative really covers two periods, four hours on Saturday night and four on Sunday morning, the incidents being embodied thus for the sake of conciseness.

prayerfully given away 17,000 between them. And what of the meeting itself?

A splendid concourse of 8,000 persons gathered, with a majority of men of all classes, who listened with closest attention to an address longer than is Mr. Moody's wont; and although the hall did not afford facilities for an "after-meeting," some 500 young men responded to a special invitation to remain for a talk collectively. Many of these proved to be strangers in the city, whom the evangelist invited to attend the various services yet to be held during the summer.

Such an audience was the more remarkable seeing that Mr. Moody had already addressed 4,000 in a large theatre during the forenoon. And all this with the World's Fair, 7,000 saloons (public-houses), and the city theatres, music-halls, etc., open as on other days of the week.

This is but a sample of what has been going on all summer, from May to October, four large churches, seven tents, two theatres and numerous other buildings being kept in constant use, securing an aggregate attendance of many thousands on week-nights, and 40,000 to 50,000 on Sundays.

Two noteworthy features of this campaign may be pointed out:—

First, the large preponderance of men (70 to 80 per cent.) in every audience. Second, that Gospel meetings should be crowded by visitors and residents while places of secular amusement are languishing for lack of support.

Is Christianity a failure? Nay, in every land when faithfully represented it draws the people, and proves to be the power of God unto salvation to all who believe.



### "MY LORD."

BY A. C. GARDNER.



"MY lord, come here this minute. Oh, Mr. Parker, do you call him; he won't mind me a bit;" then in a rapid descent from threatening to coaxing. "Now, there's a dear little gentleman, come out of that nasty, dirty water, getting your lovely new clothes in such a mess too—do, there's a dear."

"Shan't," was the offender's sole response.

The nurse turned once more appealingly to the gardener, who, leaning on his rake, was an amused spectator of the little scene.

"Mr. Parker, whatever shall I do?" she exclaimed in heartrending tones. "There's three times this blessed day, as sure as I'm alive, he's run away from me. He don't mind one word I say to him. Just look at him now, dancing up and down in that water like an imp of mischief. Oh, I could shake him, I could!"

An irrepressible guffaw only the more encouraged "my lord," who stood knee-deep in a small piece of ornamental water, which bounded one side of a smooth green lawn and had evidently at one time supplied a fountain—the remains of which still existed. The nymph in the centre holding a conch shell on her shoulder had once possessed a very lovely face, but it was sadly disfigured now; the graceful head was chipped and discoloured, and one slender

arm had broken short off and had fallen into the shallow water, where the long grasses twined lovingly around it. Little Lord Donne had rested one hand carelessly on this frail support, and with his thick brown curls floating in the breeze was splashing and jumping about to his heart's content, tossing the water into a bright shower far above his head—not that that necessarily implied any very great height, for his small lordship stood but four feet nothing in his once dainty lace socks.

A handsome sturdy little fellow he was, who had never known a day's illness, with well-opened dark blue eyes full of fun and mischief, and a shock of soft hair that no amount of brushing would ever keep in order for more than two minutes together.

The mourning suit he wore, with its crape trimmings and broad sash, was now, alas, thickly bespattered with mud and slime, and in a condition generally calculated to drive any well-regulated nursemaid to despair.

Now, Lord Donne was not as a rule a disobedient child, but, as he argued to himself, was it not too much to expect of any boy that, let alone being made to wear a dress just like a girl's that old Aunt Marcia, horrid old thing, had ordered for him, out in the glorious sunshine he should be expected to walk about like any baby, hand in hand with his nurse, after being boxed up in a stuffy room all the morning, with a lot of nasty, fussy old men, who would pat him on the shoulder and call him a fine fellow, and he five years old, too? No, he was not going to stand it any more; he would have some fun at last. So "Parker," he shouted, "just see if I can't kick the water as high as that woman's nose."

Having achieved that glorious feat, and left the poor nymph shedding tears for the loss of her beauty, "my lord" suffered himself to be bribed out of his damp play-ground by the offer of a red-cheeked apple from the gardener, with whom he was great friends,

and soon he was on his knees eagerly examining into the intricacies of the mowing machine.

"Did you *ever* see such a boy?" Jane exclaimed despairingly. "It's one person's work to see as he doesn't kill himself, let alone keep him clean. What Miss Mona'll say I am sure I don't know. It's no fault of mine! Look at him now, Mr. Parker—indeed and indeed, my lord, if you don't be good, I'll run straight in and tell your—" But here the girl stopped suddenly. There was now no "papa" to be told of his boy's naughtiness, no "papa" to be held up as a threat or a warning; for not more than three hours ago all that was mortal of the late Lord Donne had been deposited with great pomp and ceremony in the family vault.

Something in the nurse's unfinished sentence attracted the child's attention, for suddenly desisting from his new amusement, he sat down on the grass, and, crossing his legs in a little old-fashioned manner, he began eating his apple in a slow, meditative way, his eyes fixed on the clear sky overhead.

The thoughts which had troubled him at his father's funeral were again busy in his brain. Once more, in fancy, he stood by the open grave, looking down awed and wondering into the vast space, all the time pondering within his childish mind how it

was possible that papa could get out of the horrid black box some cruel men had shut him in, and up, up through the deep hole so as to be able to fly away into the beautiful blue skies; for cousin Mona had told him that papa was an angel now, and angels, he knew, always had great white wings and flew about heaven—and he had laughed as he stood by the grave as he thought how funny papa would look as an angel, he was so tall and stern; and in all the pictures he had ever seen there were no angels who had moustaches!

Then—he even now felt himself grow red at the thought—he remembered how the clergyman had frowned at him and some of the people had looked shocked. Even Mona, his darling Mona, had seemed grieved, and had held his hand a little tighter.

To laugh at a funeral! and for the person who had done so terrible a thing to be the dead man's only son!

Yet how could those people see into the workings of that little boy's heart; how could they understand how the father, who lay in the massive silver-mounted coffin, could be to his only child a father in name alone, a person to be feared, to be dreaded, not loved, whose only recognition of his son had been a few formal words morning and evening or a cold hand-clasp—never a kiss, never a caress to the motherless



"Just look at him now!"—p. 22.

little one, in whom the father saw not the helpless babe, but the unconscious cause of his wife's death, that wife the only being in the wide world he had ever cared for.

The doctor's words, "The baby will live, but Lady Donne must die," had in that one moment closed for ever the father's heart against his little son.

"Reggie, Reggie, where are you?" came in clear accents through the still air; and, day-dreams all forgotten, the child threw away his half-eaten apple and ran forward to meet a slender black-robed figure, who was coming swiftly forward, and who knelt on the grass and took him in her arms.

Little Lord Donne, though usually very mindful of his dignity, submitted to her caresses willingly, but looked a little shamefaced when she glanced next from his flushed face to his bespattered dress.

"Oh, Reggie dear!" she began; then changing her tone, "but I won't wait to scold now; I have been looking for you everywhere. Come in with me; someone wants to see you."

On the wide stone terrace a gentleman was standing watching the pair as they advanced.

At sight of him the boy darted forward and clasped him impetuously round the knees.

"It's cousin Rex," he cried delightedly, "my own cousin Rex! Oh, Rex, won't we have fun together now you are come, you and Mona and me! It will be just like old times."

For an instant the young man and the girl exchanged glances: the same thought in the minds of both—like old times! "Would it ever be the same again?"

Just one year ago the three had met for the first time, which was when Mrs. Meredith and her daughter had come to stay at the Park. Now, Lord Donne had never cared particularly for his half-sister Marcia. She had been one of the foremost to object to his marriage, though she had less right to do so than anyone else, being but his mother's daughter by a former husband, consequently no real relation to him at all. He was a man who resented interference, and he never forgave her the part she played then, so, when she wrote suggesting a short visit to him, although he could not in decency put her off, yet he hit upon a plan for making her stay a short one. Knowing her views with regard to her daughter's making a good match, he wrote to his dead brother's only son, a clerk in the Foreign office, cordially inviting him to spend a few weeks at Donne Park.

He knew the young man had not a farthing beyond his pay, and he promised himself some amusement out of the once dreaded visit.

All turned out exactly as he had wished. Mona and Reginald, or, as he was called, Rex Donne, fell in love with each other as promptly as could be desired. Lord Donne took care that they should have every opportunity for doing so, whilst he smiled grimly over Mrs. Meredith's ill-concealed wrath and chagrin. That visit was the one bright spot in Reggie's life; for in the rides, drives and impromptu picnics the happy lovers did not forget the little lonely boy; but it came to an end all too soon; matters at last reached such a climax that one morning boxes were hurriedly packed, and Mona, all tears, was whisked off by her indignant

mother, who loudly declared that she had been the victim of a plot, and that she would never set foot in Donne Park again. The next day the dog-cart took Rex to the station, and with him every vestige of Reggie's pleasant time disappeared. From that day to this, the lovers had not met.

After Rex had affectionately greeted little Reggie, he turned to Mona, and took both her hands in his.

"And now tell me," he said, in a tone as if they had parted but a few hours ago, "how and where you have managed to spend the last year."

"In so many different places," she answered, tossing back her bright hair: "France, Switzerland, Germany—mamma was determined to let me see the world and society. We spent the winter in Nice, the spring in Rome; it was there that news reached us of Lord Donne's illness. Then of course we came on here at once, but we were too late to see him alive."

"And after all, did Mrs. Meredith succeed in making you forget me?" Rex asked, ignoring the latter part of her speech. Mona met his eyes for a moment, then her own fell, and a vivid blush overspread her face.

Rex clasped her fingers still more tightly, but said nothing further *then*.

Little Reggie stood by a patient listener, looking with pleased eyes from one to the other. He had often made a third in similar little scenes.

"Mona looks very pretty to-day, Rex, doesn't she?" he remarked presently, critically surveying his blushing cousin. "She has such nice red cheeks." Whereupon Mona bent down to kiss him and to hide those same cheeks from Rex's gaze.

"And now, sir, give an account of yourself," she said after a pause, during which she was busily arranging little Lord Donne's necktie; "pray what brought you here; and what do you think mamma will say to you?"

Rex drew a comical face.

"Poor Mrs. Meredith! I really do think she would like me well enough if I were not such a terrible detrimental—that is an unpardonable sin in her eyes. And what do you think now, Mona?—by way of a climax, she and I are made joint guardians of this young gentleman! I had a letter from Brown and Jephson yesterday, summoning me here, but I could not get away in time to hear the will read; not that it made much difference, for my name was not mentioned as a legatee."

"Then that explains it," said Mona thoughtfully. "I could not make out what was the matter with mamma; she locked the door of her room so that I should not see her, and she looked so angry when she came out of the library after seeing the lawyers—she pushed me away when I went up to her."

Mona had tears in her eyes as she said this. Her mother might be harsh, unsympathetic, often unjust, but with it all she loved her very dearly.

Rex looked at her compassionately.

"Perhaps she is afraid that I shall make too much of my rights as guardian," he went on, knowing that Mrs. Meredith must have guessed the drift of his uncle's will, and that her daughter had not. "If so, she need not be afraid. You and she together will look after Reggie better than I could; my duties will

not begin before his school-days, at any rate, and by that time who knows what may happen? someone may take it into his head to leave me a large fortune."

He was laughing, but Reggie was gazing into his face with very serious eyes.

"Are you very poor, then, cousin Rex?"

"Well, I *could* do with more money than I have, laddie."

keep one room that we would call Reggie's room, and you should have your own pony that no one else, not even Mona, should ride on——"

"Yes, Mona could," said Reggie, looking at her lovingly. "But go on, Rex—what next?"

"Tea next, laddie, if I mistake not," as a servant appeared from the house to summon his little lordship to the nursery; "no, don't ask Mona to go in with



"Rex replied only by hoisting the little fellow on to his broad shoulder."—p. 27.

"What would you do if you were rich, Rex?" the child continued.

"Well, let me see," Rex answered gaily, falling into the little fellow's humour. "In the first place, I would have a beautiful house, as big, perhaps, as Donne, full of lovely pictures and statues; then I should have plenty of servants, plenty of horses, plenty of carriages, then, best of all—stoop down, Reggie" (he had caught the boy in his arms)—"I must whisper this—best of all, our dear Mona should be the queen of it all; now, isn't that fine?"

"And where should I be, Rex?"

"Oh, by that time you would be a big boy, in school, perhaps, making a lot of friends and learning to play cricket and football, and having no end of a good time, and, of course, you would come over and spend all your holidays with us. We would always

you. You have had her to yourself for the whole of three days; you must spare her to me now."

Lord Donne seemed at first a little inclined to rebel. It had been Mona's custom to have a cup of tea at the same time that he took his; but after a short struggle with himself, he went off obediently, chattering volubly as usual. He looked back once to shout out—

"Make haste and get rich, Rex!"

The others watched him disappear within doors. There was a smile on both faces, for they were very fond of their small cousin, who all unconsciously barred the way for Rex to rank and fortune. Perhaps



that thought had more than once crossed his mind. Perhaps he had at times felt inclined to quarrel with the fate that had given so much to a little boy, a mere child, and had left him, so to speak, out in the cold, working hard for his living, and yet not being able to offer a home to the girl he loved. When these thoughts did come—for it would be useless to deny that they came sometimes—it is but fair to add that Rex did fierce battle with them, and never allowed them to gain the mastery over him.

Little Reggie's merry voice had died away into silence when Rex turned to Mona.

"I have many things to say, dear, which cannot be said here. Will you come with me to the old place?"

She suffered him to draw her hand within his arm, and together they walked in silence away from the house with its many staring windows, on and on, following the windings of a little path which threaded its way among a grove of noble oak trees—a path well known to both, and which presently widened into a smooth, moss-carpeted glade. Here Rex stopped and faced his companion.

"Darling!" he said, "here, in this very place, we were interrupted a year ago, when I would have told you of my love. I believed then that though no words were spoken, you knew that I should never love anyone but you; and now, after one look into your dear true eyes, I know that you too are unchanged. Still, Mona, darling Mona, let me hear it from your lips as well. Are you *my* Mona still?"

"Can you doubt it, dear Rex?" she answered, quite simply; and she let him clasp her to him and press kiss after kiss upon her lips. Then, still with an arm round her waist, he drew her head down to his shoulder, where it rested contentedly.

"A year ago!" he began presently, in half-laughing tones. "Is it possible that twelve months have actually gone by since we last stood here and your mother appeared upon the scene? How severe she was, and how frightened we both were! Darling, what would you do now if the branches of that tree yonder were suddenly parted and you saw her face looking in upon us? Tell me, love, would you shrink and tremble as you did then, and creep closer to me until I could hear your heart beat against my arm?"

"I should be braver now, Rex," she answered, with a swift upward glance into his handsome face. "I should say now that I loved you with all my heart and soul, and that neither life nor death should separate us."

"My own sweetheart," said Rex, softly laying his cheek against hers. "You know, my darling, that I cannot claim you yet," he continued, after a short pause. "That we may have to wait for years even?"

"Yes, Rex, I know it; but I can be patient."

"You will have a hard time of it, dearest," he said, rather ruefully. "Your mother will do all in her power to try and banish me from your memory; and can I blame her? Then there are sure to be lots of fellows only too ready to come forward; fellows with heaps of money too; confound them!"

Mona laughed.

"What a silly boy you are! Now, suppose I began to talk to you of all the pretty girls you must meet

day by day in London, girls with lots of money too"—she mimicked his doleful tones—"I have no doubt I might make myself very jealous if I chose." Then she added, more seriously, "Can you not trust me, dear?"

Rex had repented of his words almost as soon as they were spoken.

"I am wrong, dear one, very wrong, I will—I *do* trust you thoroughly. There, I won't torment myself with such unworthy thoughts any more. Now, darling, I want you to tell me what you thought of my letting you be taken away from me a year ago, with seemingly so little opposition on my part. Did you think very meanly of me?"

"I don't know what I should have thought," said Mona very demurely, "if I had not happened to see your letter to mamma."

"No! did she show it to you?" cried Rex in surprise. "That was very good of her. I never hoped for that."

Mona turned and wound her arms caressingly round one of his, and though she tried to speak playfully, her voice trembled.

"Yes; she said it was right I should see it, and so I read how my dear boy promised that he would not say a word of love to me nor try to see me even, for a whole year. He said that he owed it to the mother of his darling—his *darling*—he said, Rex, that he should not take advantage of her daughter's youth, and that perhaps, after all, her love for him was only a passing fancy. Foolish boy! as if I did not know my own mind! and then the letter left off by saying at the end of that year—oh, Rex, silly, silly Rex—" her voice faltered.

"At the end of that," cried Rex triumphantly, finishing the sentence for her as he caught her in his arms, "not all the mothers in the world should keep my darling from me if she still cared for me. Mona, the year is up to-day; I knew your whereabouts all the time, thanks to poor uncle Donne, though perhaps his motives were none of the best, and if I had not heard that I should meet you here, I should have followed you to Rome, there to learn my fate. Now, sweetheart, let us delay no longer, let us come in at once and tell your mother all. She may be more generous than we think."

So they slowly moved away from the place which had witnessed so many happy meetings, and side by side wended their way across the wide lawn back to the house.

"Reggie will be pleased, at any rate," said Rex, the first to break the long silence.

"Yes, dear little boy."

"We must tell him of it together, Mona; I wouldn't miss his expression for worlds."

Then they laughed, but not very heartily, for both dreaded the interview with Mrs. Meredith.

Reggie had been eagerly watching for their return from the nursery window, and directly he caught sight of them rushed down-stairs and on to the terrace to meet them.

"What an age you have been, you two!" he called out, as soon as they were within earshot. "Nurse wouldn't let me go and look for you, because she said I ought to be punished for getting my clothes in a

mass—and so I timed you by the big clock over the stables, and you have been away a whole hour and a half!"

He looked so aggrieved that the others felt bound to apologise.

"Well, old fellow, we have had a lot to talk about," said Rex; and, "Dear Reggie, I am so sorry," from Mona.

Lord Donne thrust both hands into his pockets, and stared at them solemnly.

Mona felt a little guilty under his gaze.

"A lot to talk about," he said contemptuously: "I should think you had, to take a whole hour and a half! Wasn't it rather mean of you, cousin Rex, when I gave Mona up to you, to keep her so long?"

Rex replied only by hoisting the little fellow on to his broad shoulder.

"What did you talk about?" his lordship next inquired curiously.

"Tell him, Mona," said Rex, looking at her roguishly.

She stammered and hesitated, but could apparently find no words.

Reggie regarded her rather patronisingly from his height, and steadied himself by putting one small hand on her head as she walked beside him.

"Never mind, Mona.—Rex, *you* say."

"Well then, laddie, I'll tell you one thing I said. I asked Mona to be my wife some day."

"Oh—and then?"

"Why, then I believe I kissed her."

"Oh, that's nothing; I often do. I meant, what did she say?"

"The darling girl said yes, she would marry me some day."

Little Lord Donne was very thoughtful for a moment or so.

"Some day," he repeated presently; "does that mean when you are rich, Rex?"

"Yes, dear boy."

He was so quiet after this that Mona looked at him anxiously.

"You are not sorry, Reggie, are you?"

"Sorry, Mona? Oh no! very, very glad; I was only thinking of something."

"Well, out with it, laddie," said Rex kindly.

He hesitated a little.

"I wanted to know if it is true what Jane told me just now."

"And what did she say?"

"Why, she said that I had lots and lots of money, and that this house is mine, and the gardens, and everything, and that even the shops and the post-office in the village are all mine. It isn't true, Rex, is it?"

The child's voice was trembling, and Rex could see there were tears in his eyes.

"Should you not like it to be true, Reggie?" he asked very quietly.

"Oh no, I think it is *horrid*," he said, fairly bursting out crying, "that just a little boy like me should have so much, and you be poor. Rex, dear Rex, can't I give it all to you and Mona?"

Rex sat down on the stone balustrade that ran round the terrace, and waited until Mona had some-

what soothed the excited boy; then, seating him on his knee, he spoke—

"Now listen to me, old fellow," he began, "and I will try and make things a bit clear to you. It is true that by the time you are a man you will be very rich indeed; but only think, Reggie, of all the good you will be able to do with your money. You will be able to build cottages for those who have no houses to live in, hospitals where poor people and children who are ill can go and be made well—"

Reggie interrupted him impatiently.

"But you can do all that, Rex, and the sick people won't have to wait so long. Oh do, *do* take my money."

"My dear little boy, it is quite impossible," his cousin said, trying to suppress a smile. "Why, people wouldn't let you give away your money; and if I took it from you, what do you think would be done to me? I should be locked up in prison for a long, long time, and then what would become of Mona! That would be a fine piece of work! No, no, my boy, we must be patient. I shall go up to London to-morrow, and work like a horse, and perhaps by the time you are a man I shall be rich, too."

He thought he had quite convinced Reggie, and with a slight sigh, got up as if to go into the house, but the boy pulled him down again.

"Is it only because I am a little child that I can't give you the money?"

"That's about it, Reggie."

"And when I am a man, I can do what I like?"

"With a great deal of it, yes."

"But what if I don't ever grow up to be a man?"

Reggie said, in a tone almost of horror.

Rex jumped up quickly.

"I'll tell you what it is, laddie, I am quite stiff with sitting here so long: I am going to have one race up and down the terrace. Now, see who'll get to the last vase of geraniums first. Reggie, start fair; your foot is at least an inch before Mona's!"

In a moment everything but the excitement of the race was forgotten, and when little Lord Donne, all flushed and breathless, his curls streaming behind him, triumphantly came in first, every vestige of the previous conversation had vanished from his mind.

But those last words of his were never forgotten by the other two. "What if I don't ever grow up to be a man!"

## CHAPTER II.

FOUR days passed by, and yet the dreaded interview with Mrs. Meredith did not take place, for that lady either was or professed to be so ill that she not only denied herself to her nephew, but kept Mona in constant attendance upon her.

Reggie proved himself invaluable during that time, being a most faithful little messenger to and fro. He was highly delighted with the trust confided to him, and bore himself generally with a great air of importance.

To Rex, however, those four days had leaden wings. The greater part of his week's leave of absence had gone, and save for that one day, he had not even seen Mona. He knew that her mother was purposely



keeping her out of his way, and he half-suspected that her illness was imaginary, so he lounged about the place in an aimless sort of manner, firmly determining in his own mind that matters should come to a crisis before he left.

He had taken up his quarters at the village inn: Mrs. Meredith never having suggested his staying at Donne Park, although he was a near connection of hers, and she was generally noted for her courtesy and good breeding—yet, where her daughter's future interests were in question, all else must be forgotten.

Poor Rex was sitting gloomily enough on a garden-chair which he had dragged into the full blaze of the summer's sun; his father's regiment had been stationed in India, where he was born, and his early years were spent there, which may account for his predilection for great heat. He had been reviewing his prospects, not for the first time by any means, and the result had not been satisfactory, for his brow was clouded with care, and his cigar had not only been allowed to go out, but lay unheeded on the gravel path.

No amount of calculation would double his income or increase his savings; the last year he had managed to put by a little, certainly, but such a very little, after all was said and done, and he became very melancholy as the chances of his marriage seemed so remote.

"I don't know what else I can cut off," he said to himself ruefully. "I never drink anything; I'm sure my tailor's bills are small enough—I feel at times positively shabby. There's smoking, certainly!"—here he stooped and picked up the cigar, and looked at it affectionately. He paused, and gave a huge sigh. "Yes, I will do it. I'll do it for her—she's worth any amount of sacrifice. Come, my old friend, I will smoke you to the very end; you are the last cigar I shall have for many a long day!"

He was a little comforted that he had hit upon a plan for saving a few more pounds, and began to feel more cheerful. He then, for the first time, became aware that Reggie was not with him; the little fellow had been sitting on the grass by his side half an hour ago, basking in the July sun with as great an appreciation of it as ever his big cousin had; but he had been so absorbed in a volume of "Robinson Crusoe" that Rex had scarcely noticed him. Now, however, both boy and book had disappeared.

Rex rose up with a slight feeling of compunction.

"He must have run off whilst I was at those abominable accounts," he ejaculated. "Poor child; he has had a lonely life enough; the least I can do is to try and amuse him a bit. I have it! I'll take him for a long ramble; he'll like that, and there's plenty of time if we start at once."

One of the under-gardeners happening to pass by, Rex hailed him.

"Have you seen Lord Donne anywhere?"

"Yes, sir; not a minute ago he was running as hard as he could go towards the shrubbery."

There the young man hurried, but for some time he looked in vain for the child. He was turning away

when the sound of sobbing attracted his attention, and, pushing aside some overhanging bushes, he at last discovered him.

Flung face downwards on the grass at the foot of an arbutus, there Reggie lay, crying as if his heart would break, his whole frame convulsed with grief.

Rex stood still in utter astonishment. Was that the merry, mischief-loving little light-hearted boy, with whom tears at all were a rare occurrence, who was weeping in such a strange, unchildlike manner? He scarcely knew what to do, and longed for Mona to be there—still, it would never do to let the little fellow cry on; he must do something.

He went up to him, and kneeling by his side, put one hand gently on the bowed shoulder.

The boy started as if he had been shot.

"Oh, Rex, is it you? Please, please go away," and he tried to hide his tear-stained face with both his small palms.

Rex put his arms round him and drew him to a sitting posture.

"Tell me what it is all about, laddie. Hush, dear boy! don't sob like that—you frightened me. There, stay so, with your head on my shoulder for a minute or two, and by-and-by you can speak to me."

"Oh, I can't tell you, Rex; I can't tell anybody."

He was getting so agitated that his cousin refrained from pressing him; he only said quietly—

"Do you know, Reggie, that if you cry any more you will be quite ill! and you wouldn't like that, would you?"

He was not prepared for the answer.

"I *would*, I *would*," the child said energetically.

"Oh, I *would* like to be very, *very* ill."

Rex was really shocked.

"Reggie," he began, very gravely, "you must tell me what has happened. I don't like to see my dear little boy so distressed. If you don't tell me yourself, I must take means to find out."

If he thought that would rouse him he was mistaken, for Lord Donne never moved.

"Has Jane been unkind?"

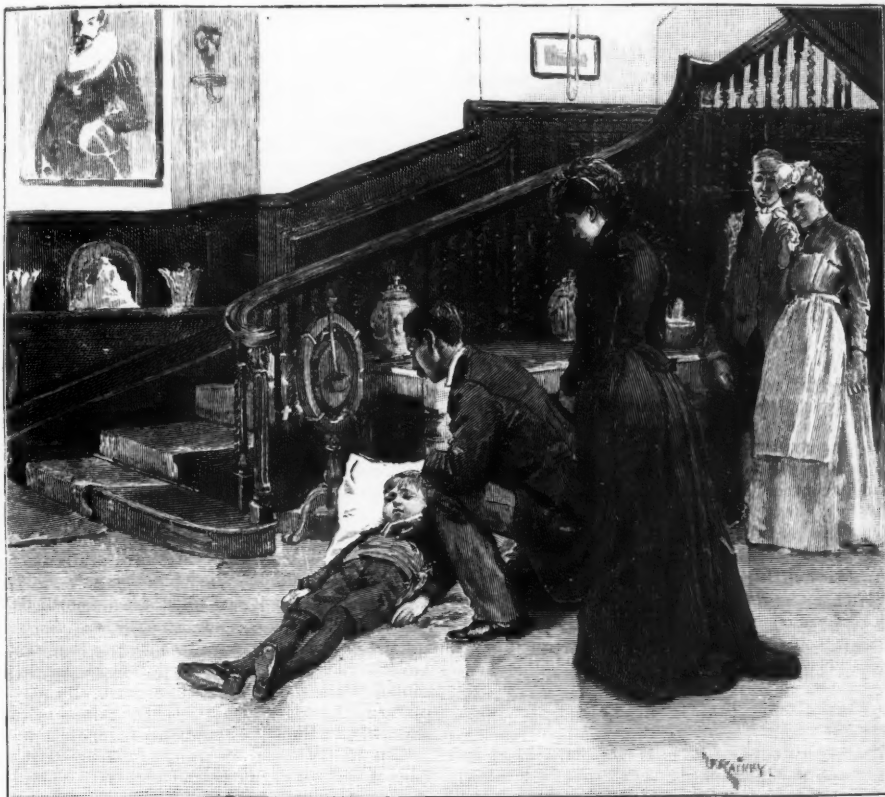
The child shook his head.

"Have you done anything naughty, then, that you are afraid of being punished for? Ah, that's what it is, I'll be bound! Come, laddie, don't be afraid; old Rex will beg you off—no matter what it is. There! that's a bargain."

"No, Rex, I can't tell you—I wish I could—but it's no use." The disjointed sentences came in gasps: "I haven't been naughty—it isn't that—but oh, I *do* wish I were dead."

Rex saw it would be only cruelty to torment him further. The first burst of grief having somewhat subsided, he seemed worn out; so, taking him up, he carried him into the house, and delivered him into Jane's charge with strict injunctions not to leave him; then, hoping it was only some exaggerated childish trouble that would disappear by the morrow, he walked rapidly towards the inn, for he suddenly remembered that he had several business letters to write which must be sent off by that day's mail.

The letters took up more of his time than he had anticipated. Truth to tell, thoughts of Reggie and



"He knelt down and placed his hand upon the child's heart."—p. 30.

his grief, would come continually between him and the paper; and he had scarcely finished them when his landlady came in to lay the cloth for his dinner.

"What, dinner already, Mrs. Jennison!" he said in a tone of annoyance as he looked at his watch. "I thought I should have had time to run up to the Park."

"Yes, sir; it has gone six, but there's no such hurry for them letters; the post don't go out till half-past, and my Sam won't take five minutes going to the office."

"I have positively been three hours over them," said Rex to himself, as he unfolded his table napkin. "I do hope that dear little boy is all right; he quite worries me. Hark! Mrs. Jennison, what's that?" he cried suddenly; "it sounds very much like a runaway horse!"

"Yes, sir, it do," said the woman, going over to the window and peering out; "Lor', sir, whatever can be the matter? It's one of the grooms from the Park, and he's coming here, I do believe."

In another moment Rex had flown down-stairs, and was outside just as the man, panting and almost breathless, drew rein by the inn door.

"Accident up at the house, sir," he gasped out; "Lord

Donne, sir; I'm just on my way to the doctor's," and was off again at full speed.

Rex never waited for his hat, but bareheaded as he was ran through the village and up the lane which led to Donne, almost before the words were out of the man's mouth. The park was traversed in a very few seconds, and with one bound he was up the stone steps and into the hall.

There the first thing he saw was a group of frightened servants, conspicuous among whom was Jane, who was weeping bitterly, her apron to her eyes.

Mona came swiftly forwards to meet him, her face as white as death.

"They have not moved him," she began, speaking hurriedly. "He is there, just where he fell."

"How did it happen?" Rex asked briefly.

"He was sliding down the banisters, and must have turned giddy, we think; but all we know is that there was a scream, and then a crash, oh, such an awful crash!"—Mona shuddered—"the sound rings in my ears now."

Rex went quickly to where the little fellow lay. Someone had placed a pillow under his head, and thrown a rug across him. He looked very much as if

he had just fallen asleep, save that his cheeks were too pale, and he was so quiet, so very quiet.

As the young man gazed at him, the thought struck him for the first time what a very lovely woman Lady Donne must have been. They always said her son exactly resembled her.

He knelt down and placed his hand upon the child's heart: he fancied it beat, but was not sure.

He looked questioningly into Mona's face.

"He moaned when we tried to raise him," she said in a low voice, the tears falling down her cheeks. "Oh, he lives—he must live; he can't be very badly hurt!"

As if in answer to her words, Reggie at that moment unclosed his eyes.

"Do you know me, laddie?" said Rex, bending over him.

Little Lord Donne looked at him in a dazed manner.

"Old fellow, it's Rex—you know Rex?"

"Yes, I know Rex," the child repeated, as if he were saying a lesson.

Just then the doctor appeared, a good-tempered-looking, red-faced little gentleman, who had known Lord Donne from babyhood.

The first thing he did before making his examination was to administer a restorative which brought the colour a little back to the white cheeks.

"Well, young sir, and pray what new mischief have you been up to? Sliding down the banisters, eh? Ah, that's it! If ever I have any children, I shall buy a house where there are no banisters. What are you laughing at, eh?"

"What a funny house!" Reggie said, in a weak little tone.

The doctor went on talking as he rapidly passed his hands over the child's limbs.

"Well, how do you feel? As if you could run up-stairs and come sliding down again, eh? Where are you hurt? Come, tell me."

"My foot hurts," said Reggie; "nothing else."

In a moment the shoe and sock were off, and a large bruise was discernible on the delicate flesh.

"Pooh! that's nothing," said the doctor, "not even the skin broken! Now, see if you can move."

The boy tried to obey, but could do no more than raise his head. He sank back with a sigh.

The brisk little man was watching him intently.

"Ah—hum!" he ejaculated, as he saw the failure; "does your back feel bad?"

"No; only I feel so heavy and funny altogether, and my head is just like it was that time when I drank all the wine out of the decanters."

There was a tiny gleam of fun in his eyes.

"Ah, I remember; nice young rascal you were then, and a nice job I had to make you take the emetic."

"You won't give me medicine now, doctor, will you?"

"No, no; don't be afraid: I shan't give you medicine," said the doctor cheerily.

A close observer would have discovered that the cheerfulness was forced, and Rex, who stood the nearest to him, was almost certain that he saw tears in the little man's eyes.

As he rose after his examination, Mona went up to him.

"It's nothing very serious, is it, Dr. Farmer?"—she was feeling reassured by his manner—"Reggie will soon be about again, I hope?"

"Nothing very serious, my dear young lady!" he exclaimed, as he drew her a little aside; "but, indeed, it is VERY serious—very serious!" he repeated.

"Is he going to be very ill, then?"

"He will not be long ill," said the doctor, laying a stress upon the word.

"Doctor, you don't mean—you *can't* mean—" Mona gasped out as she seized his arm.

"Hush! he must not be agitated," he said, warningly, guessing the right way of calming her, "you will only hasten the end!"

The poor girl gave a faint groan, and staggered back. Rex's arms were open to receive her, and they tightened round her protectingly.

Presently she raised her head.

"I will be calm now, Dr. Farmer; I won't give way again. I must learn all there is to be done."

"That's brave," said the little man, approvingly. "Now all you have got to do is to keep him and yourself as quiet and composed as possible; he will suffer no pain—he will go off as peacefully as if he were falling to sleep."

"And when will it be?" Rex asked, knowing that Mona could not put the question.

"I do not know exactly: you see, the back is broken, and there are internal injuries besides; I cannot tell how far these may extend. He may die early in the night—more possibly before morning approaches. He will certainly not see another day."

"Die in the night—*this* night?" Mona asked, in a tone of such utter horror, and with such white lips, that the doctor turned sharply to Rex.

"Better take her out and give her some fresh air; she will break down in a minute; then let her have a good cry—that will relieve her."

"You will stay here, I presume?" said Rex to the doctor anxiously, as he prepared to follow his advice.

"No, no; I can do nothing, or I would—and there are some pressing cases in the village yonder—I can do no good here. I will see if I can move him up-stairs, where he will be more comfortable, and then I must be off. Sad business, very—nice little boy, too."

Under his supervision Reggie was carefully placed on a mattress, which was then carried up-stairs and placed on the bedstead in his own little room, a snug little chamber facing the west.

Then the doctor approached to take leave.

Reggie's little hand seemed quite lost in the doctor's large palm.

"Well, sir, I've got to say good-bye. Lots of other sick folks waiting to see me."

"What were you all talking about in the hall?" the child asked, without answering his remark. "Was it about me?"

"Heyday, what's all this! Can't we talk about anyone else, pray?"

He tried to speak carelessly, but he could not meet the little fellow's penetrating gaze.

"You were talking about me," Reggie said confidently, "and I believe I am going to be very ill, Dr. Farmer. Am I going to die?"

The doctor blew his nose vigorously.

"Dying, indeed! and what do you know about dying?"

"I don't know much about it," the child said, looking with great solemn eyes full in the doctor's face, "but I know I should like to die."

For once in his life, Dr. Farmer was at a loss for words; his eyes wavered and fell.

"It would be better for everybody if I died," the little fellow went on; "and Mona says that Heaven is, oh, *lots* better than here; and then, mamma is in heaven you know."

"Ah—hum! yes, of course."

"I heard you tell Mona, 'before morning,'" Reggie went on persistently; "was that about me too? was I to die before morning?"

"There, there, there, I can't stop talking any longer. Good-bye, my little man: God bless you."

Yes, actually the cynical old doctor, who was more than suspected of holding very peculiar, if not positively atheistic views, said "God bless you," to the little boy who lay there dying.

It was as well none of his supporters were there to hear him.

Then he stooped down and touched the child's lips with his grizzled moustache, a thing he had never done before, and hurried from the room.

On the threshold he met Mona, outwardly at least composed.

"Don't weary him with much undressing," he said, as he stood aside to let her pass; "and one thing more. You are spared a great deal; the child knows he is dying."

\* \* \* \* \*

The evening was very still and warm. The windows were thrown wide open, but not a breath of air stirred the lace curtains or fanned little Reggie's brow.

The sun was sinking in all its splendour behind the distant hills, and the sky was flecked with tiny cloudlets of purple and crimson.

The child had not spoken for a long time, but lay quietly with one hand fondly clasped in Mona's.

Rex stood a little in the shadow of the bed, and all three were silently watching the glorious sunset.

There were no tears—but few sighs. Though all knew well that little Lord Donne would never again see another day draw to its close, yet all was so calm and peaceful that there seemed no place for grief.

Suddenly the great clock over the stables struck eight.

"That's my bedtime," said Reggie excitedly, "and, Mona, I haven't said my prayers."

"Say them now, dear."

"But I can't kneel," he said, with a little sob in his voice; "it won't seem like prayers."

"Never mind, my darling—the dear Lord knows you can't help it. See, I will kneel for you."

"Yes, that will do," he said, contentedly; then, folding his hands together, he closed his eyes. Rex hid his face, too, and for a short time there was perfect silence in the room.

Presently Reggie stirred, and gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"I said my hymn, too, to-day; I don't always, you know, but I thought I had better when I was going to die; and, Mona, wasn't it funny—you know how the last verse goes—

"Here let me wait with patience,  
Wait till the night is o'er,  
Wait till I see the morning  
Break on the golden shore."

Isn't it *exactly* as if it were written on purpose?"

Mona could only stoop and kiss him.

"Rex," he said by-and-bye, looking up into his cousin's face, "you will marry Mona very soon, won't you?"

"Yes, dear boy, if you wish it."

"Oh, I do, I do, so much—and you will be *very* happy, won't you?"

"Don't you know how we shall miss you, darling?" Mona answered, with a little break in her voice. "We can't be very happy just at first."

"Then as soon as you can," he said, rubbing his cheek on her hand. "Promise you won't miss me for very long, or I shall be sorry I am going to die, not glad."

"Glad!—oh, Reggie!"

"Yes, dear; you know what I mean; for then Rex will have my money."

Mona looked up frightened into Rex's face.

He came forward and bent over the bed.

"Reggie, my boy, how did you know—who told you I should have the money—afterwards?"

The boy answered rather dreamily—

"I heard Jane talking about it to-day—was it to-day? it seems so long ago—she was talking to Morgan, the gardener, who squints. I was on the other side of the hedge."

"And what did they say?"

"Jane said you were in love with Mona, and then Morgan said it was a pity you were not 'my lord,' for then you would have plenty of money and could marry her; but now you were as poor as a church mouse, and must just about hate me—a little brat of a boy—for standing in your way."

So long a speech tired the little fellow, and he lay back panting on the pillows; but he evidently had something else which must be said, he looked so earnestly in Rex's face.

"When you found me to-day—you know when—I had just heard them. I couldn't tell you then, but I can now."

"And do you think I hate you, laddie?" He tried in vain to steady his voice.

"No, Rex—oh, no, dear Rex!" was the eager reply;

"I never thought it; but I couldn't help being glad when Dr. Farmer said I should die. It wasn't wrong, was it? but I *was* glad!"

The young man drew a long deep breath, and his troubled gaze for one moment met Mona's. There was an expression in her eyes of almost terror-stricken horror as with parted lips and clasped hands she leant forward. Had the suspicion momentarily occurred to her that what had happened was not purely accidental?



Perhaps he read something of her half-framed thought, for he bent quickly over the child once more.

"Reggie, my boy, you never told me how this came about—this tumble of yours, you know. How did it all happen?"

The little white lips quivered, and large tears welled up into the big dark eyes.

"Oh, Rex, I was so naughty. I am so sorry now—

"Nothing, my darling," he replied gently. "Do you not see that he is happy in the very knowledge that we shall owe all to him—that he has given me my wife? Don't let him see your tears, love; it will sadden him, and he is dying so peacefully."

So they returned to Reggie's side, and for a long, long time no one spoke.

Mona now and then whispered in the child's ear.



"Yes, sir—my lord, I mean."—p. 33.

but I was running away from Jane. She was wanting to brush my hair, and she does pull it so; and I knew the quickest way was to slide down the banisters. I'd done it hundreds of times before, and never got hurt. Rex, don't be angry with me; I'll never do it again."

The old unconscious childish promise! How strange it sounded now!

Rex laid his lips tenderly on the little fellow's brow.

"I'm not angry with you, laddie—never think that. There, don't speak any more for a bit. Forgive you, dear boy? yes, with all my heart and soul!"

Then he went over to Mona, who was trying to suppress her sobs.

"Oh, Rex, how cruel of them—how cruel!" she said, piteously. "If he had only not heard those servants talking so heedlessly, so wickedly! Oh, what can we do?"

and he answered in the same tone; but Rex could not catch a word of what they said, only after each sentence he saw the little face grow more calm and tranquil.

And so, one by one, the last beams of the sun faded away, and all became grey and chill.

Mona rose and gently closed the windows, but no one suggested lights; it seemed as if they wished to make the day as long as possible. Was it not his last?

"Rex?" said Reggie once more, after a long silence.

"Yes, laddie."

"Isn't that Thomas outside?"

"Yes, my boy, I think so."

"Please, I want to see him."

So the old servant was summoned and stood respectfully near the door, looking with pity and awe at the dimly defined figure of his little master.



"Thomas, do you know I am going to die?"

The man felt a choking in his throat, and could not answer until another more peremptory "Thomas!" made him say reluctantly—

"Yes, my lord."

"Then by to-morrow morning Mr. Donne will be 'my lord' instead of me."

"Yes, my lord," repeated the man, in wonder this time.

"So I want you *now*, before me, to call him 'my lord,' just once, so that I may hear, or else I shan't ever, and I *do* want to."

There was an awkward pause; Thomas fidgeted about uneasily from one foot to the other. At last, willing to humour the little boy's wish, Rex gave some trifling order, to which the man responded—

"Yes, sir—my lord, I mean!" and fairly bolted from the room.

Reggie closed his eyes with a sigh of relief.

"That's right!" he said, in a tone of great satisfaction; "now I don't think I want anything more."

As the night advanced, his mind began to wander, and then the cousins learnt how much the idea had taken hold of him that he was better dead, better out of the way; that he was only a little useless boy, and that he was "in Rex's way—in Rex's way," as he pathetically reiterated again and again.

Poor Mona's tears fell thick and fast as she listened to the feeble voice; even Rex's caresses and entreaties were for once powerless to assuage her grief; it was in vain he tried to soothe her.

At about three o'clock the dying boy's delirium vanished, but the look in his eyes made Mona send for

Aunt Marcia, who came in feebly crying and wringing her hands. She had begged that she should not be summoned unless it was absolutely necessary, as she could not look upon pain, and her nerves were so highly strung that she felt she should be useless in a sick-room.

As soon as she saw the little white face lying back on the pillows, she wailed out—

"Mona, how can you stay there and watch him die?" and forthwith went off into a fit of hysterics.

Mona bent over Reggie anxiously as Mrs. Meredith was taken from the room; she so feared that the noise had disturbed him; but he had evidently seen and heard nothing of what had happened; he lay there quite quietly, with his eyes closed.

Once he spoke, but so softly that she had to place her ear very close to his mouth to catch the words.

"Before morning," he said, "before morning!" and then she knew he was referring to the doctor's words.

Suddenly he opened his large eyes to their fullest extent and looked with a rapt expression into the beautiful face leaning over him.

"It is almost morning, Mona!"

"Yes, darling, almost."

Rex went to the window and drew aside the blind.

"Not *almost*, dear boy, but *quite*. See! the morning has come!"

And, indeed, the short summer's night had ended, the first streaks of dawn already appeared in the sky—but for Reggie there was no daybreak on this earth. For him

" . . . the morning  
Broke on the golden shore."

## THE WORKING MEN OF THE BIBLE.



HARVESTERS AND FISHERMEN.

(From a Tomb at Ghiseh, temp. 17th Dynasty. Slab now in the British Museum.)

AS we turn over the pages of the Bible we cannot but be impressed by the number of working people mentioned in it, and with the variety of their occupations. To be sure, there is also frequent mention of many kings and queens, princes and kings' daughters, lords and leaders. But before we come to these, as we turn over page after page, and note the scenes described on them—the far-off land, the

distant age, the glowing Eastern skies—we read of many working people of different kinds. There are husbandmen, those who tended flocks, fed cattle, tilled the ground, and sowed seed; there are those engaged in vineyard operations, such as labourers and vine-dressers; there are workers in most of the building trades, builders and master-builders, masons, carpenters, hewers of wood, smiths, diggers



MUSICIANS AND SINGERS, CAMP OF ASSHURBANIPAL, ABOUT B.C. 668.  
(From Kouyunjik.)

of wells, and tent-makers; there are hunters, warriors, soldiers, trumpeters, horsemen and footmen; there are those who go down to the sea in ships; and many others following more miscellaneous occupations, such as gold-smiths, silver-smiths, copper-smiths, engravers, embroiderers, potters, weavers, interpreters, soothsayers, minstrels, musicians, butlers, stewards, cup-bearers, watchmen, porters, messengers, drawers of water, task-masters, writers, and a town-clerk.

At first a golden sun lights up the land, and shows us fields and flocks, and we come to mention of Abel as a keeper of sheep, and Cain as a tiller of the ground; and among the immediate de-

scendants of the latter we have word of Jabal, the father of such as have cattle; of Jubal, the father of all such as handle the harp and organ; and of Tubal-Cain, the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.

The building of the ark is the first structural operation described, which is followed by that of the altar Noah built on the subsidence of the waters. This patriarch, however, is specially mentioned as a husbandman; and among his early descendants is Nimrod, the mighty hunter. The tower of Babel is the earliest permanent erection recorded. When Noah's descendants settled in the plain of Shinar they said, "Go to, let us make bricks and burn them thoroughly"; and when they had found slime for mortar, they said again, "Go to, let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven," with the result with which we are all familiar. There were other cities erected in those old times, for though Abraham is said to have moved his tent, and

to have sat in the door of his tent, when he and Lot parted the latter went to the cities of the plain; and Sodom is described as having a gate and a street, and Lot's house in it as capable of defence from an angry crowd. The digging of wells must have been a frequent operation at this period, as we read of the process being undertaken over and over again, owing, sometimes to the malevolent filling of them up again, and sometimes to the removal to fresh pastures. "And Isaac digged again the wells of water which they had digged in the days of Abraham his father, for the Philistines had stopped them after the death of Abraham."

As we turn a few more fluttering leaves,



CAMELS AND DRIVER—TEMP. TIGLATH-PILESER III, ABOUT B.C. 750.  
(From Central Edifice, Nimroud)

we pass the despatch of Eliezer of Damascus, Abraham's steward, to find a wife for Isaac; and his group of tired camels lying round the well at evening, and Rebekah's appearance and acceptance; and then the fortunes of her grandson Joseph take us to Egypt. Here we see another aspect of work. The Hebrews were employed in making bricks, and when Moses and Aaron asked Pharaoh to allow them to go a three days' journey into the wilderness that they might sacrifice, that monarch refused, and commanded the task-masters to make the brick-makers work under harder conditions. "Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick, as heretofore: let them go and gather straw for themselves. And the tale of the bricks, which they did make heretofore, ye shall lay upon them; ye shall not diminish ought thereof: for they be idle; therefore they cry, saying, Let us go and sacrifice to our God. Let there more work be laid upon the men, that they may labour therein; and

let them not regard vain words." And in the hot glaring sunshine the people had to scatter themselves abroad, and try and gather stubble instead of straw. And then, after signs and plagues, the desert is reached, and the great host of Israelites enters into it. After a time, after the wanderers had come to Elim, where were twelve wells and three score and ten palm-trees, and continued their wanderings, a sanctuary was built and an ark of shittim wood, calling for workmanship of a high order. "And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun," and both men and women brought bracelets and earrings, and rings and tablets as offerings; and in particular Bezaleel the son of Uri, and Aholiab the son of Ahisamach, were filled with wisdom and understanding and knowledge to teach others all manner of work of the engraver, of the cunning workman, of the embroiderer, and of the weaver, for the enrichment of this sanctuary.

It is, however, after we have turned over many more pages, some bright, some grave, with incidents such as the Midian cities all on fire, Jericho with its walls cast down, the giant Og overthrown, Deborah from beneath the palm-tree bidding Barak fight with Sisera, Samson lifting the city gates, Ruth gleaning, Hannah mourning her childless state, and the deeds of Samuel, Jonathan, Saul, and David have all been told, that we come to the account of the greatest of the structural works of these old times, the building of the Temple at Jerusalem.

The glory of this edifice consisted in its situation, disposition, the richness of the materials employed, and the extent of its courts, rather than in its size. It was only about a hundred and fifty feet long and a little more than a hundred feet wide. But to this centre came thousands and thousands of workmen from all parts. We are told there were three score and ten thousand that bare burdens, and four score thousand hewers in the mountains. Ten thousand men were sent to Lebanon for cedar every month, to stay there for a month and then return for two months, in rotation; and Hiram, King of Tyre, sent many more of his own people. "And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building." And for seven years there were workers busy with stonework, fir planks, and cedar work, brass work, and gold work, and especially engaged in carving the cedar with knops and open flowers, and overlaying much of it with gold. Then for thirteen more years there were workmen employed on Solomon's own house, and on another

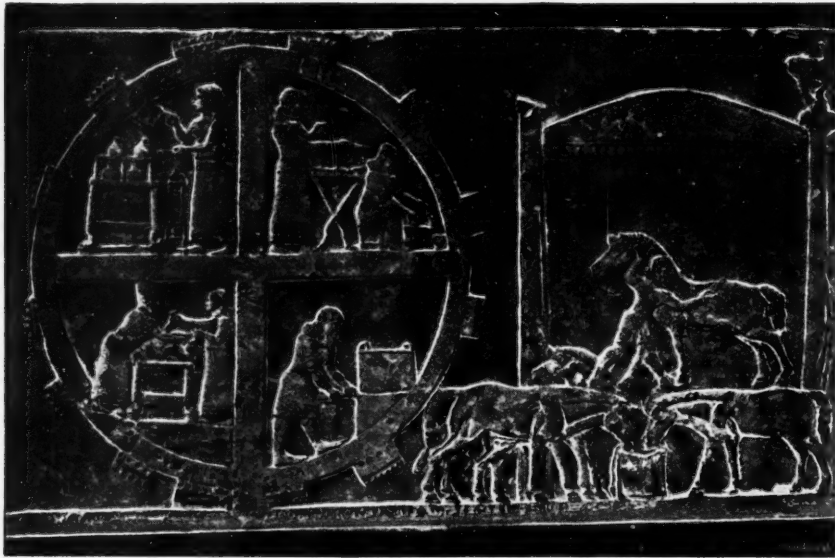
for Pharaoh's daughter whom he had taken for a wife, hewing and sawing stones, raising rows of cedar pillars and lines of cedar beams on the pillars, and casting brazen enrichments. Hiram, a widow's son from Tyre, was filled with wisdom and understanding to work all works in brass; and the seventh chapter of the Book of Kings specifies his labours very particularly, and states that he cast the pillars, chapters, nets of checker work, the lily and pomegranate work, the twelve oxen that supported the molten sea, the lavers, shovels, and basins, in the plain of Jordan, in the clay ground between Succoth and Zarthan. Over and above these works, there was a wall built round Jerusalem at this time, and Solomon made a navy of ships, so that the workpeople were not immediately disbanded on their completion.

Before a street can be made, we know there must be many workmen employed upon it, bearing burdens, digging, lifting, levelling, smoothing, and placing stones. We read of many streets in the Holy Scriptures, in which these labours must have been expended, such as the street of Beth-Shan, whence King David took the bones of Saul and Jonathan to re-bury them; the streets in Damascus where the vanquished King of Syria promised the victorious Ahab he should make; the streets of Askelon, where the news of the death of Saul and Jonathan was not to be published, lest the daughters of the Philistines should rejoice; the streets of Moab, in which there were to be lamentations; the streets of Jerusalem, that were the scenes of so much that we think of with beating hearts. And we read of one street with a name, mentioned in the vision of Ananias concerning the conversion of Saul:—"Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus"; and of streets and lanes of cities, and of men standing at the corners of streets. There is word, too, of pavements, of pavements of stone, of others of red, blue, black, and white marble; of pavements by the side of gates; of a paved court with thirty chambers on the pavement, in the vision of Ezekiel. Here and there we come to mention of palaces and pavilions,



JEWELLERS.

(Wall Painting from a Tomb at Thebes; now in the British Museum. Date not given.)



COOKS PREPARING FOOD, AND GROOM ATTENDING TO A HORSE IN THE CAMP OF ASSHURNAZIRPAL, B.C. 881.  
(From N.W. Palace of Nimroud.)

of winter-houses and summer-houses for kings; of parlours—Eglon was sitting in a summer-parlour when Ehud came to him with the dagger; and Samuel took Saul and his servant into a parlour, and made them sit in the chiefest place among thirty others that were bidden when they went to him to ask which way they should go to find the asses that had strayed from the lands of Kish. Thus we get sight of groups and knots and companies of men ever at work.

We see, too, everywhere workers planting and pruning vineyards, pressing grapes, cultivating gardens of pomegranates and fig-trees and fruits, and labouring in fields of plants and herbs and tender grass, with hemlocks here and lilies there—"Consider the lilies of the field." We see men leading or driving strings of beasts of burden, camels, dromedaries, asses, and horses. "Make a new cart, and take two milch kine, on which there hath come no yoke, and tie the kine to the cart," said the diviners when the Philistines asked them what they should do with the Ark of the Lord, and were counselled to send it to Beth-Shemesh. "And the kine took the straight way to the way of Beth-Shemesh, and went along the highway, lowing as they went, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left; and the lords of the Philistines went after them unto the border of Beth-Shemesh. And they of Beth-Shemesh were reaping their wheat harvest in the valley; and they lifted up their eyes and saw the Ark, and rejoiced to see it." Is not this a pretty picture? We read of women grinding at mills, milking sheep, goats, and cows, churning. Jael brought forth butter in a lordly dish, as well as milk when Sisera asked for water. We know the wise-hearted ones spun, and that Sisera's mother, when she cried through the lattice that he was long in coming, expected that he would

bring home a prey or prize of needlework of divers colours on both sides. "She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework," says the Psalmist of the king's daughter. Everywhere there is a note of industry; everywhere work in course of execution. Everywhere, too, sunshine, much cattle (the King of Moab rendered to the King of Israel a hundred thousand lambs and a hundred thousand rams on one occasion), drawers of water, wells, palm-trees. Everywhere seers, soothsayers, and diviners. Harps, psalteries, and cymbals sound; burnt offerings lade the air; men bow their faces to the ground.

On several pages we may see references to the potter and his art. Jeremiah was told to "Arise and go down to the potter's house"; and when the potter marred his work, and made it over again, the word of the Lord came to the prophet, saying, "Canst I do with you as this potter? Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in Mine." And, again, the prophet was told to get a potter's earthen vessel, and explain to the ancients of the people the desolation that was in store on account of the sins of the people. "Then thou shalt break the bottle in the sight of the men that go with thee. And thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the Lord of hosts: Even so will I break this people and this city, as one breaketh a potter's vessel."

The hosts, the armies, the chariot cities, the "prancing horses and jumping chariots" of Nineveh, the countless horsemen and footmen, the navies with their shipmen, fill our minds with further impressions of life and strenuous effort in this delightful land. The contemplation brings before us the words of Paul, the tent-maker: "Study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands."

SARAH WILSON.



## Hymn for our Lord's Nativity.

Words from an Ancient Hymn.

(Translated by BISHOP MANT.)

Music by E. J. HOPKINS, Mus.D., L.Mus., T.C.L.

(Organist of the Temple Church.)

1. Re - deem - er, Je - sus, Life of man, Be - got - ten ere the light be - gan,

Of the Pa - ter - nal Light su - preme, Co - e - qual, co - e - ter - nal Beam :

Bright Im - age of the Fa - ther's mind, Pe - ren - nial Hope of all man - kind,

Hear Thou the vows, by land, by sea, Which all Thy ser - vants pour to Thee.

2. Bear witness this auspicious morn,  
Which ages past beheld Thee born,  
That Thou to save us cam'st alone,  
Forth issuing from Thy Father's throne :  
Him, stars and earth, the wat'ry main—  
Him, all that heaven's broad belts contain,  
That new Salvation's Author praise,  
With welcoming of new-made lays.

3. And we, for whom Thy holy blood  
Has poured a sanctifying flood,  
To Thee, on this Thy natal day,  
Our tributary anthem pay.  
Jesus, to Thee be glory paid,  
Blest offspring of the spotless Maid !  
Thee, with Thy Sire, His glory's Heir,  
And Him, the gracious Comforter !



## HOW JESUS WAS RECOGNISED AT THE SEA OF TIBERIAS.

BY THE REV PROFESSOR W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., EX-MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

"Therefore that disciple whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord."—ST. JOHN xxi. 7.



**A**FTER the resurrection of Jesus the disciples had left Jerusalem and returned to Galilee, in fulfilment of their Lord's instructions (St. Matt. xxviii. 10). While waiting for Him there, their means of living seem to have run down, and it was necessary to replenish them. It was hardly fitting to return to the occupation from which Jesus had called them away, and had they been seen slaving at it, their enemies might have asked in scorn: How came the

disciples of a risen Lord (as they alleged) to be reduced so low! Whether fitting or not, Peter, having made up his mind that there was no help for it but to take to their boats and their fishing-tackle again, said firmly to his companions: "I go a-fishing." Accustomed to follow his lead, they say unto him: "We also go with thee." Down they step to the well-known quay, or creek, where lay the boat in which their Master had so often been with them. Out they pull to the parts of the lake where in such a night fish might most readily be expected to be found. Down go the nets on this side and on that, but each time they are drawn it is with a fresh disappointment. The whole night is spent in unavailing labour, and with the return of light the chances of success wax feeble. It is not merely the ordinary disappointment of fishermen they feel; but another pang, very natural in their circumstances—the disciples of a risen Saviour cannot succeed even in catching a few fish!

Meanwhile, in the grey haze of the morning, a man appears on the sea-shore, who asks them whether they have got anything. It is probably an early traveller, who wishes some fish for his morning meal. Their answer is a short monosyllable: "No"; as if they did not wish to say much about it, or have much to do with this inquisitive stranger. But though they would gladly be quit of him, he is not disposed to be quit of them. "Cast the net on the right side of the ship," he shouts, "and ye shall find." Has he observed from his place on the shore the movements of fish in the water, that he speaks so confidently? Anyhow, they obey him, perhaps with an inward grumble. No sooner have they cast the net than they find

themselves unable to draw it for the multitude of fish. Instantly a vivid thought flashes into the mind of John. He divines at once from what source this unexpected supply has come. He casts one earnest gaze towards the beach, and the form that shapes itself to his eye through the twilight answers to the thought that has rushed into his heart: "It is the Lord!"

How did he recognise Him? Not by material tokens, for after His resurrection Jesus was not identified at first even by those who knew Him best. Mary took Him to be the gardener; the two disciples on their way to Emmaus knew Him not till just as He vanished from their sight; and when He first appeared to the eleven they were terrified, and supposed they had seen a spirit. It was by inward marks that the beloved disciple now recognised Him—by the out-beaming of his heart—by love-tokens with which he was well familiar, and which led him to conclude infallibly that it was the Lord.

1. One of these love-tokens was His *sympathy*. They were in an evil case, in actual bodily want, and the one available means of relieving their wants had proved an absolute and utter failure. It is precisely at this moment that Jesus comes to them. He knows their trouble, understands the disappointment, the anxiety, the bitterness of their hearts, and hastens to relieve them. And the beloved disciple knows that this is the feeling of Jesus, and knows that it is this feeling that has drawn Him to the spot and brought to their net such an abundant supply. Who but Jesus could have felt for them so tenderly?

And what a blessing it is for all of us to have a Divine Master who is ever moved by the spectacle of distress, ever thrilled by the cry of need! Whatever be the cause of grief to any of us, this great Son of Consolation is tenderly concerned about it. Be it terrible bodily pain, or starvation, or guilt, or despair, or shame, or the cruelty or the ill-conduct of those we love, Jesus Christ is full of sympathy. "The Spirit of the Lord hath anointed me to bind up the broken-hearted." But, alas! it is true now, as it was in the days of John the Baptist—"There standeth One among you whom ye know not." Men and women wander weary and heavy-laden through this world, craving sympathy, and often in vain: yearning for someone to take a charitable view of their case, and say a kind word that will hold them up when on the border of despair. Oh, if they would but believe in Jesus, and open their ear to His gracious words—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"

We can hardly wonder that men and women, blinded by the god of this world, fail to apprehend the deep compassion of Jesus Christ. But we may well wonder that His own children often show so little faith in Him in their times of trouble. No doubt Nature will often assert itself, and the confession will go forth—"O my God, my soul is cast down within me!" But let it only be for the moment. "We have not an high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Let us rally our sinking hearts by the thought that in all our times of want, disappointment, and trouble, the most tender-hearted of all beings is at hand. "God is near thee; therefore cheer thee, sad soul."

2. Another love-token by which the beloved disciple would recognise Jesus was His *bountifulness*. A dozen fish of average size would have been a welcome sight; but a hundred and fifty-three "great fishes" were something marvellous. They were enough to satisfy all present wants, and, moreover, the price would furnish a store for the maintenance of the disciples till the Day of Pentecost, when ample means would be otherwise provided for their needs. Already, they had had many proofs of the bountifulness of Jesus. When He went about healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people; when He turned the five loaves and two fishes into food for five thousand, or the seven loaves and the few little fishes into food for four thousand; or when, at Cana of Galilee, He converted the water in the six water-pots into wine of the best quality, He just gave effect to the Divine bountifulness of His nature. His heart was large, and was ever devising liberal things. John instinctively felt that no one but his ever-generous Lord would bestow a gift on so princely a scale.

How wonderfully expressive were those short utterances of the lips of Jesus in which He conferred the choicest blessings—gave pardon to the guilty, cleansing to the leper, sight to the blind, and even life to the dead! They form a very galaxy of gems, stars of the first magnitude, that make the four Gospels a very firmament of glory. "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee"; "I will; be thou clean"; "Ephphatha, be opened"; "Maid, arise"; "Lazarus, come forth"; "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt"; "Verily I say unto thee, this day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." "Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?"

And can any of us have any real want which He is not able and willing to supply? We are exiles from Eden—it has gone from us, never to return. But what other garden is this that blooms for us fairer than even Eden, as it came in fresh beauty from the hand of its Creator? What inheritance is this, 'incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away,' of which every follower of Jesus

receives the title-deeds! It is a blessed habit to think much on the large-hearted generosity of Jesus. David found Araunah a princely giver, bestowing his gifts with the large generosity of a king. Let us ever think of Jesus as a royal Giver, who delights to do generous things, and keeps nothing back from us except for our higher good.

3. A third token by which John might have recognised Jesus was His *faithfulness to His promise*. Had He not said that He would go before them into Galilee? and had He not directed them to wait for Him there? Yes; but perhaps they never thought He would meet them while engaged in the rough work of fishermen. He would meet them while at prayer or singing the songs of Zion, but not while baiting their lines or hauling their nets. Why not? At Jerusalem He had met them in the upper chamber on the evening of the first day of the week, but here in Galilee He meets them at the sea-shore, in the very midst of their worldly occupation. It is true the Lord is very specially pledged, when two or three are gathered in His name, to be in the midst of them. But He does not disdain our worldly callings. The boy or girl puzzled over a difficult task, or groaning over a treacherous memory, will not pray in vain if light be asked for the understanding or retentiveness for the memory. Only, if we appeal to Him in such a case, we must do it in faith, in the full belief that He is interested, and ready to help us in every time of real need. "After I am risen," He said to the disciples, "I will go before you into Galilee." And He might have added—although it was deemed better to keep this from them—"I will appear to you in the very thick of your worldly toils, when you have been toiling all night and have caught nothing."

4. Perhaps we may add a fourth token by which Jesus might have been recognised—the miraculous draught was the *repetition of a former miracle*, wrought in the early days of His ministry. On that occasion He had directed Peter to launch out into the deep and let down his net, and the multitude of fish caught was more than two boats could contain. And it is remarkable that several more of our Lord's greatest miracles were repeated—the feeding of the multitude, the stilling of the storm, the raising of the dead. Why was this? To show that it is not on single or solitary occasions that His grace flows, but that whensoever the need recurs, then also is His bounty ready to give the blessing. Well may we take up the refrain of the Psalm, "For His mercy endureth for ever." "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be." And well may we be thankful for this quality of sameness in the operations of our Lord. This stream never runs dry. "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed." "Having loved His own that were with Him in the world, He loveth them to the end." "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

## GARTH GARRICKSON—WORKMAN.

## THE STORY OF A LANCASHIRE LAD.

## CHAPTER I.



HE had grown up without thinking about it; and stepped out of the Mechanics' Institute one wet April evening, just such a chip of the rock stratum of the English nation as one often sees in Lancashire. Tall, strong, though not big; a dark head carried erect; steady eyes; a firm mouth; a careless swinging gait; clad in homespun; and guiltless of gloves—or umbrella, in spite of wind and rain—that was Garth. He ran down the steps and turned to the right, splashing through mud and pools all unconscious, his brain busy with a problem unsolved by the class he had just left. A short walk along the street and he came to an iron gate between the brick buildings—a school on the one hand, the out-sheds of a huge mill on the other. It was shut, the little lodge closed and deserted for the night. He drew a key from his pocket to unlock it, but found it on the latch; with a sharp look at the lodge he closed it after him, locked it carefully, and passed on up the private road.

It was lonely up here, and dark. Presently he broke into a whistle as if for company; a melodious whistle and incongruous. This is hardly the man you would imagine whistling an opera air. What should he know of Gilbert and Sullivan?

Nothing at all; and he had never thought of its origin or cared until one day, when he was indulging about the mill, a girl had said: "Hey, Garth Garrickson! Yon's a theayter song. Weer didst hap on't, lad! Hast bin t't theayter?" Whereupon the "lad" had flushed, refrained, and walked away: for, if you please, he had never entered such an edifice in his life, and was as little likely to do so as to tell where he had "happed" on his little tune, which he henceforth reserved for such solitude as this.

Solitude! The road—in fact a broad walled-in carriage-drive—wound up the shoulder of a bleak hill. He had shut out the town with the gate; it lay beneath, on the one side, the lights glimmering weirdly in the dark. On the other hand stretched a wide reach of bare country, over which the wind swept freely—a fresh wind, if wet—quite another than that in the town below. Along the top of the hill lay a deep shadow as of trees, and from the far end a single light twinkled.

Garth swung on, his step longer, his whistle livelier, his air less preoccupied—thoughts dispersed by the breeze, perhaps, as he advanced. He passed a tall chimney which, connected by some under-world mystery with the mill below, grew out of the ground with startling incongruity on his right. Further on, the walls gave place to hedges, bushes, and trees, and

soon the rough road became the white, smooth, well-tended drive of a gentleman's country place. Beyond, the house rose in solitary dignity—a large stone house—impressive in its stateliness and the beauty of its site: the town might have been miles away instead of close beneath the hill.

But Garth was not bound for the Hall. Crossing the road, he was just in the act of passing into a narrow by-path which led up behind, cutting off the sweep of the drive through the grounds, and joining it again above, when he heard wheels; a carriage came swiftly behind him. He let it pass without a glance, and was going on his way, when the window nearest him dropped suddenly, and there was a call: "Garth! Garth!" The carriage stopped.

Garth turned, abruptly uncovered, and strode to it; a dainty hand was put out to him.

"How are you? How is all doing?"

"Pretty well, Miss Mildred."

He had taken the hand deferentially, and let it drop. His tone was calm enough, but there was a startled breathlessness about him: he forgot to cover his head.

"We—we did not expect you returning——"

"No; I was taken with *Heimwey* yesterday—packed up and came straight away. Garth! I am glad to be home—I'll stay awhile now! Isn't the air sweet! Put on your cap; you'll take cold," with a fleeting glance at the thick, dark, wind-stirred hair. "Is my father at home, do you know?"

"Well—no, Miss Mildred, I'm afraid not. He went to Glasgow to-day."

"Oh dear me! and I wired—yesterday. There'll be no one to welcome me."

"Mrs. Williams must know—the carriage was at the station."

"So it was," more hopefully; "but," less cheerfully again, "the gate was locked."

"I locked it; I beg your pardon, Miss Caryl. I did not know," a little confusedly. It was no business of his to lock the gate, only Garth had a little way of straightening the world.

"What! you locked me out of my own land?" with mock severity. Garth did not reply. He had apologised; that was enough. Another quick glance—into his eyes now—and—"Well, good-night," seriously. "Give my love to the mother, and tell her I will come to tea to-morrow. And, Garth, be home early and bring the books and tell me all about it. Good-night."

"Good-night, Miss Mildred." Garth gave the sign to the coachman—uncovered again, and the carriage drove away.

He went on; but his step was slower, his eyes on the ground; his whistle silent now; the absence of mind returned in force until, reaching the point where the narrow path opened into the drive again, he met the carriage once more, empty now, driving round to the stables. Then he woke up, settled his



"Mildred, wandering in, had surprised him—and herself."—p. 43.

cap, dug his hands into his pockets, and quickened his pace.

His way lay now along an avenue, under that line of trees which crowned the hill at right angles to the drive up which he had come. Looking over the wall on his right—the boundary wall of the estate—he could see the distant lights of tag-ends of the town, the glow of furnaces, and, further still, the paler glare of other towns—the southernmost towns of Lancashire. On the left was darkness, but Garth did not need to see the land beyond the trees—dipping first, then rising again to a higher hough—the last outswell of the Derbyshire hills, mapped as Cheshire. On he went until he had almost reached the gate at the end of the avenue.

Just within it, on an elevated level, stands an old house—a quaint old house, built of such solid stone

blocks as house-masons of to-day object to handling—of fair size, battlemented, grey with age. No door at all to be seen on this side: windows only, large lofty windows—high from the ground—in one of which a lamp was shining to-night. Since 1806 a motto on the wall has been patiently saying, "*Fide, sed cui vide*" (Have confidence, but see well in whom thou placest it.)

Garth looked up as if he heard it in the dark, sprang up the half-dozen steps to the higher ground, and passed round the corner of the house. Behind is a bare grassy enclosure, but a narrow line of flags between grass and door; two doors there are—heavy, iron-studded; the windows low and long. And here again is a writing on the wall—clear cut in the smooth cope-stone of door and kitchen window, "Better stay here all night than be lost in the snow: 1807," and thereby hangs a forgotten tale.



Garth passed under it and went into the house. This was his "bairnname," a healthsome spot in which to grow to manhood on the outskirts of iron Lancashire and Robin-Hood-land.

A moment later he entered his mother's parlour. "Better stay here all night than be lost in the snow!" All the furniture was of the plainest, the tables stained deal, the chairs most of them mere wood, and yet everything looked at home and comfortable. The table-cloth and curtains, though faded, had been a good colour, and harmonised still with each other and the old threadbare carpet; the chintz-covered cushions of easy-chairs and sofa were soft; the few ornaments, though of the cheapest, were not unsightly, and two articles in the room were superior enough to give an air, quite of gentility, to the rest—the reading-lamp, which was new and handsome, and the harmonium, the case of which was real walnut wood. Moreover, the books on it and in the shelves above were in sets, and well bound; the old clock in the corner was amiable of countenance and cheery of tick; the prints on the walls were good; the lamp shed a soft light; the fire crackled briskly; and everywhere was a spotless cleanliness, an immaculate polish, an air of cheerful peace most resting to the eye and spirit. Yes, "Better stay here all night than be lost in the snow."

Nor was the room inhabited only by peaceable chairs and tables; in the rocking-chair between the warmth and light of fire and lamp, her fingers rapidly knitting, an open book on the table before her, sat a most cheerful animate being. A lady, emphatically, whatever her station, was Mrs. Garrickson. Only those who knew his mother understood Garth. In appearance chiefly neat; smooth dark hair drawn tidily down the sides of the face in the days when little combs held bunches of curls from tumbling over pretty eyes and cheeks, and worn so ever since; dark bright eyes, clear fresh complexion, lips anyone might kiss; a plain black dress, a bit of white at the neck, a becoming cap, a black silk apron.

She looked up as the door opened—the thoughtful face brightened.

"Well, Garth! you are late, my son."

"Yes, mother," kissing her; "the class was late."

"Are you wet?" feeling his coat. "Hadn't you better change?"

"Oh, no; I shall be going to bed directly."

"Are you sure? You were reading at 1.30 last night, Garth; you had no business."

"I know it; I was busy. I'll be sooner to-night; I'm tired," a little wearily.

"No doubt. Janie!" going to the door and calling, "just go up-stairs and bring Mr. Garth's grey coat and a pair of socks from his drawer.—There are your slippers under the chair. I've news, Garth; Miss Mildred's coming home."

"She's come, mother. I have seen the carriage."

"Have you seen her?"

"Well—yes—I have," as if confessing. "She stopped and spoke in passing; sent her love to you, mother, and said she'd come to-morrow."

"To tea, did she say? That's right—that's a good girl; not a bit of pride or conceit about her; just as

simple as when she was a little thing toddling about the house."

"That is all the more reason for care, mother. I am not sure about the pride. She is proud enough with some folks—that cousin of hers, for instance."

"He is not a good man, Garth, that's the reason. Here is your coat. Was she looking well?"

"Miss Mildred always looks well," he said, with a man's want of perception; and, having got into his dry coat and socks, he took up his book, and no more was said.

## CHAPTER II.

WHEN Garth came in from work next day he found Miss Mildred and his mother placidly working and talking together, the tea-table ready set, with snowy cloth, best china, and various favourite cates and dainties to do honour to the guest who could best give honour by being her homeliest here.

She was homely, happy, entirely charming. In London but a day or two ago she had been the admiration of many, in very different circumstances and surroundings; for Mildred was beautiful, accomplished, passably brilliant, and on occasion utterly captivating, but no one had ever seen her just as she was now. In childhood this had been more her home than her father's house, and though absence and the years had a little straitened old freedom, she was still never so fascinating, because never so entirely at home, so frank, so free from self-consciousness, as she was here.

As Garth entered she held out her hand as to a cousin, and smiled as not to a workman.

"That's right, you are in good time; now we will have some sensible talk. I have just been telling your mother, Garth, that one of my greatest London trials is the conversation."

"Trials! You meet trials in London!" sitting down and leaning forward, elbows on knees, to look at her; and not even his mother detected the trembling in his frame that he was resolutely subduing. "I thought you enjoyed it all."

"So I do just at first. The change is pleasant, and the shops, and the stir of life; but I soon vary, and long for home."

"But you must meet many clever people, Miss Mildred."

"Oh yes—very clever! Quite too clever to descend to the level of such provincial wit as Mildred Caryl's; or perhaps they fear cheapening their worth by a too common exhibition of it. My experience is that clever people are extremely foolish in society."

"Perhaps modesty has a little to do with it, love," observed placid Mrs. Garrickson; "they are too public to be natural."

"Yes, it must be embarrassing to be lionised," reflected Garth.

"To you it would be, Garth—yes. I can fancy it," looking into his eyes with laughter in her own; "but all are not your kind of lion. My belief is that most clever people are terrible shams. Just here and there is the real thing, but as a rule the luminary has by no means so much inward light as outward polish, created by mere friction—yes, and



easily rubbed off. I would rather have downright honest ruggedness than unreal polish."

"So you grew tired of London?" quietly.

"Yes; I said I was not feeling well, that late hours did not agree, that the influenza was coming our way—no end of excuses; but in truth it was *Heimwey*. The trees will be budding directly, and I wanted to watch them. I wanted my hills—'hills draw like heaven,' you know. I wanted my own people, I grew tired of strangers," almost passionately.

"Well, love," Mrs. Garrickson said soothingly, "your own people are very glad to have you. We've missed you; it's been quite lonely. Here's Janie with tea.—Garth, get her a chair; she'll be better for a cup of tea."

But Garth turned the chair Mildred had just vacated round to the table—"She prefers this, mother."

"Yes, thanks, Garth; you always know my likes. What! is all the honey not gone yet?"

"That's the last. I managed to save it, though Garth was for eating it many a time."

"You greedy thing!"

"Now, mother, I only asked for it once or twice, and not again when I knew 't was all there was."

"Well, eat it up between you as you always did, and have done with it. Say grace, Garth," and the laughter was strangled to becoming sobriety.

"Now, what has been going on at the school?"

Mildred asked, as soon as her wants were supplied; and then the talk became more serious, and entirely between these two, while the uninitiated mother sat and drank her tea, and waited on them both in unenlightened content. When the cloth had been cleared it still went on, books were brought out—account-books and others—and she sat on one side of the table and rocked herself and knitted, and they sat on the other adding up columns, counting pence, and talking very near together and in perfect freedom.

Since Mildred had been a tiny child it had been thus; they had grown up so, these two, with this placid woman—the mother of the one, the foster-mother of the other—keeping watch always. When Mildred had been a week old her mother had given her into these warm hands, closed her eyes as if for sleep, and gently died. Mary Garrickson had carried the baby home and laid it down in the cradle her own boy was just outgrowing, vowing that while she lived the mother-care should be equal between them; and through all the difficult years she had kept that vow. At first she had been left in undisturbed possession, and the babies had cried and cooed in concert, toddled and tumbled about the floor and the grass outside in blissful oblivion of life. No other children came, and Mary lost her husband; but her heart was satisfied, her hands full with the two. Then as they grew to years of discretion the children were parted. Mildred was taken home and a governess provided, Garth went daily to a town school; and yet they contrived to be much together, for Mildred was much alone, and her old home always seemed the real one. On fine half-holidays they were always out rambling and scrambling about the country together, no one, unless now and then a scandalised governess, ever interfering.

Later Mildred was sent away in quest of education. For awhile their paths diverged, but in spite of all were still on one level. She was Miss Caryl of the Hall, he her father's bailiff's son, whose mother had been her mother's confidential maid, yet all their lives they had been friends. And the caste dye was not so deep as it seemed; their fathers had once been of one social shade, educated in one school, workmates in one mill, when the mule and jenny were young. But the one—the less talented—had risen to own the mill, and its owner's place and daughter; the other, through mere ill-health, had sunk, until, for pure old-fellowship's sake, his sometime workmate had made him his bailiff, given him the old house on the estate; and he had won the young housekeeper of the Hall.

On Tom Garrickson's death his wife had been allowed to keep her home, and through her boy been helped as she might in other case not have suffered to be helped. On his death-bed her husband had reached across the gulf of years and social distinction, and given his son into his old friend's care, and Mary had had to submit.

In his own way that friend had fulfilled the trust; he had sent the lad to school, never inquiring how he got on, and then given him work in the mill, promoting him from time to time as carelessly as he would have dropped him had he proved worthless. He had certainly helped Garth more than he suspected; and in the least suspected way the most.

At the Hall was a capital library, which he did not himself at all affect. By the merest accident he had one day good-naturedly given the lad free access to it. That library had probably been Garth's salvation. He used it the more readily, it must be owned, because he could get to it without the knowledge of a soul. On the first floor of the Hall the front half of the house communicates with the back—the servants' quarters—by one of two doors opening on to the half-way landing of the large staircase, which coming up thus far, in a broad flight, divides here, and ascends in two narrower ones to the corridor above; the second door is that of the library. So that Garth, slipping up the back stairs, had but to step from one door to the other to reach his sanctum, apart alike from both halves of the house.

Here he had come and read in undisturbed peace, until, one wet occupationless Saturday afternoon in the holidays, Mildred, wandering in, had surprised him—and herself. From that day the old childish intimacy, a little lessened of late years, had been resumed, and with profit to both.

Of mental culture Mildred had the more. Her advantages had been many, her natural capacity was fine; but what Garth lacked in advantage he made up in pure native force, will-power, and dogged industry.

All the opportunity he had, he made the most of, attending evening classes and studying in spare time. There were few men of Mildred's acquaintance so really well informed, few with whom she could converse with so much pleasure and intelligence. What was their drudgery was Garth's recreation—their boredom was his *El Dorado*. He knew nothing of the topics politely supposed suitable to the young-lady mind, and saw nothing unsuitable in philosophic,

scientific, or political ones—to Miss Mildred at least; he knew, or thought he knew, her mind too well. And to him Mildred's gravest side was always readily presented, for it was the only one on which they could come within touch: they lived in such different worlds. How often Garth stood inside that room upstairs holding the door slightly ajar listening to the rich voice singing—"theater songs" and others—to guests in the drawing-room, or watching gay couples passing in the hall below, no one ever guessed, nor how grimly he would close the door, lock it against possible intruders, and return to his books. That was the mere shell of her, that gay creature down-stairs: the Miss Mildred he knew was another sort—and as yet there was no pain anywhere.

And when Mildred left school and came home as mistress of her father's house the ground had widened. Her home life did not afford scope for her; the house-keeper being retained, her mistress-ship was a sinecure; her father, engrossed in business and public functions, did not require her. At first she had idled about the place, roamed and driven about the country with her dogs, paid and received visits, and ill-used her piano; but soon this changed. An accident at the mill led to a visit to a distressed home; that led to others; a philanthropic zeal seized Mildred which might have run to wild waste, but for Mrs. Garrickson's quiet sense, and Garth's practical wisdom and patient guidance. A mother's anxiety for wildly inclined sons led to the forming of a night-school in an unused "shed" of the mill. Girls' practical classes followed, mothers' meetings, men's clubs, children's Band of Hope and entertainments—a perfect ramification of schemes, which could only be kept workable by rigid restriction to their own workpeople, and by dint of very persistent and real labour. "Mester Caryl" was the nominal president of the whole, but he took little heed unless called upon. But few helpers could be had among the older, better class, and more reliable workpeople; the whole management rested on this committee of two, and the quorum was Garth. Mildred supplied the "bright ideas," the funds, the prestige; Garth the practical ability, the calm-browed judgment. If Mildred saw quickest, Garth saw deepest, furthest, most; his practical knowledge of the people was of untold value. With all her talent and influence, Mildred could have done nothing without him. He, the thing once started, could work it easily alone—as he had just demonstrated; in her absence all had gone smoothly and prosperously.

"You are really commander-in-chief, Garth," she said, as they gathered the books together. "I had better leave the management to you, I think."

"Oh no, Miss Mildred—that would not do now you are returned."

"Thank you; that's the nicest compliment I've had since I went away. I wondered sometimes what you would say if you heard some of the things said to me out there, Garth," looking at him. "Are you not well? You are thin—"

"Oh, yes—I'm well enough," Mrs. Garrickson looked up.

"He's working too hard, Missie," slipping into the old baby name, "and he won't take time for meals:

he will have a book at table, and forgets his plate, and reads again at night till one or two o'clock."

"Oh, Garth! How bad for you! and at the mill again at five. Shocking!"

"But I must."

"I suppose so—"

"Whirr, my merry spindles  
These looms o' wern they be no swindles.  
Whirr, my merry spindles,  
Fr' morn till th' night!"

But you needn't read until two o'clock, or one, or twelve."

"I'm not in the small room now. I'm overseeing in the large one, and don't go down till eight."

"Oh, that is better! It was too much for you."

"Not at all; it was quieter—more peaceable;" and Mildred knew he would hear not another word about his work, his reading, or any of his affairs.

"Will you play for me awhile now?—I must go soon," she said, resettling herself in the low chair she had abandoned for business; and Garth went obediently to the harmonium and drew up the stool.

Garth's father had been musical, as many Lancashire men are; and Garth had inherited his harmonium and his talent. How he had picked up his knowledge no one quite knew. When promoted as a child to music-lessons, Mildred had, in very conceit and love of domineering, taught him his notes; but her patience had failed of more. A hint here, a question there, a fine ear, and hours of patient war on the old instrument, had done the rest. He sat now and rolled out grand sweet harmonies, while Mildred lay back with shaded face, and Mrs. Garrickson put down her work, and regarded her gravely.

Presently Garth began to sing in a clear musical man's voice—and what? Listen—

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.  
Home! home! Sweet, sweet home!  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

Mildred dropped her hands and raised her head with a quick turn, a sudden glad smile: the light in her face was exceedingly gentle. In the refrain her voice joined his—better trained, by far, but not so rich—of smaller compass evidently, and with a minor note very unlike his full, swelling tones.

In the second verse too she joined—

"An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain;  
Give me my lowly thatched cottage again,  
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,  
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all!  
Home! home! Sweet, sweet home!  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

Tears gathered as they ended. Garth detected them in the voice, bent his head to listen, glanced over his shoulder to look, but could see nothing. Mrs. Garrickson could: they were fringing the long lashes now, but they would dry there; Mildred would not own them.

"Sing, mother!" she cried, as the harmonium paused. "'The Land o' the Leal' now, Garth," and

the little impromptu concert they often happened upon in this way proceeded: Mrs. Garrickson's sweet tones joining with the happiest effect, until the old clock added its own musical voice, chiming nine.

Garth closed the harmonium in silence—he was always the first to know when it was time for Miss Mildred to go—and came across to the hearth. Mildred rose.

"That has done me good!"

son said, "But, love——" and stopped. Garth flushed to the eyes.

Mildred did not notice; she went on—

"I thought of it in London. I met a girl who spent all her days so, and her evenings in singing at mission-rooms and poor houses: and I quite made up my mind to take it up here, and to throw the room at the mill open—on some evenings."

Still there was silence. Garth had turned away,



"Mildred lay back with shaded face."—p. 44.

"Was anything the matter, love?"—just what Garth wanted to say.

"Well, yes, something was—never mind—nothing—oh, mother!"—meeting Mrs. Garrickson's twinkling eyes—"don't laugh at me: I have been so homesick. I have made two resolutions: never to go to London alone again, and to make myself thoroughly busy among the poor."

Mrs. Garrickson sobered.

"And haven't you been doing that, Missie?"

"Not systematically, as a daily business—which is what I want. I did think of hospital nursing, but it is so much more confining, and—and—it would take me away from home. So I shall just set to work where I am—get a habit, grey or dark blue, and give four days or five a week to it."

Both mother and son were startled. Mrs. Garrick-

son and was standing with his back to them, looking into the fire.

"Have you really considered it, dear?" Mrs. Garrickson said at length. "Have you asked your father?"

"N—no; I have not seen him. Don't you approve, Mrs. Garrickson?"

"I think your father won't, love."

"But ought one's father to decide for one?"

"No; but you should decide for him—not against."

"He cares nothing about my affairs."

"That's no reason you shouldn't care for his. Miss Millie, had you decided this after careful weighing of every consideration, I should uphold you; but it seems to me you've been hasty.—What do you think, Garth?"

Mildred looked at him, eagerly expecting his championship.

Garth turned him about slowly, and he was twisting something in his fingers: his eyes were bent on it.

"I think," he said deliberately, "it is not to be considered for a moment at the present time."

"Oh, Garth!"

"Oh, I don't think that, my son: I don't go so far as that. I think Miss Mildred *should* consider, and ask her father. Then, if she still feels so——"

"I think feeling a very poor guide, mother; judgment should decide these things. It would not answer for that sort of work to be taken up so by an irresponsible person; there should be some sort of committee, I fancy: and I don't suppose a committee would employ Miss Mildred. She is young, she has no training, all her education has gone another way. She is not strong constitutionally, and her father would not allow it. I think this the mere reaction from weeks of unusual excitement; and now she is back in her natural sphere, she will be all right."

Garth's auditors looked at him in astonishment: one in crestfallen disappointment. He spoke with a decisive emphasis he rarely used, addressing his mother, but looking neither at her nor at Mildred, and twisting and turning what he held until it snapped in his fingers. He laid it down, looked at her now, and said more gently—

"Missie, you are doing a great deal."

"But nothing in the daytime—nothing systematic."

"You go to old Pack and the rest."

"That is different; and there are all those streets of miserable people."

"Not so very miserable: they've no need, if they'll be sober and work. Indeed, you'd find most houses empty in mill hours."

"But at night——"

"You could not go at night; and as for the room: if Mr. Caryl would admit the public to the mill—which he would not do—you could not control such an audience."

"You would be there."

Mrs. Garrickson looked up quickly. An odd expression came into Garth's face, a stern, proud, sorrowful reproach. He turned round again to the fire.

"I think, love," Mrs. Garrickson said, "that you might ask your father, and see what he says. He's a good man, and would consider such a thing. Now Janie will bring some coffee——"

"Oh, no, thank you: it will be waiting at home. It is late!"

"Well, if you're sure—— Get your gaiters on, Garth, it's raining."

"I am sorry you do not approve," Mildred said, with a little dignity, while Garth was gone; and she donned her plain felt hat and rich, fur-lined jacket, both characteristic of Mildred Caryl. "I made sure of sympathy."

"And you have it, dearie. I think myself Garth was a little strong, and you mustn't think too much of it—young men don't always know.—That's right, my son"—as Garth appeared in the doorway, capped and gaitered, and ulstered to the chin. "Take care of her, and see that ye fall not out by the way!" smiling, as she and her foster-daughter kissed each other.

### CHAPTER III.

THERE seemed no improbability of their doing so. Little was said at first: it was raining and blowing hard. Mildred had enough to do to keep her balance, and Garth would not offer help until he saw she really needed it. Then he took her umbrella and held it for her, firmly, screeningly, but distantly, and that was the most he would do.

Both found the difficulty rather an advantage. Mildred was annoyed, and he, knowing it, conscious also of wisdom and rectitude, and by the nature of him entirely indisposed, carefully abstained from anything in the way of apology. When the trees thickened shelteringly and silence became awkward, it was Mildred who spoke.

"You don't think me very foolish, Garth?"

"Not very."

"I had a very special reason; and you know I am very lonely."

"Very lonely!" How that little plaint appealed to him Mildred could not guess. He walked on a little while in silence, and then said: "But I don't see how this would help it; you could make no friends among those people, and you would lose many you have."

"None I greatly care about, Garth," quietly; "I have been thinking I would rather withdraw——"

"You must not!" he said emphatically, almost impatiently.

Mildred looked up startled, and then, indeed, he apologised with a sudden sweet smile: "Excuse me, Missie!"

"Don't, Garth—tell me just what you are thinking."

"Well, you know what mother said of your father—you——"

He was abruptly interrupted. Pursuing their sheltered way, they had for the nonce forgotten the wind, until, emerging on the exposed corner where the avenue curved round to the drive, they were met by a boisterous blast, which effectually scattered his sentence, their ideas, and their persons. The umbrella dragged Garth one way, Mildred was driven helplessly another, until, managing to get his impromptu sail furled, Garth overtook her, and after a few minutes' hard struggle they succeeded in weathering the corner.

It was as if they had stepped into a diving-bell. On either hand were high sheltering hedges; just beyond, the house rose tall and stately; outside, the wind shrieked and whistled; overhead, the branches swayed and cracked; at their feet, a few dead leaves scarcely eddied. Mildred was laughing and panting, her eyes dancing, her hair blown about her face; Garth had saved his cap by catching it off, and stood bare-headed holding her, for he had seized her with none of that unreal polish she had deprecated a while ago, and forgotten to set her free. A moment he stood so, laughing too, partly at her; then a change swept over his face, a sweet tenderness curved his lips, his eyes softened, deepened; he made a quick, almost convulsive, movement as if to draw her to himself. Then he raised his bare head skyward—the smile died, the face hardened, he loosed her, put



on his cap, and turned away, remarking, "I am afraid your umbrella is broken, Miss Caryl."

"Never mind; it's an old one, Garth." As they reached the house-steps—and her voice was a little hesitating and very sweet—"I had some flowers to take to mother, and forgot them; will you wait a moment, and I'll get them?"

"Willie will bring them when he brings the milk in the morning, thank you, Miss Caryl." Garth would not wait in his master's hall.

"Very well. Good-night," and she held out her hand; but he did not seem to see it, just pulled off his cap and was gone before the door opened to admit her.

Mildred's face sobered; she entered the house very slowly; she preferred honest ruggedness, she had said, but she had not meant Garth's ruggedness—to herself.

She entered a room on her left, prettily furnished, and designed with a special view to cosiness, for Mildred loved her ease at her inn—when there; but the room was a scene of desolation—fireless, and in all the dust and disorder of neglect. She looked round displeasedly; for though anything but orderly herself, she insisted on the maids being so. "Elizabeth!" she called.

The neat-capped woman who had admitted her appeared.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Tell Emma," severely, "that the morning-room is not fit to be seen."

"A fire is lit in the drawing-room, miss."

"You know I never use the drawing-room in the master's absence," and she turned away in dignified displeasure. "Call the rest to prayers," she added; then Elizabeth vanished. Mildred laid aside her hat and cloak, changed her shoes, after a hunt for truant slippers, and crossed the hall to the drawing-room.

Here was a different scene. A large fire glowed in the deep, wide hearth; tinted chandelier globes shed a soft warm light through the large, handsome room; luxurious lounges, soft rugs and carpets, rich hangings, pictures and bric-à-brac filled it. After all, Mildred's home was no lowly thatched cottage; she felt no charm from the skies hallow this spot; the splendour did not dazzle at all, and she certainly felt exile enough at the moment. She stood on the hearth looking into the glowing coals, trying to conquer a miserable sense of loneliness which oppressed her; then, moving to the door leading to the next room, passed in. This was the dining-room, and here the servants were already ranged on chairs at a distance, the books ready placed. To read prayers nightly had been her mother's custom, and Mildred steadily adhered to it. But it was the only vestige of apparent mistress-ship to which Mildred could lay claim; though all behaved with decorous respect to the master's daughter, the real mistress was the housekeeper, Mrs. Williams, and all knew it.

They said good-night now in all respectful civility, as, prayers over, they passed out; but in their own hall a discussion began, for the call had found them at supper, which of all things servants hate to have interrupted.

"What's she doing out so late, I want to know?" one said, trying to warm her cold coffee at the fire; "she wouldn't if her pa was here."

"Oh, she would; he wouldn't know."

"Or care if he did."

"Well, I shan't go in again."

"Then you'll lose your place, Emma," from Mrs. Williams. "I'm not over-religious myself, but prayers is usual, and anyone not conforming to the rules in this house goes at once," and she left the room, which she had entered casually and unobserved.

Emma looked a little scared, but returned to the charge.

"She was at Mrs. Garrickson's, and out with the son. I saw them come down the drive. She's always with the Garricksons."

"He wasn't at the door," from Elizabeth.

"No; you bet!" with a knowing nod.

"Emma! Emma!" in a chorus of dismay.

"My word!" from Elizabeth. "You'd better not let Mrs. Williams hear of this. You'd be out of the house in an hour."

"And as for Miss Caryl!" and there was a general gasp.

"I don't care," sulkily. Emma was not "well suited," and she was angry just now about the morning-room. "She should mix with gentlefolks if she belongs to gentlefolks——" But the prudent Elizabeth would have no more—Emma had to hush—now the mischief was done.

Mildred meanwhile sat solitary in her luxurious drawing-room, with idle hands and busy brain, thinking of the evening, and feeling a little sore at the extinction of her plan—for it was extinguished. She did not care about it now; she would not do it now, she knew, and her woman's wit began to discover why and what had dictated Garth's verdict. "Pride of race, pride of place"—so like Garth!—and her reverie became very still and deep.

She woke at last; the fire was almost burnt out, the gilt clock was chiming eleven. She had forgotten to order coffee, and Elizabeth, supposing she had had it, and quite too well bred to intrude, had brought nothing; and now all were in bed but Thomas, who waited to turn off the gas. She went to the dining-room, found a biscuit or two in the sideboard, and munching these—for she had taken nothing since six o'clock—went coldly, wearily up-stairs.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"GARTH," Mrs. Garrickson said at breakfast next morning, "I am a little sorry you were so decided with Miss Mildred last night; she'll give it all up now, and it's a pity."

"Why, mother?"

"Because if she had asked her father he might have allowed."

"She could have done no good, mother."

"It might do *her* no harm. Of course she proposed too much; but a little. Her life is trifling, and her father must know it—he's a good man, and sensible."

"You don't see him at the mill."

"What's the matter at the mill?"



"He is hard."

"To you, Garth?"

"Oh no; I mean in general."

"You must excuse it. If you could remember him

would know this would disgust him. It was by way of declaring her principles."

So this was Miss Mildred's special reason. Garth had risen from the table and was putting on his boots.



"A moment he stood so, laughing too, partly at her."—p. 46.

as I can before he lost his wife, you would. It was hard to work his way up for her year after year, and then lose her in a few months so; he's a good man, for all that. Besides, as to Miss Mildred, there might be another reason; it struck me it might be her cousin. From what she said, I gathered that he proposed marriage to her in London and wouldn't take refusal. I believe she just ran home away from him—and she

"Her father would approve of that marriage," he said, without looking up.

"I don't know; he does not approve of cousins marrying."

"But there's the keeping together of this and the Irish estate."

"I don't think he cares; it's a very poor one. I was wretched the month I kept that house. Besides, you know

he is a Home Ruler," with a merry glance at her son. Irish politics were wont to excite him. "I believe he would rather have someone who could manage the mill."

Garth finished his lacing in silence, stood up and stretched himself; then with a preliminary stamp or two, said, "Well, good-bye, mother; I shan't be up to dinner—you can send it down;" and atoning for this autocratic ordering with a kiss, was off.

A minute after, Mrs. Garrickson heard the large gate clash, and peeped through the window just in time to see him pass from behind it and run down the field-path.

This, she knew, joined, a little lower down the hill, the lane which ran parallel with the avenue, and, dipping under the drive, met the steps and the private door which led steeply down from it on the other side, and was really, if anything, a shorter route to the mill. But Garth had never gone this way, preferring the privacy of the avenue and drive, and being a little proud of his privilege of using them. She looked at the clock; he was not late. What inscrutable beings sons are!

(To be continued.)

"AWAY TO THE WEST."

BY F. M. HOLMES.



SETTLING DOWN ON BOARD.

WELL, and what can you do?" "Oh, anything, sir."

"What! can you make a watch?" "Oh no-o-o; not a watch."

"Can you milk a cow, then?" "Oh yes, sir."

"How many could you milk in an hour?"

"That all depends, sir."

"Could you milk twenty?"

"Yes, sir"—confidently.

"That is good milking; have you carried off first prize for milking?"

Beginning to think he has made a mistake, he cautiously answers, "No-o."

"Now, come, have you ever milked a cow in your life?"

"Well, sir, I cannot say as I have, but I don't mind trying."

The object of this cross-examination is now partly achieved. It is to discover something of the man's character, and also, if possible, what he really can do.

He wants to emigrate, but the gentleman questioning him intends to accept only those who are likely to prove good emigrants. And, as usual, the man or woman who can do everything, can—when it comes to the point—do nothing.

This man has a grain of common-sense in him, and he soon climbs down from his high horse. "I know little, but I am willing to learn," betokens a far better frame of mind as regards Canadian farming than, "Oh yes, I can do anything!"

Then about the money. Ah! the money. What a wonderful hindrance to many a grand plan is the money! Yet the management of money is a better test of character than the weaving and dreaming of plans.

"I can pay something to the expenses," says our friend.

"Good, that is right," replies his questioner; for this is the Self-Help Society, and Mr. E. W. Gates, its secretary, seeks to lead those who apply to him to pay something themselves.

"So you really are not too particular as to what you do at first?"

"No, sir."

"And you will take service with a farmer out there for a time, so as to learn something of the work and ways of the country?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you can pay part of the passage-money yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then fill up the application form, and your case shall come before the Committee. We have over fifty honorary agents in various parts of Canada to whom we send our emigrants, and who have usually work waiting for them on their arrival. So you can begin that way, and afterwards you can take up a grant of land for yourself."

This good man having withdrawn, another appears. He is a young fellow, who has evidently been too much petted by his mother. He has apparently never done any hard work in his life. When he left off sucking his thumb he took to sucking his walking-stick. He is not vicious—simply weak and pappy through foolish petting, and his father wisely thinks it would be well for him to emigrate if only he would turn over the proverbial new leaf in so doing.

What is to be done with him? Clearly Mr. Gates cannot accept him as he is. But will he throw aside his kid gloves and his foppish airs, and go to work on a farm for three months? The Self-Help Society are enabled to send certain applicants to a farm where they may be tested and trained before winging their way to the West. Will he go there?



DISTRIBUTING KITS.

Yes, he will go.

There is no real vice in him; and looking ahead we see that freed from enervating influences, and with steady discipline behind him, he will learn to earn his bread and do useful work. Most likely he will make a successful emigrant.

"Oh! I don't believe in emigrating," exclaims Mr. Finnick. "It is played out. Why, there were the Wheakbax—they went—cost 'em a heap o' money; took up ground in a dead-alive place, and found that farming didn't pay there any more than here. Faugh! emigrating is a mistake."

"Is it, though?" exclaims Mr. Sturdyman. "Young Jack Goahead did not find it a mistake. He went over to Manitoba, got work from the neighbours till he felt his own feet, took up 160 acres, and is now doing well. It all depends on the sort of persons who emigrate—that is my opinion."

And no doubt Mr. Sturdyman is right. Persons who are able and willing to work on the land and to engage in agricultural pursuits are as a rule the people to emigrate.

So the person who can milk a cow is likely to fare better than the surgeon who can set a limb. A hard saying, perhaps, but a true one—so far at least as Canada is concerned.

There is emigration and emigration. Wholesale and indiscriminate deportation of thriftless and unsuitable persons is strongly to be deprecated. They are "dumped down" on a foreign shore, only to drag out miserable lives and become a burden on their adopted country.

But there is another kind of emigration—the

emigration of hard-working and suitable persons, who will adapt themselves to their surroundings, and shape out a bright and happy future under the British flag abroad.

It is this kind of emigration that we understand the Self-Help Emigration Society seeks to promote. Its emigrants must show some capacity for self-help. Further, it tries to advise them as to the best course to pursue, and sends them to its correspondents, who help to give them a start in their new country.

So that this large number of people we see crowding Euston platform to-night are all going over the water to friends—so to speak—instead of being "shot" on to a foreign shore, hardly knowing where to go, or what to do.

It is a motley assemblage. For the most part its members look very respectable,

and keep their feelings well under control.

But not all. You do not like to see two great fellows kissing one another, and neither do I. But these two men might never see each other again, and under the overwhelming excitement of the moment the icy English reserve is thawed and the calm English reticence gives way, and the osculatory practice is performed in the crowd, as though they were women; but most of these good folk have their own feelings to consider, and not much notice is taken.

The hour of departure is at hand; the meeting is over in the board-room, and a substantial supper has been disposed of. We try to make ourselves as comfortable as we can for the long night journey. A good many endeavour to occupy corners. When they were children they objected to being put in a corner; and in later days folks do not like to be cornered in the affairs of life; but there is a great demand for corners now, and happy is he that hath one.

Parents, too, are busy making arrangements for their children—for the party includes persons big and little, and of almost all ages. The luggage, largely labelled, is all locked up in the capacious vans; the North-Western guards and porters, adepts in the management of departing crowds, have got all the travellers into the carriages, the whistles sound along this platform of many partings, and at a few minutes past midnight the heavily laden train slowly steams away.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouts the large crowd that is left. "Hurrah! hurrah!" echoes under the wide glass roof. The powerful engine is gathering speed, and away we pass into the night.

It is well that the last word in London, and almost the last in England, should be such a hearty English cheer. And were not the emigrants' ears ringing also with words of hearty encouragement and hope, heard by some of them at the spirited meeting in the board-room, and should they not look forward to the future with happiness and bright expectation? So if there are tears in their hearts, they keep them off their faces.

"Now I hope there will be no trouble this time," remarks one of the officials. "On one occasion a child died in the train; or rather," he corrects himself, "it did not die."

"A wonderful baby, that!"

"It was like this," he continues, laughing. "There was a mother and a child in one of the carriages with an older woman, and when we got some distance down this child had convulsions—got into a fit or something. The old woman declared it was dead—she had brought up ten children and she ought to know!"

"Whereupon, of course, screaming and hysterics followed, as was but natural, and when the train drew up at the next stopping station, attention was directed to the carriage. The station-master made the family alight—they could not go on with a dead child on board."

"But presently, when they began to lay it out reverently, and so forth, behold, it commenced to cry, and showed most unmistakable signs of life!"

"In fact, it became all right again, and the worst that happened was that their passage to Canada was delayed for a week. I was told nothing about the matter till we got to Liverpool."

Moral: A woman who has brought up ten children alive is not the best person to give a certificate of death.

Well, happily, nothing of the sort happened on this occasion, and in the cold light of the morning we duly arrived at Alexandra Dock station, most of us fresh as larks. Some of the young men protested they had not slept a wink, though their bright appearance would seem to belie their statement. The curious objection that some of us have to own that we have succumbed to sleep manifests itself, you see, even in a night emigrant train.

And now a great phenomenon presents itself. There is no trouble about luggage. Mr. James Wright, of the North Western's passenger department, sees to that; and while Mr. E. W. Gates leads his little "family" of 150 emigrants to a neighbouring *café* for a substantial breakfast, the North Western and Beaver Line officials between them convey the tons of luggage down to the ship, whose Blue Peter flying high aloft proclaims she is about to start. So the most anxious matron who ever troubled about her "things" can breakfast in leisure and in peace.

"Now we will go down to the ship and have our kits given out," is the instruction, and away in groups, following one another, some carrying parcels of luggage required on the voyage, they make their way to the dock.

On the quay under cover are the kits. These

mysterious equipments become, on closer acquaintance, very simple. They consist of a paillassé and pillow, a shining tin plate and pannikin, and a knife, fork, and spoon. They cannot be called dear at three shillings and sixpence, and they remain the property of the emigrants themselves. Neither can the blankets which the Self-Help Society supplies be regarded as high-priced at four shillings.

Answering to name, the emigrants receive their kits, and laden with these household goods, they walk on to the big liner and are directed to the steerage.

Then commences the important business of the selection of berths. And behold, what a number of strange faces throng around. Norwegian and German are here. These people have come from the Continent by way of Hull, and they form a remarkable testimony to the high position of Britain in the carrying trade of the world.

"Why," we ask, "should all these foreigners crowd over to England to journey to America by a British ship?"

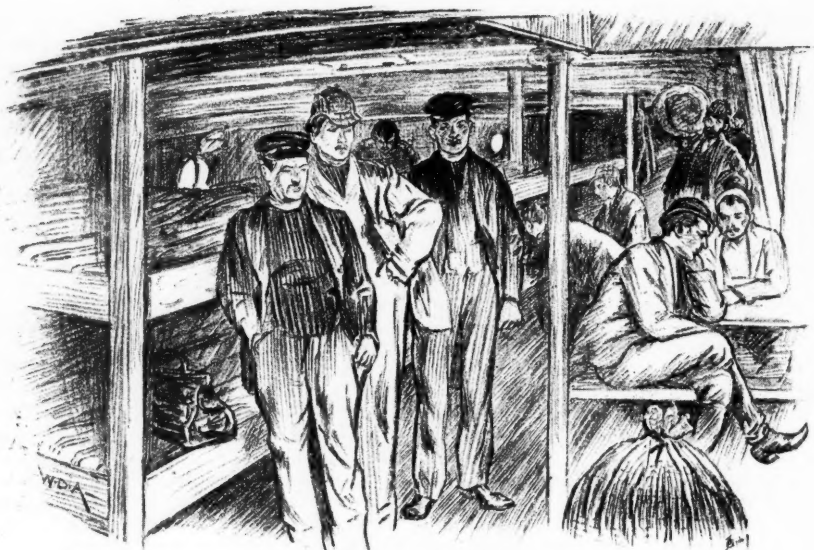
"I suppose it is our Merchant Shipping Act," is the reply. "It provides the regulations as to space, and so on, under which passengers travel. A friend of mine once voyaged to South America in an Italian emigrant ship, and described the overcrowding as shocking."

The Board of Trade officers inspect the ship before she sails, pass the food taken on board, and pass the people also, to see that none are suffering from infectious disease.



MEDICAL INSPECTION.





A GROUP OF EMIGRANTS.

One by one the emigrants file before the medico. Apparently he sees them not, but, suddenly he pounces! He has noticed a child apparently sickening for measles, and it is enough. Voluble though the mother may be, she produces no effect. The child cannot be allowed on board, and with its mother will probably be taken to the workhouse infirmary.

Stern though these regulations may appear, they are but cruel to be kind. Imagine the state of the steerage, or even of the entire ship, with a thousand souls on board, and infectious disease appearing as undesirable cargo! Hence the medical inspection.

So, whether the agents of the British shipping companies are unusually brisk, or whether there are so many more British ships afloat, or whether the regulations under which they sail are so satisfactory, a goodly number of foreign emigrants cross the Atlantic under the Union Jack.

The quarters for women and children are quite separate from those of the men, though the married men are permitted to take meals with their families in their quarters during the day. The berths are, as usual, in two tiers, and sometimes five in a row. Near by are the benches at which the meals are taken. Funnels from above supply plenty of fresh air below decks, and there is a covered way up-stairs round the sides of the vessel, where in wet weather the passengers can sit or gaily take their constitutional.

An impatient little tug is fussing at the bows, and soon the big ship is hauled and warped out of dock. We pass by famous liners at almost every turn. Here is the *Teutonic*, which held the blue ribbon of the Atlantic for speed; there the *Alaska*, which has also won that proud distinction in her time; not far off, in the river, lies the Cunarder *Etruria*. In these wonderful nine miles of docks, and on the broad

bosom of the Mersey, you can see scores of big steamers, bound for pretty well every part of the world.

Neatly the pilot and the captain take the vessel through the narrow opening of the docks and out into the river. Here she waits for the Board of Trade inspection, and here some of the saloon passengers come aboard by a tender.

Sometimes it suits the officials' convenience best to clear straight out from the docks, and the inspection takes place before the fussy tug gets to work. Then the emigrants file on board one by one from the quay, before the medical officer. To-day we lie anchored in mid-stream for a while.

It is surprising how soon the emigrants begin to settle down. What appeared to be endless confusion an hour ago is now straightening out into something like order. Everything is found to be quite clean; berths and companions are now pretty nearly all chosen, and people begin to walk about at leisure and inspect the ship, or sit down at their ease.

Here are a couple of women quite at home. They evidently cannot quite decide whether they are out of doors or under cover. So they compromise the matter by taking off bonnet and shawl and appearing in a woollen bodice—I believe that is the right name, though I speak warily of feminine apparel—over their dress. The bodices are bound with gay ribbon, and they flash like a meteor from afar. The owners thereof march about with much satisfaction.

Presently the bell rings for dinner, and the stewards go about with great cans of savoury-smelling soup. There is a pleasant scent, too, near the kitchens. The emigrants appear to stand a chance of faring better on board than many of them, as a rule, have done ashore.



In the saloon is Captain Carey. His name and that of the ship, the *Lake Huron*, remind us that he saved one of the fine vessels of the North German Lloyd Line a few months before, by towing her a considerable distance into port. Arbitration recognised his services to the extent that the Beaver Line, which owns the *Lake Huron*, was awarded £10,000, of which a large amount was distributed among captain and crew.

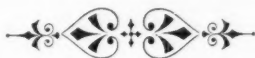
Captain Carey is a modest, unassuming man, somewhat short in stature, whose eyes, an unobservant spectator might say, seem to see nothing. Yet we venture to affirm that nothing escapes them. He is quiet, keen, and brave. The plucky captain has won hosts of medals, of which a rascally burglar deprived him.

But the tender alongside grows impatient. She blows her whistle, or rings her bell, and all visitors to the *Huron* must depart.

Down the gangway they troop, and its steepness reminds them how high the ship's sides rise out of the water. What a huge floating village she is, with her eight hundred or thousand souls on board!

The last farewells are said; hands and handkerchiefs wave; and away steams the tender. Soon the big liner will sail also. Her strong bluff bows will soon be cutting the water, and her solid appearance and record of good work done all indicate that she will carry her hundreds of emigrants quite safely to the Land of the Setting Sun.

May it prove to them, as it has to many before them, the Land of the Rising Sun.



## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

### INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

NOVEMBER 19TH. IMITATION OF CHRIST.

To read—*Ephes. iv. 20—32. Golden Text—ver. 32.*



INTRODUCTION. Ephesus was an important city on the west coast of Asia Minor, famed for its great Temple to the heathen goddess Diana. St. Paul stayed there two years at the end of his second missionary journey (Acts xix. 10.) This letter was written by him to the Ephesians from Rome while a prisoner. It

contains the deepest teachings of religion as well as minute practical instruction for different classes of people. To-day's lesson gives some practical duties for all Christians.

#### I. THE NEW MAN. (20—24.) What is it?

*A new learning.* Before, taught to worship idols; Now have learned the truth revealed in Jesus.

He is the Son of God—likeness of God the Father. He is the only Saviour for the sin of the world.

*A new conversation*, or manner of life.

Before, they had been afflicted with evil spirits. (Acts xix. 13.)

Now filled with Holy Spirit. (Ephes. iii. 16.)

Before, had practised witchcraft. (Acts xix. 19.)

Now, eyes enlightened to know God. (Ephes. i. 18.)

*A new spirit.* The old nature vile and corrupt.

The new nature lowly, forbearing, and holy. (Ephes iv. 2.)

#### II. PRACTICAL DUTIES. (25—32.) Put away—

*Lying*—hateful to a God of truth. (Prov. xii. 22.)

The devil the father of lies. (St. John viii. 44.)

Gehazi, Elisha's servant, punished. (2 Kings v. 27.)

Ananias and Sapphira struck dead. (Acts v. 5.)

Must tell truth, whole truth, nothing but truth.

Because of mutual relations to each other.

*Anger*—i.e., unrighteous anger, with sin in it.

For it is joined to clamour and evil-speaking (Ephes. iv. 31), and to strife and contention. (Prov. xxix. 22.)

Moses punished for angry words. (Num. xx. 12.)

Opposite virtues are kindness, forgiveness, etc.

Highest example is God's forgiveness of man.

*Theft.* Incurs wrath of God on all connected. (Zech. v. 3, 4.)

Example, Achan after taking of Jericho. (Josh. vii. 24.)

Opposite virtues, hard work, honesty, bounty.

*Corrupt talk.* A mark of the ungodly. (Ps. lvi. 3.)

Proceeds out of man's evil heart. (St. Mark vii. 23.)

Rather should speak good and useful words.

Words should be kind, pure, gentle, and true.

III. REASON. To sin in these ways grieves God's Holy Spirit. Notice three things about Him.

He is Spirit of holiness—cannot dwell in impure heart.

He is a true Friend—must not be grieved.

He seals forgiveness—must not be driven away.

LESSONS. 1. Create in me a clean heart, O God.

2. Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

NOVEMBER 26TH. THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

To read—*Col. iii. 12—25. Golden Text—Ps. ci. 2.*

INTRODUCTION. St. Paul did not found the Church at Colosse, and probably had never been there. (ii. 1.) But he wrote this letter while a prisoner at Rome, being anxious about some things he heard of the Colossian Christians. To-day's lesson teaches some general and special duties.

#### I. GENERAL DUTIES OF CHRISTIANS. (12—17.)

They are chosen of God, and beloved by Him.

Therefore must imitate Christ in His life.

*Humility.* Christ took lowest place to save man.

*Kindness.* Christ ever went about doing good.  
*Long-suffering.* Christ bore with Jews three years.  
*Forgiveness.* Christ forgave His enemies—healed Malchus' ear, restored St. Peter to His favour. (St. John xxi. 15.)

*Love (charity).* Highest and best of all graces.  
 Christ out of love died for ungodly.  
*Peace.* Because are all members of one body.  
*Wisdom.* Must teach and admonish each other.  
 Must study the words and spirit of Christ.  
*Praise.* The heart should be full of gladness.  
 St. Paul and Silas sang hymns in prison. (Acts xvi. 25.)

*Thanks.* All works to be a free-will offering to God, done in His name and to His glory.

#### II. SPECIAL DUTIES OF INDIVIDUALS. (18—25.)

*Wives.* To submit—as far as is consistent with their higher duty to God.

*Husbands.* To love wives as Christ loves the Church (Ephes. v. 25), *i.e.*, bearing with and forgiving faults.

*Children.* Obedience in lawful things. (Ephes. vi. 1.)  
 Rebellious sons liable under the law to be stoned to death. (Deut. xxi. 18.)

Christ obeyed as a Son of God. (Heb. iii. 6.)

*Servants.* Obedience to lawful masters.

Service to be given heartily, as in God's fear.

Christian servants are servants of God.

He gives good wages to His servants.

But punishes masters and servants who do wrong.

He gives a present happiness and peace.

He promises a future reward of bliss.

What a happy household where all do their duty as thus described!

III. LESSONS. 1. Let brotherly love continue.

2. Do all to the glory of God.

3. Blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God.

#### DECEMBER 3RD. GRATEFUL OBEDIENCE.

To read—St. James i. 16—27. Golden Text—1 John iv. 19.

INTRODUCTION. St. James, the writer of this letter, was one of the twelve apostles, and the same who was called "the Lord's brother"—being his cousin. (Gal. i. 19.) He was the first Bishop of Jerusalem, and as such presided over the first Council. (Acts xv. 13, 19.) The Epistle is addressed to Jewish Christians, but is suitable to all.

I. GOD THE GIVER OF GOOD. (16—18.) His Name, God, means "the good one."

Are not to think sin is God's work.

God's gifts to men are all good and perfect.

He is giver of common every-day blessings.

Light, food, health, all His gifts alone.

He is as it were a Sun—source of all life.

With Him is no change—He is ever the same.

He also gives special blessings to His people.

Israel led through wilderness safely.

St. Peter preserved from sinking in sea.

Apostles delivered from prison. (Acts v. 19.)

Christians begotten again in Christ Jesus designed to be the first-fruits of God's creatures.

They have blessings for this life and the next.

They are to bring others to the same blessings.

II. MAN'S DUTY TO GOD. (19—25.) (a) *Swift to hear.* What?

God's voice in nature—All tells of Him.

His power seen in storm, earthquake, etc.

His wisdom in ordering of differing parts.

His love in flowers, fruits, etc., for man's comfort.

God's voice in conscience. Speaks to heart.

If not listened to, heart gets hard.

God's voice in Bible—able to save souls. (21.)

(b) *Slow to speak.* Why?

Because words reveal thoughts—these too often evil. God hears and remembers. (Mal. iii. 16.)

Tongue is full of deadly poison. (James iii. 8.)

(c) *Slow to wrath.* Vengeance is Mine, saith God.

May not cherish anger for injuries received.

Rather learn to forgive wrongs.

(d) *Be doers of the Word*—not hearers only.

Easy to hear, listen, be pleased—and forget.

Like a man forgetting his own likeness.

But a diligent student of God's Word will frame his life accordingly, and be blessed.

Remind of Bereans who searched the Scriptures (Acts xvii. 11), and Timothy who knew them from a child.

III. TRUE RELIGION. (26, 27) *What it is not.*

Mere talk, even about good things.

Even preaching in Christ's Name. (St. Matt. vii. 22.)

*What it is.* Outward—ministering to others.

Inward—keeping self untainted by the world.

Living in the world as not of the world.

LESSONS. 1. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in His commandments.

2. God seeth not as man seeth.

#### DECEMBER 10TH. THE HEAVENLY INHERITANCE.

To read—1 Pet. i. 1—12. Golden Text—Col. i. 12.

INTRODUCTION. This letter is addressed to Christians living in various parts of Asia Minor. St. Peter wrote it from Babylon on the river Euphrates. It is full of hope and encouragement as to the Christian life here and hereafter.

I. CHRISTIANS CHOSEN BY GOD. (1, 2) *How?*

By His foreknowledge of their accepting salvation.

*Where?* All over the world—those who believe in Christ.

*To what?* Obedience to God's commandments.

Daily cleansing from sin through Christ.

To all such St. Peter sends his salutation.

Desires that grace and mercy may be theirs.

II. CHRISTIANS' BLESSINGS IN RESERVE. (3—5.)

An inheritance in God's Kingdom of glory.

Notice its nature. *Incarnate*—no more death.

*Unfiled.* Nothing unholy can enter.

*Fades not away.* In its joys—they are lasting.

*Reserved*—or laid up as a treasure well guarded for those kept by God's power from falling.

## III. CHRISTIANS' PRESENT TRIALS. (6—9.)

What?

Temptations to sin. Devil always active.

Trials of faith and constancy by persecutions.

But all working out a good purpose.

Faith being more precious than gold, its trial by fire will have more glorious result.

What will be the reward of tried faith?

Praise—"Well done, good and faithful servant."

Honour—"I will make thee ruler over many things."

Glory—"They shall walk with Me in white."

Even now have joy in believing.

Faith produces love, and love gives joy.

Present salvation—future glory.

## IV. CHRISTIANS' GRACE FORETOLD. (10—12.)

By whom?

By prophets of old who foretold coming of Christ. Christ's sufferings foretold by Isaiah. (Is. liii. 6.)

His glory by David—Psalmist and Prophet. (Ps. ex. 1, 2.)

They spake under guidance of Holy Spirit.

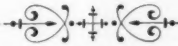
The same Spirit teaches God's ministers still.

The same grace given to God's children.

LESSONS. 1. God has called us to holiness. Are we obeying the call?

2. God has provided for us a home. Are we seeking it?

3. They that will live godly must be tried. How are we enduring temptation?



## THE WORK OF THE GREAT FLOOD.

BY MARY HAMPDEN, AUTHOR OF "THE HEIRESS OF ABERSTONE," "LUNA GORDON'S STEWARDSHIP," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

MILLMERE FARM was the property of a woman. Its late owner, Richard Barford, had left it to his elder daughter, and Mary was competent to undertake the charge. As Lena, her younger sister, often declared, "Mary was as good as a man any day!"

Not that there was anything masculine about the girl's appearance or character, unless an unyielding will be considered unfeminine. She did not make up her mind upon any question hastily, but when she had formed an opinion, and her sense of duty obliged her to express one, no amount of persuasion or argument availed to shake it. This self-reliance was the result of her training; she had been her father's counsellor and housekeeper for many years; and even her enemies—for Miss Barford was not universally beloved—agreed that that father would have left fewer debts behind him if he had taken his daughter's advice instead of merely listening to it.

One August afternoon Mary stood alone by the window of the farm-house parlour, her eyes resting upon the view of the Millmere land.

And the landscape spread out before her was beautiful indeed. This was the time of year when the Fen-country looked its best, with golden corn-fields stretching for miles and miles, with scarcely a break.

No hedges marked out the fields; scarcely a tree showed, except the low elms and pollard-willows which clustered near the farm itself. Far away, a long line

of waving sedge crossed the land, telling that a river or canal flowed there between the huge grass banks, raised some ten feet above the level of the fen.

The sunshine glinted on the golden grain, and the summer sky was of the deepest blue, fading to amber on the western horizon, for day was drawing to an end.

Mary's own face was in the shadow of the window-curtain; she seemed apart from the brightness of nature.

Yet it was a face which smiles would have made rarely beautiful; the features were almost faultless; the eyes were a rich brown, like the hair which waved smoothly on her brow; the mouth it was which told of the trouble at her heart, for its lips trembled.

In her hand was a letter.

Her sister entered the room and came behind her, laying a caressing hand on her arm. Lena was only twenty, six years younger than Mary, but the latter's brow showed lines which Time had not traced; which were due to the anxieties of her position. Lena was not easily impressed, while Mary had known both joy and sorrow in her short life. The sisters would have been strikingly alike had their expressions not been different.

"Well, Mary, was it a nice letter?"

"You may see it, dear; you know I have no secrets from you."

"It is not worth while having a lover, if his epistles don't cheer you up more than this one has done."

A smile—not a very merry one—crossed Mary's face.

"A long engagement takes the romance out of a lover's mind, Lena, so his pen cannot produce a love-letter at all."

Lena looked up quickly, then gave all her attention to the sheet of paper covered with small writing.

There was silence in the room.

Outside, where Mary's gaze was still fixed, there were a few signs of life. A flock of wild geese rose screaming from between the high banks which enclosed





"Lily spoke more insulting words, as they passed through the churchyard together."—p. 59.

the river; a horseman travelled slowly along the green drove or roadway which the bank sheltered; and a herd of shaggy little fen-ponies scampered across a distant tract of marshy pasture-land.

"Richard wants you to marry him at once, Mary. He seems very impatient, to judge by his letter; and yet—and yet——"

"And yet he does not care for me as he once did."

Mary ended the sentence herself, and only a very keen listener could have detected that there was a quiver of emotion in her low voice.

"I didn't like to say that, but it was what I meant. What are you going to do?"

"Answer him as I have answered so often," was the firm reply. "We are too poor to marry at once."

"*Mary!*—You wouldn't let anyone else call the owner of Millmere Farm poor! You know it is the richest land in the county!"

"I shall only be poor for a few years, dear, until father's debts are paid; but Richard will not wait till then."

Lena's cheeks flushed with indignation.

"Why doesn't he find work to do himself? What is the use of living upon his father, and grumbling at you because you keep him waiting? If I were you, Mary, I would give him a good scolding!"

"I shall soon have an opportunity—here he comes. I have been watching him all across the fens."

The rider had crossed a small bridge which led from the level, drove over the bordering ditch and into a road which ran through the corn-fields. Reaching the outer gate of the farm garden, he tied his horse to the fence, and walked up the path between the tall sunflowers.

Mary went out to meet him.

Lena, left alone, shrugged her shoulders with an impatient gesture, and took up the sewing from her work-basket.

"Poor old Mary!" she thought to herself. "Richard Linn is growing tired of her; even the people in the village say so, and Lily Carr more than hinted as much. Well, it is lucky that she takes everything so quietly. Some girls would half break their hearts at being jilted. I know I should!"

Of the strong feelings which are sometimes hidden by a quiet manner Lena did not think. She had only lately come home from school; and, though she loved Mary, almost despised her for her submission to a humdrum existence. Miss Barford did not seek the society of the village, as did Lena; she lived in her work, and it was certain that the farm prospered in her care.

Richard Linn, the youngest son of another Fen landowner, was reckoned the handsomest man of the county. This reputation had not improved his disposition, which was self-appreciative to a degree. Three years ago he had won the heart of Mary Barford, less by his fine eyes than through a winning manner that he could assume at will—a manner which had led her to believe that she could influence him for good as no other woman would ever have the power to do.

For a while she had been absolutely, radiantly happy in her engagement, then disenchantment had begun. It was not that she loved her promised husband less, or shrank from the discovery of his many faults, but she noticed that her wishes, her opinions, had no longer the least effect upon him, and in matters of conscience she could not help being conscious of his want of sympathy with herself. This was a man who made a point of church-going, yet who let that outward observance begin and end his religion.

With Mary's brave resolution to pay to the last farthing those debts of her father's, of whose very existence she had been ignorant during his lifetime, Richard Linn was greatly displeased.

Lena scarcely looked up when, after an hour had elapsed, her sister re-entered the room.

"Have you given him the scolding?" she asked unconcernedly.

"I have given him his freedom," was Mary's quiet answer.

## CHAPTER II.

THE weeks passed, becoming months, and the Fen-country lost its beauty with the cutting of the corn. The land looked distressingly cold and bare without its golden covering; distance seemed greater across its monotonous level; while grey skies merged into grey mists, which rose to greet the autumn from the marshes as yet undrained.

A change, not unlike the change in Nature, had come over Mary Barford's life. She had lost the romance which had made the world seem in sympathy with her, which had been the cheering influence of her every hour and day, yet which had deserved a higher title than that of mere romance. Her love had been a virtue, her joy in it a part of her religion; for she had meant to be Richard Linn's good angel.

Millmere Farm, in its lonely isolation, was seldom visited by distant neighbours, though Lena often contrived to obtain the young society which was congenial to her, for she went to stay with friends in the nearest town—a cathedral city. Mary, left alone on these occasions devoted her energies more and more to farming. One friend of her own she had,

and only one, and he was too busy to be able often to ride over to see her; for he was curate of the rambling parish, and lived at the rectory beside the little old grey church, many miles away from Millmere.

The Rev. George Keith heard of Richard Linn's broken engagement, and resolved to visit Millmere himself as soon as he could be safely spared from work for an afternoon.

When he saw Mary again, she told him, with a simplicity natural to her, that she was unhappy, restless, with too much time upon her hands, and asked him to tell her of some work to do.

He advised her to visit several poor families not far from Millmere, the men of which were employed at an engine-house where the reclamation of some fen-land was in progress.

So it happened that Mary and Mr. Keith met more often than before, for these homes were also in his parish.

Gradually he grew to love and honour the pale proud girl whose quiet manner he was sure covered many emotions. She never complained of young Linn's desertion, nor of the suffering which ill-natured gossip caused her. For gossip, once set afloat, will travel, even over the Fens, whose human inhabitants are separated by such wide distances.

The month of November came, and Lena, returning from one of her visits, brought news with her. Richard Linn had become engaged to Lily Carr, and the Carrs were moving before Christmas into Broad Drove Farm, not half a mile from Millmere.

Mary heard the news in silence. Lena scarcely realised that it might pain her sister to know the truth.

One day while walking along the Drove, Mary and Lily Carr met.

Lily was a little fair girl, not a little affected, and she had always disliked Mary. The Carrs and Barfords had quarrelled years before over a quarter of an acre of land, which both families claimed, and Lily, whose father had failed to gain the lawsuit which had impoverished him, had, from her earliest years, been jealous of Mary's superior fortune.

"I suppose you've heard of my engagement, Miss Barford? Aren't you going to wish me joy?"

Mary, who had been about to pass the girl with a bow of recognition only, was obliged to turn and pause.

"I hope you may both be happy," she said gravely.

"Oh, I don't doubt it! Poor dear Richard needs cheering up after your cruel treatment of him. Not but that he is thankful to have escaped you—you really were too shockingly good for him, he says."

"Mr. Linn could have asked for his freedom before I offered it to him, had he wished to do so."

"Oh! no gentleman cares to ask a girl to release him. He gave you any number of hints upon the subject, according to his own account, but you would not take any of them."

A dangerous light came into Mary's dark eyes, but she paused before answering, and during the pause her wrath died down. With a quiet word in parting, she went on her way again.



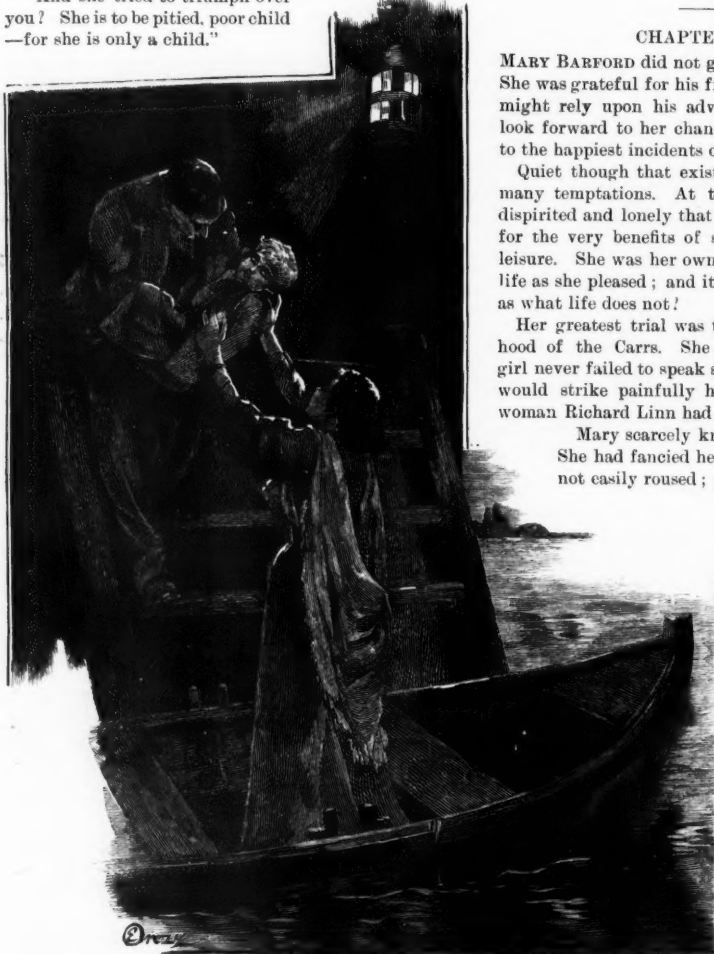
Further down the Drove she met Mr. Keith. He had just been to the home she was going to visit, and he walked with her some way on his return route.

The girl knew that the hot tears which had flooded her eyes a moment before had left their traces upon her face, but she did not shrink from the keen glance of her companion—it was at once sympathetic and respectful. George Keith was no longer a very young man; he had known sorrow himself, and the record of pain nobly endured was visible in the exceeding gentleness of his expression.

"You are in trouble, Miss Barford. Is it some passing annoyance only, or some matter in which a friend might sympathise?"

"You will despise my weakness if I tell you it is merely the effect of wounded pride! I have just met Lily Carr—"

"And she tried to triumph over you? She is to be pitied, poor child—for she is only a child."



"His strong arm supported her and her burden into the welcome shelter."—p. 60.

"Pitied!" cried Mary. "It is all I can do to keep from hating her!"

George Keith was silent. He knew when words are of less value than abstinence from words. Left to her own reflections, Mary grew ashamed of her bitter admission.

"I am wrong—foolish and wicked!" she faltered, "but I cannot bear to be told that he wished for his freedom long ago—that I have deceived myself all the while. Oh, it is hard to learn that!"

"He has played with Love," said Mr. Keith softly: "played with and lost Love, for which some men into whose lives it has never come would have——" He broke off abruptly; adding, in a changed tone, "Miss Barford, the people in this world who never pity themselves are the most to be pitied!"

"I am sure you are right," she answered, a smile crossing her face in response to a smile upon his.

### CHAPTER III.

MARY BARFORD did not guess George Keith's secret. She was grateful for his friendship, feeling that she might rely upon his advice always, and began to look forward to her chance meetings with him as to the happiest incidents of her quiet existence.

Quiet though that existence was, it brought her many temptations. At times she felt so utterly dispirited and lonely that she forgot to be thankful for the very benefits of solitude—its freedom and leisure. She was her own mistress, able to rule her life as she pleased; and it possessed opportunities—as what life does not?

Her greatest trial was the immediate neighbourhood of the Carrs. She met Lily often, and the girl never failed to speak some sarcastic word which would strike painfully home to the pride of the woman Richard Linn had jilted.

Mary scarcely knew herself in those days. She had fancied herself calm, even-tempered, not easily roused; yet now passionate rebel-

lion would surge up in her heart—a wild longing for revenge upon this creature who had the power to humble her, seized her at moments. In a second the longing would pass, but as surely did it return again, bewildering her by its vehemence.

Lena Barford accepted an invitation to spend Christmas with friends at a distance, so Mary was left alone at that festive season: alone, with her own bitter thoughts to harass her.

Lily and Richard

were to be married at the commencement of the new year, and she had sent Mary a mockingly polite letter, inviting her to be present at the ceremony: "Do come, for it will not be perfect without you," she had written. "Poor dear Richard is so grateful to you for having set him free at last!"

This letter had roused all Mary's passions. She was tempted to wish that some great misfortune might overtake the girl—she felt that had she seen evil threatening her she would not have raised a finger to avert it, but would have rejoiced. This was the cloud brooding over her Christmas: this her worst enemy, against whose attacks she armed herself with prayer.

On Christmas morning, in the old grey church, she conquered in her conflict with self; she learned anew the message of peace, and took its teaching home to her heart.

Though Lily spoke more insulting words to her as they passed through the churchyard together, she wished her "a happy new year" sincerely.

"You look different, somehow, Miss Barford. I hope you're getting over your disappointment?"

"I do not regret any part of the past," was Mary's quiet answer.

She had many friends among the poor, and their greetings made her realise that no one on God's earth need be lonely. Mr. Keith came out also, and his smile and fervent hand-clasp cheered her.

"Are you all safe at Millmere?" he asked. "After these heavy rains the local prophets always predict disaster; and the weather will be bad again before long, I fear."

He glanced at the lowering sky.

"I will warn the bailiff," said Mary. "We did not suffer much in the last flood; but oh! Mr. Keith, what will the poor folks in those tumble-down cottages near the Works do if another comes?"

"We shall have to go out in boats and save them," he replied, smiling. "Perhaps the Carrs at Broad Drove run the most risk, for I hear that their house has been pronounced unsafe; the foundations are giving way."

Before Mary reached home the rain had begun again violently, yet with a steadiness which boded ill for the future. She could hear the waters of the canal rushing with hollow thunderous noise within the banks.

All day the danger was present in her thoughts.

That night, as she sat alone in the parlour of Millmere, the servants of the farm came hurrying in with fright written on their faces.

"Oh, miss! the bank's burst up Willard Drove, an' the water's comin' down like a torrent!"

It was true. All ears could hear a sullen roar, which waxed louder every second.

The bailiff had been warned in time, so Mary had nothing to lose; but her fear was not for herself, but for the Carrs and the poor of whom Mr. Keith had spoken.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another hour had gone by, and the Fens were submerged. The scene of devastation was terrible: thousands of acres were lying feet deep under the water, flocks and herds were destroyed, houses levelled, many lives lost.

Now that the first violence of the torrent had abated, boats were out, men were busy in the work of rescue, but they were a few compared to the many needed; and every passing moment increased the peril of those who clung to the roofs of their homes, for another bank lower down the Drove was cracking, and could not hold out much longer against the volume of water pressing on it.

In one of these boats was Mary Barford. Not heeding the warnings of her servants, she had set out by herself as soon as possible.

"I risk only my own life," she thought: "and it is not a precious one—not worth half as much as the lives brave men are risking to-night: men who have wives and children to think for."

And she reached the Broad Drove Farm only just in time. The walls were staggering under the weight of the flood; only the top floor was above the water, and the inhabitants were crowding at the windows, watching, in terrible dread, for aid to come before it was too late.

Again and again Mary guided her boat between the farm and Millmere; nor did she rest even then. She had saved the lives of her enemies, sheltering them beneath her own roof. As she rowed away the last time with her human freight, she was glad to relinquish the oars to men's hands.

And looking back over the waste of waters, the roof of the Carrs' home was no longer visible.

As Mary re-entered her own house, Lily flung herself weeping into her arms.

"Oh!—you have rescued us—and I have always been horrid to you! If I had been drowned I should never have been able to tell you I was sorry! This morning, when you wished me happiness, I repented. Oh! Mary, Mary, can you forgive me?"

But Mary Barford could not rest satisfied with the work she had already done. Mr. Keith's words rang in her ears. Speaking of the families who lived near the engine-house, he had said, "We shall have to go out in boats and save them."

Again she set out in her boat, grateful that her early training had made her absolutely competent to guide it—she was more skilful with the oars than many of the fenmen themselves. And when she reached the submerged homes, she found George Keith had kept his word: he was rescuing the women and children from their peril.

"Miss Barford—*you here?*" he cried, his voice sounding clearly across the water. Mary had a lantern fixed in her boat so that the light fell full upon her face, making it easily recognisable, though the night was dark.

She rowed close to his boat.

"Can I help you?"

"There are two children left in the last house—they are at the window; bring them to the old windmill by the engine-station."

She nodded assent, understanding his meaning. The old mill had weathered many floods, for it was raised high upon an artificial mound.

"Be as quick as you can!" she heard him call as he disappeared in the darkness.

She seized the terrified children, and bent to her oars

bravely, for there was a strange tremor going over the water, an increasing force in the swell as it rose and fell, and she knew the meaning of that message as clearly as she had understood George Keith's words.

The current was almost overwhelming by the time she reached the ladder of the disused mill, and saw his face watching for her.

His strong arm supported her and her burden, the tiny children, up the steps and into the welcome shelter. The rescued were all together on the highest floor of the mill.

Mary was trembling as she leaned against the wall; he saw, by the light of the lantern she now held, how pale was her face, yet what a tranquil happiness was in her eyes.

"Mary, I thought you would delay too long—that I had lost you for ever on earth!" he cried, pressing her hand in both his own.

She answered him with a smile of perfect satisfaction. "We have done our utmost, and He will do the rest!"

As their eyes met, his love was a secret to her no longer, and she realised that the past romance was dear to her no more—that all her deepest affection she had given unconsciously to this man, who was so worthy of her best.

"Dear love, the peril is not past. The mill may not stand—we may all perish!"

As he spoke the flood came down again over the desolated land, with a roar as of rage at finding itself cheated of many a victim.

The darkness shut out the view, hiding the horrors of the hour, but a crashing sound told of the ruin which was being wrought.

George Keith and Mary Barford waited for the end, not knowing when it might be.

But when morning dawned, grey and chill, showing a scene of devastation almost unequalled even in the Fens, the waters had done their worst, and lay still over the land, with scarcely a ripple, only long stretches of white foam remaining to tell what their might had been.

The fearful night was past, God's sunshine appeared in the sky by noonday, and the flood went down inch by inch.

It was a memory from which neither George nor Mary ever parted—that night of peril when, in the passing of a moment, their love for each other had first been declared.

That labour of rescue was not the last work of charity they did together; for the poor of that parish, in all their sorrows, have now no better friends on earth than George and Mary Keith.



## TEACHING THE TEACHERS:

### A SKETCH OF A MODEL LESSON.



MR. J. COLQUHOUN.

(From a Photograph by Mr. Fred Viner, Southwark Park Road, S.E.)

"I THINK I must give up my class."

"Oh, why?"

"Well, really, children receive so much teaching now-a-days in the week, and are so sharpened up in the day-schools, that—that—"

"Sunday-school teaching wants more preparation than you can bestow?"

"Well—yes."

"Certainly I agree that it should be very different from what it was," answered her companion; "but I think that children require just as much of what I call religious teaching as they did in the days before Board-schools overspread the land."

"Yes, I suppose so," said the younger teacher; "but

I really think that persons with more time for preparation than I have would do better."

"But there are so many helps for teachers now in their work," replied her friend; "and it is not so much, I think, the elaborate preparation that is required as an attractive and interesting style of teaching, and also the selection of the right kind of thing to say. That is, you should seek to grasp the right principles of teaching rather than burden your mind with a mass of elaborate details. So, however, I judge from attending the Wednesday Evening Model Lessons at the Sunday-school Union."

"Oh, what are they?" asked the young teacher, with interest.

Her companion thereupon explained, as the two strolled along together through one of the London parks for a Saturday afternoon walk:—

"Every Wednesday evening," she said, "a Model Lesson, or a Preparation Lesson, is given to an audience of teachers in the lecture-hall of the Sunday-School Union, at 56, Old Bailey. The Model Lesson is given on alternate Wednesdays, and, as often as possible, by a practical teacher of long experience in day-schools and also Sunday-schools. The lesson is given to a class of children selected from a school near, who are dismissed at the close—say, at about twenty minutes past eight—when the teachers present are permitted to discuss and criticise the lesson. The giver of the

lesson then replies, and the whole meeting closes promptly at a quarter to nine. So it will not be too late for you to reach home easily in good time."

"That is a great consideration for me," said the other, "especially as I have to be up early the next morning."

"Well," continued her friend, "this Model Lesson Evening is designed especially for younger teachers who may not have been able to obtain systematic training, and is calculated to help them in their work. The subject taken is the International Lesson for the next Sunday."

"Oh yes, we teach that," interrupted her companion.

"And on the Preparation Lesson Evenings members of the 'Teachers' Circle' meet to submit outlines, define words, frame questions, and give information. No fewer than ten, and sometimes thirteen, fully qualified teachers take part in these evenings."

"And do many teachers attend?" asked her friend eagerly.

"Oh yes; there are generally large attendances, principally of young teachers. In fact, these training lessons have become quite an institution with the Sunday-School Union. They are never missed for a week, except for a holiday. They are under the Training and Examination Committee of the Union, and Mr. James Colquhoun, the secretary to the class, has arranged the programme for nearly fifteen years. Come to one, and see how it is conducted."

In consequence of this conversation, the two friends appeared at the next Model Lesson of the Union. Their visit being just before Easter, the subject was the Resurrection of Christ, and the teacher for the evening, Mrs. M. Lewis—formerly Miss M. A. Ryder, of the Stockwell Training College—had procured a model of a sepulchre, which was like a large hole in a rock, with a huge round stone to roll before it down an inclined groove.

A picture of Christ appearing to the women in the garden hung near by, while a large map of Palestine adorned the front wall of the room as the friends entered. Mrs. Lewis sat at a small table before the audience, and round the table were gathered a class of girls, selected from St. Sepulchre's Church, near Holborn Viaduct.

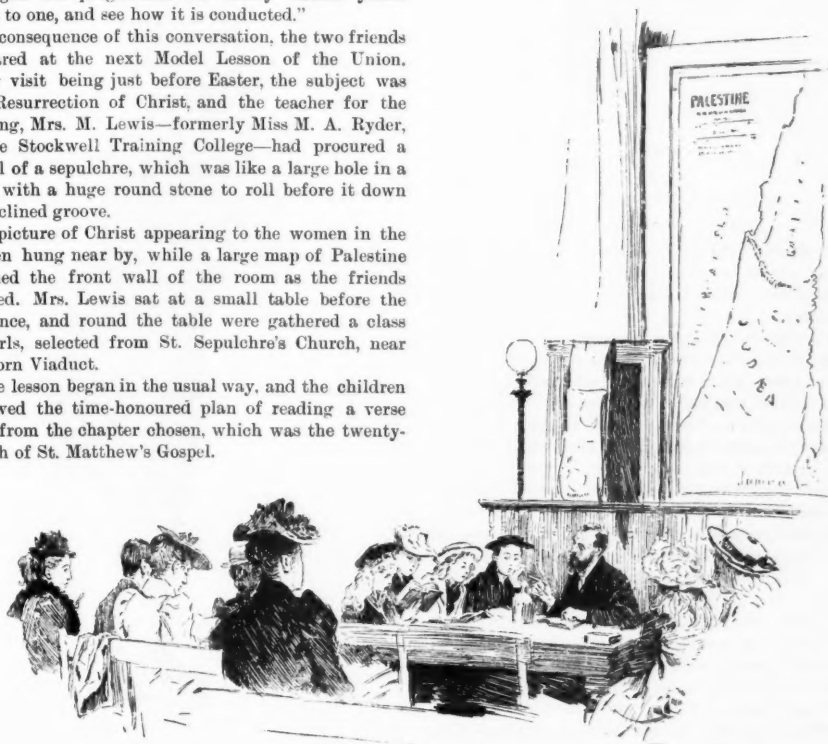
The lesson began in the usual way, and the children followed the time-honoured plan of reading a verse each from the chapter chosen, which was the twenty-eighth of St. Matthew's Gospel.

Mrs. Lewis then began to give the lesson, which took the form largely of a running comment on the verses read, with, however, plenty of question and answer on the part both of teacher and children—the former repeatedly putting queries to arouse and maintain interest, and the children asking questions—no doubt, for information.

Verses of hymns, too, would be introduced, and sometimes verses of the lesson read aloud by the class together, Mrs. Lewis leading. In fact, so strongly was the question form of giving the lesson and of making the comments utilised, that at length nearly every remark made by the teacher was put as a question.

The object of this, no doubt, was to maintain interest and elicit replies. Some of these might look trivial if set forth at length in cold print; but yet, when spoken in a brisk and kindly manner to a class of small children, they would sound very differently. Another point, too, should be noted by teachers: viz., that of paraphrasing the Scripture language into the words of to-day, so that the meaning should be quite clear.

Now, here is the lesson; but it must be borne in mind that the manner of its delivery is second in importance only to the matter itself. Upward tones of the voice should be cultivated in distinction to downward inflexions, the latter, when continuous, having a



A MODEL LESSON.

tendency to cause weariness and depression, or possibly to convey the idea that the lesson is coming to an end before its time.

The object and aim of the lesson were chiefly to



A FEW REMARKS FROM A LADY.

teach the power and glory of the Resurrection. This great act was the climax of Christ's work: it was the miracle which declared Him "to be the Son of God with power" (Rom. i. 4).

For the sake of clearness in the teacher's own mind, Mrs. Lewis's notes show that the lesson may be divided into five parts, which were not, however, set forth as such to the children under the heads of first, secondly, etc. These general divisions were—I. Death; II. Life Hidden; III. Life Manifested; IV. Life Imparted; and V. Lessons of Life.

At the outset the attention of the class was arrested by picturing out the scene of the Resurrection.

"The background is very dark, and in the distance rises a cross—now empty—standing between two others. A funeral proceeds, and mourners follow.

"Why, here is a strange thing: the crucified 'malefactor' is being buried as a king; 'great precautions' too are being taken to keep this dead man in his grave (see St. Matt. xxvii. 62-66; and also St. Luke xxiii., 50-56, which the children should refer to and read).

"Passing on now to the second division—Life Hidden (see St. John xii. 24)—the forefront of the picture becomes light, forming a great contrast to the dark background. The dawn appears, the token of the

rising of another sun to rule the day. And what a day this was to be!—the day of the Resurrection of Christ from the dead. There were early visitors at the tomb, who rose before it was light, intent on some errand. They were timid, trustful, and good.

"Who were they? and why had they come?

"St. Luke says they had brought spices, which they had prepared; and for the use of spices, see 2 Chron. xvi. 14, to which the children should refer and read.

"Then came a great earthquake—the earth being all alive and giving up her dead; and the same things happen as in Acts xvi. 26, to which again the children refer.

"An angel of light descended and rolled back the stone from the door of the sepulchre. His authority for what he did and his defiance of the powers of darkness may be expressed in that word 'sat'—he sat upon the stone, like His Master, who was sitting in the heavens 'laughing' at the impotency of those who would keep Jesus in His grave (Psalm ii. 4). The appearance of the angel was a terror to the watchers. They had found their task too hard for them."

"Now, what were the guards doing?" asked Mrs. Lewis.

"They were asleep," hazarded a child, very naturally.

"Oh! indeed," said the teacher. "Look at the fourth



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.



verse. They became as dead men: they were afraid. How foolish of God's enemies to think they can fight against Him! He has only to make an earthquake, and they become as dead.

"But to the women the angel became a ministering spirit. 'Fear not ye,' he said; 'your errand is a good one.' But when Christ was on the cross," said the



THE GREEK TEXT.

teacher, "bearing the punishment for our sins, no angels attended Him. . . .

"Why?" Mrs. Lewis asked the children. "Why is God right to make us die? Why?"

No answer.

"The wages of sin is death," said the teacher solemnly. "Death is the punishment for disobedience. Jesus took the sting from death. God was satisfied with what Jesus had done for us, and rolled the stone away and let Him out.

"Now let us go on a little further; read the next verse all together. The angel instructed their faith in Christ's own words (see St. Matt. xvi. 21; also St. Mark ix. 10). He also confirmed it by showing the empty tomb, 'Come, see the place where the Lord lay.' You children say sometimes, 'You do not believe a thing.' Ah! I see by a smile that you do. You say, 'Seeing is believing!' So the angel was good enough to say, 'Come and see.'

"But he gave them something to do. Ah! that is the way when you begin to wonder and doubt: get to work. He gave the women a commission (see seventh verse): 'Go quickly, and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead.' Thus these women became apostles to the Apostles—a great honour to woman. She was the first to transgress, but the first to publish the remedy for sin in a risen Saviour.

"Now, why did he say," continued the teacher, "'Lo! I have told you?'" It means this: 'I have delivered my message to you; see that you carry it out;' and the women hurried away at once—as you do to your mother when you have good news.

"And they had such a reward! What was it? Jesus appeared to them. We do not know how He looked; but how did He treat His friends? I have heard of a lady who became rich, and treated her bosom friends so coldly, that they said, 'Oh! we shan't go to see her any more.' But how differently did Jesus treat His friends! He said to them, 'All hail!' And oh, what a beautiful meeting that was!

"Where had Jesus been all this time? On the spot, no doubt, but hidden to earthly sight. Now His life was manifested to them. He was the Living One (Rev. i. 18), and He was seen by the women—where? In the path of duty. Learn, then, that Jesus is nearer to us than we think when we are doing our duty.

"'All hail!' are words of cheer—meaning, 'Peace, or Rejoice; there is no cause for fear;' and He told them (verse 10) to instruct His brethren to go to Galilee, where they should see Him. He had never called them 'brethren' before. Then why now? (Rom. viii. 29.) To show that He was forgiving and tender with those who had deserted Him. These devoted and faithful women must then be sisters of Jesus (see St. Matthew xii. 50).

"Now, why was Galilee appointed as the place of meeting? He had predicted it (see St. Matt. xxvi. 32), and it was probably a more retired spot for the Shepherd to meet His flock.

"The verses also are full of hope in death for the believer in Christ. He gives 'the blessed hope.' To the ancient saints death and the grave were full of horror and uncertainty. Our Saviour has abolished death by destroying him 'that had the power of death: that is, the devil' (Hebrews ii. 14).

"How was this done? Christ, in dying for sin, paid the sinner's debt. As the sinless one, Jesus Christ had no business with death, which is the wages of sin, yet He lay in the grasp of death in the prison of the grave; but on the third day God sent His angel to open the prison door and discharge the prisoner, who had paid all, to the last farthing. Satan has now failed. Are we afraid of the old serpent without his sting?

"Satan cannot keep us in the grave, for he is bound himself. The grave is now a 'sweet bed of rest' to the believer (1 Thess. iv. 14). Jesus says, 'Because I live, ye shall live also' (St. John xiv. 19). 'Christ the firstfruits, then they that are Christ's at His coming' (1 Cor. xv. 23). 'The great sheaf has been waved before the Throne as the "earnest" of the mighty harvest' (Macduff).

"Now, dear girls, the all-important lesson is, Are you

in earnest? Do you believe in Him? Which of you will go to glory when you die? The friends of Jesus like these women. Are you a friend of Jesus? He is the firstfruits; you will come after. Are you in Christ? Do you believe in Him? Then to you Jesus will say in the prospect of death: 'All hail; there is nothing to fear.'

The lesson being completed, the children shake hands with both teacher and chairman, and depart a little time before half-past eight. The meeting is then thrown open, and anyone may speak on the lesson.

There is not much discussion to-night. One speaker offers a few remarks, some of which exhibit a different

view of certain passages; others give additional hints which teachers may use; and the impression of the whole proceeding is that an intelligent young teacher might pick up a number of very useful ideas and hints for the following Sunday's work, not only of what to say, but how to say it.

So, at least, thought the lady who had been present for the first time. "Yes, I think I shall be able to do better now," she said to her friend as they left. "I can see my way more clearly. I must give almost as much attention to the manner in which the lesson is delivered as to the lesson itself. I must try to make it interesting and real. Yes, I will not give up my class just yet, at least."



## THE COUNTRY PARSON'S LIFE.

A TALK WITH THE REV. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



DO not know a more delightful change than that which one experiences in passing from the noisy, crowded, intensely modern streets of London to the deep secluded retreats of an old-fashioned country rectory. Within a few short hours one passes from the new world to that which is the old: modernity is lost in antiquity, noise is merged in silence, and hurry and bustle are changed for a perfect calm.

Such, at all events, were the thoughts that came into my mind as I stepped down from the carriage which had been sent to meet me, at the door of the rectory of Scarning, Norfolk, which is the very centre of that land of Arcady, with the dainty descriptions of which

Dr. Jessopp has so delighted his London admirers, and over the surrounding parish of which he has for many years presided as rector—for he is that Shepherd of Arcady, concerning whose personality much has been conjectured, but of which in truth so little is really known. And how sweet a retreat! The grey old church tower hard by, rearing itself to the sunny skies, dominating the quiet churchyard, over the long grass of which waves of sunshine and of shadow are passing all day long. And the light is on the great fields stretching all round, streaming down upon the narrow lanes through which now and again a stray inhabitant of Arcady, regardless of the world of stress beyond him, takes his slow and leisurely way. For it is still a quiet and a simple life for many of them, despite the changes wrought even in the most

secluded country districts by the advent of the School Board teacher and his many new-fangled theories and ideas. And the Shepherd himself—an ideal country parson—a tall, slight, handsome, silvery-haired man high up in the sixties, but yet in the prime of his busy and scholarly life. Of all men whom I have met, Dr. Jessopp struck me perhaps as being the most thoroughly a type of his class. He is to his finger-tips the cultured, broad-minded, highly bred clergyman of whom one reads now and again and whom one now and again comes across in real life. A man of wide experiences, of many friends, with a mind stored not only with the ordinary treasures of the high scholarship, but with innumerable bits of out-of-the-way knowledge which are ever ready to his hand, and which are forthcoming on a tongue of singularly rich and vigorous expression. And his surroundings are so in harmony with the man himself and the golden courtly life of which he is so richly the inheritor. The charming ivy-covered old house, with the beautiful grounds and smooth green lawns around it, the deep cool staircase, the stately library lined from floor to ceiling with the books which form the collection of a lifetime, and from the oriel windows of which one catches an occasional glimpse of a sun-flecked, shadow-swept garden: it is all so quiet, so old-world, so thoroughly English—you feel that still, within those walls, despite the growing sameness and monotony of life which my friend Mr. Stead denies, and which nevertheless is surely coming, there is yet a beautiful variety left in the world. And there is the Lady Shepherd herself, whom her husband describes far more accurately than I may venture to do, as the neatest and the most passionately loyal person in the whole world, and whose collection of autographs is her pleasure and pride.

As we wandered through the pretty gardens or sat in his beloved library—Dr. Jessopp and I—we

discussed the curious effects of civilisation upon the parishes and the dwellers in the parishes of rural England. In Norfolk, perhaps less than elsewhere, you find little to disturb the conviction that Hodge is Hodge: a rather mindless person, with but little individuality to differentiate him from his brethren. I am well aware that in the south he is supposed, and especially by his great discoverer, Mr. Thomas Hardy, to be widely different—a man of like passions with his more highly educated and more fortunately placed brethren: Mute Miltons, potential Cromwells. But in East Anglia he is a very literal unimaginative person indeed, and I do not know that Dr. Jessopp said much to alter that idea.

"However much the School Board may have improved them intellectually—and undoubtedly it has effected a great work in that respect—the Norfolk labourer remains a singularly stolid and unimaginative person. Nor has he seriously improved in his mental attitude towards the great social questions of the day. He seems incapable of striking out a line for himself. But education strongly tells, and especially amongst the women, who stay longer in the schools. I wish it were possible to establish lending libraries more frequently than is the case at present; but our distances are too great. Books would be a better influence than certain newspapers, from which they draw all their politics, hot and strong. Books would widen their outview, which at present is still narrowly selfish; they have no care for anything but their own interests. Every big burning question of the day is seen through their own glasses—How will it affect me?' If the carrying of any public measure meant a shilling a week extra in their pockets they would vote for it at once. You cannot realise how the world and its mind is focussed in the little country hamlet. The English parish, like King Arthur's Round Table, is but a 'mirror of the great world beyond.'"

"But what," I asked, "are the chief influences for good in rural England, Dr. Jessopp; for surely there are some?"

"Well," he replied, "speaking from my own experience, I should say that, in the first place, there is the clergyman, who to a greater extent than ever is taking the place of the absentee landlord as a man of position and of culture, and who is the only man who *must* spend in his parish all that he gets out of it, and a great deal more besides. Here, for instance, is a parish of 3,000 acres, and I'll be bound that not £100 of the rent paid ever returns to the parish. While the landlords' rents go out, the clerical incomes stay in the parish. The rectors' wives keep, as it were, registry offices, to which the village girls come for situations. The feeling, therefore, that was so strong against the country clergyman only ten years ago is, I am convinced, slowly dying down. And then there is the influence of the schoolmaster. I cannot tell you what I feel as to that influence. Oh! that clergymen in general would trust their schoolmaster," continued the rector with great energy. "He moulds the people more than anyone I know. In this parish, for instance, in their education, in their pleasures, in their whole lives, he has



DR. JESSOPP.

(From a Photograph by R. W. Hows, East Dereham.)

his prominent share. The religious spirit, from one cause or the other, is slowly dying out in the agricultural labourer, and there is nothing to replace it. I would encourage anything, therefore, that would help to restore that spirit of piety which was certainly far more common thirty or forty years ago than it is to-day."

"And as regards their outlook upon the world beyond, Dr. Jessopp—do they realise at all that idea of 'the nation within the parish,' of which a Shropshire vicar has written so eloquently?"

"Ah!" slowly and thoughtfully replied my host, "that is a difficult question to answer. As I said before, a Norfolk labourer's view of the questions of the day is limited to how far they affect him personally. As I have said on paper, so I say again: the dwellers in the city cannot understand what is meant by a village community; and yet the thing exists even in this nineteenth century, when all our changes and reforms have done their best or their worst to obliterate every vestige of its ancient existence. You can never persuade a Norfolk man that it does not matter where he was born and where he is buried. He is for ever connected with his own parish. On the other side of the brook yonder there lies another parish; he entertains some contempt, some jealousy, some aversion for the dwellers in that parish. His view of the world is the same. Locally he is intensely patriotic: from a broader point of view, he doesn't understand what the word means; and that is where the difficulty comes in in dealing with the great labouring question. You cannot generalise, you must particularise and

individualise; our country parishes are in danger of suffering from the philanthropic quacks who are going up and down with *one* panacea for *all* ills, but what is medicine to one rich man is poison to another. The dweller in Arcady is intensely individual, and he must be treated as an individual; broad lines of conduct are of no avail so far as he is concerned."

"How different from Tennyson's theory, that 'the individual withers and the world is more and more!'" said I.

"Quite true, so far as the world in general is concerned, and so far as the individual is regarded by the world; but not true in our rural districts, and quite untrue anywhere, as the individual is regarded by himself. It is only human nature that oneself is the most important person in the universe to oneself. My argument still holds good that nowhere is the selfishness of human nature more faithfully mirrored than it is in the country parish. Practically, however well it may sound in theory, there is no such thing as the 'Nation in the Parish.' As Mrs. Gamp observes," continued Dr. Jessopp, with that faculty of exactly appropriate quotation for which he is so delightfully remarkable, "'we lives in a walley, and we must take the consekens.'"

"And what do you consider the best qualifications for the clergy who have to deal with the dwellers in this 'walley,' Dr. Jessopp?"

"Emphatically that they should be better and more directly trained than they actually are—and more *widely* trained too. I don't despise Greek and Latin—

very far from it—and, indeed, I think the tendency of our younger clergy is not towards a very high classical attainment; but I do want to see a greater knowledge of social problems, of social economics and the like. To deal with these people you must be *one* of them. I always think of the old Oxford don preaching to a small country congregation from a manuscript sermon, a sort of dry theological essay, and who, after he had laid down the law pretty strongly, looking into the upturned and astonished faces of his audience, thus addressed them—

"'Ah! I know what you're thinking about; but don't you turn round and quote Irenæus to me; it won't do.'"

"No; the parson for the rural parish, and, indeed, for any parish, for the matter of that, in these days should be an example of devotion to his parish—of devotion that is qualified by what has well been termed 'sanctified common-sense.' It is complained that a country clergyman's life is 'lonely,' 'isolated.' Well, if it is so, it is the life of the very Christ Himself, who went through the *villages*, teaching, journeying towards Jerusalem—a picture of our life, teaching in the villages; but continually drawing nearer to our Heavenly Home. I have said somewhere in my writings, that when the new rector of a country parish locks himself in his church and tolls the bell, it has been said that it is his own passing bell that he is ringing. That he is shutting himself out from any hope of a further career on earth; that he is a man transported for life to whom there will come no



DR. JESSOPP'S HOUSE AND GARDEN.





DR. JESSOPP'S STUDY.

reprieve. This is a dreadfully wrong view of the country clergyman's life, if there is nothing more and nothing higher. There is not, it is true, the excitement that there is in the life of a town parson, but there is just the same responsibility.

"A clergyman went to a Wiltshire village from a large town parish.

"After the work I had in London," he said to a shepherd upon whom he was calling, 'I feel as if there was nothing to be done here.'

"Ah, master," replied the man, 'it takes a good man to look after a hundred sheep.'

"It was a beautiful answer. John the Baptist in the wilderness had his duties as clearly defined as the High Priest in the great Temple. 'John did no miracle, but all things John said were true, and many believed on him there.' Country clergymen must not be like 'hulks laid up to rot at ease,' for it is by the country clergy, I am sure, that the most pressing problems of our agricultural districts will come eventually to be settled. And, without any high-falutin, for which I have a great horror," smilingly added the clergyman, "the country parson must rise to a sense of his responsibilities. Much depends on them; but I don't think they all realise *how* much. It was once suggested to a farmer that the parish church wanted restoring.

"Maybe," said the farmer; 'but we shall first have to restore the parson.'

"And this is very true."

The conversation at dinner and after dinner passed into lighter topics: the influence of Tennyson upon modern thought, and especially on religious modern thought.

"Tennyson I knew well," said the rector; and his wife continued, "Let me show you a copy of his last work, 'Demeter, and Other Poems,' which he gave me."

I asked Dr. Jessopp what were his favourite books, and the men who had influenced him most.

"I don't know that there are such things as favourite books," he replied; "so much depends on one's mood of mind. Coleridge always delighted me, but"—pointing as he spoke to a fine engraving of the present Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Stubbs, the historian—"that's the man of all others to me. No Englishman in my judgment has ever united such enormous learning with such perfection of style—such a mighty grasp of mind and such incomparable simplicity of character. I have been all my life a great student. Do you know what my favourite recreation is?" he went on, as he crossed the library to reach down a pile of very ancient MSS. records—records of some adjacent monastery, which dated back to the fourteenth century, written in very crabbed and much-contracted monastic Latin, but which he nevertheless deciphered as though they were the English of to-day. "There," said he, "when I am too tired to go to sleep or read I copy those. I have written reams upon reams of them. They give you most curious glimpses into the commercial, domestic and social life of the Middle Ages."

We fell upon scholastic and critical accomplishments. Said my host, as he walked up and down the room—

"A critic is a cocksure sort of person. The man who never makes a mistake is a fool: for he is a man who has never had the courage to strike out a path of his own. The man who pursues mere accuracy as the



be-all and end-all of life is fit only for a schoolmaster. That is why I rather resent being termed an antiquary. A typical antiquary can discourse with you by the hour on a wimple, a mitre, the exact epoch of some utterly worthless seal. They are only means to an end, not the end itself. An accurate man never inspires others. That is why I like Carlyle. With all his irritating exaggerations, he was yet too whole-souled and

thorough-going to be pedantically accurate. I knew personally three dandies who lived in Norwich, and who established what they called 'A School of Dress.'

"See that coat walking over there?" said one of the donkeys to his brother-donkey; "who is it inside it?"

"The man was nothing; his coat was everything. That is a picture of a certain kind of scholarship. That is the type of pedant I hate."



### "GOTT SENT HER."

**ST**AND op, my little frent, and let me look at you. How many years haff you? Ach! haff you no tong, then?"

The little creature so interrogated was seated on the old German's

doorstep in the sun. She had been there for hours, Julia, the maid-of-all-work, told him, and nothing would move her.

He repeated his question, but she continued to stare out of a pair of wondering blue eyes, and was quite dumb to all his advances.

"Where is your muzzer, my dear?"

That word was magic, and his queer English perfectly intelligible.

"Rosy's mammy has gone to London—she will come back for her soon."

The little voice was musical, and the gold curls beneath the quaint sun-bonnet bobbed round her pink cheeks to emphasise her words.

The old German left her and called to Julia, a buxom country girl, with good-nature dimpling all over her fat red face.

"Wat can we do with this little childer? Do you zink the muzzer will com' back?"

"Lor', sir, it's to be hoped so!"

"Bott I haff heard that sometime in England the muzzer do not return, and you haff to drain op the little one yourself. We will see what Heinrich will say."

Julia opened her mouth and shut it again, and peeped at the little object of discussion sitting in the sun as still as a mouse; and she thought for her part the babe might stay for ever, and she'd do her best for the poor neglected brat.

She peeped through the doorway again, and noticed the child was certainly not a pauper's offspring—she was carefully dressed, and as clean as a new pin.

Twelve o'clock struck, and the click of the garden gate announced the return of Heinrich from school. He was a tall, handsome lad of some fourteen years; like his father in the dreamy sweetness of his expression, but of a stronger, more masterful build;

and there was a token of intellectual promise on his broad brow, and a world of thought in his dark eyes.

Flip, a frisky fox-terrier that was the boy's shadow, had spied the little visitor first, and with a dog's delight at something apparently more helpless and weaker than himself, he sprang round her with sharp, joyous barks, and finally knocked back the sun-bonnet in his eager desire to lick the bright curls, and show his patronage.

But Rosy was unaccustomed to such liberties, and pushed him from her with angry dignity.

"Rude doggy—go away!"

"You lovely little being! Where did you drop from? Down, Flip!"

Heinrich held out his hand, and Rosy wriggled, then got up slowly and put her plump little fist in his kindly grasp.

"Who is she, father?"

The old German was watching the meeting with a pleased smile.

"Her muzzer left her here this morning, and no-poddy knows anyzing more."

Heinrich whistled.

"But I suppose she'll come back before the night."

He lifted the child in his arms, and carried her into the house.

"Rosy hungry!" she cried, when she saw the smoking dishes. "Boy feed her."

He unfastened the bonnet-strings and the little cape, and kissed the soft little arms that locked themselves a moment round his neck, and then proceeded to feed her from his plate.

The German sat opposite, gazing at the picture they made with an artist's delight, and sighed that his hand could no longer work. And Julia made up her mind Heaven had sent the child, and immediately commenced preparations to fit her into the tiny house. And when tea was over, she ran to the village to spend her savings in a few necessities for the child's comfort, and came back to take possession of her.

But Rosy was fast asleep in Heinrich's arms, and he would not have her disturbed. The lad had pushed his books away from him, and was gazing across the sea, entirely absorbed in his new treasure.

It was the old story. Rosy's "muzzer did not com' back," and Rosy was thrown on the mercy of the kindest beings that ever breathed, and into the danger of being entirely spoilt. No one had the heart to correct her, and her wilfulness was so pretty that they would not have had her different for all the world.

She was a wild little creature, that loved to roam

window and dashed away before she was missed. No whistle called her back that day, and Heinrich, in consternation when he returned from school, refused to eat his dinner till he had found the child.

"She must be ponished," the German said, when the lad came back late in the afternoon with a dripping bundle in his arms. But Rosy looked at him defiantly, and clung the closer to her protector ;



"Proceeded to feed her from his own plate."—p. 63.

by herself on the seashore, sockless and shoeless, when the tide was low, and to chase the butterflies across the rippling sands. And the old German would sit at his window watching her, and reminding her from time to time that she must not go out of sight by a shrill whistle he kept for the purpose. Only Heinrich had the slightest control over her ; from the first she had shown her preference, and his word was always law.

One day when the wind was blowing a great gale, and the rain swept over the hills, she was told she must not go out, and Julia had tried to occupy her with pastry-making. But Rosy got weary of picking holes in lumps of dough, and when Julia's attention was called off, she slipped through the

and from that day she gave them no more cause for anxiety.

As time went on she submitted to be taught to read and write, and Heinrich gave up all his evenings to the task. And then she began to realise her power, and ruled him with absolute sway. As soon as her hand could hold an oar he had to teach her to row, and when the fishing seasons came she insisted upon spending half the nights in the fishing boats.

So the years flew, and Julia taught her to make the blue serge gowns that had at last to cover the pretty legs ; and with the long dresses came long musings and awakening thought. In what relationship did she stand to these people ? By a freak

of memory she had no recollection of life apart from them; and when she questioned the old German he would answer—

"Ach! you mustn't zink about such zings, my lofe; Gott sent you to us, and it is goot for us to be togezzer."

But at last she made up her mind to question Heinrich.

He had developed into a strong man, and was earning his living as usher in the grammar-school at X—, three miles away. How his soul loathed the drudgery only himself knew. But the sacrifice of his dream of a student's life at Leipzig he gladly made for the sake of the two who were dearer to him than any distinction the cultivation of his intellectual powers might have brought him. Nevertheless, the picture of "the might-have-been" could not be entirely effaced, and it was before him in all its rosiest colours the evening Rosy sought him to solve her questionings.

Her quick glance at his wistful look across the sea set her wondering in a new direction, and when he looked up with a smile and asked her what she wanted of him, she threw herself on her knees beside him and cried out—

"Tell me what you see, Heinrich."

He started, and put up his hand to pull off the net Julia made her wear, and to let the rich gold hair fall in its beautiful masses round her shoulders.

"Shall I tell you? Well! I see a great throbbing city where men and women are struggling and straining for what is greatest and best; and the more they strive the more they find to gain—the greater the great becomes, the better the best."

"I know," she interrupted; "I have read about it. And there is a huge, big school there where you can learn everything you want to know, and become great and splendid yourself. Heinrich! you must go there! And you shall be greater than them all!"

"Hush!" he whispered. "We were talking about dreams."

He wound the gold locks round her throat and tilted back her head to gaze into her face. And then he realised for the first time her exceeding beauty—how Nature was moulding her with every grace and charm of womanhood. And he bent and kissed her. And her woman's heart leapt in her bosom at the touch, and all her being moved to his.

"Heinrich!"

She gazed into his eyes, half-fearful, half-wondering, and caught up her hair in the net again, and waited for him to speak.

"Rosy," he said at last, "it is you who must go away from here. You must go out into the world and see other men and women. You will be a very beautiful woman, and there is a great future before you."

"I can do nothing," she answered, "and I only want to be beautiful for—for your sake. But I will go, Heinrich. I *will* go!" she went on passionately. "Why should I be a burden, a stumbling-block, because I am a woman? I am strong, and I can work."

Then it was that she discovered she possessed the gift of a rich voice. They had always loved to hear her sing in her wild, childish joy; but, after that night, strange new impassioned notes thrilled from her voice and filled the little cottage and the hearts of the listeners with lovely amaze.

And a piece of fortune decided her destiny.

Among those who had heard her sing outside her home was the organist of the village church, and one evening he came to beg her to lead the choir the following Sunday; a great singer from London was coming to stay with the squire, and the best must be done for the honour of the village. A look from Heinrich told her to consent. And when the day came she took her place behind the rustic lads, glad to put her power to use.

And the result was, the London singer gave his host no rest till he had taken him to the cottage on the cliff and brought him face to face with the beautiful singer.

In a moment Heinrich knew her fate was sealed—that the man before him was already his rival. Young, handsome, and gifted, how could she resist what would of necessity be the outcome of the k.v.sh admiration he poured unrestrainedly upon her? He made his request then and there. If they could find her a home in London, he would give her lessons and fit her for a great career.

There was a flush of joy on her face.

"Oh! shall I make a lot of money?"

"If you are a success you will doubtless be rich."

"I will work hard; I want to be very rich," she cried, throwing her arms round the old German's neck. "Let me go!"

"Wat do you zink, Heinrich? Can we let her go?"

"Yes, she must go," he said quietly.

And so it was arranged. A home in a family was found for her, and Heinrich took her there.

"Will you promise, darling, to come back to us if you are the least unhappy?" he said anxiously, at the parting.

"How brave that would be!" she laughed. "No, Heinrich, I shall wait to be happy till I am with you again."

And he sighed, almost wishing he could believe that.

Her letters that came to them very often were burning with hopes and gratitude. Her master was so good to her; London life was so wonderful; and people could be almost as great here as they could in Leipzig. Ah! Heinrich must go there! Soon she would be earning enough money to keep herself, and then she would be no more expense to them. And Heinrich did not answer that that was bitter news to him; that so long as he could earn for her he hugged the idea that she was more his than anyone's.

And then came the date for her *début*. Oh! if they could come! But the old German was ill, and Heinrich could not leave. But he walked to the nearest town the next day to get the London papers,

and read the accounts of "the singularly beautiful and superb new contralto" with burning heart and flushed cheeks.

Her letters came less often now; she was full of engagements, and was working harder than ever, and—wasn't it ridiculous?—she had received two proposals of marriage! But she had no time for love or lovers.

Three years passed by, and the singer came to the village again. He brought them vivid accounts of her success, and the great impression her beauty was making.

"One day," he said condescendingly, "I shall make her my wife. But not till her name is ringing through the world and can rank with mine."

Heinrich clenched his hands and looked him keenly in the face.

"You shall only marry her for love of her," he said.

And the old German looked up with a wan smile.

"She will not marry wizout lofe, our little Rosy. Gott sent her to us, and I zink she would rather com' back to us and be poor again."

"Well, well," the singer laughed, "she has a decent sense of gratitude, I suppose, and every penny she earns is practically mine."

Heinrich sprang to his feet.

"You shall be paid back every farthing, if I have to work the flesh off my bones to get it. She shall never marry you—never!"

"That must be her decision," the singer sneered; "and I have heard little whispers of growing rich in order to send somebody to Leipzig."

"That! Is that her idea?"

"What a clefter childer it is!" the old German cried, laying his hand on Heinrich's shoulder to suppress his vehemence. "Bott tell her we do not want for money. Heinrich here will be ver' rich when I die—he has not heard, bott I haff saved—I haff been selfish not to let 'im go before—bott I was lonely!"

Heinrich's arm was round his father's neck.

"I would never have left you, and I never will."

The singer went back to London, and he did not tell Rosy these things; but he brought her gradually to understand the debt he expected her to pay,



"I could not return to you penniless."—p. 72.

and then her position flashed upon her. If she married him, the sacrifice would be supreme. If not, all the money she was making must be given to him, and her darling project thrown to the winds.

She decided; and he did not wait till she should become famous—Heinrich's wrath had been ominous, and he did not mean to lose her.

"When we are married I will take you to them," he said caressingly. "You must not tell them a word about it till the day, my queen. Your friend Heinrich was a little bit in love with you himself once, you know, and we won't let him anticipate the pain he may feel, poor fellow!"

That was generous. And she let him caress her cheek, but she shuddered away when he attempted to kiss her lips. Heinrich had been a "little bit in love" with her *once*, and no one should wipe out the

memory of the kiss he had given her the night he had awaked in her woman's soul.

On the day fixed for her marriage there was a storm raging over the little village by the sea, and the old German watched for his son's return from X—in nervous apprehension. The news from Rosy had not reached them till the ceremony must have been over, and Heinrich had gone to his work without making a single sign.

Julia watched her old master anxiously all day, and had failed in her efforts to make him eat or rest. Towards the evening he grew more feeble, and his restlessness increased. Heinrich was later than usual, and suspense became intolerable. He opened the door and looked out, and a gust of wind blew the lamp from his hand and shattered it to pieces.

Julia rushed forward at the noise, but too late to stop him flying from her in a fit of frenzy. She shrieked after him and tore into the darkness; but madness was upon him, and lent him lightning speed, and she was obliged to give up the chase and return; and it was not until midnight that Heinrich and the villagers with their lanterns came upon him at the foot of the cliff. He was lying dead in the arms of a woman. They carried him back, and the woman followed. No one noticed her, and it was not till they had undressed him

and washed the poor bruised corpse—he must have fallen from the cliff, they thought—that Heinrich remembered how they had found him, and went to look for the woman.

She had thrown off her bonnet and cloak, and was pacing the little sitting-room in an agony of sorrow. Her golden hair had fallen round her, and her face was wet with tears.

"Rosy!"

She was on his breast, and not till he had held her in a long, agonised embrace did he remember—

"Where is your husband?"

The voice was hollow, and he pushed her from him, but his grip was on her wrist.

"Heinrich! Heinrich! pity me! I ran away. Oh! Heinrich! I could not marry him. I left him all my money—and I only meant to have one last look at you—through the window—one last peep at the sea. I could not return to you penniless. And then the dear father—I found him lying there—oh! Heinrich, he was alive! He kissed me—and I told him——"

Her sobs choked her, and Heinrich stretched out his arms.

"My darling! *Mine, mine*, at last! We are alone in the world, you and I, but we will never part again. My love!—Oh! my father, if you could know of my joy!"

LILIAN STREET.



## "THE BACK" AND "THE FACE."

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.



F men would only put their conduct towards God into an equivalent in earthly, every-day action—if they would only, so to speak, embody it—I am sure they would be very much surprised, and I daresay in many cases very much shocked.

I think it very probable that the reader of these lines—supposing him to be a man who does not care for God—would at once repudiate the idea that he was turning his back on Him, if I were to say to him, "That is what you are doing."

"Why," he would say, "you're not giving me the credit for being a gentleman, much less a Christian. No gentleman would deliberately turn his back on anyone, unless he wanted of set purpose to offend him; and even if he found himself accidentally sitting with his back to anyone, he would move his chair."

There are many people who would be shocked at the idea of not showing respect to God, who yet are turning to Him their back, and not their face. The prophet taxes some with doing this: "And they have turned unto Me the back, and not the face" (Jer. xxxii. 33).

There are many who do not give to God even the

common civility they give to their fellow-men. Imagine a man coming into a room, and taking no notice of you, but simply planting his chair before you, with his back to you. Imagine a man turning round on his heel, and turning his back on you, the moment you spoke to him. You would be very justly offended. You would say, "What a boor!" But imagine a man doing this to the Sovereign! Why, we can scarce think of such a thing at all; and yet this is what many hundreds of thousands—aye, and millions—of people are doing to God.

The very utmost that can be said for many is that they turn sideways to God. If they would not think of absolutely turning the back to Him, they certainly would not think of turning the face; but nowhere can I find this half-and-half position towards God an acceptable one. "Because thou art neither hot nor cold, I will spue thee out of My mouth." All who do not turn the face to God are accounted to have turned the back.

Before I speak about "turning the face," concerning which there are many delightful things to be said, all of which, dear reader, may belong to you, I must say a little more about this dreadful subject of turning the back to God.



You see the thing can be done, for He Himself says so: "And they have turned unto Me the back, and not the face" (Jer. xxxii. 33). And the act is one of complicated evil. There is gross disrespect in it; and there is repudiation—as much as to say, "I will have nothing to do with Thee"; and there is non-receptivity—as though we said, "No matter what Thou sayest, I will pay no attention to it. It isn't worth listening to."

And there is non-response: "I won't answer Thee." When a man turns his back on us after we have spoken, it is as much as to say, "What you have been saying is not worth noticing."

God tells us how He will deal with us. We may think that, as we will have nothing to do with God, He will let us alone; that the worst that can happen to us is that He will have nothing to do with us, but will leave us to ourselves, which is the very thing we want Him to do; but if we think this we make a great mistake. There were some people who tried this, but just *because* of this, they came to fearful grief. "Therefore thus saith the Lord God of hosts, the God of Israel: Behold, I will bring upon Judah, and upon all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, all the evil that I have pronounced against them: because I have spoken unto them, but they have not heard; and I have called unto them, but they have not answered" (Jer. xxxv. 17).

Remember that this turning of the back will not be all one-sided. God will do to us as we do to Him. As we turn, so will He turn, too. "I will show them the back, and not the face, in the day of their calamity" (Jer. xviii. 17). "My face will I turn also from them" (Ezek. vii. 22).

There are many who would utterly repudiate the idea of their turning their back to God, and yet they are doing this all the while.

If you are not taking the Lord Jesus Christ as your only Saviour—taking Him as God's whole and sole way of life—then you are turning your back on Him. If you choose the world and its ways before Him, then you are turning your back on Him. If you wish to live in any sin, then you are turning your back on Him, just as the prodigal did when he went into a far country. If you resist all the speakings of the Holy Spirit within your heart, and turn away, and look upon them as intrusions, then you are turning your back upon God. If you are saying that by-and-by you will attend to the concerns of your soul, but not now; and if God by His Holy Spirit is saying now, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2), you are turning your back to Him.

If you are doing this, now is the time to give it up. Do not have a neck like an iron sinew (Isaiah xlvi. 4). The call is to "turn"—to turn the face to God—to the face of God. "Return again to Me, saith the Lord" (Jer. iii. 1) to those who had sinned in a way for which there was no forgiveness with man. "And I said, after she had done all these things, turn thou unto Me; but she returned not" (Jer. iii. 7).

You see, God's call is to "turn." It is not because a man has turned his back on God that he is to remain thus turned away. The past need not be fatal. God

is waiting to be gracious. He calls upon the wayward ones to turn. If your back is turned towards Him now, He says, "Turn round to Me; and you shall see My face looking on you with pity and love." Ah, dear friend, do not be afraid to turn round because then you must meet the face of God. You think that you shall see nothing there but a face of just displeasure; but no matter how far you have turned from God, the same word comes to you that came to Israel: "Turn ye unto Him from whom the children have deeply revolted" (Isaiah xxxi. 6). If you will turn at God's reproof, behold He will pour out His Spirit upon you, and will make known His words unto you (Prov. i. 25). Say with the prophet, "Turn Thou me, and I shall be turned" (Jer. xxxi. 18), and remember what will happen if a man turn not. "If he turn not, He (God) will whet His sword; He hath bent His bow, and made it ready" (Ps. vii. 12). That man is in a position of terrible danger, who has turned to God his back and not his face.

But we have brighter things to speak of than these. There are other words which are spoken by the Psalmist: "When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face; my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek" (Ps. xxvii. 8). When God tells us to turn our face to Him, then it is that we may behold His face. Moses was not shown the face of God, but we have the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ (2 Cor. iv. 6). "No man hath seen God at any time. The only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him" (John i. 18). We can turn our face to the face of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.

Now what is it to turn our face to God? and how should this be done?

A man may be said to turn his face to God when he wants to know God's will and God Himself—when he wants to have communion with Him—when he wants God to look at him—when he longs not to be shut out from the presence of God—when he feels that, the more he can get of the knowledge of God, the happier he will be.

There are many who are willing to acknowledge God—they would be shocked at the idea of their not being God-worshippers—but they do not want God too near them; and they do not like to come too near Him.

Now one must come close to behold the face. "I will behold Thy face in righteousness," says the Psalmist (Ps. xvii. 15). The face is generally the index of the mind; and they do not want God to see too clearly what there is in them, nor do they want to see too clearly what is in God. As long as all is vague, and dim, and undefined, they can get on well enough; but they do not want to see God as clearly as possible, or that God should too clearly see them.

If this be the case, dear reader, with you, you are not really turning your face, your full-face, towards God. You may be turning your side-face, but that halfway turning will be of no use. The turning must be full and honest; it must say, "Lord, I want to know Thee; and I want Thee to know me." "Turning" is a positive act. God says that He will act in

turning: "My face also will I turn from them" (Ezek. vii. 22); "I will show them the back, and not the face" (Jer. xviii. 17). And we must act; we must do something decided. If you have never done anything decided, you must do so now. You may have to make up your mind—then do make up your mind. It is God's complaint (in Hosea v. 4) that the people would "not frame their doings to turn unto their God." Daniel set his face unto the Lord God (Dan. ix. 3). The Psalmist said, "I entreated Thy face with my whole heart" (Ps. cxix. 58, *marg.*). There was no half-and-half in their action.

Indecision—half-and-half work—is what is ruining many. They are neither hot nor cold; they do not wish to belong to Satan at all, but certainly they do not want to belong decidedly to God. If this be the case with you, if you are a presenter of a side-face to God, take the decided step at once, and do not be afraid. Do not fear to look upon God—as far as you may, to behold His face; and do not fear that He should fully behold yours. In honest face-turning there is no cause for fear. "Pour out thine heart," says Jeremiah (Lam. ii. 19), like "water before the face of the Lord"—the face of God will never be turned away from a poured-out heart.

Decision, then, decision is called for in turning our poor faces to the holy face of God; and now how shall this be done?

Very humbly. In the beautiful hymn, "Veni Creator," which begins—

"Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire;  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart,"

it goes on to say—

"Anoint and cheer our soiled face,  
With the abundance of Thy grace."

"Our soiled face!" I often repeat those words—I adopt them; I like to say them. And then one may pass on from them to something about the face of God; "Make Thy face to shine upon Thy servant; save me for Thy mercies' sake" (Ps. xxxi. 16). It may be that we feel we must hang our heads while we turn our faces, but we may do both at the same time.

Satan would make use of our very humility to keep us from turning the face to God. He would say, "Look at your blurred, soiled face; is that what you are going to turn towards God? Do you think that He will care to look upon such a spectacle as that?" True, we have to say with the Psalmist, "My confusion is continually before me; and the shame of my face hath covered me" (Ps. xlii. 15), but let us remember that it is just the humble and the contrite heart that God will not despise (Ps. li. 17). The poor publican turned his face, though he would not "so much as lift up his eyes unto heaven," and he was received. Ah! how many children have to come to parents with very blurred faces, and very humble looks! They have been doing wrong, and they know it; and now that they return they must bring these faces with them.

And it is just because they will not do this that so many stay away from God. They forget the great

blessings that there are in humility—how God will save the humble person (Job xxii. 29), and how He will not forget their cry (Ps. ix. 12); how He hears their desire (Ps. x. 17); how the high and lofty One Who inhabiteth eternity, Whose name is Holy, Who dwells in the high and holy place, dwells also with him "that is of contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones" (Is. lvii. 15). Everything is in favour of the humble, therefore if we feel humbled, so far from the feeling keeping us away from God—making us turn our face from Him—it ought to make us feel all the more certain of acceptance in turning our poor, sad, and soiled faces to Him.

And this, trustingly. God does not want to see only fear upon our faces. This is not what honours Him. No wonder that we are so unwilling to turn to Him, if our opinion about Him is such a hard one; if we think that all we shall see in His face are anger and determination to punish us for our sins. We shrink from looking on such a face as that; it is to us what Mount Sinai, all on fire, with thunderings and lightnings, was to the Israelites.

This is not what God is calling for. He is asking for trust; and the trust is just belief in the reconciliation by Jesus Christ—that God is waiting to be gracious; that He willeth not the death of a sinner, but waits to be gracious.

I do not wonder that those whose only view of God is that He is a condemning God, should refuse to turn their faces to Him. They do not want to see what they think they shall alone see. Like Cain, they want to go out from the presence of the Lord. But God reveals Himself in Jesus Christ; and how did the face of Christ present itself to poor sinners when He was on earth? It never turned away from them. It never looked unkindly upon them. When Jesus turned and looked on Peter, on his final denial of Him, even that was not an unkind look. If it had been, Peter would never have gone out and wept bitterly; he would have been far more likely to do what Judas did—go out and hang himself.

Let us turn our faces then to God in Christ with trust. Let us say with the Psalmist, "I will direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up" (Ps. v. 3). "Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes, O Thou that dwellest in the heavens. Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that He have mercy upon us" (Ps. cxliii. 1, 2), and it shall be with us as it was with those mentioned in Ps. xxxiv.: "They looked unto Him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed" (verse 5).

There must first of all be simple trust; and then there may come expectation, and hope. God can never see any face turned to Him in trust without so looking upon it as to enkindle in its eyes expectation and hope. Trust is, after all, only a means to an end; the first step to our being conditioned for blessing.

It puts us in a receptive state. I do not think that God wills anyone to turn the face to Him, and look

at Him, without expecting something from Him. We honour God by expecting from Him. If we look at Him as He is to be seen in the face of Jesus Christ, and expect nothing from Him, we have misread His countenance. We have not seen the kindness that is there; we have not been encouraged by it, we have lost by our want of perceptive power.

We may be sure that God likes us to read great things in His countenance. Great expectations honour Him. It would be very dishonouring to Him if we were to think that He was worth nothing to us—that it would be no good to look for, or expect, anything from Him.

This ought to encourage us to expect. It is entirely a different case very often with our fellow-man. Man does not like us to expect from him. Perhaps it is because his means are small; perhaps it is because his heart is still smaller. People who want are often not very welcome to their fellow-men, but they are always welcome to God.

But we very often do not feel this. We come to prayer as if it were unacceptable, or, at any rate, as if there were not already in God readiness to meet us; as if He were not waiting to be gracious. We are straitened not in Him, but in our own selves; we think He is turning or turned away from us, whereas, in truth, He is turned towards us.

Let us, then, at once turn our faces to God. If we have turned our backs upon Him, it is of the Lord's mercies that we have not been consumed. In those infinite mercies He has borne from us what no earthly

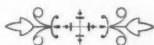
monarch would have borne: He has been patient and longsuffering; He still says, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth" (Is. xlv. 22). He is "waiting to be gracious."

And let it be remembered that, if we will not turn the face to God willingly, a time must come when we shall have to do this, whether we like it or not.

It may be a time of mingled mercy and judgment—terrible judgment, like that spoken of in Ezekiel xx. 35, where God says, "I will bring you into the wilderness of the people, and there will I plead with you face to face"; or it may be a time when God compels the poor soul to look upon His face, and see the wrath that is there, before that face be hidden from it—in which hiding is darkness which may be felt; but in either case, "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." The face of the Lord is turned toward us—oh! let us not turn our back on Him.

Shall we turn our back on the One of Whom the prophet says, "Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back" (Is. xxxviii. 17)? Shall we turn it on the One Who, for our sakes, gave His back to the smiters—the One, the story of Whose sorrows on our behalf is this, "The ploughers ploughed upon My back, they made long their furrows" (Ps. cxxix. 3)? And all this that we might realise that the face of the Father is no longer turned away from us, but that He is lifting up the light of His countenance upon us.

Lord, to Thee I turn. On Thee I look—with shame, it is true, but with adoration, love, and hope. Thou hast said unto me, "Seek ye My face," and I answer, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."



## SHORT ARROWS.

### NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

#### DOING ONE'S BEST.

OW often we are unreasonable in the standards which we set for those under us, and especially for children. It is not that we are tyrannical, it is not that we would knowingly and willingly require too much—it is because we do not think. We are often in reality expecting the impossible. "It is a great mistake," says Madame

he was reproving, when, with sincerity which convinced him, he said: "Indeed, sir, I have done my best." One child's best is not another child's best; nor is one man's or one woman's. God sets before all the one standard—perfection; but He measures the capacity of each, and puts His own value on that whereunto they attain. What gracious allowances would we make, what reasonable expectations would we form, if we did the same!

#### OUR TRAIL.

Though men don't see it, their sin always leaves behind it a trail which will be sufficient as evidence to condemn them in judgment. Such trail is often invisible to the eyes of man, but is plain to the eye of God. A burglar a short time ago carried off a quantity of valuables, and not content with this, he carried off a bag of corn. There was a minute hole in the bag, and a grain dropped out now and then; and by these he was tracked, and he was arrested with the stolen goods in his possession. It might help some to keep from sin, if they felt sure that



Guyon, "to fret at the absence of perfection in those we love, when they appear incapable of being perfect. We must submit meekly to what God Almighty sees and suffers patiently." We set one standard for all, and are impatient with the one who falls short of it, and often treat such as if they had not done their best. Arnold, the great schoolmaster, said that he could take off his hat to the boy whom

they will leave the evidences for their condemnation behind them.

#### THE TEST OF YEARS.

Let us only make something really good, and we do not know how long it will endure, or when it will come forth. A curious box was found amongst the ruins of Pompeii. It was of marble or alabaster, about two inches square, and closely sealed. When opened, it was found to be full of a pomatum, or grease, hard, but very fragrant. The smell somewhat resembled that of roses, but was much more fragrant. The perfume prepared in the first century was good in the nineteenth. Let us do something that will stand the test of years—that will last. It may lie in abeyance for a long time, but it will eventually have its day.

#### "I HAD A FRIEND."

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; "tell me, that I may make mine beautiful too." He replied, "I had

a friend." If a good earthly friend can thus benefit us, what shall we say of the influence on our lives which can be exercised by the Heavenly Friend, who sticketh closer than a brother?

#### "WE LOVE THE PLACE, O LORD."

We have heard it said, "The young go to church because they are told, the middle-aged from force of habit and duty. But the old go for the rest, and to hear more of that land whither they are hastening." There is a look of rapt attention on an old man's face as he strains his ear to catch the words of life—his clothes may look poor, and on earth he may have no home. What matter? He has loved His Saviour here below, and soon he will leave this cold sad earth and be "forever with the Lord."

#### "THE QUIVER" HEROES FUND.

Our readers will be glad to hear that another instance of saving life by a member of the Swansea Police Force has been brought to our notice. On the 14th August last, P.C. Thomas Tucker was called to a fire in Tontine Street, which, happily, was not of a very serious nature, and he quickly succeeded in extinguishing the flames. The room in which it originated, however, was full of dense black smoke, and, although the officer had been told that it was quite empty, he searched the room at great risk of being overcome by the dense smoke, and eventually found, by feeling with his hands, a little boy who was almost suffocated, and would soon have been past all help. This is not the first life which Tucker has saved at a fire, and he fully merits the Bronze Medal of THE QUIVER Heroes Fund, which we have sent to the Mayor of Swansea with the request that he will take the earliest public opportunity of presenting it to him.

#### ALONE IN A CROWD.

The dreariest of all solitudes is to be alone in a crowd. London has five millions of inhabitants; and yet we may be utterly lonely in its streets. Lord Bacon truly says, "For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love." Why we feel so lonely in the midst of thousands is that no one amongst them loves us, or cares for us. We have more real company when with one we love, than when with a thousand who are indifferent to us, and we to them. And so, there will be no solitude and no solitariness in heaven; for there



"We love the place, O Lord."



all love, and all are loved. A lonely one would be a curiosity there ; for all the inhabitants of that blessed land will be members of one and the same family—the family of God.

#### OUR COMMON HUMANITY.

How little do we know of those whose occupations and associations greatly differ from our own ! A young officer in the Guards or a fashionable beauty are the same flesh and blood as the rough people who spend their lives upon barges, and yet they are separated by every thought, feeling, and act of their lives. One class has seen much of the world in luxurious steamers ; the experience of the other only extends to the banks of the canal on which they have been dragged in the slow barges. One class has had an expensive education, the other has but a limited acquaintance with the three R's. One class has had to resist the temptations of luxury, the other those of coarseness. Still, there is not one only, but there are several touches of nature that make both classes kin. They experience friendship, and love, and all other feelings of a common humanity. Every time that they say the Lord's Prayer they acknowledge that they are children of the same Father. Without, perhaps, thinking or knowing of it, each class is useful to the other. Ought it not to be their conscious, deliberate effort to help each other more ?

#### WEEDS AND SEEDS.

The great mischief of weeds is that they have seeds. As early as the time of Alexander II. of Scotland a man who let weeds go to seed on a farm was declared to be the king's enemy. In Denmark farmers are compelled to destroy all weeds on their premises. In France a man may prosecute his neighbour for damages who permits weeds to go to seed, which may endanger the neighbouring lands. No man can keep his evil to himself. It will travel in some way, just as the seed does. Some seeds travel by means of wings, like those of the thistle, and some are carried long distances by birds ; but in one way or another they get to long ranges beyond their original habitation. No man can limit the sphere of his own influence for evil ; once let it flower and seed, and what he has done in England may sprout up in New Zealand ; what he has done to-day may be reproduced an hundredfold twenty years hence. Let us remember that every doer of evil is "the King's" enemy. Our evil does not stop with man ; it goes on to God. It is bad enough to be an enemy to man, but terrible indeed to be an enemy to God.



"The rough people who spend their lives upon barges."  
(See "Our Common Humanity.")

#### FOR TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

How often do we hear the complaint of the Sunday-school teacher and Bible-class leader that it is frequently a matter of great difficulty to procure an apt illustration or a telling anecdote with which to emphasise and enforce the lessons they are endeavouring to impress upon the young and eager hearts around them. This want is well supplied in a volume entitled "Tools for Teachers" (Elliot Stock), which has been compiled by an old Sunday-school teacher, the contents of which he collected and used himself, and has now issued in order that they may do service in a much wider field. The work is well arranged, and consists of anecdotes, illustrations and legends, bearing upon such subjects as God's Love, God's Providence, Conscience, Purity, Reverence, and should prove in every way a valuable companion to all who are engaged in teaching the young.—In this connection we may also draw attention to a new "Dictionary of Quotations" (F. Warne and Co.), in which the compiler, the Rev. James Wood, has collected and arranged the choicest thoughts of the greatest and



wisest men both of our own and of bygone times, together with well-known proverbs, mottoes, etc., in the original English, Latin, French, and other languages. So far as we have been able to test it, the work seems thoroughly representative and complete, and it is unnecessary for us to point out the many advantages of such a dictionary to every preacher and student. The concordance at the end of the volume is especially valuable, and affords an easy reference to every quotation included in the work.—We also have before us "The History of London," by Mr. Walter Besant (Longmans and Co.), written in his easy, bright style, and evidently intended as a text-book for schools; and a new edition of "Economical Cookery" (Hodder and Stoughton), which will be welcomed by every housewife who wishes to combine variety with economy.

#### "ONE OF THE CHIEF AIMS OF LIFE."

A gentleman of wealth, in sending a contribution to the fund for the relatives of the men who lost their lives in H.M.S. *Victoria*, wrote :—"I shall be very pleased to undertake the charge and education of one of the young girls thus left destitute, by placing her in a suitable home, of which there are many, and my daughters will gladly look after and 'mother' the child for the rest of her life. I believe many parents would gladly avail themselves of this opportunity to do the same. It would not only aid helpless orphans in the best possible way, but encourage our own children who live in luxury to help and look after those who are not so fortunately placed as themselves, which should be one of the chief aims of life." What this gentleman here says about encouraging children who live in luxury to help and look after those who are not so fortunately placed as themselves should be noted and remembered.

#### WRONG POSITIONS.

Some people think that if they are all right in themselves it does not matter what positions they take up. They rely upon themselves, and think that they cannot be influenced by this or that; and therefore that they will be all right anywhere. But the influence of position is often very great—we do not mean as regards its place in society, but in its moral aspect. Take two pieces of wood, saw them from the same section of a tree; they will possess entirely different characteristics when used in different positions. For example, a gate-post will be found to decay much faster if the butt-end of the tree is uppermost than it would if the top were placed in that position. The reason is that the moisture of the atmosphere will permeate the pores of the wood much more easily the way the tree grew than it would in the contrary direction; for the pores of the wood invite the ascent of moisture and repel its descent. Some staves of a bucket will

be dry while others are wet, though they all came from the same tree, and for this same reason. Influence of position is often very great. Wrongness of position will sometimes account for what would otherwise be unaccountable in a man. And just as the habits and nature of the tree in life cling to it in its death, so will it be with man. He whose nature is not changed of the Holy Spirit, will find clinging to him in the positions of the other life that which formed the law of his being in this one.

#### EXERTION.

Emerson says, "Skill to do comes by doing, knowledge comes by eyes always open, and working hands; and there is no knowledge that is not power." If people only remembered how much depends upon themselves, they would often be more active than they are. The excellence they would attain to they would try for, and that indeed is the only way by which it can be got. Skill to do comes by doing. Success is often the child of many failures. There is wonderful power in the little child's song, "Try, try, try again." The German proverb, "Roast partridge does not fall into a man's mouth," is a true one. No, friend, you must load the gun, and shoot the bird, and light the fire, and twist the bird about before it, before the roast partridge finds its way into your mouth.

#### GOD IN WHAT IS AT HAND.

That saying is true: "Tis the unfamiliar that charms the fool, whereas to the wise man the nearest thing is often the most Divine." God is indeed near us in very common ways, and very ordinary circumstances, and very common things; but we do not look for Him just because they are common. Some will recognise him in the lofty mountain, in the mighty ocean, in the roar of the thunder, in the flash of the lightning, but He is as truly to be seen, for those who have eyes to see, and to be heard by those who have ears to hear, in the blade of grass, in the dew-drop, in the spark. Let us not look for Him only in the history of nations, but in that of our own homes and lives. It was not in the roll of the thunder that He manifested Himself to the prophet, but in the still small voice.

#### PREJUDICE AND JUDGMENT.

False judgments often proceed from prejudice. And they often proceed from certain rules which we propose to ourselves, and to which we adhere rigidly as if they admitted of no exceptions. We are not willing always to take things on their own merits—not always ready to judge righteous judgment. And this often leads us into folly. We have read of a school of *virtuosi* in Florence who would not think much of anything unless it was old. Michael Angelo, the great painter and sculptor, determined to give these gentlemen a lesson. So he made a statue of a sleeping Cupid, which he stained so as to imitate an



"A cottage in the country." (See "Temptation Everywhere.")

antique; then he cut off one arm, and had the statue buried in a vineyard. He arranged that it should be discovered in due time, and when all the works of modern artists were pronounced to be trash in comparison with this one, he quietly produced the arm, to the great confusion of the critics. Prejudice warps judgment—the man who sets up an arbitrary standard is pretty sure to go wrong.

#### TEMPTATION EVERYWHERE.

We sometimes think, when living in a large city, that we should be free from worry and the temptations of this anxious, hurrying age, if we had for an abode a cottage in the country, under the shade of protecting trees. Well, we should only have exchanged city temptations for the different but not less trying ones that attack people in the country. No change of circumstances—nothing but the grace of God—can enable us to resist temptation. A bad-tempered person can make even a lovely country cottage miserable.

#### FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

Long failure does not always mean failure to the very end. Sometimes success comes all at once, and

when we are least expecting it. The Señorita, a very rich mine, was discovered by a poor broken-down miner, who had prospected all his life without any result. He took refuge under a tree during a storm, and while picking over the ground to pass the time till the clouds rolled by, he uncovered a rich vein of pure silver. In one moment he had made a fortune, and the clouds indeed rolled away from him. With many of us as the poet says, "The hour that is darkest is the hour before dawn."

#### FOR THE WINTER EVENINGS.

Stories of daring and adventure always appeal to a boy's mind, and where such tales are wholesome and manly they are often productive of good influences and impressions, apart from their value as recreative reading. We have just received such a story—"Fergus MacTavish" (Hodder and Stoughton)—which relates the early life of a trader's son in North-West Canada, and tells of the many strange experiences and thrilling adventures which he passed through. The story, though bright and vigorous, has a healthy Christian tone throughout, and, with its attractive illustrations, makes an admirable gift-book, and one which will be thoroughly appreciated.—Mr. Fisher Unwin sends us a volume of short stories by Mrs. Hartopp, entitled "The Heart of Montrose," some of which have been published previously in various periodicals. This probably accounts for the somewhat unequal quality of the stories, all of which, however, are pleasantly written and very readable.—Those of our readers who have thus far followed the Rev. F. B. Meyer's "Scripture Biographies" will need no pressing to turn to the latest of the series, "Joshua, and the Land of Promise," which has just been issued by Messrs. Morgan and Scott. Mr. Meyer tells the story of the life of Joshua in his simple though forcible style, and the result is a very helpful volume, which forms a worthy companion to its predecessors.—We have also to acknowledge the receipt of "Memorials of a Beloved Mother" (Nisbet and Co.) and the ever welcome annual volume of *The Herald of Mercy* (Morgan and Scott).

#### LETTER-WRITING.

The older we grow, the more afraid are we of the pen in the matter of letter-writing. It does nearly as much mischief as the tongue. The better we are able to use it, the more cause have we to be afraid of

it. The more neatly and incisively we can put a thing, the more the danger of our doing so mischievously. It is sometimes hard to avoid operating, when we are conscious that our instrument is sharp, and that we can make a clean cut. An old gentleman with a wise fine head, calm face, and benevolent look, begged a postmaster to return him a letter which he had dropped into the box. To do so, as everyone knows, is illegal; but, won over by the old gentleman's importunity, the postmaster complied on full proof in comparing the writing, etc., being given. Then with a beaming face the old gentleman tore the letter into fragments, and scattering them to the wind exclaimed, "Ah, I have preserved my friend!" The fact is, he had written a letter in a state of irritation, which was probably unjust and hurtful, but which he had wisely recalled. It is a good thing to sleep over what we have written—many a letter slept over will be a good deal modified in the morning, or perhaps not sent at all.

#### RESULTS.

Because results do not present themselves before us in bulk, we little realise what is often going on—going on in our own lives and characters. This little act and that are so mixed up with the even flow, or it may be sometimes with the rush of life, that we take no note of it, though there it is. The amount of sediment carried to the sea by the Thames in a year is 1,865,903 cubic feet, and it is estimated that the Mississippi deposits in the sea in a year solid matter weighing 812,500,000,000 pounds. And all this solid matter nowhere seems as solid, but just a part of the river itself. And thus, solid matter, be it of good or evil, is being borne onward to the great ocean of eternity, on the perhaps uneventful flow of our lives. Where we see nothing there is much; what for eternity shall that "much" be?

#### AN INSTRUCTIVE MOTTO.

Very instructive is the motto of the town of Glasgow: "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word." In recent years, the motto is commonly shortened to, "Let Glasgow flourish." This curtailment spoils all, for it is the Word of God producing truth, purity, and honest dealing that builds up a city and causes it to flourish.

#### INVISIBLE INFLUENCES.

We can often see plainly enough the influences under which persons act—sometimes the influences of persons, sometimes things; but the influences which are seen and which can be traced are as nothing in comparison with those which can be neither seen nor traced. During a brilliant display of Aurora Borealis some years ago the mainsprings of no fewer than 3,000 watches broke in London alone. During the atmospheric disturbances which take place in the summer a large proportion of the watches worn by persons living in the districts in

which the agitation takes place either go wrong or stop altogether. The mainspring of a watch was known to break into twenty-eight pieces during a storm which took place in Bradford some time ago. The electric light has done a great deal towards magnetising chronometers. The most powerful influences upon both our bodies and our minds are generally the least observed—the least suspected. And so there is all the more reason for our putting ourselves daily under the care of the One to Whom no secrets are hid, and Who only can defend us from all ill.

#### "THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

List of contributions received from August 31st, 1893, up to and including September 26th, 1893. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "The Quiver" *Waifs Fund*: A Glasgow Mother (41st donation), 1s.; A Constant Reader, Harlow, 5s.; J. J. E., Govan (71st donation), 5s.

For *The Society for The Prevention of Cruelty to Children*: "In Loving Memory," 6s.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund*: "Associate," 10s.

\* \* \* The Editor will be glad to receive, and to forward to the institutions concerned, the contributions of any of his readers who desire to help external movements referred to in the pages of this magazine. Amounts of 5s. and upwards will be acknowledged in THE QUIVER when desired.

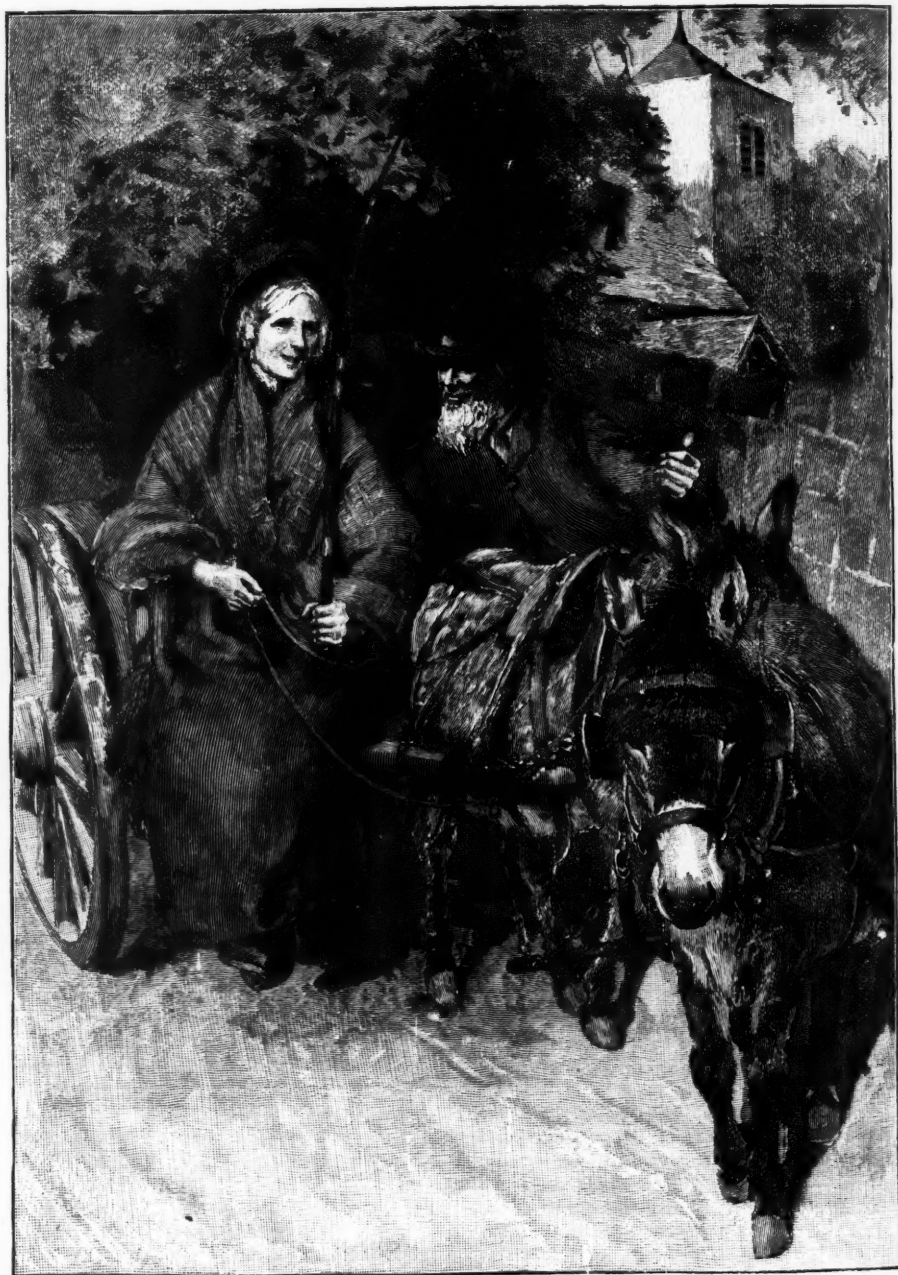
#### THE "QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

##### QUESTIONS.

1. In which of his Epistles does St. Paul give us a rule of life as to our social relationship with one another?
2. What does St. Paul mean by the expressions "Old man" and "New man," which we find oft-times mentioned in his Epistles?
3. What does St. Paul say should be the great bond of Christian society?
4. Quote proverb which shows God's abhorrence of untruthfulness.
5. What is known of Ephesus, where St. Paul founded one of the seven churches mentioned in the Book of the Revelation?
6. What is the principle of obedience which all are to render to those in authority?
7. Where was the city of Colosse situated?
8. Quote some words from St. James's Epistle where he tells us that the Christian must be as careful of his words as of his deeds.
9. In what way were the inhabitants of Berea an example to all earnest people?
10. To whom did St. Peter write his Epistle?
11. Quote a passage in which St. Peter speaks of Heaven as man's inheritance.
12. In what words are we told by St. Peter that the prophecies of the Old Testament have reference to the Redemption wrought by Christ?





[From a Drawing by PERCY TARRANT.]

"FIFTY YEARS SINCE OUR WEDDING DAY."



## HER GREAT TROUBLE.

BY RINA.



"Is anything the matter, children?"—p. 81.



I.  
WHY were they staring so?

The schoolmistress raised her aching head, and looked with amazed eyes at her pupils. Often, on hot summer days like this, the young minds wandered far from their lesson-books. Often indeed were the children inattentive, but seldom did they show it thus. They were letting the lesson slip out of their minds, and yet staring at the lesson-giver. It was strange.

The schoolmistress had not seen them act in this fashion since the news of her coming marriage was first spread. They had stared at her then, she remembered. Perhaps they had been wondering whether life, with a schoolmistress as wife, would be one long lesson, with no Saturday holiday.

But they had got used to the idea now. Their parents were collecting money to buy a presentation clock—pardon! I should say, a "timepiece." The children themselves had often climbed over the palings and wriggled through the hedge to peep at the cottage where "teacher" was soon to live. And little Annie Parker had raised her inquisitive

nose up to the village dressmaker's window—hanging by her eager hands to the sill—and had seen "teacher" standing inside, in her slip-bodice and petticoat, being fitted for her wedding-gown.

All that was an old story. Why were they staring now?

A thought struck the teacher, and she looked round quickly at the window behind her—perhaps Dick was there. But no; all that met her view was an ash bough, brushing against the panes.

How silly of her to think!—and Dick had been on night-duty at his signal-box. He must be at home and asleep now.

The fact remained—What ailed the children?

The schoolmistress furtively rubbed her face with her handkerchief, fearing she had a smudge on her nose.

\* \* \* \* \*

School was over. Instead of vanishing like leaves before the wind, the older children lingered in the porch.

There was quite a little throng on the doorstep when the schoolmistress came out herself.

She turned her back on them, and stooped to

lock the door, feeling all the while in every nerve that their eyes were still fixed on her. Her hand trembled, she had a racking headache, and she was very weary: just in the state to be upset by this astonishing scrutiny.

Straightening herself, she faced them all.

"Is anything the matter, children?" she asked.

They had no answer ready; some giggled, and some, she noticed with dismay, looked troubled. There was an air of sulky triumph on the face of Bill Smith, the most troublesome boy in the school; and there was a piteous downward curve about the mouth of little Martha West. Then someone said, "Nothing;" and the little crowd dispersed.

The schoolmistress walked quickly home to the dingy semi-detached abode that she was soon to change for the sunny cottage down the lane.

She rushed to her looking-glass and inspected herself.

No: her face was clean—only rather pale; and her hair was not sticking up oddly, but lying perfectly smooth.

She could not understand it. At one moment she forgot her headache in thinking of it, and in the next it ached all the harder because she was troubling herself about this matter.

She put both hands to her brow, but they were burning hot, and she let them drop again.

"I will go and see Mrs. Roberts," she said at last.

Putting on her hat, she walked slowly down the road. There was one woman standing at a cottage door. On seeing the schoolmistress, she darted in, and came out again with another.

Passing on with averted head, the schoolmistress could feel that they were watching her. She quickened her pace, and almost ran up the short path to Mrs. Roberts' door, letting the gate swing to and fro, unlatched.

Generally it took two or three knockings to gain admittance. Mrs. Roberts suffered from toothache, and wore a knitted scarf twisted round her head; and unless she was specially on the alert, it took a good deal of noise to reach her ears.

But this afternoon the schoolmistress's first uncertain tap brought Mrs. Roberts to the door; and there was an ominous hurry in her step as she scuttled down the stairs and across the flagged kitchen.

"And so it is you, Miss James!" she said quickly, dragging her visitor indoors. "I had a feeling you would come; for I said to myself: 'Helen James knows that I am her friend; and since her own people live many a mile away, whom should she come to in her trouble but me?' Sit you down, my dear."

"In my trouble?" repeated the schoolmistress, with a little gasp of fright.

Mrs. Roberts was pushing her into an arm-chair, and patting her with two large sympathetic hands.

"Poor dear! But I always said it would be a

pity if you married beneath you," she was murmuring.

In these parts, unless a young woman can justly be accused of marrying above her position, she is generally held to have chosen below it.

The schoolmistress struggled to her feet. What had happened? Those awful trains! Had Dick been run over and killed? But no; a signalman ought to be safe—in his box.

And as Mrs. Roberts stood there, preparing to condole, her visitor could have shaken her in her eagerness to find out the mystery.

"What is wrong?" she cried.

Immediately Mrs. Roberts screwed her face into an expression of immense prudence. The schoolmistress shivered. This thing, whatever it might be, was not to be lightly told.

"My dear, have you not heard?"

"Nothing, nothing!"—and her voice quivered with dread.

Mrs. Roberts made a dash at the kettle, and set it on to boil. Then she began to bring out cups and saucers, though they nearly slipped through her excited fingers as she carried them from the cupboard. She was trying to remember that, excited as she was, this was not the sort of excitement to be enjoyed.

"Sit you down and rest, my dear," she said, over her shoulder. "I'm not going to say a word till you have had a cup of hot tea. There is nothing like Smith's one-and-elevenpenny for putting heart into one."

She pushed her visitor back into the chair, and went on putting spoonful after spoonful into the teapot. There should be strength in this brewing, at least.

The schoolmistress waited in an agony of suspense, thankful when at last the kettle boiled over.

But Mrs. Roberts was in no hurry. She held a cup of scalding tea to the teacher's mouth, and after forcing her to take a gulp, said—"Stop till I cut you a piece of bread and butter."

Then the teacher rebelled.

"If you will not tell me what has happened," she said, with white lips, "I will go and find someone who will."

Mrs. Roberts gave in at that.

"My dear, you will know it only too soon," she said, shaking her head, and possessing herself of her visitor's hands: perhaps by way of preventing her escape. "However, it is best that you should hear it from one who always feels like a mother to you, and who will never breathe a word to a soul about how you take on. Ah, poor thing! and it is only yesterday I passed by the cottage, and saw how smart it looked, and thought that the roses would be out on your wedding-day. And I said to myself—'Helen James will be a happy woman this day week.' And now——"

She paused. She was looking for fitting words with which to come out with the startling climax.

"Yesterday," she said at last, "Richard Saunders came from his night-duty at the box, and instead of going home to bed, took the first train in the morning and went off somewhere——"

The schoolmistress wrung her hands.

"There has been an accident? He has been killed! Oh, Dick, Dick! he will never come back to me."

"No, there has been no accident. I could almost find it in me to wish there had been," said Mrs. Roberts sharply. The schoolmistress looked at her in wonder.

"Yes, he came back right enough, by the six-fifteen train at night. But—don't

being a station-master soon; but others did not think as you did, my dear) when one of the porters pointed to the woman beside him, and said, laughing—'Have you changed your mind, and fetched another wife, Saunders?'—all for a joke, you understand.

"She coloured up like anything, but Saunders himself said 'Just so,' and walked on with her, leaving



go fainting, Helen James; he is not worth it. He came back, and he brought a wife with him!"

The schoolmistress sat perfectly still, without uttering a word. Perhaps she could not speak; her fingers pressed deeply into the padded arms of the chair she sat in, and her eyes dilated.

Mrs. Roberts congratulated herself on the quiet, sensible way in which the teacher was taking it; and went on—

"It is all over the village. One of the porters told me as he passed on his way home from the station. He stopped at the gate when he saw me in the garden; I expect he could not keep it in till he got home.

"The train came puffing in, he said, and Richard Saunders got out. Then he turned as cool as you please, and helped her on to the platform. He was marching out of the station with his high-and-mighty air (*you used to think it a feather in his cap that he kept himself to himself, and would have nothing to do with folk, just because he had good hopes of*

them all staring after him. He was carrying her box, and Saunders was written on the label, with something very like a 'Mrs.' before it.

"They went straight to the cottage, and she stayed there all night. It is his week of night-duty, so he had to go off to the box; and nobody has seen him to-day. I suppose he is keeping out of people's way. He has good reason to hide himself."

Mrs. Roberts stopped in her headlong tale for want of breath, and looked anxiously at her visitor; then she seized her hand, and squeezed it encouragingly.

"That's right, my dear. Take it quietly. Don't

"The schoolmistress could feel that they were watching her."—p. 84.

forget that you are worth a dozen of him," she said cheerily.

Then the schoolmistress stood up, shaking in every limb.

"No, no; it is not true!" she cried. "Why do you tell me this?"

Mrs. Roberts bristled up.

"There is his own-word for it," she said shortly.

The schoolmistress moaned. "I cannot believe it: I will not! It is not true; it is not true!"

She pushed past Mrs. Roberts, and hurried down the path, treading recklessly (as that good woman observed) upon a border of pansies. But her rapid feet did not do much harm.

"Where are you going, Miss James?" called Mrs. Roberts shrilly from the doorstep. But the schoolmistress did not answer; she did not rightly know herself.

On she hurried, like one demented, while Mrs. Roberts stood at her gate and shook her head dismally, as she told herself that Helen James had gone out of her mind. Had she?—Perhaps.

There was a singing in her ears, and a strange turmoil in her brain. She did not know whither her feet were moving, and only came to herself to find that she was standing against the palings of the rose-encircled cottage that she had hoped would be her home.

With her white face pressed close to the fence, the schoolmistress gazed within.

The flowers that Dick had planted, while she stood by with the watering-pot, were budding now. The rose-tree over the door was blooming, and its branches were supported by bits of red cloth nailed across them—Dick had nailed them up last week, and she had stood at the foot of the ladder, tearing up the strips of cloth.

Even the curtains she had hemmed were at the windows.

\* \* \* \* \*

Looking at the cottage, the same as it was when she and Dick last visited it together, the dread went out of her eyes.

"It cannot be true!" she murmured, with a gasp of relief.

It was just then that she saw a face at the window. She held her breath and watched. It was a bright, vivacious face, with shiny fair hair frizzed all over the forehead. Quickly it passed out of sight, and then the door opened.

The schoolmistress held on to the palings for dear life. She felt as if she could not stand alone while she watched the stranger in the doorway looking out with a smile of satisfaction. Her skirt was pinned up above her petticoat, and her arms—pretty, plump arms—were bare. She set down the broom she was holding, and lifting up the door-mat, shook it, without seeming to see the miserable face watching her from the fence, or to hear the piteous moan that came from the watcher's parted lips. No. She let down her skirt gaily, and picked the only white rose in the

garden to stick in her bosom. Then she went in again, humming a song that the schoolmistress recognised dimly: it was Dick's favourite song.

Slowly the schoolmistress turned away, and walked up the lane, with her head bowed and her hands clasped.

The cottage was no place for her now—Dick's wife was there!

She crept back to her dwelling by a side road, for she could not face the village curiosity just yet.

Her eyes were misty with tears as she pushed the door open and went in; but she could still see a bit of paper lying on the floor. It must have been pushed under the door by someone who had come while she was out. She stooped and picked it up; there were a few words written on it in pencil—

"I am sorry you are out. I have something to tell you. Mind you are in to-morrow afternoon when school is over.—DICK."

With her eyes blazing now, she tore the paper into shreds.

"How can he dare to speak of coming and telling me? Can he face me after what he has done? Does he want to insult me further—after hurting me so?" she sobbed, burying her face in her hands.

## II.

MORNING came. The schoolmistress awoke with the sun, and watched its rising with a sad heart. What would happen? She could not go on living in the same place with Dick and his wife—to meet them face to face, and then to see all the people pitying her—ah, no! she could never bear it.

"But I shall fall ill," she told herself, ready almost to welcome the faintness that was creeping over her, "and then mother will come and take me home, and I shall never come back again—never!"

With an effort she gathered herself together, and started for the school, looking at nobody, speaking to nobody, scarcely daring to lift her head.

The children stared as much as ever. It was bitter at first, but after a while she took no notice. She felt so utterly crushed that it did not matter.

The afternoon drew on. At last school was over, and the teacher, with downcast eyes, made her way home.

She locked the door after her. Dick might come, but he should not be admitted. He might think she was not in, or the neighbours might tell him that she was—she did not care. Only she dared not go out, for fear of meeting him face to face.

She sat down by her bedroom window, and took a piece of sewing in her hands. But she let it slip to the floor immediately, for it was a part of her wedding outfit.

With her hands idle—save for their nervous claspings and unclasps—she gazed down the road.

By-and-bye she saw two figures approaching, walking close together and talking earnestly.

Dick was coming, and—oh, insolence!—bringing his wife!

With angry eyes and bursting heart the poor deserted bride watched them. How pretty the woman was! What a bright face she had!

Scarcely knowing what she did, the schoolmistress leaned back, and looked at herself in the glass. She saw pale tear-stained cheeks, miserable eyes, and swollen lips. Her hair (ah! for the golden fluffiness of that woman's head!) was straggling, lank and untidy, over her brow.

"I am ugly," she said to herself, with a sigh; and she plunged her face into the hand-basin. But while she was brushing her hair she stopped short.

"They will not see me," she said; "does it matter how I look?" And she twisted up her hair with listless fingers, and went back to the window.

They were at the gate now. Dick was holding it open for his wife to pass through, and smiling on her in a way that made the schoolmistress clench her hands in pain.



"She picked the only white rose."—p. 86.

Then she hurried down the narrow stair to draw down the blinds of the lower windows.

She had got that of the front window pulled down just as she heard them on the doorstep; and she fled into the back room and sank into a chair, with her eyes on the door.

Through the crack between the door and the threshold she could see his boots, and two restless somethings of shiny leather that must be his wife's shoes.

He knocked. The schoolmistress gasped, but made no sound. Again and again he knocked, but she sat there, still and silent. Then she heard him go next door and ask if she had gone out. He came back quickly.

"They say she is in, Jenny," she heard him say. "How strange that she does not hear!"

"Perhaps she is asleep, Dick." Oh! how those light-hearted tones rang in the ears of the miserable woman trying to stifle her sobs in the back room!—"Let us both knock together and waken her."

The sound echoed through the narrow house, and must have been heard from one end of the row to the other. Still the schoolmistress did not respond.

Then she heard Dick saying, in tones of what sounded like real concern—

"She must be ill. Can anything have happened? She is all alone, you see."

"Does he think his treachery has driven me to put an end to myself?" murmured the schoolmistress hysterically, hiding her face in her hands to choke back the sobs that *would* come when she heard his voice.

He had stopped knocking—had he gone?

She was listening anxiously, when all at once the window beside her was pushed open (oh, foolishness! she had forgotten to fasten it), and, lifting her head in dismay, she found herself face to face with her faithless lover.

He looked at her in astonishment.

"What is wrong, Helen?" he asked quickly, preparing to squeeze himself in through the window. But she put out both her hands to keep him back.

"Do you dare to ask me?" she cried.

"What have I done?"

Yes, there was Dick speaking to her, asking her what was wrong—and on the other side of the house his wife was standing, tapping the doorstep impatiently with her shiny boots. Oh, the insolence of it all!

The schoolmistress felt for a moment—only a moment—that she detested him.

"What—have—you—done?" she repeated slowly.

"Yes: I don't understand it. All the way coming here everybody turned out to look at me, but nobody spoke to me. They stared at me as if I were a convict, and when I came near turned their backs. And now you shut yourself up like this, and speak to me as if you took me for a serpent. What does





"She found herself face to face with her faithless lover."  
—p. 87.

it mean? Are you going to throw me over? It looks like it."

He was angry: the schoolmistress could see that; and even in her wretchedness she found time to wonder. Then she rose, and with an unsteady hand tried to shut the window.

"You have no right to speak to me!" she stammered; "and it was cruel—oh! so cruel—to bring your wife here!"

"My wife!"

There was more than indignation in his voice. He caught hold of the hand with which she was trying feebly to push down the window, and held it fast.

But she was goaded beyond all bearing, and burst out with hot words of reproach.

Dick's wife, standing at the door, must have heard her speaking, but she did not come round. Perhaps she did not like to present herself until her husband fetched her. No doubt she was properly shy.

And when the schoolmistress stopped and looked up defiantly at her faithless lover, before melting into the tears that would come soon, Dick laughed.

Then he became graver.

"You might have had more faith in me, Helen," he said.

"What need of faith?" she cried. "It cannot make true false, nor false true."

"Listen," said Dick: "I wanted to give you a surprise; and I did not like to see you wearing yourself out putting the cottage to rights. Oh yes, it was all very well nailing up rose-trees and planting flowers; but when it came to scrubbing and polishing—and you said you would not trust even that to a charwoman—I thought of a plan.

I did not say a word to you, but I went off and fetched her"—he jerked his head in the direction of the door—"and all yesterday she has been cleaning up at the cottage. I brought her down this afternoon, thinking what a nice surprise I had made for you—and you treat me like this!"

"Who is she?" gasped the teacher, with a rush of hope.

"My sister!"

It was too good to be true. The schoolmistress tried to fight off the hasty gladness that was filling her.

"But you told them at the station——" she began.

"Oh, that was a joke!" explained Dick impatiently.

"How was I to know that the idiots would take it for gospel?"

The schoolmistress put both hands to her disordered hair, then, moved by a sudden impulse, hurried to the door and flung it wide open.

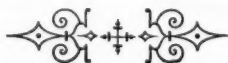
She kissed the startled woman on the threshold—not Dick's wife, thank Heaven, after all!—and her eyes were shining, not with tears, but with relief.

And yet she was very much ashamed of herself.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Richard Saunders has only himself to thank," said Mrs. Roberts later on, after the village had been electrified by seeing Dick, and his "wife," and the teacher going down the road with happy faces—together. "When a young man keeps himself above his equals, and passes everybody with his high-and-mighty nose in the air, he ought to give warning when he condescends to make a joke."

The teacher only laughed; her trouble was over.



## LONELINESS AND ITS CURE.

BY THE REV. CANON F. R. WYNNE, D.D.

"Not alone, because the Father is with Me."—ST. JOHN xvi. 32.



WO subjects are brought before us in this sentence—human loneliness and Divine Fatherhood: the poor child's desolate cry, "I am all alone," and the father's reassuring voice, "I am with you still." The Lord Jesus felt deeply the natural human desire for love and companionship. He knew that the time was coming when all

earthly friends would forsake Him, and when He should have to taste the bitterness of the worst kind of loneliness—desertion. Looking forward to that period, He says, "I am not alone, because the Father is with Me." The presence of the Eternal Father is His support in loneliness.

Following, then, the leading of our Lord, I propose to consider the trial of loneliness and its alleviation.

1. It is well for us to bear in mind, first, that many forms of human loneliness are more or less imaginary, morbid, or self-imposed. There are people surrounded with kind friends who yet, with a sickly self-pity, like to fancy themselves alone in the world. Our French neighbours speak with a touch of scorn of "misunderstood women," who are annoyed that people will insist on seeing them as they are, and not as they like to imagine themselves to be. And so they play at loneliness. They are not really lonely: they are just a little silly. And ill-temper sometimes makes a self-imposed loneliness. Angry irritation keeps a person at a distance from his fellows in sullen resentment. He cherishes the sense of solitude, and likes to consider himself ill-used. His isolation is the form in which he avenges imaginary wrongs. And ill-temper produces loneliness in another way. Disagreeable manners drive friends away. If you are impatient of contradiction, if you are easily offended, if you let every annoyance you feel amidst the thousand rubs of life show itself in a cross face or cross voice, you will not be a pleasant companion, and in the natural course of things you will be left a great deal to your own company. Self-conceit, overweening opinion of your position or talent, obstinacy, assumption of any kind—these faults all alienate you from others. You must *win* sympathy and regard, and if you do not win them you cannot have them. If you let yourself be unamiable, you will be disliked.

And loneliness sometimes comes from selfish indulgence. You are wrapped up in yourself and in your own interests. You cannot trouble yourself to think of other people, or try to please them, or cultivate their companionship. And so, by your own act, you become isolated. A selfish youth, a selfish manhood, leads by sure degrees to a lonely old age.

From a deeper cause comes another and a sorer loneliness, but still a self-imposed loneliness. Stu-

dents of modern science will know what I mean. A habit may easily be formed of so concentrating the attention upon material phenomena as to leave spiritual phenomena unrecognised. And thus the naturalist frequently glides into being a materialist. Half unconsciously, he puts aside God out of his universe. He goes through the world seeing everywhere "beautiful and well-ordered" things. But he feels neither reverence nor gratitude. In all this marvellous order and reign of law, he sees no design, no thought, no wise purpose. There is mechanism in nature, but no love, no "soul of the world," nothing for the heart to honour. In consequence, the materialist is intensely lonely.

Nature is to him like a beautiful face that he had admired and loved, but has found out to be only the face of an automaton. It had once seemed as if under the gleam of those eyes there was splendid purpose: it had seemed as if those smiles, and that coming and going colour, and that wistful and winsome look betokened a mind that thought and a heart that loved; but he has found out—or fancied he has found out—that all is worked by machinery: that instead of heart and soul, there are only a series of self-adjusting springs and revolving wheels. Such is Nature to the materialist, and in her presence he must be lonely, for there is nothing for his heart to love.

2. Thus far we have thought of loneliness that results from our own faults and mistakes. But there is much loneliness that we go through, though we have not caused it. Our Lord's character and aims brought Him loneliness. He was so much before His time and above His companions in thought and purpose, that even His nearest friends could not understand Him. His loneliness did not begin when all forsook Him and fled. Through His whole life people were "offended" at Him. They disapproved of Him. The disciples who forsook all to follow Him gave Him but scant sympathy, and with regard to all that was deepest and most cherished in His heart He was left quite alone. Leaders and pioneers in the realms of thought almost always experience similar loneliness. The glimpses of new truth which they see sooner and clearer than others are generally dreaded as heresy by their contemporaries. Being in the vanguard in the army of advancing thought and knowledge, they have to bear the first brunt of the battle. Their originality of mind, their fearlessness, their determination to say exactly what they think, and nothing else, draws down upon them the suspicion and dislike of ordinary people.

But even when we are not leaders of thought we can be left lonely through our companions' want of sympathy. One who wants to live an earnest Christian life in this world is very often rather isolated. People do not understand him, and do not much like the tone which, however gently and modestly expressed, is, they

feel, a reproach upon their coarser and more commonplace life.

And there is the loneliness produced by sorrow. Some sorrows are shared by others, and there is a certain companionship in bearing them together. But some are, from their nature, secret sorrows, which none can really enter into except the sufferer himself. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." And a great sorrow always brings with it great loneliness. When the storm blows, all the trees of the wood bend their moaning branches together; but when the thunderbolt falls from heaven, one tree is stricken, and is left standing alone, bare and blackened. Thus when the great bereavements of life come, though many may feel, and many kind hearts sympathise, there is one whose life henceforth must be lived in loneliness.

And then there is the loneliness of death. Friends may smooth the pillow of the dying, may hold his hand, and whisper words of love while the life is flickering away. But each must go out into the darkness alone—alone into the mystery! Alone into the awe and wonder of the disembodied state! Alone to face what lies beyond the gate of Death! Alone, and yet not alone. "The Father is with Me," Christ says of Himself. "The Father loveth you," Christ says of His people. The Father's love lights up that dreaded gloom. Where our Father is there is no darkness. At His presence the clouds remove. Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness. This is the remedy which the Lord Jesus gives for all human loneliness. He knew well what it was to be alone, isolated from other men in the world, misunderstood and deserted, treading the wine-press alone, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, enduring a burden of agony that none could share. Here was His solace: "The Father is with me"; and thus He cheers us in our solitude. He reveals to us God. He makes us know that we have a Father. Is there a God that loves us and cares for us? "O that thou wouldst rend the heaven and come down!" cries the old prophet. "We are puzzled!" cry our human hearts. There is much that makes us long for a Father; there is much that makes us hope for Him; there is nothing in nature that makes us quite sure of Him. But Christ Jesus does. His only-begotten Son declares to us the Father. His unique and wonderful

Life: all those outward events which are connected with the Incarnation of the Word, with His miracles and resurrection: all those inward experiences of our hearts which are connected with the witnessing of His Holy Spirit—they reveal to us the Father. They tell us in many ways, as our Saviour's message: "The Father Himself loveth you." And He who reveals to us the Father reconciles us to Him. "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself." Christ teaches the erring and sinful man that there is no barrier between him and the Father. He, by His atonement, has broken down the barrier, and so the call of the Lord Jesus rings through the world—"Come unto Me; He that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out. He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father; and the Father Himself loveth you."

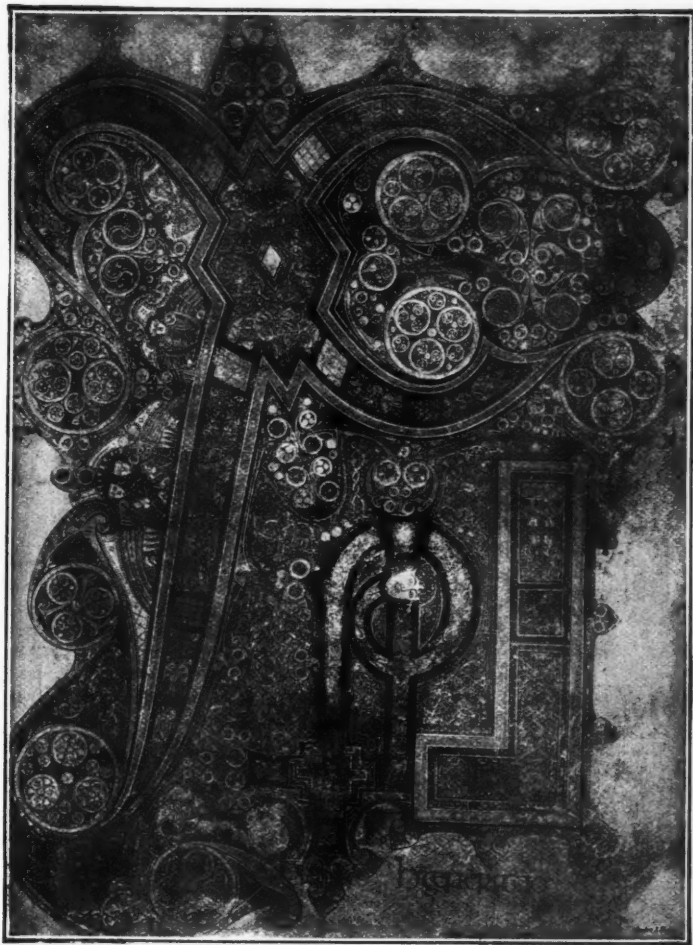
Let nothing drown the music of Christ's revelation in our hearts. My Father is with me: I am not alone. When *tempted*, I am not alone. The Father is present, and is a spectator of my struggle. When *difficulties* come upon me, and I seem left to struggle alone—so many things to drag me down, no voice to cheer me onwards or upwards—my Father is with me. I cannot see Him. His voice is "too still and small" for the outward ear, but He is beside me. His right hand upholds me. When my spirit is sad and disappointed, when in my great sorrow it seems as if nothing could really comfort my heart—then the Father is with me. O charm to drive away the power of darkness. "The Father is with me!" O solace to the poor wounded spirit, "The Father is with me!" O light for the desolate and broken in heart, whatever is taken away. "The Father is with me!" Have you grasped this precious revelation? You who live in happy homes: you whose lives are easy and free from want: you whose wishes are fulfilled, and upon whom life smiles brightly—have you taken to heart this truth, "My Father is with me"? Learn it now. Dwell on it now. Let it give a deeper meaning to your prosperous life, a deeper earnestness to your way of feeling and acting. "The Father is with me wherever I am." And then when the storms begin to blow, and the great billows break upon you, and in the rush of the salt waves you taste at last the bitterness of suffering, then you will know as a comfort which nothing can take from you: "The Father is with me."



#### SOME OLD ILLUMINATIONS.

**F**OR centuries, not only in our own country, but in other parts of Europe, and in parts of Asia and of Africa, men were employed daily in copying manuscripts, week in, week out: year in, year out. There were many copies to be made of those that were accepted by scholars as desirable possessions; and now and then, one by one, new manuscripts were produced, and thus the materials upon which the copyist employed his art were ever increasing in

extent. Some of these scribes worked in dim long-ago ages, in the hot glare of Egyptian sunshine; some in the shadow of the temples and groves of ancient Greece; others, later, in the rich glow of Lombardic plains; and others, again, in the cool and green of lands and islands farther north. Some of them, perhaps, sat in cells in solitary silence; some may have swelled the retinue of Byzantine emperors. In later times, we know, many of them sat day by day in the cloisters of our cathedrals and abbey churches, in small compartments made for their convenience, called *carrels*.



A PAGE FROM THE "BOOK OF KELLS."

We may still see specimens of Egyptian papyri in the British Museum, and in several of the principal European libraries on the Continent. In the great library in Paris there are Persian, Indian, Arabic, Siamese, and Chinese manuscripts of much interest. In the Vatican library there is a superb collection of ancient examples gradually gathered together from many sources during the last five hundred years, consisting of 23,000 manuscripts, Hebrew, Samaritan, Coptic, Æthiopian, Syriac, Persian, Armenian, Slavonic, Iberian, Chinese and Indian. In Vienna and Venice, too, there are very early manuscripts still carefully preserved; and many libraries in minor Continental cities can boast of riches of this description. Now and then, in the course of many years, a zealous scholar, or patron of learning, sent agents to the East to collect as many of these treasures as they could gather together, as in the instances of Lorenzo

the Magnificent and his son; and so it has come to pass that, although whole libraries have been destroyed by fire, and there have been always the wear and tear of time, and the cruel and careless ravages of ignorance and neglect at work, we are still in possession of the results of much of the labours of the scribes of old. Occasionally, the world of scholars is even now startled with the news of a fresh find. Of these latter-day acquisitions a Syriac version of the Four Gospels, found at the foot of Mount Sinai, is the most recent. Napoleon in his victorious career sent some of the most valuable examples in the Vatican collection to Paris; but on the occupation of the city by the allied armies, these, as well as other works taken from other libraries, were restored. One of the Vatican manuscripts, thus returned, was a copy of Virgil made in the fourth century, with fifty miniatures in it, including a portrait of Virgil.



In connection with our present subject, some of the most interesting manuscripts preserved in the Vatican at the present day are the following: a Bible written in the sixth century in uncial, or large round characters, which contains the oldest version of the Septuagint and the first Greek version of the New Testament; a Greek version of the Acts of the Apostles, written in gold, and presented by the Queen of Cyprus to Innocent VIII.; the Four Gospels written in the year 1128; a Hebrew Bible, for which the Jews of Venice are said to have offered its weight in gold, without avail; and Commentaries on the New Testament, enriched with fourteenth-century miniatures by Niccolò da Bologna. In the Paris library are preserved some prayer-books of the fifth and sixth centuries, a prayer-book of Anne of Brittany, and another that belonged successively to Charles V., Charles IX., and Henry III., and which bears their signatures. In the monastery of San Marco, Florence, there are illuminations from the hand of Fra Benedetto, the brother of Fra Angelico the famous painter, that are considered to have reached the utmost height to which this branch of art has ever attained.

Below one manuscript, curiously, another can, occasionally, be traced, showing that the scribe had been induced to sacrifice previous labours for fresh ones. Such a manuscript is called a palimpsest. Under a version of St. Augustine's Commentary of the Psalms, for instance, may be seen a still older Latin MS., the Cicero de Republica. The library of a Benedictine monastery at Bobbio was composed almost exclusively of palimpsests. Some early manuscripts are written on rolls, or scrolls. Square pages came into use in the days of the Byzantine emperors. As every page presented a new field for ornamentation, we may conclude that this innovation materially conduced to the development of the art of illuminating.

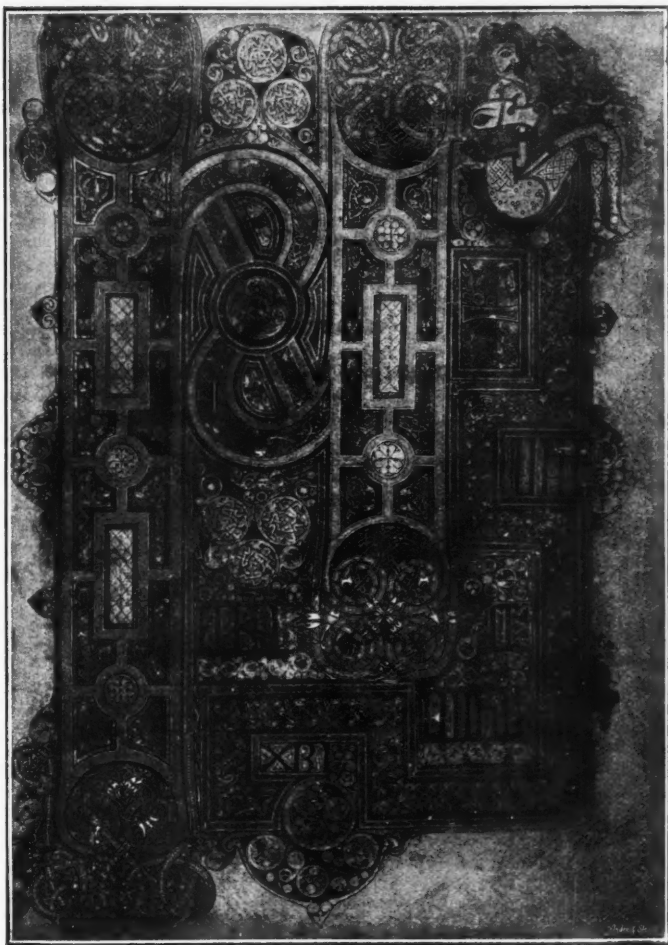
Our own old Irish illuminated manuscripts are second to none. The superb eighth-century "Durham Book," now in the British Museum, and another famous MS., known as the "Book of Kells," now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, are assuring evidence of the delicate skill attained by the early Irish illuminators. Some authorities are in doubt whether these old Irish artists were indebted to those of Lombardy for the particular style of decoration that they used, and that grew so intricately under their hands, or whether the Lombardic artists were under obligations to them for the first thought of it; and some think that the idea of illuminating reached the Irish scholars from Italy, and that then they inaugurated their interlacing complicated entwinnings, terminating in grotesque heads of animals and birds, which were afterwards taken up by the Lombardic scribes. What is sometimes called the school of Charlemagne, or the Frankish or Western school, adopted the curious fancy of enlarging capital letters to such an extent that some of them measure two feet in length. At the close of the tenth century there was a style of illumination in vogue that was called *opus Anglicum*, in which style a copy of the Gospels was made for Canute the Great, which is still

in existence. It is thought that up to this time the scribe made his own decorations, but afterwards the artist seems to have been a different person, for whom blank spaces were left for him to fill in. Eventually the backgrounds of such spaces were gilded, and the artist's enrichments stood out on this golden ground with gorgeous effect. In later centuries, when the great Italian masters had brought the art of painting to perfection, and their influences and aids had developed the art of illuminating to its utmost finish of delicate beauty, and to the level of its most alluring refinement, the invention of printing turned men's minds in other directions; and the illuminator's vocation became a thing of the past. Whilst it lasted, it gave us priceless presentments. In the little pictures introduced so lavishly we may see indications of the architecture, costumes, weapons and implements, furniture, manners and customs of the different centuries. They are as mirrors or crystals, in which we have but to look to find the most curious and precise information concerning those who passed on their way to the portals of the life eternal so long ago.

It is interesting to think of the old illuminators sitting at their tasks in their carrels in the cloisters of our cathedrals, overlooking the green central square they called the Paradise. In the north walk of the Durham cloisters we may see, not only traces of the carrels, but of a shelf close by where books were kept—probably for general reference. In the north-west angle of Worcester cloisters there is a winding stair which gives direct access to the library. In the grand cloisters at Gloucester there are traces of twenty carrels. St. Dunstan is accredited with having inaugurated the practice of the art of illuminating at Winchester. Nothelm, another Archbishop of Canterbury, was so skilful with his pen and brush that he was deputed to visit Rome and examine the modes of operation pursued there, that he might instruct his own countrymen on his return. Herman, a Norman bishop of Salisbury, wrote, illuminated, and bound books. The Anglo-Saxon bishops on the drear island of Lindisfarne are reputed to have occupied themselves with writing and interlining and illuminating; and we know the venerable Bede dictated to a scribe with almost his last breath. We may picture their ordinary seclusion, their heads bending over the growing page, their steady hands, their little stock of colours and pencils; the means by which they prepared the surfaces of the vellum for their work, erasers, and the like. And, curiously, by the aid of some of their own vignettes, we may see several of the contrivances to which they resorted for the most convenient execution of their labours.

In the Paris library are manuscripts with drawings of the illuminators, seated in chairs that are furnished with sloping desks or boards, extended from arm to arm, with lecterns by their sides spread with books, hour-glass, eraser, and ink receptacle. To keep a book open at a particular place they had weighted markers fastened to the edge or sides of the lectern, which they placed over the leaves they wished to keep displayed. Sometimes they merely laid the weights thus attached upon the pages. With all these resources at command





A PAGE FROM THE "BOOK OF KELLS."

the industrious, self-communing artists sat, year in, year out, vying with each other as to the beauty of their work, the ingenuity and elegance of their ornamental designs, and, doubtless, also as to the accuracy of their text.

Down in our southern counties the orchards bloomed and fruited, the fields were ploughed and reaped, and still they laboured on. In the north the great seas beat against the shores in wintry storms, and lapped as lightly on them in summer's prime, and the mantles the moors put on were changed from gorse to heather, and then to embrowned bracken, year after year, and still there were always these scholars at work. The Saxon writer Aldhelm, in a letter to Eadfrid, who had returned from a journey to Ireland, praised the Irish scholars, and then said that Theodore and Adrian shone like the sun and moon at Canterbury, and that Theodore was surrounded by scholars, some

of whom came from Ireland. The work of a particular century is identified by the character of the alphabet used. That of different countries is told by the same means as much as by the style of the illuminations.

In the library belonging to Hereford Cathedral are two hundred and thirty-six ancient manuscripts. They are bound in book fashion, and are chained to the shelves of the bookcase in which they are deposited by iron chains about three feet long. The oldest is a Latin version of the Four Gospels in Anglo-Saxon characters. It is written on a hundred and thirty leaves of vellum, cut nine inches long by about seven inches in width. Each Gospel is preceded by a title-page, on which a graceful initial, twining and terminating in heads of birds and beasts, and richly coloured, extends from the top to the base of the page. In the thousand years that have passed since the transcriber

came to the last word, only two pages have been lost. The colours used are red, yellow, and purple; and the ink is still dark, except in a few places where damp has affected it. This copy of the Gospels is thought to have been the gift of the last of the Saxon bishops, Ethelstan. There is also a thirteenth-century copy of the Gospels, in which there is a representation of St. Mark, who is seated and in the act of writing, besides a large number of initial letters. And there is a fragment of another copy written in the fourteenth century. Among these treasures, too, is a large folio copy of the Bible on vellum, evenly written in double columns, with fifty-seven lines in each column, and with illuminated initials in blue and red; and there is another known as Wycliffe's Bible, written about 1420.

In some of these manuscripts there are fly-leaves made out of still older writings: and on some of these leaves there are verses and scribbings—probably written by their various owners. In one volume there is a curious entry, made in the days of Canute, to the effect that on a certain Edwine claiming some lands that he declared to be withheld from him by his mother, she, in the presence of several Thanes, bequeathed all her lands, money, clothes, and property to her relative, Leofleda, and by leave and witness of all the folk the transaction was recorded in a book of the Gospels. Several of the Hereford bishops left books to this library, and one of them mentioned that his bequests should be chained in the cathedral. Some of the other cathedrals are also rich in manuscripts, as Durham, Lichfield, and Winchester particularly. The library of Lambeth Palace should not be left unmentioned. Trinity College, Dublin, has seventeen hundred manuscripts. The British Museum has upwards of fifty thousand.

Leland, the antiquary, records a bequest of manuscripts to the library of the Grey Friars, in the metropolis, amounting in value to 2,000 gold pieces. Among similar incidental mention of such accumulations may be noted a catalogue of the contents of the library of Hulne Priory, in Northumberland, preserved among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. In this repository, we read, there was a Bible in white boards that was the gift of the Archdeacon of Northumberland; a second copy that was the gift of the Prior, and which was borrowed by Lord Percy and retained by him till his death; and there were also the Four Gospels bound in white leather, the Epistles of Paul, in a bag, and commentaries on the Gospels, Psalms, and the Apocalypse, homilies and meditations—in all a hundred and fourteen manuscripts. The Epistles of Paul that were kept in a bag were probably written on a roll.

We may conclude there have always been scholars, here and there, to whom these works of olden art have been valued at their worth. When printed books first came into use, and their novelty caused the old works to be laid aside, these true scholars carefully and quietly gathered them together. Sir William Dugdale, Garter King-at-Arms in the reign of Charles the Second, mentions in his diary—or his almanack, as it was then termed—as one of the joys of his long life, the privilege he enjoyed in being permitted full access

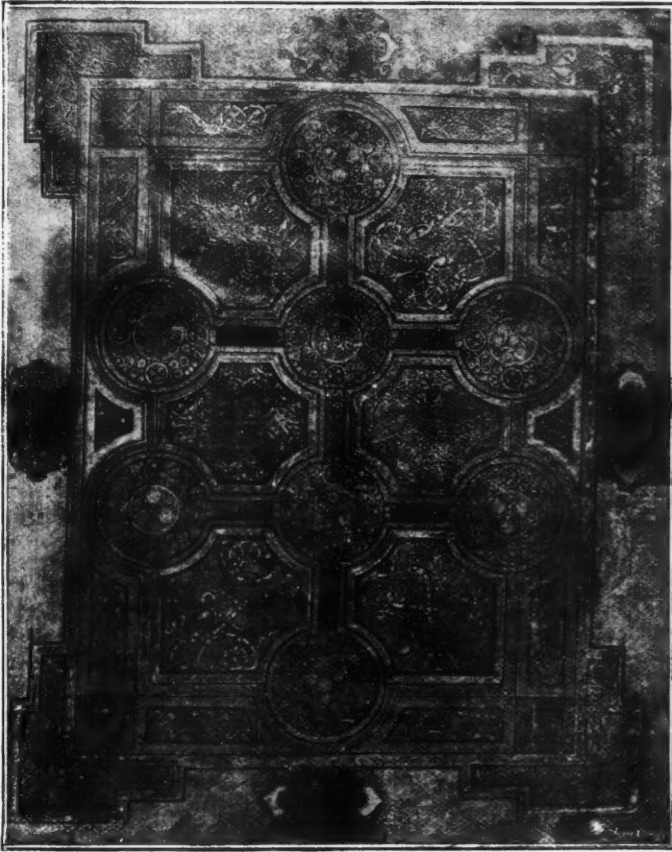
to a superb collection of manuscripts made in his day. In our own time every example is carefully preserved, not only in our public institutions and the libraries of our corporations, but in those of nobles and gentlemen. In the library of Alnwick Castle, for instance, there is a splendid illuminated MS. of a large size and brilliant colours, not closed and locked out of sight, but opened, under glass, to show two of its sumptuous pages. Only a short time ago a generous donor presented to the British Museum a book that was once the property of King Philip the Second, and was brought from Spain about thirty years ago, when the authorities, it is said, endeavoured, unavailingly, to purchase it for two thousand pounds, and which is of fifteenth-century workmanship, and full of exquisite miniatures of marvellous colour and delicacy of execution. Nor has an appreciation of the labours of the old illuminators abated among those who can still produce similar work. One of our princesses may be said to have taken up their pencils and followed in their wake in the production of a book of painted pages, though the style of design and mode of execution differ from theirs as one century differs from another. The late highly gifted Marchioness of Waterford, in conjunction with the Countess of Tankerville, also designed and illuminated a very handsome book, in their manner, within the last few years.

In an old chronicle, written by Asserius Menevensis, it is set down that Osburga, the mother of King Alfred, showed him a Saxon poem beautifully illuminated, and promised to give it as a reward to the first of her children who was able to read it; and that he studied so diligently as to become entitled to the prize, which was accordingly awarded to him. This incident brings home to us the scantiness of the facilities for acquiring knowledge in those old times, and the extra merit of the industrious pursuit of it in the face of the difficulties with which it was surrounded. Asserius Menevensis was the friend, tutor, and biographer of King Alfred. When he wrote out this little incident, which so many transcribers of his annals have copied, it was as though he was holding up a veritable illumination to show us the pith of the times.

Looking back to the period of the earliest sacred manuscripts, we may take it for granted that as Moses was instructed in all the knowledge of the Egyptians he could read their papyri. There is only one book mentioned before his time, which is the book of the generations of Adam; the second book to which allusion is made is that which he was commanded to make as a memorial that Amalek was to be put out of remembrance. When he asked for forgiveness for the backsliding Israelites, he said, "If Thou wilt, forgive their sin; and, if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy Book, which Thou hast written." Another early book is alluded to in Numbers as the book of the wars of the Lord. When Samuel proclaimed Saul king, he told the people the manner of the kingdom, and wrote it in a book. Rolls are also mentioned. King Darius ordered a search to be made in the house of the rolls for record of any decree by Cyrus the King as to the building of the new temple at

Jerusalem, and the restoration of the vessels taken from the old one when the Jews were carried into captivity. Ezekiel's mission was made known to him in a roll of a book written within and without. Job's curious wish that his adversary would write a book, and the preacher's comment concerning the writing of books having no end, present further aspects of the subject. Writings are frequently mentioned, the most

of those who loved the Lord. In the Gospel according to St. Luke we are told that when Jesus went into the synagogue at Nazareth on the Sabbath Day and stood up to read, there was delivered unto Him the book of the prophet Esaias, from which He read a certain passage, and then closed it and gave it again to the minister. The Apostle Timothy writes that a cloak left at Troas should be sent to him, "and the books,



A PAGE FROM THE "BOOK OF KELLS."

august of all being the tables given to Moses for the Israelites after their deliverance from Egypt and arrival near Mount Sinai, of which we read, "And the writing was the writing of God," and "it was written with the finger of God." Malachi gives us word of a book of remembrance in which was written the names

but especially the parchments." As we turn from this backward glance at the labours of the oldest scribes and artists, it seems superfluous to suggest that some of their works must have been in the Apostle's thoughts when he wrote "especially the parchments."

SARAH WILSON



## POOR PRIDE.

BY ISABEL BELLERBY.

## CHAPTER IV.

**M**ISS FAGAN and her cat were dining. Miss Fagan sat facing a window from which one could see some distance up a road which led to the woods—for No. 32 was a corner house, and its rooms mostly had two windows. The dining-room being at the back of the house, both its windows looked into that side road, but one placed corner-wise commanded quite an extensive view.

Scott sat on the table near his mistress's right hand, and fed daintily off bits she laid on his plate from time to time. He took his meals much more daintily than she did when they were alone. Miss Foster objected as much to see Scott perched on the table as she did to have her cream-jug emptied for Twist's benefit. But Scott, being a cat who loved justice, longed often for the human gift of speech that he might say—

"See now, I live with my mistress, Clara Fagan, because she bought me with money, and because she feeds me regularly, and gives me a warm, soft bed at night. Why should you object to our eating at the same table? I do not make my paws greasy, as she makes her fingers sometimes, by taking bones in them; I do not bolt my food greedily, as she does often when we are alone; I do not put bits of meat and things, that I have left on my plate as not to my liking, for the servant: so why should I not sit on the table? I return to the floor to wash my face when I have finished eating; and there I am again to be preferred to my mistress—for, except in the morning when she rises, she does not wash her face all day."

Scott's reproving glances frequently said this and more, when Miss Foster took tea with Miss Fagan, and objected to his saucer of milk being placed on the table-cloth; but Miss Foster failed to understand him.

"Poor thing! I don't suppose she ever studied Persian!" he would say to himself with a complacent purr, coiling his fine tail around him to show its size. "Now, I understand their language perfectly; but I don't believe either of them ever knows what I wish *them* to hear from me."

He was Persian from the tip of his pink nose to the end of his great tail—a handsome tabby with silver-grey chest, and such a fine ruff round his haughty little head!

While he discussed fried sole in his own dainty fashion, Miss Fagan disposed of three fair-sized fillets, and rang the bell for the stewed kidneys that were to follow. While she waited, her eyes roamed out of the window and up the road just in time to see two figures come out of the woods; and when they came nearer she recognised them as belonging to Miss Foster's new companion and Captain Warre.

"So!"—and Miss Fagan's thin lips closed with a snap that made Scott look up to see if she were catching flies; but the flies had nearly all gone for that year. "Does Miss Foster wait dinner, I wonder, until

her companion chooses to walk in? She knew Captain Warre before she came here—so Amelia Foster says. Well, I shouldn't wonder if she did! How slow they are to part! I'd give something to hear what they are talking about!"

It would not have enlightened her much, though it would have raised her curiosity to boiling pitch to have heard those concluding remarks.

"I owe you a good turn, you know," Lilian Paule was saying, very earnestly, "and I shall be only too glad to find I've paid it. Now, you'll do it, and not draw back, won't you?"

"Ye-es—only I must say I'm doubtful——"

"Pooh! 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' you know."

"Just what my father said to me a week ago," and he smiled.

"You'll call to-day?" she continued.

"Yes, I'll call; I don't believe she'll see me."

"I bet you she will. Don't come any further; it's as well we shouldn't be seen together. Good-bye. Miss Foster will be ready to shake me for being so late; but how was I to know I should lose my way?"

Captain Warre returned home through the woods, and Miss Paule hastened into fuller view of Miss Fagan's peephole, and was sharp enough to guess that she had probably been noticed while taking what seemed a lingering farewell of Reginald Warre.

"Now I come to think of it, we shook hands twice, and that little cat will have seen, and she will make the most of it. How I detest her! The cat and the mistress ought to change places in that house—both are as selfish as they can be; but there must be something honest and high-minded about Scott, or that little dog Twist wouldn't chum up with him so. He won't let Miss Fagan touch him, I notice—little Twist won't."

She turned the corner and received a volley of barks from Mr. Twist's small mouth as she passed Miss Fraser's garden.

"You're no use, Twistie! You bark alike at friend and foe. Shut your mouth, little dogums—shut your mouth, sir!—Oh, Miss Foster, I'm so sorry to be late. I lost my way in the woods, and was fast losing myself when Captain Warre came along, just at the right moment. He said if I had gone on the way I was going, I should have reached a place called Purle by about two o'clock. It was one, then, by his watch. He very kindly brought me right out to this road, close here. I can't tell you how sorry I am!"

Her smiling penitence soon thawed Miss Foster, who had found the last two hours woefully dull. She had a cold, and would not venture out, so had told Miss Paule she had better take a walk by herself to keep her in health.

Nothing but a cold ever kept Miss Foster in the house. She always declared she expected a bad cold as autumn crept on; and then she nursed it so well that



she was free from a second attack for the whole of the winter.

Calling that afternoon at Long Reach, Captain Warre met Miss Fagan coming down the garden path. He raised his hat, and paused a moment to criticise the weather.

Had Lillian Paule been present to tell him that Miss Fagan had been doing her best to instil doubts of his single-mindedness into Drusy Weston's heart, he would have preferred, instead of discussing the weather, to have told Miss Fagan what a mean specimen of womankind he thought her.

In ignorance of the evil she had tried to accom-

"The Misses Weston at home?"

"Yes, sir," and Ellen smirked beamingly as she showed Captain Warre into the drawing-room.

They had seen him coming, of course, and Drusy had stood her ground with a burning little patch of crimson in each cheek.

"Don't be afraid that I shall run away this time, Margery. What a conceited little fool he must have thought me to take his attentions seriously! I might have known men of his class cannot live without the amusement of breaking as many hearts as possible in the course of a year. Not that he is likely ever to break *mine*!"



"I am fortunate to find you both in."

plish, he passed on up the path and rang the hall-door bell.

It was strange that neither Mrs. Pearson nor Miss Fagan should have reflected, before giving their mischievous tongues full license, that Captain Warre was as likely to suffer as Drusy herself by their mischief-making. Mrs. Pearson had been led on through dislike to the feeling of superiority over herself which the Weston girls unconsciously made only too evident to her narrowest of narrow minds.

Miss Fagan took up the ball she—Mrs. Pearson—had set rolling, out of jealousy, because she knew Miss Fraser had been admitted the day before to the downstairs sanctum at Long Reach. In fact, it was a two-sided jealousy, for it took in Miss Foster, because she was able to afford a companion—a luxury not to be thought of by Miss Fagan; and therefore the unfortunate companion was sure of No. 32's unquenchable enmity.

And up went the thoroughbred little head as Reginald Warre's voice was heard without.

"I am fortunate to find you both in," he began, in his pleasant, manly way, glancing with undisguised admiration at Drusy, who, being in a royal rage with the whole world, but particularly with him and herself, was looking marvellously pretty, her eyes shining like stars and her cheeks crimsoned with angry blood. "I have come to say good-bye," he continued, "for my father, as well as myself. He was coming with me, only Rickard came in and detained him as we were starting; so he desired me to convey his apologies and farewells. We leave for town in the morning—my aunt is not well."

"Lady Vanborough? I am sorry—she is not seriously ill, I hope?"

Drusy spoke sympathetically, yet with a something in tone and manner that made Reginald tell himself he had been worrying for nothing.



She hadn't been rendered uncomfortable by the nonsense that had been floating about the town, or she would not look like that at him—as cool and possessed as Lilian Paule herself.

"Not seriously, thanks; only the doctor recommends her to keep to the house for a few weeks, and she finds it dull. So we are going to try and cheer her up a bit."

"I hope you will succeed."

And that was all Drusy seemed inclined to say.

But Margery, carefully refusing to meet her sister's eyes, said—

"We are going up the day after to-morrow to get Phil's house in order by the time she comes back. Dr. Kershaw has to return on Saturday—a short honeymoon, isn't it? We find it even duller without her than we had expected, so we shall stay some time at Norwood—not with her, though; newly married people don't want other folks always about the place, you know. We shall board with some people Dr. Kershaw knows."

"How strange that you should be going, too!" Captain Warre pulled his moustache and looked pleased. "I hope we shall run up against you somewhere."

"That is most unlikely," Drusy put in hastily. "London is not like Winchmore, you know. Here everyone knows everyone else; but in town it is so different. A hardworking suburban doctor's circle of friends is hardly likely to touch Lady Vanborough's circle at any one point."

He felt snubbed; and asked himself what he had done to deserve it.

Such a comical expression of suffering stole over his face that Margery nearly laughed. It was rather amusing altogether, she thought. Here were she and Drusy running away to avoid Captain Warre and all the absurd (that was Drusy's word) rumours afloat; and here was Captain Warre running away—possibly because he guessed Drusy would rather not see much of him just at present—and they were both going to London. Well, London was big enough to hide each from the other; only it was evident that—in spite of Miss Fagan's broad hints about Miss Foster's companion—Captain Warre was as anxious to meet Drusy in town as she was anxious he shouldn't.

"But you will be going into the Park, and so on?" he suggested.

"It is uncertain. We shall be too busy to go anywhere." This from Drusy, of course.

"At first, perhaps. But later?"

"I don't know. We have not decided. It will all depend."

"On what?"

"Oh! On—on—several things. Philippa for one. She will probably prefer to spend most of her time at home, for Dr. Kershaw will not be able to get away very often."

"I suppose not."

His unfortunate moustache came in for a tremendous amount of tugging. This girl was more unapproachable than ever. He felt he might as well have remained at home, in spite of Lilian Paule's advice.

Margery tried to make conversation; but, as she

could not be expected to talk for all three, she failed lamentably. Drusy entrenched herself behind her pride until she became monosyllabic; and this had such a crushing effect on Captain Warre that he was not a bit better. Ten minutes of this sort of thing was about all even Margery was capable of enduring. Thus—

Margery: There was a lovely tide this morning. Were you out?

Captain Warre: No; I was not out this morning.

Margery: Drusy and I walked as far as Pen Point. The waves were grand out there—weren't they, Drusy?

Drusy: Very grand.

Margery: It was not a sight to be missed, I can tell you, Captain Warre, even by us residents; and you are here only occasionally, you know.

Captain Warre: That's all.

Margery: Do you know if it is decided to build a lighthouse on Pen Point?

Captain Warre: I really don't know.

Margery: It ought to have been built long ago: don't you think so?

Captain Warre: Certainly I do.

Margery: What was it you were reading about it in last week's *Gazette*, Drusy?

Drusy: I don't remember.

When Reginald Warre had taken his departure, Margery stretched herself and yawned, with the feeling that she had done a hard day's work.

"I would rather address a meeting—a political meeting—than I would be compelled to make talk for you two again. Next time Captain Warre comes I shall go and sit on the stile in the orchard, and leave you to entertain him, Drusy. A nice lively couple you are, upon my word! I don't blame him for turning his thoughts to Miss Paule by way of a change; at least, she has plenty to say for herself."

This was Margery's revenge for the "difficult" quarter of an hour Drusy had given her.

## CHAPTER V

"PHIL ought to be a happy woman, if ever there was one!" exclaimed Margery, when she and Drusy had finished inspecting Mrs. Theo Kershaw's new home.

"Happiness isn't ruled by oughts," murmured Drusy dreamily, coaxing a "Gondolied" out of the Broadwood grand the young doctor had himself selected for his wife. "She deserves something—much—by way of compensation for accepting the position of a perpetual sneeze. Ker-shaw! Just listen! One might as well be called Kashoo, or Arashoo, or any other involuntary sound."

Drusy had brightened wonderfully during the few hours since she had left Winchmore and its objectionable gossip behind her. Margery regarded her with great satisfaction that their experiment should, so far, have succeeded.

While the piano was still yielding its sweetness in response to that tender touch—now evoking a melody of Rubinstein's—a carriage of some sort stopped at the door, and a masculine voice was heard inquiring if the Misses Weston had arrived; and Theo Kershaw's little "Buttons" ushered a big man into

the drawing-room, under the name of "Dr. Fergusson."

The girls knew this was the man who had taken Theo into partnership on very easy terms—himself being well-to-do, and Theo only a poor struggler in the ranks.

"Kershaw wrote me that you would be here to-day. I have run in for a moment to apologise for not meeting you at Paddington; but I really could not get away."

"Indeed, we never expected you to meet us—did we, Margery! Of course, you are extra-busy, with Theo away."

Drusy laid her slender hand in his, and looked up with smiling confidence into his deeply set blue-black eyes. His skin was fair, and his hair and moustache were light—a sort of tow-colour; but his eyes looked very dark. They had heard so much good of this big Stuart Fergusson that they felt they must begin to like him at once.

He glanced from Drusy's tall slender figure to Margery's compact one.

"She's the stronger of the two," was the first comparison he drew as he sat down and began to talk. A physician to his fingertips, it was always their health he thought of first, when making fresh acquaintances. "I hope Kershaw's wife is more like her than the other; but I don't think he'd be wicked enough to marry a delicate woman."

In less than five minutes the three felt thoroughly at home with each other.

"It was arranged that we should come and see that all was cosy by the time Phil got back," said Drusy presently; "but we didn't know then how dull Long Reach would seem without her. Long Reach is the name of our house, you know. It seemed almost unbearable—didn't it, Margery? So we decided we would stay here some weeks. Not *here*—not at this house, I mean—Theo and Phil would wish us further;" and she stopped to laugh a little. "We are going to board with some people called Thornton. Theo has written to them about it, and we are going

to see them in the morning. Do they live far from here, do you know, Dr. Fergusson?"

"About five minutes' walk. You go down this road and take the first turning to the right, then the first to the left, and there you are—about the tenth house along; it's called Admaston."

"Buttons," who was a capital substitute for a parlour-maid, and did not require such high wages, brought in tea; and, when he had drunk, thirstily, two cups, Dr. Fergusson took his leave.

"I like him immensely, Margery; don't you?"

"Yes, I do. He is big, and strong, and gentle; and the combination is pleasant. How small his hands are for such a large man!"

"Yes, they are. Well, as we shall, I suppose, see pretty much of him, I am glad he is what he is."

"Can't help seeing pretty much of him, if we only



"I trust you won't particularly object to my company," said Dr. Fergusson.—p. 102.

meet him once in a twelvemonth," murmured Margery frivolously. "Shall we be lazy this evening, Drusy? We have all to-morrow and part of Saturday to work in; and everything is in such apple-pie order that there is not half as much to do as we expected, is there?"

"No; except that the apple-pie order is too excessive to be allowed to remain. I want to upset things a bit, and make them look homelike."

"Well, we can do that to-morrow. Go on playing, there's a dear; I am just in the mood for music."

Ten minutes later, when Drusy looked round—suspicious of the perfect silence—Margery's brown head was nestling against the ruby-coloured cushions on the couch, and Margery herself was in dream-land.

"Wollaston" looked the picture of comfort, and a very ideal home, the young bride thought when she entered it, with her husband's whispered welcome in her ears, and her dearly-loved sisters waiting to greet her.

"Everything is perfect!" she declared. "You knew just what I should like, Theo."

"Drusy and Margery have shifted things a bit, so that they don't look so uncompromisingly stiff," he replied. "I was here a whole week alone, you know; the maids and the upholsterer's men had arranged it all to their liking, and I declare I hardly ventured to lounge, however tired I felt; the things looked so reproachfully upright and correct, somehow. I used to shy the cushions about, and see if that made any difference; but it didn't a bit."

Dr. Fergusson came in to dinner, but said he could not stay long, as he had a friend coming to spend Sunday.

"Eden, you know," he added, for his partner's edification.

"Eden? Oh, Phil will like to know him. It's the scribbler I told you of, Phil—a clever fellow, and capital company."

"Perhaps"—Phil spoke timidly: it was the first invitation she had given in her new home—"perhaps Dr. Fergusson will bring him to-morrow, and introduce him to me."

"Bring him to dinner, Fergusson; and tell him to be in good form, as three ladies will be present."

"Rather a change from our bachelor gatherings," smiled Dr. Fergusson.—"Thanks, Mrs. Kershaw; I will bring him—he'll be delighted to come."

Mrs. Thornton's boarders took possession of their rooms that night; but they did not trouble her much next day, for, after morning church, they went to "Wollaston" and remained there until evening.

Dinner was at two o'clock. At a quarter before two Dr. Fergusson arrived with his friend, a man of eight-and-twenty or thirty, bearing a striking resemblance to Reginald Warre—indeed, at the first glimpse of his figure, as she watched him from the window, coming up the garden path, Drusy's heart gave a jump, and began to beat rapidly; but a closer inspection revealed points of difference. Mr. Eden wore nose-glasses, and had a thick crop of closely curling hair. Moreover, his clothes lacked that military cut—or inevitable something—which was part and parcel of

Captain Warre's appearance; also Mr. Eden seemed blessed with higher spirits, though there was a similarity, even in voice and laugh, to Captain Warre which made Drusy, at least, think often of him during the day. His name, too, was Rex, which is used as short for Reginald.

"Fancy a fellow getting christened 'Rex' and nothing else!" he said whimsically. "One might as well be a dog. My godparents evidently thought I was born to a crown! Well, it's not much trouble to sign, anyway."

"And won't give your wife an occasion to stumble in the marriage service," said Dr. Kershaw, with a glance at Phil. "Do you remember, Margery?—I, Philippa Gertrude, take thee, Theodore Wilfred K-Kennedy—"

"Be quiet, sir!" commanded Phil. "I hope it is not many unfortunate brides who have to get through such a name—Theodore Wilfred Kennedy Kershaw—did you ever hear such a mouthful?"

"You hadn't to say 'Kershaw,'" her husband reminded her.

"I had to say quite enough!" was the crushing reply. "Come, sisters mine, we will leave these gentlemen to discuss the doings and misdoings of Parliament on the opium question. I know Dr. Fergusson is a politician, and I am grateful to him for not mixing politics with his dinner."

But neither Parliament nor anything else claimed the masculine attention very long after those three seats at the dinner-table had been vacated. Theo Kershaw soon made a move, and the others were willing to follow.

Drusy had taken possession of the Broadwood, which was giving forth Beethoven's "Sonate Pathétique" in answer to her fingers' skilful touch; and Beethoven well rendered is not to be despised.

Theo went straight to his wife, who had found a corner behind the heavy curtains in the bay window.

A moment's hesitation on Dr. Fergusson's part, and Rex Eden glided into a seat by the piano.

"Kismet!" murmured Stuart Fergusson under his tow-coloured moustache; and straightway he took possession of the largest chair in the room, after moving it nearer to the one Margery had taken.

"You don't mind having me near?" he whispered, as she looked up a moment, rather impatiently, he thought.

A smile broke over her face, like a gleam of sunshine.

"Of course not," she whispered back. "Why should I?"

"I won't talk," he promised, "except between the pieces."

And then he fell to studying her small head with its crown of brown curls, and her soft white neck, and her good-tempered looking mouth; and he decided that Margery Weston was not at all beautiful, scarcely pretty: the very reverse of his ideal, who was tall and stately, and unmoved by human passions and weaknesses; who had golden hair, and calm blue eyes, and perfectly curved lips.

No; Margery Weston was the reverse of all this. She was just an ordinary girl to look at; and probably



"He sat down by her . . . hidden from the others."—p. 103.

ordinary, too, in the way of being partly good and partly bad.

She was the sort of girl to take the fancy of many men, but—and as this thought came to him, Dr. Fergusson looked at her with more interest still—she would only care for one out of the many. He could not tell what made him think this; but he not only thought it, he *felt* it. And that one she would love with a tenderness and passion his ideal would never be capable of feeling—would look down on, possibly, as being "bad form."

"Yet," thought this grave man of medicine, "I think I should like my wife to love me like that. Good heavens!—what would I not make her life if she did! I would—Stuart, don't be an old fool! You are thirty-three, you have grey hairs, and you are a regular old bachelor—an antiquated fogey, who has actually had a touch of gout. Out upon you, idle dreamer—middle-aged man! . . . What are those two at the piano saying, I wonder? How *can* that girl talk while she plays? Margery can't even talk while she listens."

#### CHAPTER VI.

DRUSY could talk easily, as a rule, while she played modern music. Beethoven was another matter. It was Rex Eden who was doing the talking; she was only listening, and listening, and listening, and saying to herself that she understood now why she had felt drawn to Reginald Warre. There was much in him that was in sympathy with herself; but he had lacked much, too—lacked a great deal that Rex Eden appeared to possess. Now, *he* had a soul that music could move to swift invention, though he said afterwards that it was not invention at all—the music had drawn the words out of him.

While she played he painted pictures with his tongue—painted them so plainly that she saw all he described, heard all his words suggested; and so she played, on and on, and he talked to her, and neither seemed to tire.

Margery wondered what had come to her sister—was she never going to stop?

Just then Dr. Fergusson leaned forward, and whispered in her ear—



"Do you believe in affinities?"

She smiled, and the smile became a laugh—a soft, subdued laugh that attracted no attention.

"What a ridiculous question! Why do you ask?" she whispered back.

"I only wanted to know—that's all." But he was smiling, too—especially with his eyes. "Those two behind the curtain, there, and those two at the piano, and you and I quite out of it—you bored to death, and I—"

"And you?" she repeated.

"And I so sorry for you," he concluded softly.

"You needn't be—I am not bored at all. I would ask you if you were; but, of course, you would say no. I am well entertained; I can listen to music for ever when people play like Drusy. She does play well, doesn't she?"

"Very well. And you?"

"Oh, I play, of course—but not like Drusy. I manage the accompaniment of the few songs I know, and I can get through one or two simple airs."

At that moment Drusy changed her subject—gliding, by a few improvised chords, from a bit of the "Stabat Mater" to a quaint hymn tune.

"My very own!" she said to Rex Eden.

And again Margery said to herself—

"Will she never tire? What *has* come to her to-day?"

Stuart Fergusson leaned towards her, and asked most humbly, in the lowest of undertones—

"May I talk a little? Nature never meant me to be silent for long at a time; my tongue gets cramp if I am."

Margery choked down a laugh.

"Well, what do you want to talk about?"

"Mrs. Spottletoe."

Margery turned and looked at him; his face was as grave as a mustard-pot, and his eyes rested on Drusy.

"Mrs. Spottletoe?" she murmured questioningly.

"Surely she was an ancestress of your sister's?" he said solemnly, looking at her now without a twinkle in his eyes.

"Surely this big man talks a lot of nonsense!" said Margery to herself. Aloud she continued: "Drusy is not so thin as all that, Dr. Fergusson; she is slender, certainly, but I think her figure most graceful."

"Thank you," was all his reply. "You have told me two things I wanted to know, without my having to ask directly. You read Dickens, and you are fond of your sister."

"Why, of course—to both." Margery's eyes opened a little.

"No 'of course' about it. I was dining somewhere about a month ago, and I had to take a very fashionable young lady in to dinner. She *could* talk I knew, because I had more than once seen her 'go the pace' (excuse the slang; it is hers, not mine) with more fortunate men; but I, somehow, was out of it, and we were getting stranded on that worst of all coasts to near at a dinner party—Silence—Silence utter and unbreakable. I sought in my mind for the pilot that should sail us into deep water again. I

tried to be original, but failed. All it occurred to me to say was—'Which do you like better, Sam Weller or Mark Tapley?' She looked at me; she looked me up and down; she looked me down and up; and then replied severely—'I have never met either. Stay, though!'—suddenly brightening—*are they two of your horses?* It is a fact, really, Miss Margery. That young lady was not ashamed to own that she hadn't read Dickens."

They all attended evening service, with the exception of Dr. Fergusson, who had to see one or two patients. Theo offered to see them instead, but his "senior" would not hear of it.

"Be happy while you may, my dear fellow," said he, with his genial smile. "You shall go into harness again to-morrow morning."

Margery tried hard not to feel there was a something missing as the five started for church. She walked with Phil and her husband, who were as happy as it is given to mortals to be; so happy that they wanted to make the world brighter for everyone they met. Margery, coming under the direct influence of this desire, could not complain that she was neglected; and she did not want to change places either with Phil or with Drusy, who was marching on ahead with Rex Eden as contentedly as if she had known him all her life. Yet Margery was conscious of that only half-divined sensation of there being something missing. She thought vaguely of the walk to church at Long Reach. Was it that she was hankering after? Did she want to cover the same ground she had covered week after week, with a few exceptions, all the years of her life? Was she longing for a sight of the old church tower, with its clock, which was generally ten minutes late?

But no; she did not wish to be back at Long Reach; she did not wish to be anywhere in particular; on the whole, she was quite satisfied to be walking to church at Norwood with her two sisters, and Theo, and Mr. Eden. Of course she was satisfied; why should she not be?

Only when, in the hymn before the sermon, a tall, big man, with a tow-coloured moustache, came quietly into church, and took a vacant seat not far from them, things seemed more complete, somehow.

"We shall be equal numbers walking home," thought Margery; "Theo and Phil will be glad to be alone." And then she listened reverently to the text, and gave her attention to the sermon.

"I trust you won't particularly object to my company, Miss Margery," said Dr. Fergusson, taking possession of her and her books in the porch, the other four having paired off as a matter of course. "It is only natural that Kershaw and his wife should like to be side by side every minute of their time; and it looks uncommonly as though Eden considered it as natural for him to monopolise Miss Weston. I don't complain, but you may. I am rather a large person; it is quite possible to get too much of me."

"Don't you think it would be wise of me to speak plainly?" asked Margery, smiling a little, for all her



voice sounded so very business-like. "If I say merely, 'Indeed no! please do not think your company wearies me,' it would no doubt sound quite correct; but you might not believe I meant what I said. So I say instead—I know how good you have been to Theo; he would not have been in a position to marry for years to come, had you not taken him into partnership. I am as fond of him as if he were really my brother; and I can see that he and Phil are *very* happy at being together. Therefore, Dr. Fergusson, I already feel grateful towards you, and the gratitude does not impose a burden on me as being a debt I must pay. And now, perhaps, you won't think it necessary to make any more polite speeches, etc., etc."

He laughed so heartily that she joined in; though she could not see there was anything to laugh at in what she had said—she had meant every word.

"I won't be ceremonious any more, Miss Margery. What has that shabby old dame Fate been about that she did not introduce us years ago? You are as honest and plain-spoken as I like to be myself when I meet people who—read Dickens."

After that, knowing how he loved his work, she got him to talk of it; and the time passed quickly enough for both.

When they had partaken of a light supper, Drusy rose to fetch her hat.

"You won't mind our going now, Phil?"

"You are to please yourselves as much as if you were at Long Reach," declared Phil. "Go when you like, and come when you like: you know how glad I am to have you here."

There was much wishing of good-nights: and then the young husband and wife closed the door on their guests, and returned to the drawing-room arm-in-arm, each conscious that, though the whole world departed from their doors, there would be no loneliness for them so long as they were together.

Drusy and Rex Eden led the way again. He began to speak of their next meeting.

"I shall have to leave by an early train in the morning: and my diggings are quite at the other end of London—up Hampstead way. I have a mind to shift."

"You haven't answered the question I asked you as we went to church," said Drusy, not venturing to discuss the matter of their next meeting, lest she should betray the fact that she would be looking forward to it almost as much as he professed to be.

"Oh, I write articles and things for a magazine or two: and one evening paper. I make enough to keep me going. Fortunately I don't depend entirely on my own exertions: there are a few thousands put out to nurse against the day when I see the chance of starting a house of my own."

"You live alone in lodgings?"

"My father is with me at present. To-day he is spending with friends. He goes away on Tuesday or Wednesday, so, after that, my evenings will be my own."

"Drusy! Where are you going, dear?" Margery's voice reminded Drusy that she had passed Admaston.

"A clear case of it with both!" murmured

Fergusson, bending to look into his companion's face as they passed a lamp-post. "You don't look very pleased."

"I am not sure that I am. I think I half wished—but, there, I must not tell you of that: it is not my secret."

"If I had a sister—" said Dr. Fergusson musingly: "I had one once; but she died years ago—had I one now, of your sister's age and temperament, I think I would rather give her to Eden than to any man I know."

"Thank you, Dr. Fergusson. Well, I must try and be glad; if it is to be."

"If it is to be! Five important little words, aren't they? Good-night! Good-night, Miss Weston."

#### CHAPTER VII.

"I DON'T care much for going about," observed Drusy, after a day spent partly in shopping and partly at the Doré Gallery—where they had come face to face with Captain Warre, who was wandering about alone. "Doré is rather heavy entertainment: don't you think so, Margery?"

"No, I don't: and I have known you enjoy him before now. You are tired, that is all; and you didn't like Reginald Warre turning up. Confess, now! Hadn't that something to do with it?"

"Perhaps. I wish he was not such a dutiful son: it is so tiresome to know that he intends carrying out his father's wishes, or trying to do so. I think I will stay at home—here—another day, Margery, when you go anywhere."

"Unless someone else happens to be present who can monopolise you," retorted Margery.

That Somebody had not put in an appearance for several days; and when he next entered the drawing-room at Wollaston, where Phil liked her sisters to spend most of their evenings, Drusy felt half afraid of the sudden rush of joy she experienced.

He sat down by her in the corner where she had established herself with a book; but she had not read a line. Hidden from the others by a large screen, she had given play to her thoughts—safe from all observation.

Phil was trying some new music; and under cover of a rattling *March*, Rex murmured in Drusy's ear—

"What have you been doing since Sunday? It seems years since I saw you."

"We went up to town on Monday, and did the Doré Gallery."

"Oh, yes; Fergusson told me. You met an old friend there?"

"Scarcely a friend. The Warres of St. Onans are a cut above the Westons of Long Reach. And this was Captain Warre—the heir."

"Were he heir to a kingdom, he would not be above you," said Rex in a tone that set her pulses throbbing. "How long have you known him?"

"All my life. But we have not met often, you know. He was at Harrow, and afterwards at Oxford; and then he went abroad with his regiment more than once. His father wants him to resign and settle down at St. Onans; and I think he ought."



"Speak to me, Drusy."—p. 106.

"Because he would be more at Winchmore? Is that what you wish?"

"I didn't say I wished anything; and certainly I don't wish that. Not that it matters to me—anything that he does."

"You don't like him?"

"Oh, yes, I do. But, as I said just now, he is a Warre of St. Ouans, while I am a Weston of Long Reach. Our paths in life can only touch now and again, at no important parts."

"What is he like to look at?"

"Take off your glasses—make your hair straight, and you have him almost exactly."

"Humph! Like me, is he? I ought to feel honoured to resemble closely so important a person as a Warre of St. Ouans. But don't let me waste time

talking of him; tell me about yourself—what else have you been doing?"

"Nothing."

"All day Tuesday?"

"Nothing."

"All day Wednesday?"

"Still nothing," she laughed merrily. "Really, I did nothing but mope and wish the weather would clear. Of course, I ought to have occupied myself with making things for the natives of the South Sea Islands——"

"They wouldn't wear 'em, if you did!" interrupted Rex.

"Well, for our own English poor, then."

"Their parents would pawn or sell the things. Fancy such people getting hold of anything *you* had made! But what have you been doing to-day?"

"Again, nothing—except to try and paint the weather we had yesterday and the day before, and the fearful mud it produced."

"You are fond of painting?"

"Yes, rather."

"But music comes first?"

"Oh, yes. What a pretty thing Phil is playing now!"

"Like a breeze on a hot summer day, isn't it? It is skimming along a common and finding its way into a wood where there are hundreds of ferns, and the fronds shake themselves gently as it reaches them, and they listen for the messages it brings from far away. Now it is out of the wood again, nearing a garden where the flowers bow down to greet it. And now it is making for that open window, where a girl bends over a letter she has had from her lover; the breeze stirs the little rings of hair on her forehead—she

has black hair, like yours—and it tries to read her letter, but can't do it without rustling the paper, and she puts her hand over the pages and closes the window to shut out the breeze. And now the little thing is tired; listen! how weary it sounds—sobbing faintly on the air as it rises, rises, rises, until it reaches yonder cloud, and sails away with it, sighing peacefully, having found a resting-place at last."

The music ceased—dying away in the softest whisper, the murmuring voice at her side became silent, and Drusy drew a deep breath.

"If you write as you talk—do you?"

"I suppose so—sometimes."

"I should like to read what you write. How people must like to listen to you—they do, don't they?"

"I think not much; I can't talk to everyone—you alone draw it from me—what the music says, or the silence, or the noise of the streets. I have been wishing you were with me these three days: there was no one to tell my thoughts to. Your very presence inspires me. I feel a different being when I am with you."

His voice dropped to a whisper—as the music had done. She could hear the heavy throb—throbbing of his heart, and feel his quick breath on her cheek.

Afraid of—she knew not what; longing to be silent, yet dreading what might happen, she rushed into ordinary every-day speech.

"Has your father gone?"

Rex drew in his breath and pulled himself together. Almost had he spoken of the love that was consuming him; and, had he spoken, he might have lost her for ever—so he told himself as he answered her question.

"He went this morning. It has been an eventful day for me. First, I had to get up an hour earlier than usual, because my father wanted to leave by a particularly early train. Then my landlady turned crusty because I forgot to wipe my boots last evening before going up-stairs to my rooms. I wanted an excuse to change my diggings; so I gave her a week's pay, and packed up my traps. After a long morning's work and a very indifferent luncheon, I hailed a cab and got in with all my bags and things, and had myself driven to Fergusson's house. That cost me—I won't tell you how much. Leaving my traps in the hall, I sallied forth in search of rooms, and ran up against Fergusson himself. He settled the matter for me by insisting on my being his guest until I find something to suit me. So now I am a near neighbour of yours."

"Are you? Where does Dr. Fergusson live?"

"About three minutes' walk from your place; the house is called Ellesmere."

The next evening Rex arrived, carrying a violin case.

Margery clapped her hands.

"I thought you must play *some* instrument, Mr. Eden—you seem so thoroughly musical. Now I shall look forward to some lovely duets. Drusy began to learn the violin last year, after being 'fired' by hearing Sarasate; but she couldn't find a teacher to her liking at Winchmore."

"They were all talk and no soul," protested Drusy. "I tried three—two at Winchmore, and one who used to come once a week from Fishley to give lessons at a school. But neither of them pleased me, so I gave it up."

She had never told even Margery that Reginald Warre had had as much to do with her giving it up as had the incompetent instructors. Captain Warre had confessed to a preference for the violin over any other instrument, had owned to having studied it himself, and, on one occasion, when Margery was not present, had suggested diffidently that, if agreeable to Miss Weston, he might bring his violin some day and try some duets.

Apparently, it was not agreeable to Miss Weston,

for then and there she declared her inability to play, and her intention of not wasting further time on the subject.

Now Rex Eden went further than Reginald Warre had dared to go. As he took his instrument from its case with tender, loving touch, he said in eager undertone—

"Have you got it still? Your violin?"

"Yes; at home."

"Send for it, will you? And see if I should satisfy you as a master."

She had no doubt whatever about it, for her heart owned him proudly as master of herself and her whole life; if they parted that night never to meet again, the memory of this past week—of the hold he had gained of her innermost thoughts—would be with her always, influencing her entire future; she knew this well enough, but all she said was—

"I must hear you play first."

"If you like my playing, will you send for it?"

"I will think about it," she promised; and there was no fear of her breaking her word, for she thought of little else all the evening.

The first thing he played was a delightful little bit of Sarasate's. Drusy had heard the great violinist give it at the concert she had attended. Rex Eden's rendering was, of course, inferior, but his soul was in his finger-tips for the time being, and he had the power to carry his audience whither he wished them to go.

Drusy did not join in the thanks that were showered upon him as the last note died away; she looked at him with shining eyes—the girl lost for the moment in the musician.

"Will you teach me? Will you, really? You have genius; none of those others had anything but talent; talent can make correct sounds, but only genius can make the sounds live."

"I was mistaken for once," thought Dr. Fergusson; "it is not so much delicacy of constitution as a sort of nervous genius of her own that gives her that fragile appearance; she looks half a spirit at this moment. If those two marry, and no meddling stupid makes mischief between them afterwards concerning worldly matters, they will live in heaven while still treading this prosaic earth. As Rex himself would say—their souls have met and touched. Just look at them now! Their humanity is a thing forgotten by both; love has done wonders for Rex; I never knew he had a spark of genius in him. Oh, you stupid! Why couldn't you keep that out of your eyes?"

For Rex, being the first to come back to things material, recognised the perfect beauty of Drusy's face, transfigured as it was in that great moment of supreme delight; and an expression of worshipful admiring love stole into his eyes, under which Drusy's drooped and fell, while a warm blush spread over her face and neck. She shrank back and sat down by Phil, who took her hand and patted it gently, feeling touched, as the others had been, by the little scene enacted before them by these unconfessed lovers.

"Margery, sing something, dear."

Margery, understanding as well as though Phil had said so, that she was to sing to give Drusy time to recover herself, moved to the piano, and selected "The Garden of Sleep." Rex, with a hot glow in his cheeks, established himself by her side to turn over the leaves.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

A WHOLE month had passed since the Westons left Long Reach for Norwood. The four weeks seemed to have flown for both of them. Drusy had sent for her violin, and had had many a lesson from Rex Eden. She practised laboriously—yet that is not the right word to use, for there was nothing laborious about it; she loved it too well for that—and it was evident that, in time, her skill with the violin would equal that she already had with the piano.

There were frequent musical evenings at Wollaston, and often they went up to town for a day, occasionally meeting Captain Warre, who seemed to like getting about alone; and, twice during the month, Stuart Fergusson had given little dinners—dinners that proved a great success. Rex Eden was still domiciled at Ellesmere, and his aid was invaluable in "getting up things," as Fergusson put it. It seemed likely that those two would continue to live together for a time; Fergusson missed Theo, who had been at Ellesmere almost up to the day of his marriage.

When the month was up and Margery suggested that, now Phil had thoroughly settled down in her new house, it was time for her and Drusy to think of going home, Rex Eden "spoke." Drusy broached the subject of their possible departure when she and Rex were alone for half an hour one afternoon. She wanted to see if he would appear sorry to lose her, and would say something about going to Winchmore when she had returned there. But she had not anticipated the sudden rush of words that were poured into her ears—words Rex could no longer refrain from speaking, now he knew he was going to lose her; he felt he could not bear such a loss, and told her so in the first words which occurred to him.

"You have aroused the best part of my nature, Drusy; I feel a different man this last month from what I was before; and if you leave me quite alone I shall slip back into the darkness, and be utterly lost. But you will not do this? You will take my love and myself, and make the best of us both, won't you, darling? I love you so dearly that I cannot picture myself living without you; you are the loadstar of my existence—the very light of my life—the only woman in all the world I ever felt a tenth part of such love for. Speak to me, Drusy! Do not make me feel you are annoyed at my vehemence! Do not say I have spoken too soon! We have been so much together these four weeks; it has been more like four months, hasn't it? I mean that if you stayed at Long Reach always, and I stayed here, we might even know each other four years, or forty, without drawing one-half so close to each other as we are now. For you feel that we are close, don't

you, dear? You seem to be here—right in my heart; for you are never out of my waking thoughts. But why am I talking so much, when you might have told me by now what I am longing to hear—that you are not angry with me for saying all this, and that you—oh! Drusy, say it, darling! say you love me a little?"

He took her hands, and bent low to hear the words Drusy was trying to whisper. But her heart seemed to have risen to her throat; she felt almost choking with its rapid beating, and no words would come.

"Say something!" he implored. "Just one word! Call me 'dear' or 'wretch,' or something to let me know what you mean! Or drag away your hands if you don't want to speak: I shall understand."

But her hands remained in his; and as he clasped them tighter in his joy she got out one word—just his Christian name.

"Rex!"

"Darling! Say that, too, Drusy, and then I will wait for the rest; say 'Rex darling.'"

The first plunge had been made: and now it was a little easier to do as he asked.

"Rex darling!" And with those words her face got hidden on his shoulder: for he had released her hands to fold his arms about her.

Thirty minutes of that sweet solitude, and then Phil and Margery entered the room.

"I may tell then!" murmured Rex. "Ahem! Mrs. Kershaw—that is to say, Phil: and Margery, too. I may call you that now, both of you, mayn't I? You see, Kershaw calls her Drusy; and it's the same thing, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is, as you say so," replied Phil, smiling, while Margery laughed outright, and gave Drusy's arm a loving squeeze. "But you don't explain exactly what—"

"Oh, but you understand all right: you needn't be so hard on a fellow. If you were a man you would know my head feels all in a whirl still, though we have been engaged for the last half-hour haven't we, Drusy?"

Drusy nodded, smiling happily.

"Well, all I can say is," returned Phil, "that if you didn't put things more clearly to Dru than you have just done to us, it does her great credit to have caught your meaning."

"Oh! she understood without any words at all—at least, she would have done so if I hadn't said any—wouldn't you, Drusy? Isn't somebody going to congratulate us? I'm dying to say 'thank you!'"

"I congratulate you with all my heart!" said Phil and Margery together: and Phil added, "If you are only as happy as Theo and I, you will think the world a lovely place."

By the time Rex had said enough 'thank-yous' to satisfy him for the moment, Theo and Stuart Fergusson joined them, and expressed warm approval when they heard the news.

Next morning's post brought, curiously enough, a letter from Miss Fraser, containing news of Reginald Warre. As a reflex of the writer's mind and character, part of the letter is worth giving—



"The most important person of this immediate neighbourhood, after myself, is Twist. I have had to take him to the dentist; and I desired the bill to be sent to Mr. Maver. If a grown man of his years chooses to be baby enough to suck toffee, that is no reason why he should tempt Twist to eat it, to the detriment of his teeth and comfort: the poor beastie was howling with toothache. There was a phonograph man in the town at the time, and by the expenditure of a spare coin or two I persuaded him to take down Twist's howls. Then I arranged with the people who live next door to Thomas Maver to give the man a night's lodging, and to let him sleep in a room adjoining Mr. Maver's bedroom. I became mischievously disposed for the time being, and begged the phonographist, or whatever he calls himself, to sit up for a couple of hours that night while he set his machine at my poor Twist's howling.

"I was told afterwards that Tom Maver caught a severe cold through opening his window and shying things at an invisible dog supposed to be situated in his front garden: next morning the servant picked up three pairs of boots, two hair-brushes, a cake of soap, and various books on the grass-plot under her master's window. I did not quite understand why he was so persuaded the animal was in the garden until Mr. Phonographer explained that he had ventured to exceed my wishes and place his invaluable machine *outside his window*. I felt so gratified at his entering thus fully into the joke that I begged his acceptance of a guinea in excess of the sum we had agreed on.

"Thomas Maver doesn't speak now when he meets me: I think he knows all. But he has paid the dentist's bill, and I fancy he won't waste any more pop-stuff on Twist.

"Scott is far too noble an animal to be house-companion to a creature so small minded as Clara Fagan: she pulled his tail the other day till he squeaked, just because she was in a fury with some human thing she dare not touch: so Scott, rightly resenting such behaviour, has come on a visit to Twist, who welcomes him with a hospitality that I rejoice to see.

"Animals done with, I may descend to man.

"Captain Warre has not by any means settled down yet. He appears by fits and starts, remaining only a few hours at a time; and those hours have been passed so much in the company of Amelia Foster's companion, that it is rumoured he is paying his addresses to her, and that she intends keeping them permanently. His father is still away.

"As for Amelia Foster, if she is not contemplating matrimony she is taking to flirt in her old age most disgracefully. George Harrison is there most days; and yesterday I saw a rocking-chair carried in—a sign that he intends to prolong his visits.

"Clara Fagan I have now little to do with. She has formed an unholy alliance with that vulgar Mrs. Pearson. They are always to be seen together.

"And now, my dear, when are you coming back? Long Reach looks mournful without you, and your old nurse is getting too fat for want of something to worry over. Miss Drusy had better catch a cold, or

something, and come home to be nursed, or the poor soul will soon be unequal to mounting the stairs.

"Twist says he should like a walk. He and Scott desire their respects to you both.

"Your sincere friend,

"BETTY FRASER."

"What jolly letters she writes!" said Margery, after reading it out for Drusy's benefit. "I wonder if there is any truth in that report about Captain Warre and Miss — what was her name?"

"Paule," said Drusy. "I hope there is, and then I shall feel *quite* satisfied that—that he only wanted to please his father. I always thought it was that, and nothing more, you know, Margery."

"Well, time will show; I can't help sharing your hope. When are we to go home, Drusy? I suppose you won't be able to tear yourself away just yet!"

"We might stay another week, don't you think? Rex won't like my leaving in too much of a hurry. He will be here presently for some violin practice; he said he should take a holiday this morning."

He arrived as she finished speaking.

"What! not through breakfast, you lazy girls? Had mine nearly an hour ago. Fergusson wanted to be off early. There's voluminous correspondence!" as he caught sight of Miss Fraser's closely covered sheets.

"You can read it while we are finishing our breakfast," said Margery, tossing the letter across the table to him; "it will keep you quiet."

"I never had a sister," he observed, taking up the letter, "but I perceive one of her self-imposed duties is to snub her brothers. 'Betty Fraser,'" he continued, glancing at the signature: "that is one of the old ladies you speak of sometimes, I presume!"

"The one with the dog," explained Drusy.

Having had things thus far made clear to his comprehension, Rex began to read; but soon stopped to roar with laughter at the account of Miss Fraser's revenge on Mr. Maver.

"What a game old soul! She must be worth knowing."

"She is capable of doing some very comical things," said Margery; "but she is so kind-hearted you can't help liking her."

"The Major Foster of African repute is her brother, Rex; he was knighted for some particularly valorous deed. He is General Sir John Foster now."

"He her brother? Why, I know him—that is, I have met him; though I don't suppose he would remember my name."

He resumed his reading, not speaking again until he reached the end, though a queer look passed over his face once or twice.

"Did you notice the bit about your double?" asked Margery, as he returned the letter. "You see he appears to be contemplating matrimony also."

"Evidently. Do you know the young lady?"

"Very slightly. She was still a new importation when we left home. She is rather what Dr. Fergusson would describe as an Automatic Fashion-plate."

"Yes? Then she'll probably know how to spend her husband's money—when she gets one. That letter



is quite a little peep into Winchmore life. I shall look forward to meeting Miss Fraser."

"She is far and away the best of the Fates, as she calls herself and the other two," said Drusy. "Mr. Maver's name is not so complimentary; he likens them to Macbeth's Witches. I remember asking him once where the likeness came in, and he said he always mixed up thunder, lightning, and rain in his mind with Macbeth's witches; and Miss Fraser answered to Thunder, Miss Foster to Lightning, and Miss Fagan to Rain, because her tears come at a moment's notice. Miss Foster, you know, looks colourless and spiritless, but she can be very terrible

on occasion, while Miss Fraser, you can understand, is capable of being a bit stormy."

"Rather an interesting trio, certainly. But, Drusy, you are not going to hurry back?"

"We were talking of it just before you came. We shall stay another week, at least."

"Only a week? But what is there to take you back at all? Let me go down and fetch your old nurse and lock up the house!"

"What an idea! Why, there are heaps of things to go back for—aren't there, Margery? But we need not decide this moment. Let us have some music, Rex."

(To be continued.)

### THE BEST SERMON.

THE sermon "dull—no eloquence"—"you'd heard it all before"!

You too, sir, found it "commonplace, the same thing o'er and o'er;

No rhetoric, the diction poor, of logic none at all"? And yet, methinks, the Truth spoke in each word that he let fall!

You wish you had for preachers "some more *satisfying* men—

The Reverend Mr. Sounding Brass—as fine with tongue as pen;

Or Mr. Tinkling Cymbal"? They are orators indeed!

Oh, yes! But would they satisfy so well our sorest need?

He at whose words you're carping has a heart of purest gold!

"Not eloquent"? His *actions* make his words of weight untold!

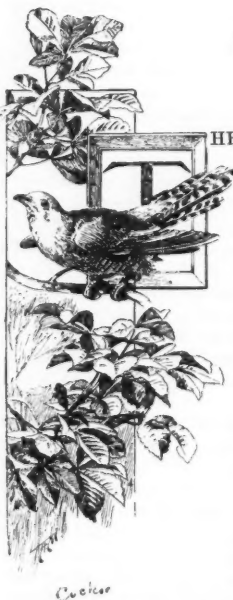
So hard to preach, yet louder speaks than books of sound advice,

His life of loving sacrifice—a sermon beyond price!

### THE WONDER OF A BIRD'S NEST.

(GOD'S HAND IN THE BOOK OF NATURE.)

BY THE REV. B. G. JOHNS, M.A.



THE simple beauty of a bird's nest is a matter of such common talk, and one so well known to all who love to wander in the woods and fields, as to need no further comment. But though there are many who have by chance admired its beauty, yet out of these thousands few have noted as it deserved the wonder and mystery of the whole contrivance; the graceful skill shown in the structure, the art with which it is often concealed, and the patience with which it is always watched and guarded.

For, indeed, why should it so happen that one special class of God's creatures should be so gifted with taste and ingenuity, and what seems a true

sense of beauty, that their handiwork would often tax the utmost labour of man to rival, far more to surpass? Or why, again, should birds build nests at all? Why not simply arrange a few chance sticks or leaves, in the hedgerow, and there leave the few dainty spotted eggs to be hatched, and the young brood to be brought up, fed, and nursed as they best may be? Many other creatures, indeed, provide for, and bring up, their young in this hasty fashion, as if utterly destitute of the wonderful instinct which guides the feathered race. And yet, out of all the thousands of birds who, in this and almost every other land, fill the summer air with songs of joy and love, there are scarcely any that do not build a tiny house and home for their young that has a beauty and completeness of its own.

Each one bird, too, builds after an exact type and fashion of her own; and to this she keeps with unflinching regularity. As a rule, also, the smaller and more insignificant birds are the very ones whose nests betray the greatest art and grace of construction.

But no one bird-builder ever copies her neighbour. No tiny wren sets to work at her dainty house after the fashion of the swallow; no chattering, busy starling imitates the blackbird or the thrush; no



THE NEST IN THE LETTER-BOX.

long-tailed tit forgets the traditions of her own family, or even dreams of a mossy house like that of the robin or the chaffinch.

Each, in fact, contrives and builds, and adorns her nest in that exact way which the wise and good God first taught to the feathered creatures of His hand. The beauty, the fashion, the perfection of the whole structure are from Him, the one source of all that gladdens the eyes, and wins the ear, and rejoices the heart of man, in the fair world that lies round about him.

This year, just as the time for pairing and nesting began, came the long and terrible drought which prevailed in one part of Hampshire for twelve weeks, and the poor birds had a hard time of it. Blue skies and blazing, unbroken sun-shine, and air of intense and sultry heat, day after day, and week after week, almost without a cloud, and absolutely without a drop of rain, though crowned with all the full splendour of summer, by degrees deprived them of every chance of food. Few flies or insects were to be found, and the ground at last was baked into a solid mass, out of which not a worm nor a beetle could make its way. Very few swallows appeared, and even these few vanished after but a short sojourn, to seek for food in some moister and more genial air, if it could be found. But the nightingales came as early and in as great numbers as ever; and, however scanty food might be, began practising their spring-tide love-songs with undiminished vigour. All day long, in the fierce, scorching heat, they sang with loud and happy voice, as if all were well, and would be well, though the grassy turf was burnt up into dusty brown, the leaves on the trees were withering away without strength to unfold, and far and wide by meadow, hedgerow, and wood, not a drop of water was to be had.

Long before April came to an end, the work of nesting had begun; and day after day, all down the avenue of green branches that lines the dusty turnpike road, hidden away in the thickest shade he could

find, you could hear some happy bird singing to his mate busy down below in the thick tangle of bramble and wild rose and shaded grass, where the nest was to be. So many, in fact, were the nests in this one half-mile of wild hedgerow that, hard as it sometimes is to find a nightingale's nest, it was now an easy matter. So beautiful are the eggs, of rich olive brown, and so simply beautiful is the nest, that once seen they can be mistaken for no other. Come with me for a moment into the thick shade among the larches, and there hidden away among the tufts of grass and withered nettle—lies the dainty prize. The outer edge of the nest is mainly made up of the brown, withered leaves of last autumn, the inside being lined with softer and finer shreds that look like skeletons of the red bramble leaf, a morsel or two of wool, and a few strands of horsehair.

You might easily pass it by in the open hedgerow as a mere chance cluster of withered grass, or even here in the shade, were it not for a glimpse you may get of the soft grey and brown wings spread over the precious treasured eggs. Keep perfectly still, or creep out as softly as you made your way in, and the song of the joyful bird, keeping watch above, will go on as happily as ever.

Only a few hundred yards away from this very spot, outside the gate of the Vicarage, facing the high road, is a small letter-box, built into the wall, about a foot high, the slit in it for the admission of letters being five inches by one, and the floor about nine inches by six. Into this narrow space are dropped about a dozen letters and newspapers every day; and here, in this quiet retreat, a long-tailed tit has regularly built her nest for the last fourteen years, as spring-tide comes round again, and the woods wake up once more into active life. The same one bird cannot, of course, have built here all these years—at the most but two or three—but a tit of the same species, and I doubt not of the same family, has always chosen this odd little dark corner for her

nursery—and is here now once more. What can have led bird after bird to make such a strange choice I cannot say; possibly some recollection of the old home, and the happy days of safety spent there. Be that as it may, the fact remains. Within easy reach, not fifty yards away, are at least a score of far more convenient spots for a safe and quiet lodging; but this year, again, in due season, the old letter-box was invaded, and preparation began for a new brood.

On the first day of April, 1893, in the very midst of the long drought, came the first sign that the work had begun. On opening the box, at 7 p.m., to put in a bundle of letters, I saw at the further right-hand corner of the little chamber a few tiny sprays of green moss, which there remained unadded to for about a week. Then, at odd intervals, day by day

the little busy mother added a morsel of wool, a scrap of moss, a bit of withered, dry grass, a few threads of coloured worsted (pulled from an old piece of carpet thrown by chance on the dust-heap), a bunch of soft feathers, more green moss, and, last of all, to line the nest, some pieces of grey and white rabbits' fur—for which she must have searched far and wide through the wood.

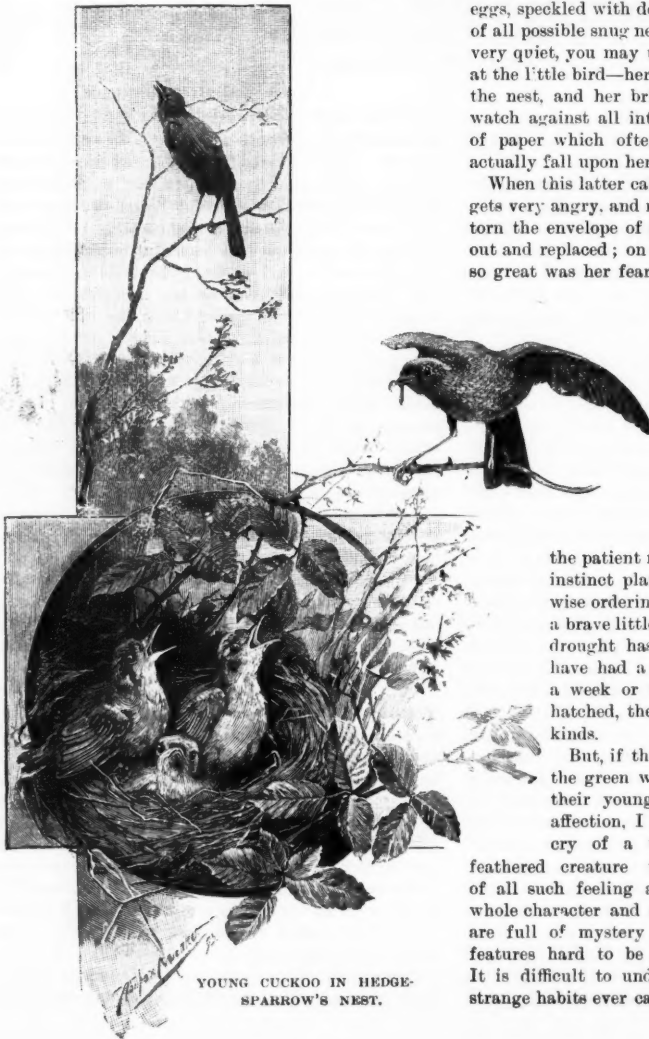
The whole thing was as warm, dainty, and perfect a nursery as could be well devised: being about six inches in depth, and filling up a corner as remote as possible from the daily and perilous avalanche of letters through the tiny window in the opposite wall. Up to May 1st nothing was done but the gradual building-up of the quiet little house and home for the future tits. But, to-day, May 22nd, on which I write, the happy mother is quietly sitting in her dark corner, and with careful wings covering up the tiny white eggs, speckled with dots of rusty pink, in the snugest of all possible snug nests. If you are very careful and very quiet, you may unlock the box, and take a peep at the little bird—her long black tail stretching over the nest, and her bright black eyes eagerly on the watch against all intruders but the harmless sheets of paper which often surround her—and at times actually fall upon her outstretched wings.

When this latter catastrophe happens, she sometimes gets very angry, and more than once has so bitten and torn the envelope of a letter, that it had to be taken out and replaced; on two separate occasions, indeed, so great was her fear of injury to her precious eggs, and so fierce her anger, that the intrusive letter was actually seized on, and in some way or other cast headlong through the narrow slit out into the dusty road. There, luckily, it was picked up and restored to its place.

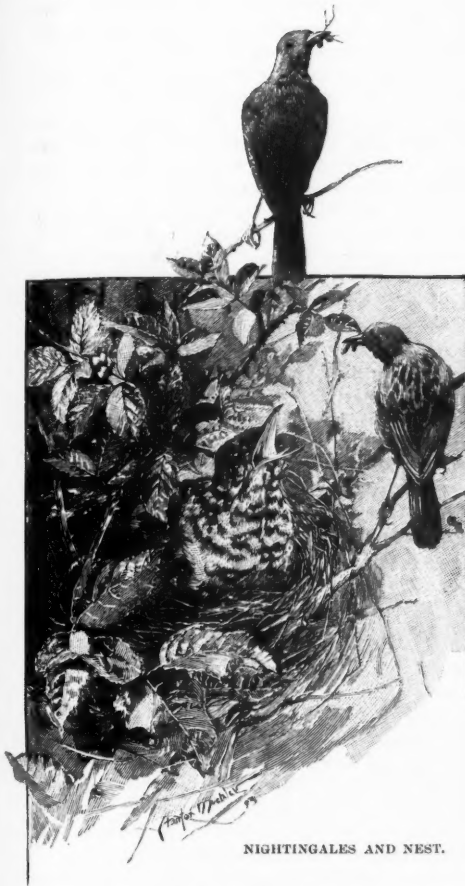
Still, however, in spite of all these difficulties, in spite of the darkness, and the heat, and the crowded space, there sits

the patient nurse, intent only on obeying the instinct planted in her race by the Creator's wise ordering, and resolved to do her duty as a brave little affectionate mother. The long drought has now at last broken up. We have had a few refreshing showers, and in a week or two, when the young birds are hatched, there will be no lack of food of all kinds.

But, if there be hundreds of birds here in the green woods, thus intent on caring for their young with constant and unbroke affection, I am just now reminded, by the cry of a wandering cuckoo, of another feathered creature that seems utterly destitute of all such feeling and all such loving care. The whole character and appearance of this strange bird are full of mystery and apparent anomalies—i.e., features hard to be explained by any known law. It is difficult to understand how any bird of such strange habits ever came into existence among a race



YOUNG CUCKOO IN HEDGE-SPARROW'S NEST.



NIGHTINGALES AND NEST.

of creatures noted for habits, ways, and instincts which the cuckoo defies.

In the first place, he is in colour and plumage far more like a hawk, and yet lives entirely on insects.

He cares little or nothing for his wife—no more than she does for her young; while his mate herself builds no nest, makes no provision for her offspring, but cunningly lays her egg in the nest of the harmless skylark, or tree-pippit, and there leaves it to take its chance amongst strangers, like some hapless foundling.

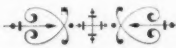
Strangest of all, the young cuckoo himself is born with a special contrivance in the structure of his back for ousting the young birds (among whom he finds himself) out of the family nest, of which he then takes entire possession. But no sooner is this effected than the poor foster-parents bestow all their time, love, and labour in caring for and bringing up the ungainly and greedy intruder, who is never weary of swallowing the abundant store of dainties provided for him.

Nothing can be a stranger or more touching sight than to watch a couple of kindly small birds—wag-tails, larks, or hedge-sparrows—entirely devoting themselves to the welfare of a surly stranger, twice their own size, on whom they lavish all the affectionate care which would have been otherwise spent on their own lost children.

Whatever, indeed, may be wanting in the cuckoo as to natural affection, here appears in the foster-parents with double strength. The instinct of loving, unselfish care planted in them by the hand of an all-wise Creator, cannot be destroyed or stayed, but must find vent in some kindly and instant object. If their own brood be gone, they will tend the outcast wandering intruder, so unlike themselves, and so widely separated from them by race, habits, and plumage. Let him be what he may, he is in need—his wants shall be supplied.

Some day, perhaps, wise men may discover more about the cuckoo and his strangely mysterious life and career. Meanwhile, let us be content with the words of an old writer, who, knowing nothing of science, says both wisely and well:—

“As for the poor, forlorn cuckoo—who shall explain the mystery and wonder of her strange ways? With the face and feathers of a hawk, she eateth no flesh; she layeth eggs, but buildeth no nest; and is without a home and without children—a mere vagrant, a wandering voice in the woods! He only Who made her knoweth why and what she is.”



## THE BOY WITH THE LITTLE HEART.

A STORY WITH A MORAL FOR SMALL-HEARTED PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

**T**HERE was once a boy who was never happy unless he had his own way. When father or mother told him to do anything he did not like, an ugly “I won’t!” crept out of his lips, and a frown clouded his face.

No one liked him. His playmates found him selfish; his master could never get him to be obedient unless he was scolded or punished. People

called him “the disobedient boy.” He scarcely ever did what was right, cheerfully, with a smile and a pleasant word. He was a puzzle and trouble at home and at school, among his playfellows, and wherever he went. His mother often wondered what she could do to make him better and happier. She heard her friends say—

“What will that boy do when he grows up?”

Nobody cares for him now, but he will become more selfish and unbearable by-and-by."

And this made his mother very sad.

One day when she was thinking about it, a veil seemed to drop, and she looked right into her little boy's heart. She saw a tiny chamber quite filled up by a discontented boy, crying, "I want this," "I like that."

She had heard those words till she was weary, but now she knew that her child's heart was full of self. There was no room in it for father or mother or friends. He never thought he would like to please them, but just lived for himself.

It was a bitter thing for that loving mother to see inside her boy's heart. But she knew God could help her, and she asked Him to make the child's heart bigger and let her creep inside.

That evening he was very troublesome. "I won't!" "I won't!"—she counted it more than twenty times; every time she heard it she seemed to get a glimpse into the selfish little heart, but she prayed for patience and went quietly on.

When bed-time came she tucked him snugly in and knelt at his side. The sharp little eyes saw tears trickling down the cheeks, and noticed how tired and sad mother looked. The Father in heaven was answering prayer.

As the mother knelt by his bed, the little boy seemed to look right into her heart. He saw himself there, saw his father there, learned what all the kindly deeds and words of the past meant. He understood how much he was grieving her who loved him, and began to feel ashamed of his cross and selfish ways.

Just then he fell asleep. In his dreams he heard an angel ask: "Shall I show you your heart?"

The little boy was rather frightened, but replied that he would like to see it.

As he began to see how little room there was in it for anyone beside himself, a blush covered his face. He ventured to ask whether there was no medicine for the heart. His mother had been reading to him about the chief Sekomi, who sat in Livingstone's hut one day absorbed in thought.

At length in pompous tones he said to the missionary—

"I wish you would change my heart. Give me medicine to change it; for it is proud, proud and angry—angry always."

Livingstone picked up his New Testament and was about to tell the chief how it might be cured, when Sekomi interrupted—

"Nay, I wish to have it changed by medicine—to drink, and have it changed at once; for it is always very proud and very uneasy, and continually angry with someone."

He would not wait to hear of the remedy, but rose and left the hut.

That story seemed running in the little fellow's mind as he dreamed. The angel told him that the medicine for his heart was love—love that would

make room there for others as well as himself. The boy offered a little prayer and dreamed that the old evil tempers vanished from his heart.

It was the beginning of better days. Every morning the little fellow wondered how he could bring a smile to his mother's face. He thought about her far more than about himself, and kept back the angry look or impatient word, so that his home became the happiest in all the town.

But his heart was not big enough yet. He had a Bible of his own which he prized very much. One evening he picked it up and read that verse—

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Whilst he stopped to read it again, a veil seemed to fall from his face, and he looked right into the heart of God. He saw how much our Father in heaven loved him, and began to think what he could do to please Him. He fell down on his knees asking for a blessing. It was a far richer blessing than he dreamed of getting, for God opened the door and came into that boy's heart.

As days went by, his heart became bigger still, and all the world crept in. He had a smile for everyone. He never seemed tired of saying a kind word or lending a helping hand. People called him the boy who went about doing good.

As he grew older the love in his heart made him long to be a missionary. He sailed far away to live among savages, where there was no white man near. But the love in his heart covered him like a shield. Angry passions died away wherever the friend of the poor and sinful and helpless came. He taught the savages about Christ, and won their hearts for Him, so that the whole tribe among whom he laboured learned to live holy lives. Then he "fell asleep," and went home to see his Saviour.

This is a parable for boys and girls; but how many true stories might be made to illustrate it? If you will read the Life of David Livingstone, you will find how his heart was enlarged as Robert Moffat told him about Africa, and will see how he lived and died for that Dark Continent.

"I am a missionary," he said, "heart and soul. God had an only Son, and He was a missionary and physician. A poor, poor imitation of Him I am, or wish to be. In this service I hope to live, in it I wish to die."

David Livingstone's great heart still seems to beat with love as we stand in Westminster Abbey and read those words he wrote from Africa a year before he died—

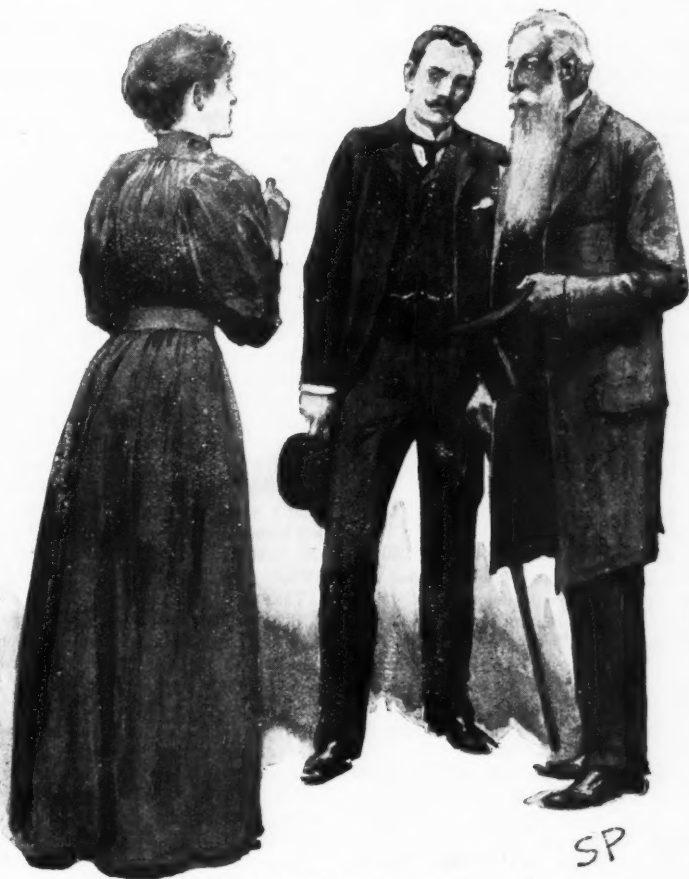
"All I can add in my loneliness is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on everyone—American, English, or Turk—who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

May God enlarge our hearts that we may run in the way of His commandments, because love for Him and all the world is continually prompting us to do good.



## A GREAT INJUSTICE.

BY MARY HAMPDEN, AUTHOR OF "THE HEIRESS OF ABERSTONE," "LUNA GORDON'S STEWARDSHIP," ETC. ETC.



"Could you call again?"—p. 111.

## CHAPTER I.

## A HAPPY HOME.

**T**HE Ambrusters' home was situated next door to the Felwich Bank, in the High Street of the little town.

The Ambrusters had not a large income, John being only a clerk in some neighbouring cotton-mills, but they shared a wealth of contentment. Four little mouths had to be fed out of the income, and Jackie, Milly, Nelly, and Tom were children with healthy lungs and appetites. Sometimes the young men working at their desks in the bank next door would hear peals of baby laughter, crows, and screams of merriment; then they would look at each other and laugh too—for laughter is very contagious—saying, "Those

little beggars, the Ambrusters, are at it again! What a pandemonium!" When they went home they would often pause by the gate of the villa to exchange "Good-nights" with the golden-haired children who were romping on the lawn, and Jackie, the eldest, would ask triumphantly, "*Didn't* we make a noise to-day, just?"

The Ambrusters themselves thought that noise the sweetest of all possible music.

One morning in May, Helen, Mrs. Ambruster, was bustling about her household occupations as usual, when the little maid-servant announced that two gentlemen had called to see Mr. Ambruster.

"I told them he wouldn't be home until half-past twelve, ma'am, and they seemed dreadfully disappointed. One of them said something about 'having

come such a long way, and all for nothing'; so I asked them into the parlour, and came up to tell you."

Helen was mounted on some steps, engaged in tidying out her linen cupboard. She looked thoughtfully down at the puzzled face of the little maid.

"You did quite right, Jane. I will come and speak to the gentlemen myself. By-the-bye, do they *look* like gentlemen?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; they're dressed most respectable, and one of them's got a long white beard."

Helen smiled. She only paused to smooth back some ruffled curls of her pretty fair hair from her forehead, then ran down-stairs as lightly as a girl (indeed, she was only twenty-six), and entered the parlour to question the strangers as to their business with her husband.

The two men were standing by the window; the younger might have been the confidential secretary or clerk of the one with the long white beard. It was the latter who turned to greet Helen.

She noticed that he had a most benevolent expression and very pronounced features.

"My husband will be home again for lunch," she said, in her brisk clear voice. "Could you call again—in the evening you would be sure to find him—if your business is of importance?"

"It is of the greatest possible importance, being connected with—er—a valuable patent."

"We have come from the other end of England," put in the young man impatiently, "so we cannot call in again at Mr. Ambruster's convenience."

"Why not go down to the mills and see him there?" Helen asked.

"We do not wish our proposal respecting the patent to reach the ears of the mill proprietors just at once," said the elderly gentleman. "It is most unfortunate—most unfortunate! We are obliged to take the twelve-fifty train from Felwich."

"Then, will you wait? My husband is always punctual, he is sure to be home by half-past twelve; and you would have plenty of time to—discuss business and yet to catch your train."

"If Mr. Ambruster is late we shall have lost our morning for nothing," said the young man surlily. "Well, do as you please, Ardern."

His companion turned to Helen with a smile of gratitude.

"You are really most kind. We shall not inconvenience you by remaining?"

"Not in the least. I am sorry you should have two hours to wait; but there is the morning paper, and you will find some books on the table. I will let you know directly my husband returns."

Helen went back to her work, then dusted the china in the rarely used bijou drawing-room, and finally went up-stairs to the nursery to give her children their morning lessons.

Some time later Jane reappeared.

"If you please, ma'am, it is half-past twelve by the parlour clock, and the gentlemen say they can't wait any longer."

"So late! Well, they must go, then. Tell them

how sorry I am they should have been disappointed."

"John is never late, as a rule; I wonder what can have happened?" thought the little woman as she put away the school-books and released the weary children.

When John returned, she told him about the strangers, and he laughed.

"My dear Nell, they only wanted to persuade me to help them sell some wretched patent to my employers, I expect. And they made quite a mistake, for I am rather early to-day. Oh, I see—your clock is half an hour fast!"

"How vexing!" cried Helen. "I should like them to have seen you, dear, for they had come from the other end of England on purpose."

"I didn't know my fame extended so far," laughed John. "Never mind, Nell; don't worry over them; I daresay they were far from honest. I often have people of the kind looking me up at the office."

"The patent wouldn't have been something you could really have made some money out of, John?"

She made the inquiry timidly, because she hated to hurt John's feelings, and she knew it would remind him of some debts which were their great trouble: debts which had been contracted in earlier times, when future repayment had seemed to offer no difficulties. Of late business had declined, and John's savings invested in the Mill Company had not brought in the income expected of them. To pay the interest on the debts was as much as he could do now.

The smile faded from his face as he answered—

"The patent was probably worthless, dear heart!—And don't drag the skeleton out of our cupboard so often; it will be bad enough when it stalks out of its own accord!"

"What will you do then, John?"

"If nothing else turns up, we shall have to sell the villa and go into lodgings."

Helen's eyes filled with tears, but she was too brave to let John see them. It was only to her young sister, that evening, that she poured out the tale of her sorrow.

Jenny Milbourne was as pretty as Mrs. Ambruster, but of a more delicate style of beauty. Both had flaxen hair and grey dark-lashed eyes, but Helen's cheeks were rosy, while Jenny's were pale.

"The dear little home!" cried the younger, stroking her sister's hand; "no wonder you can't bear the thought of leaving it. Has John asked Ralph's advice!—Ralph is so clever!"

Ralph Scott, secretary to Mr. Soames, the manager of Felwich Bank, was Jenny's accepted lover. He was a fine, handsome, honourable young fellow, but only the girl's love could have led her to suggest his capability of assisting John Ambruster in his difficulties.

Helen wiped away her tears resolutely, and kissed her sister.

"We won't think about the trouble till it comes," she said: "that was John's advice to me only this morning. He says that something may turn up to save us from it."

Jane put her head in at the door at this instant.

"Please, ma'am. I can't fasten the parlour window, for the hasp's broke right off."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Helen; "nothing but breakages! Well, Jane, it shall be repaired to-morrow, and we must hope no robbers will take advantage of the opportunity to-night. If they did get in, they wouldn't find many valuables to steal," she added.

"Except the dear children!" suggested Jenny.

Helen's thoughts were effectually diverted from troubles.

"The darlings! They are indeed worth their weight in gold!" she murmured.

## CHAPTER II.

### PARTED.

"WHAT a miserable wet day!" said Helen next morning, as she stood by the window, looking out.

John was finishing his breakfast before going away. He had to take train to London, having business to transact in the City.

Helen's glance was straying over a not very cheerful prospect, for, the room being a back one, the view from the window was composed of roofs and chimney-stacks, and dead walls belonging to the smaller houses of the country town; one or two tree-tops appeared among these, but nothing to suggest green lanes and flowery fields.

"It is dreary," John assented. "Not as bright a month of May as one we can remember, when I first paid court to a golden-haired little girl who worked most assiduously in her father's garden. Do you recollect how vexed I used to be when I saw your tiny hands struggling with great spades, and hoes, and rakes, eh, Nell? And what a lecture you gave me one day on the value of industry!"

"Yes; I called you a great lazy fellow, didn't I, John?"

"Muvver, is papa a great lazy fellow?" asked a little voice from under the table. Jackie's cherub-like countenance appeared at the same instant from among the folds of the white cloth.

Helen drew the boy out, sat down on the couch, and lifted him on her knee.

"No, my pet; of course he isn't!" she answered emphatically. "He's a great, industrious, courageous, patient, kind, gentle-hearted man. And we love him dearly, you and I, don't we?"

"Yes, *dreadfully* much!" was the decisive reply.

The family group was a happy one, John and Helen smiling into each other's eyes, and the child blissfully enthroned on "Muvver's" knee, stroking her cheek with his little fat hands.

Peace seemed to reign in the home, yet at that very instant Sorrow crossed the threshold.

"What is that noise down-stairs? I hear voices," said John, pausing in his meal to listen.

"Perhaps those two strangers have come back about the patent."

"Pwaps it's Mr. Scott," suggested Jackie. "Only, if it is, he'll be howwably disappointed 'cause Auntie Jenny's not here!"

Mother and father laughed at this; and Jane's face,

wearing an expression of dismay, was thrust through the doorway.

"Oh, ma'am! oh, sir! they *will* come up, though I've told them it must be a mistake; an' they've found where the hole was made in the parlour wall, an' they're going——"

"Let me explain, Mrs. Ambruster," said an elderly gentleman, stepping forward—Helen recognised Mr. Soames, the manager of the bank next door. "We act upon authority; and though I regret the necessity of arresting Mr. Ambruster——"

"Arrest John?"

The little woman moved across the room, and stood between the policemen, Mr. Soames, and her husband.

Her eyes, so mild as a rule, were sparkling now with indignation, her hands were clasped together over her throbbing heart.

"How *dare* you *speak* even of arresting John?"

"Muvver—Papa—send away the wicked bad men!" cried Jackie, turning from one to the other. But, for the first time in her life, Helen was deaf to her child's cry.

John recovered his equanimity more quickly than did his wife, and rising from his chair, approached Mr. Soames, whom he knew slightly.

"This is some mistake, but I recognise that it is no fault of yours. You speak of arresting me. May I ask with what crime I am charged?"

The frankness of his face, the dignity of his bearing, impressed everyone present. John waived back the officer who presented his warrant, and waited for Mr. Soames' reply.

"I will state the matter as plainly as possible, assuming that you know nothing of it. Last night one thousand pounds in gold was stolen from a small safe in the bank, and examination shows that the thief or thieves obtained entrance by making an aperture in the wall of your parlour, behind a heavy book-case. My men have searched the room in question, and, as they will tell you, have found the empty gold bags and a missing cash-box secreted up the chimney."

"But I know nothing of this!" cried John. "Had I wished to commit a burglary—and my character will prove the improbability of such an event—should I have acted so clumsily? How could I have hoped to escape detection? The charge is preposterous!"

"Stay a minute, and reflect," said Mr. Soames. "You will find that the charge is not without fact as a background. You were about to leave Felwich, Mr. Ambruster!"

"I was; but not for purposes of flight."

"I am dealing with facts only. You sent your servant early this morning to summon to the house a builder and carpenter of the name of Jones—a man who is greatly indebted to you—whom you have helped ever since his release from prison, six weeks ago."

"You mean to insinuate that I wished Jones to repair the wall secretly, before the robbery was discovered?"

"I insinuate nothing. Thirdly, you are seriously involved in debt, Mr. Ambruster."

"Let me speak!" cried Helen. "Only yesterday

my husband told me that he might have to sell this house if he could meet his liabilities in no other way. Would he have said that if he had meditated stealing money?" There was a scornful ring in her voice, though it trembled. "The carpenter was sent for to repair the fastening of the window, which is broken. Two strangers came here yesterday to see Mr. Ambruster about some patent, and they stayed two hours in the parlour; may they not have broken the window-hasp on purpose, in order to effect an entrance in the night for the purpose of breaking through the wall into the bank?"

"These are questions which can only be answered by a public trial," said the manager. "Two gentlemen came to me yesterday about a patent, and went besides to several friends of mine in different parts of the town; there seems no possible reason to connect those strangers with this robbery. We can find no sign to suggest that any person entered your house from without during darkness; the ground of the garden is absolutely free from footmarks. I regret annoying you, my dear madam, but my duty compels

John took his wife tenderly in his arms, and gazed proudly into her pale face.

"My love, my dear brave Nell, keep up your heart while I'm away. God knows I am innocent; He will take care of me."

"Shall we ever *prove* your innocence? Oh, John, John, we have been so happy here! That it should have come to this!"

"Nell, you will keep on hoping, even when things look worst, for the children's sake!"

"I will try, dear," sobbed the little woman.

"I see a man: I'll take care of *muvver*!"

John kissed his child, then bent his lips solemnly to his wife's cheek.

"Good-bye, Nell. God keep you!"

She scarcely realised that he was gone until she heard the door of the villa close, and felt Jackie's fingers pulling her hands from before her tear-blinded eyes.

"*Muvver*, don't cry. You've got *me*, you know; and papa will come home again soon, I *know*, 'cause he never stays away long from us, does he?"



"Let me explain, Mrs. Ambruster!"—p. 115.

me to see that John Ambruster is taken into the keeping of the law."

"Will you leave us alone one minute?" asked Helen, choking back a sob which would rise rebelliously in her throat.

Mr. Soames stepped outside the door, and the policemen moved into the window alcove, looking away from the interior of the room.

### CHAPTER III.

#### RECOGNITION.

Two young people were strolling together by the bank of the Fell, the rapid river which winds almost round the little town of Felwich, and whose waters gurgle melodiously among tall bulrushes and pink arrow-head, beneath the drooping branches of fair silver willows.

The man and girl walked some way in silence, the shadow of sorrow on their faces telling of the sympathy existing between them—telling also that their last words had been saddening ones. He was so much taller than his companion that she could not see his expression unless she threw her head right back and gazed upwards—and this she did as with mutual impulse they paused beside a bridge that crossed the river. The sunshine played upon her upturned face and glistened in the gold of her hair.

She was Jenny Milbourne, and the man was her betrothed, Ralph Scott.

"It is no use deceiving ourselves with false hopes, Jenny. It is a year now since poor Ambruster was sentenced, and what good has come of waiting? If you had married me then, as I begged you to do, we might have persuaded your sister to leave Felwich. I am not so much attached to my post in the bank that you need have hesitated to accept my offer, and I could easily find work elsewhere. Since Mr. Soames behaved so badly to Ambruster, I have hated taking his money."

"You have no concern with him as a private individual—you are merely secretary to a bank manager. Ralph, I cannot leave my sister, neither can I let you share our disgrace."

There was a may-tree growing by the bridge, and the young man ruthlessly stripped it of its sweet white flowers: his nervous hands scarcely knew what they were doing, for in his mind was the bitter knowledge that he had mistaken the promise the future had seemed to offer him. He had planned how he would overcome Jenny's scruples, and persuade her to leave Felwich, where her brother-in-law's disgrace was matter of common talk; he had pictured a happy home to himself, where she would learn to lose the half proud, half-humbled, wholly-pained look which her eyes had worn since John Ambruster's imprisonment. Now he had pleaded, and her answer was always the same: "I will not leave my sister, neither will I let you share our disgrace."



"Oh, Ralph, don't think me hard."—p. 118.

It was hard upon him; yet Jenny felt that she was doing no more than her duty. The love of the two sisters had been great since their childhood, and now Helen had need of all Jenny's fond sympathy and encouragement.

She had moved from the old home, the villa having been sold to pay John's debts, and was living now in lodgings with her children; and the young aunt helped her to train Jackie, Milly, Nelly, and Tom in the love of the God who was the mother's best Comforter.

This May-time, verging upon June, young Scott had pressed his suit constantly, and it was with the intention of giving him a final answer that Jenny had come out with him into the peace of the open



fields, where there was no murmur of human voices or gaze of human eyes, only the song of the Fell, and the innocent faces of the summer flowers.

The girl's heart was full of sorrow, but her courage did not fail her.

"You speak too confidently of finding work elsewhere, Ralph. From your present position you may rise to be a partner even in the bank, but if you go where you are not known you lose all you have gained. I cannot spoil your prospects."

"What is my fate to be, then, Jenny? To win wealth and lose you? Then I shall be poor indeed!"

There was love in his eyes as they met hers, and she laid her hands supplicatingly upon his arm.

"Oh, Ralph, don't think me hard, unfeeling! I am unhappy too, but I dare not yield. How could we build our happiness on the misery of others? If you can wait for me—when John comes home I can leave Helen: not till then; though I shall still bring shame upon the man who marries me!"

"No, no, dear; even if John were guilty, it would be no fault of yours."

"But it is not fair that you should be bound by a promise; you ought—"

"Jenny! Jenny!" he cried quickly, "don't speak as though I could ever part from you. We are bound by the love we share, more than by any word or vow. No time, no trouble, can be strong enough to snap that tie, my darling."

So Jenny no longer tried to shake his constancy, nor thought it her duty to give him back the engagement-ring which shone upon her finger.

She thought, as she went home, how much heavier the trial would have been had she been less sure of her lover's fidelity, and while she thanked God for this, she realised yet more keenly how terrible was the sorrow of her sister. John would return some day—that was true—but with a blight upon his whole life, a stain upon his character. Would he ever be proved innocent of the crime for which he was paying the penalty? To hope so seemed too sanguine.

That evening she told Helen of her talk with Ralph, and the two women tried to comfort one another.

Little Mrs. Ambruster seemed to have aged many years, though only one had elapsed since her husband's trial. Even Jackie noticed the change in her, and asked, with childish vexation, why "Muvver look so dweadfully tired" now? and "why she didn't sing any more pwetty songs?"

"Mother will be happier when papa comes back," Jenny used to answer, in a whisper.

Next day an event occurred: an event of great importance. Helen was out walking in the town, when, as she passed her old home, she saw two gentlemen come from it. The villa had been to let for some time, and now the bills were being taken from the windows.

As the two men came along the narrow pavement behind her she heard them discussing the terms upon which they had taken the house, and a slight intonation in the voice of the elder sent a thrill of excitement through her. She had heard the

tones before, and she had good reason to remember the occasion.

Entering a shop door, she turned, and eagerly scrutinised the men as they passed her by unconsciously; one was clean-shaven, but she recognised the pronounced features. He was the elder stranger who had called to see her husband about a patent on the day preceding the robbery at Felwich Bank. The young man with him was unknown to her.

For some seconds the little woman's heart beat tumultuously fast, and her brain refused to do its work, but she recovered herself quickly, and thought clearly upon the subject of the discovery she had made.

Was this merely a coincidence? Was the man innocent of all she suspected? Yet, why was he beardless now? Why had he taken the villa?

Suspicion mastered her mind, and she acted upon the belief that here was indeed the man for whose fault John was imprisoned. She sought out Ralph Scott—it was the dinner-hour at the bank—and persuaded him to come for a walk with her; and then, in the solitude of open country, she appealed to him to aid her.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A WIFE'S WISDOM.

"I KNEW you wouldn't refuse me. I believe you would consent for my sake; and there is Jenny to be considered."

The young man's gentle, respectful sympathy had long ago found its way to little Mrs. Ambruster's heart. He pressed her hand as they parted to-day, while the clock from the Town Hall struck two.

"Thank you for trusting me. A man who would refuse your request would be a mere brute. But, dear Mrs. Ambruster, don't let yourself hope too much. You know that a clever lawyer failed to find the least proof against this man before, and the fact that he has taken the house may mean nothing."

Helen closed her lips firmly.

"I will remember your caution; and you will let me know all you do? I suppose the new-comers will not take possession until midsummer?"

"You shall know everything," said young Scott reassuringly.

It was now the first of June. The twenty-four days passed as slowly as days do for the end of which a woman longs. Helen's hopes and doubts kept up a continued struggle for supremacy over her; sometimes the one triumphed, sometimes the other.

She did not confide her secret to Jenny, and Ralph also abstained from doing so, for neither of them wished to subject the young girl to a possible disappointment.

Ralph hoped less often than did Mrs. Ambruster. He knew that justice does not always appear to be achieved by events as mortals view them; while the wife wondered every hour of every day how it was possible that her John's honesty should remain unproved: how it was that every man, woman, and child did not cry out, as her own heart did, against the

great injustice which, in this case, had been perpetrated.

But at last midsummer came, with its glory of perfect luxuriance; flowers were lavish of their perfume, only the balmiest of winds ruffled the rich foliage of the trees; there was a wonderful atmosphere of satisfaction about the whole warmed world. It was a time when Hope seemed natural; and Helen, forswearing discretion and Ralph's warning, let herself rejoice in the happiness which she felt *must* be coming.

Even young Scott's prudent scepticism as to the result of his exertions in Mrs. Ambruster's cause was shaken somewhat when he heard that the villa had been taken by a gentleman—a widower with an only son, of the name of Calmour. If Helen was right, and this was indeed the same man whom she had heard addressed as "Ardern" only a year ago, the change of name would tell greatly against the assumption of his innocence.

On midsummer day the new tenants moved into the villa, which had been furnished, under their orders, by the local tradesman. Ralph, through the bank windows, watched their coming.

That night Mrs. Ambruster amazed Jenny by her unusual gaiety.

"Nell darling, I haven't seen you like this since—since our poor John went away!" cried the girl, startled into speaking upon the usually forbidden subject of the sorrow which neither forgot for a moment.

Helen kissed Jenny's pale wondering face, and cried over her a little—not tears of absolute grief this time.

"Deary, we may have John home again soon, with his character cleared for ever from the stain bad men have dared to cast upon it! My poor, brave, noble John! I feel certain that God will not let him suffer much longer. Help me to pray, darling, and He who is all-merciful will surely listen!"

Mrs. Ambruster could not rest that night. She sat alone in the dark, and waited in trembling eagerness for morning; as dawn broke she crept softly into the nursery, and bent above each of her sleeping children.

How peaceful they looked—Milly especially, and little Nell.

Passing into an inner room, the mother found a pair of round blue eyes watching her. Jack stretched out a beckoning hand at once.

"Muvver, I thought it was you cweeping about," he whispered, rubbing a rough head of golden curls against her encircling arm; "an' I knew you wouln't go away without comin' in to me. Has anythin' wunnerful happened? You *do* look so—so—*nice* again!"

She laughed softly, and laid the little head back on the pillow.

"Go to sleep, my boy; it isn't time yet for young eyes to be open: even the birdies are still asleep; only before sleeping say just two little prayers, dear—one for mother, and one for papa—poor papa, who has to stop away, but who loves us all so dearly!"

Little Mrs. Ambruster went back to her own room, and, pulling aside the corner of the blind, sat by the open window, looking out into the street. There was a smile on her face such as it had not worn for months.

Gradually the town began to awaken with the sunrise; smoke rose from cottage chimneys, and men passed down the street on their way to their work in the country.

One quick step stopped before Mrs. Ambruster's window, and recognising it, she looked out, showing her face in the early rosy light.

"Ralph, I knew you would come——"

Her faltering voice could not speak the question she longed to ask, but the young fellow answered it.

"*All's well!*" he cried—"you were right. There was an attempted robbery at one o'clock this morning, but we've secured the thieves. Ambruster is cleared—at last!"

"So it was you who set Scott to watch all night in the bank—you who recognised the man! Oh, Nell, what a lot I owe to my wife's wisdom!"

"No, dear; for if Ardern had escaped, people would still have known that you were not to blame for the first robbery. But yet I like to think that God helped me to make your innocence undoubted. The confession of the thief is the very kind of justification I would have chosen for you."

For John Ambruster was home again, the hero of the hour in his native town, the possessor of all the neighbours' goodwill. He could choose now what position he would occupy for the future, for many were the posts and situations which were offered to him. His return had been publicly celebrated, yet the welcome which was dearest to him was expressed in Helen's radiant smiles, and in the clamorous rejoicing of his children.

"Papa's comed home for evver an evver!" cried Jackie, in his shrillest of blithe tones; "and muvver will always look nice an' happy, an' never cwy again about *anythin'*!"

"John and Helen, I want to tell you some news!"

Jenny was the speaker; she had stolen into the cheery parlour of the villa to which the Ambrusters had returned, and was leaning over the low sofa where Jackie was seated between his parents.

"Ah, Jenny? the news is not novel, is it?"

"No," laughed the girl, blushing at the same time; "but I think it will come true at last."

"She means that Mr. Scott is goin' to be my uncle!" explained Jackie sagely.



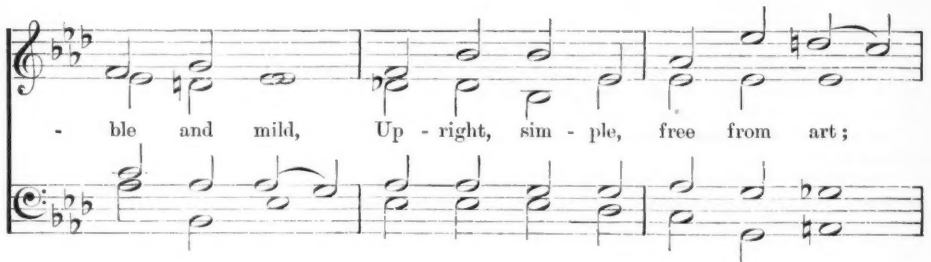
# Quiet, Lord, my Forward Heart.

Words by JOHN NEWTON, 1725—1807.

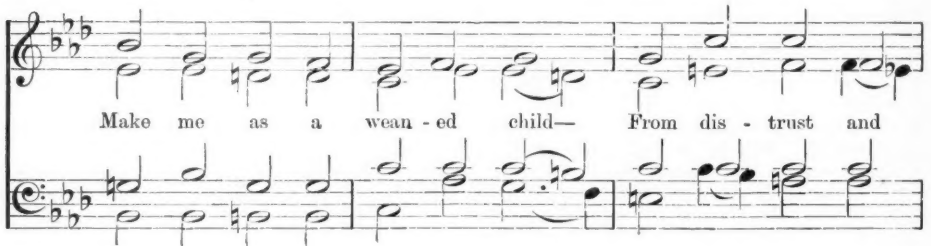
Music by REV. W. J. FOXELL, M.A., B.Mus., Lond.  
(Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral.)



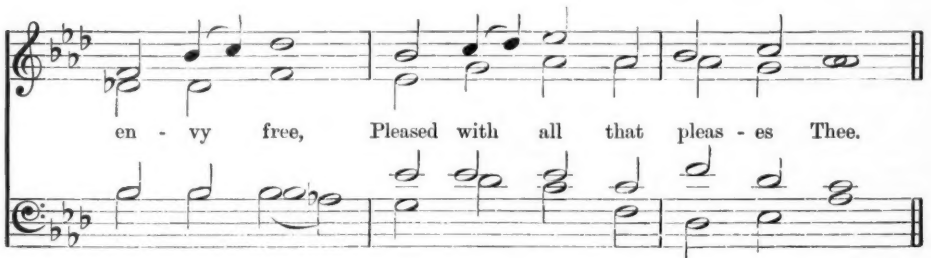
1. Qui - et, Lord, my fro - ward heart; Make me teach - a -



- ble and mild, Up - right, sim - ple, free from art;



Make me as a wean - ed child— From dis - trust and



en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es Thee.

2. What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care—  
Why should I the burden bear?

3. As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own,  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone;  
Let me thus with Thee abide  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide!

## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

## INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

DECEMBER 17. THE GLORIFIED SAVIOUR.

*To read—Rev. i. 9—20. Golden Text—Phil. ii. 9.*

INTRODUCTION. This book was written by St. John, the Apostle and Evangelist, in the Island of Patmos, where he had been banished by the Roman Emperor Domitian about the year 96 A.D. At the beginning there is a description of the glorious manifestation of Christ,

and His message to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor.

I. THE MESSENGER. (9, 10.) Who was he? John, the beloved disciple, Bishop of Ephesus. *A brother* to all Christians in tribulation. *A sharer* in Christ's sufferings and patience. *An exile* in banishment in lonely Patmos. *A sufferer* for witnessing to Jesus and His word. *A hearer* of voices of spirits in heaven. *A witness* of visions of another world. Was in an ecstasy, or trance, on the Lord's day. As was Ezekiel when he saw Visions of God. (Ezek. i. 1.)

And St. Paul caught up into heaven. (2 Cor. xii. 2.)

II. THE VISION. (11—16.) *The voice.*

Alpha and Omega—first and last letters of the Greek Alphabet—*i.e.*, the beginning and end—the Everlasting One.

*The appearance.* (a) *Seven golden candlesticks.* Remind of the seven lights of the Temple. (Ex. xxv. 37.)

These represent seven churches of Asia Minor.

Christ is with them to keep their light alive.

(b) *The Son of man.* Long garment as of a priest. (Lev. xvi. 4.)

Golden girdle as worn by kings and priests.

Head and hair white and bright—mark of purity.

Eyes like fire—piercing sight—noticing sin.

Feet like brass—shining with glory.

Voice like much water—loud in judgment.

Seven stars—angels (or ministers) of churches.

Two-edged sword. Word of God to pierce the heart (Heb. iv. 12) and avenge His servants' wrongs.

Face like sun—utmost possible brilliancy.

All this together marks character and work of Christ.

His Person—holy, pure, and glorious.

His office—as Priest to atone and plead for men.

As Judge to condemn wicked, vindicate just.

III. THE MISSION. (17—20.) Given by Christ.

He has conquered death and the grave.

He has power over Paradise (Hell or Hades).

Shown by His promising entrance to the thief on the cross. (St. Luke xxiii. 43.)

He rules supreme over death.

Shown by His own rising from the dead.

St. John must write all he is shown, and send it to the angels of the Churches—the appointed rulers.

LESSONS. Christ is God—believe in Him.

Christ is Priest—go to Him for help.

Christ is Judge—prepare to meet Him

Christ is Saviour—flee to Him.

DECEMBER 24TH. THE BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST.

*To read—St. Matt. i. 1—11. Golden Text—St. Matt. i. 21.*

INTRODUCTION. To-day's lesson deals with the visit of the Wise Men from the East to the Infant Saviour. His actual birth is told in the first chapter of this Gospel, and more fully in St. Luke ii. 1—20.

I. CHRIST SOUGHT. (1—8.) Notice :—

*The place* of Christ's birth. Bethlehem in Judaea.

A small village, six miles south of Jerusalem.

As prophesied by Micah 400 years before.

*The time.* Herod the Great was king—now old.

Had issued decrees for a universal census.

Each family to go to their own city. (St. Luke ii. 3.)

*The visitors.* Wise Men from East, probably Persia.

Noted for their knowledge of astronomy.

Had noticed a bright and unusual constellation.

Perhaps knew of Balaam's prophecy of a star (Num. xxiv. 17), and of Daniel's prophecies while in Babylon. (Dan. ix. 26, etc.)

Came to Jerusalem—the royal city of Judah

Expected to find a great king of the Jews.

Desired to pay Him honour, homage, worship.

*The king.* Herod troubled at hearing of rival king.

Summons priests and scribes learned in law.

Demands where expected Messiah is to be born.

The Scriptures tell in plain words. (Micah v. 2.)

Sends Wise Men on to Bethlehem to see.

Promises himself to follow and worship.

II. CHRIST FOUND. (9—11.) The star shows the place—stands over the house.

The Wise Men rejoice with exceeding joy.

They enter the house and see the Child.

They fall down in worship, and offer Him gifts.

Gold—as to a royal king.

Incense—as to a Divine God.

Myrrh—as to a suffering man.

LESSONS. The Wise Men teach—

1. *Earnestness.* In their search after Christ.

They faced long journey, unknown dangers.

They persevered till they found Him.

2. *Faith.* They believed in God's call.

They believed this babe to be the Divine King.

Their faith was shown by their works.

3. *Devotion.* They adored the infant Christ.

They gave homage to Him as to God.  
 They gave offerings of their best.  
 All true religion must include two things :—  
*Contemplation*—i.e., faith, reverence, devotion.  
*Action.* (a) Living—according to belief.  
 (b) Giving—according to means.  
 (c) Working—according to opportunity.  
 How is it with us ?

DECEMBER 31ST. REVIEW.

*Golden Text*—Rev. xxi. 21.

HAVE had twelve lessons from the Epistles having reference to the work of Christ in the hearts of men. Golden text sums up all in the word "grace." Several meanings to the word, partly referring to God's free gifts to man of pardon and love, and partly to the effect of those gifts in man's heart disposing him to good works. Can sum up all the lessons under two heads, viz., God's grace given, and God's grace working.

I. GOD'S GRACE GIVEN. 1. *Full of power.* (Rom. i. 8—17.)

Seen in turning men's hearts to Him.  
 St. Paul changed from persecutor to preacher.  
 Romans turned from idols to serve true God.  
 Same effects seen in all who believe.

LESSON. By grace ye are saved through faith.

2. *Redemption.* (Rom. iii. 19—26.)

Law unable to save.

Can only forbid sin and punish sinners.

Christ by his death wrought atonement for sin.

Grace makes man believe in Christ and be saved.

Is God's free gift to all who accept it.

LESSON. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord doth not impute sin.

3. *Justification by faith.* (Rom. v. 1—11.)

Its results seen in man's heart and life.  
 Peace established between man and God.  
 Joy notwithstanding all trials of life.  
 Patience to bear whatever befalls.  
 Hope for time and eternity.

LESSON. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

II. GOD'S GRACE WORKING. 1. *In the life.* (Rom. xii. 1—15.)

Each gives himself, a living sacrifice.

As member of Christ's body has duties to others.

Love, alms-giving, sympathy, teaching, etc.

2. *In self-denial.* (1 Cor. viii.) In things lawful.

Give up anything likely to lead others to sin, for even Christ pleased not Himself.

3. *In liberality.* (2 Cor. viii. 1—12.) How to give.

Willingly, liberally, voluntarily.

But above all, first give selves to God.

Highest example to be seen in Christ.

LESSON. Freely ye have received, freely give.

4. *In imitation of Christ.* (Ephes. iv. 20—32.)

Christians new creatures in Jesus Christ.

Put away old habits of theft, lying, anger, etc

Have new hearts—desires given by Holy Spirit.

5. *In the home.* (Col. iii. 12—25.) Christ-like.

Christian virtues must be cultivated.

All members of household must share.

6. *In the world.* (James i. 16—27.) Hear God's voice.

Be doers of His word—show true religion by words and works of kindness.

RESULT. Heavenly inheritance. (1 Pet. i. 1—12.)

Reserved for all in whom grace has worked.

LESSON. Walk worthy of your Christian calling.

NEW SERIES FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT.

JANUARY 7TH, 1894. THE FIRST ADAM.

*To read*—Gen. i. 26—ii. 3. *Golden Text*—Gen. i. 27.

INTRODUCTION. New course of lessons for New Year. Go back to first chapters of Bible—telling of beginnings of things. What are some of these? Beginning of the world—light, air, animals, food, sea, fishes, man; also of sin, punishment, mercy. To-day's lesson tells of man, his creation, nature, etc.

I. MAN'S CREATION. (26, 27.) Notice :—

1. *How made.* By the word of God.

"Let us make"—showing more than One Person.

"In Our image." Of what does this consist?

His *soul* immortal—germ of everlasting life.

His *nature* holy, pure, and innocent.

His *mind* endowed with reason, will, etc.

His *body* perfect in all its parts and actions.

2. *Man the best.* See gradual order of creation.

Chaos gives place to regular formation.

Earth, seas, air take shapes and boundaries.

Vegetable life given to herbs and plants.

Animals, domestic and wild, breathe and move.

But man has life, reason and immortality.

Therefore called the son of God. (St. Luke iii. 38.)

3. *Man's powers.* He alone develops his nature.

His mind reasons, reflects, increases knowledge.

His soul learns, and receives revelation from God.

For him angels and God Himself have visited earth.

LESSONS. 1. *Man's dignity.* Made like God.

2. *Man's duty.* To walk worthy of God.

II. MAN'S WORK. (28—31.) What has he to do?

To people the world—made for man's use.

To cultivate the ground—for his food.

To have power over sea, air, and land.

To subdue all other created things.

Notice that at first men were vegetarians.

Fruits and grains created for man's food.

Herbs and seeds for use of cattle. (Ver. 30.)

Flesh not eaten till Noah's time. (Gen. ix. 3.)

All creation, like Creator, was "very good."

LESSONS OF CREATION. 1. God's almighty power. World made out of nothing.

2. God's eternal wisdom. No mistakes.

3. God's infinite love. All for comfort of man.

III. MAN'S REST. (ii. 1—3.) Creation ended.

God rested. Why? Not because weary, but



because His works were now finished and perfected.

Because wished to teach man to rest.

Therefore appointed definite period of time.

Sabbath made for man only—nature has no rest.

Made for *rest*—recreation of body and mind.

Made for *worship*—intended to be holy day.

Therefore separated from work-days, for special service of God (St. Mark ii. 27, 28), and typical of heavenly rest (Is. lx. 20).

LESSON. Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day.

JANUARY 14TH. ADAM'S SIN AND GOD'S GRACE.

To read—Gen. iii. 1—15. Golden Text—1 Cor. xv. 22.

INTRODUCTION. Man placed in a Paradise (or park) also called Garden of Eden. God gave him his name Adam—he called his wife Eve, and gave animals their names. The life of Adam and Eve at first was holy, in communion with God, *happy* in each other's love, *industrious* in tilling the ground. To-day's lesson shows a sad change.

I. TEMPTATION. (1—5.) *The tempter.*

Satan—once an angel in heaven. (Rev. xii. 9.)

Rebelled against God and was cast out. (St. Jude 6.)

Now tries to effect the ruin of man.

Assumes form of a serpent to deceive.

*The tempted.* The woman first as being weaker and therefore more likely to yield. (1 Tim. ii. 14.)

*The temptation.* (a) *To doubt God's love.*

Is it true that God has given such an unreasonable command?

(b) *To doubt God's word.* "Ye shall not die."

"Ye shall be as gods," with knowledge, power, etc.

II. FALL. (6—13.) 1. *The steps.*

*Lust of the eyes.* (1 John ii. 16.) She gazed at the tree—probably when alone.

*Lust of the flesh.* She coveted the pleasant fruit.

*Pride of life.* She desired higher knowledge.

*Disobedience.* She ate and persuaded Adam also.

2. *The consequences.*

*Shame.* They were no longer innocent.

Their bodies were degraded before themselves.

*Fear.* They were afraid of God's voice.

Tried to hide from God's sight behind the trees.

*Dissembling.* Adam makes excuses.

Lays blame on Eve for tempting him.

Lays blame on God for giving him such a wife.

Eve lays blame on the Serpent.

III. MERCY. (14, 15.) The tempter cursed.

Shall be conflict between the devil and man and between children of the devil and children of God.

Man will suffer in the conflict, but finally prevail.

Christ—seed of the woman—suffered.

Was tempted, persecuted, crucified, etc.

But overcame sin, Satan, and death.

Man in Christ's power may do same.

LESSONS. 1. The soul that sinneth, it shall die.

2. In Christ all are made alive.

3. God shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.

## AFTERWARDS!

### A PARABLE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLONEL KIT."

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward—"



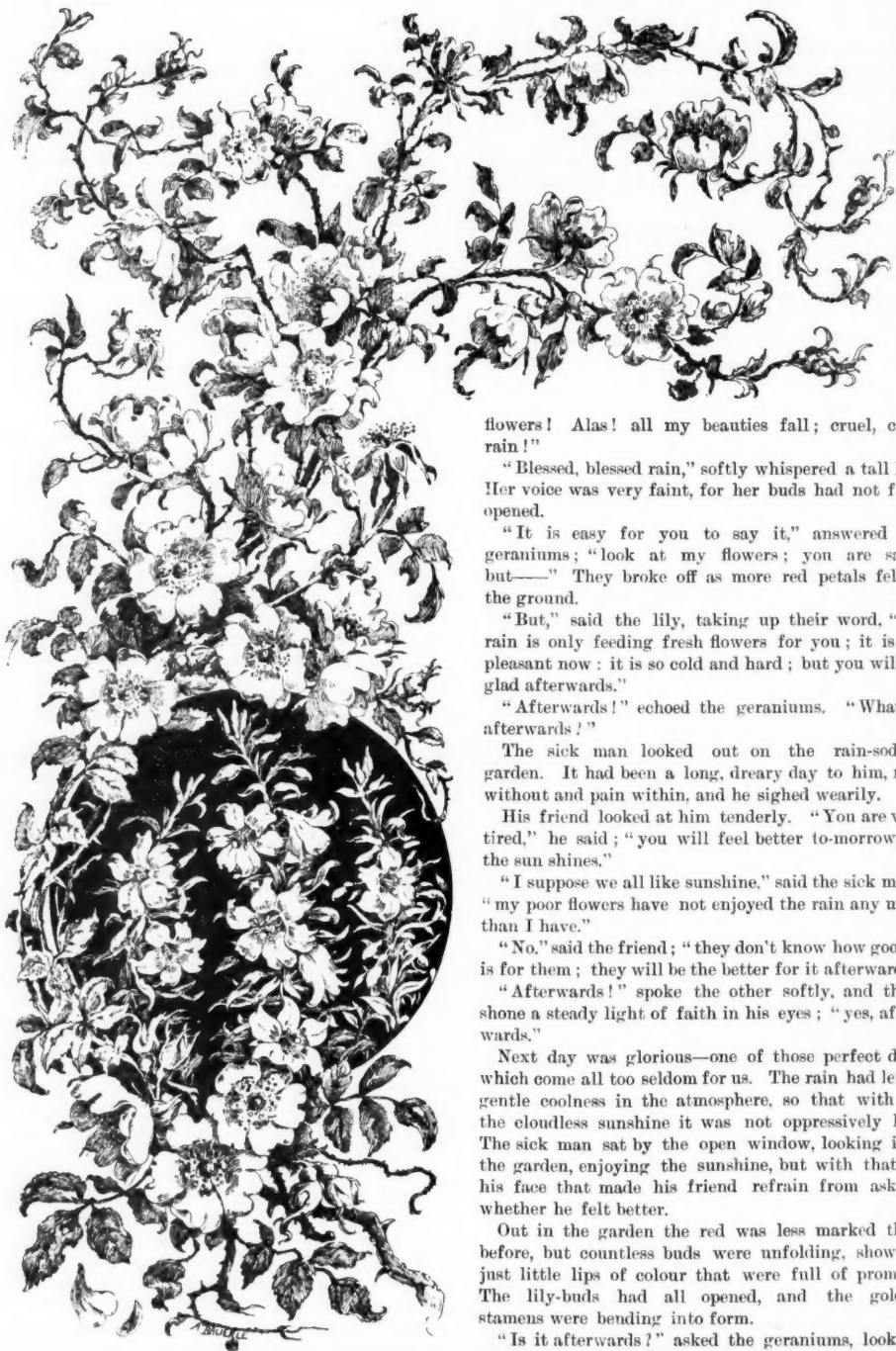
LOUDS had been gathering slowly and steadily all night; at four o'clock there were long lines of golden-red splendour in the east, telling of sun-rising, but the heavy grey clouds soon closed in, and down came the rain with a persevering purpose that was altogether discouraging to the hopes of those who were bent on long walks or excursions.

Soak, soak went the rain on the ground it had softened; wash, wash against the leaves that drooped and quivered. This was no patter of summer shower, that would pass away swiftly, letting the sun soon flash down again on grateful, refreshed plants.

There had been a goodly show of scarlet geraniums in the garden; as early as possible they had been placed there in clumps, rows, and bands, making

brilliant patches and lines. Not that there were not other flowers too. Tall lilies lifted their pure crowned heads, roses swung in the breeze, heliotrope flung its scent lavishly on the air, while modest lobelia and gay calceolaria added to the brightness. But the red geraniums were the chief feature of that little square garden. In the house lived one who spent nights of suffering and days of weakness, but who would not spend many more such, his friends thought half sadly; and he who tended the garden placed the bright flowers there that they might cheer that declining life. Perhaps they were not the man's favourites; he loved the gentle forget-me-not, the lowly violet, and meek lily of the valley, but all unconsciously the scarlet geraniums strengthened and cheered him.

"Alas!" sighed the geraniums, as the heavy rain and wind swept off their bright petals, which lay on the brown mould in a red shower, "my bright red



flowers! Alas! all my beauties fall; cruel, cruel rain!"

"Blessed, blessed rain," softly whispered a tall lily. Her voice was very faint, for her buds had not fully opened.

"It is easy for you to say it," answered the geraniums; "look at my flowers; you are safe; but——" They broke off as more red petals fell to the ground.

"But," said the lily, taking up their word, "the rain is only feeding fresh flowers for you; it is not pleasant now: it is so cold and hard; but you will be glad afterwards."

"Afterwards!" echoed the geraniums. "What is afterwards?"

The sick man looked out on the rain-sodden garden. It had been a long, dreary day to him, rain without and pain within, and he sighed wearily.

His friend looked at him tenderly. "You are very tired," he said; "you will feel better to-morrow, if the sun shines."

"I suppose we all like sunshine," said the sick man; "my poor flowers have not enjoyed the rain any more than I have."

"No," said the friend; "they don't know how good it is for them; they will be the better for it afterwards."

"Afterwards!" spoke the other softly, and there shone a steady light of faith in his eyes; "yes, afterwards."

Next day was glorious—one of those perfect days which come all too seldom for us. The rain had left a gentle coolness in the atmosphere, so that with all the cloudless sunshine it was not oppressively hot. The sick man sat by the open window, looking into the garden, enjoying the sunshine, but with that in his face that made his friend refrain from asking whether he felt better.

Out in the garden the red was less marked than before, but countless buds were unfolding, showing just little lips of colour that were full of promise. The lily-buds had all opened, and the golden stamens were bending into form.

"Is it afterwards?" asked the geraniums, looking wistfully up to the lily.

"My afterwards has come," sang the lily joyfully;

"yours is coming. Patience for a little longer—only a little longer now."

Then soon the garden was as brilliant as it had ever been, the bright scarlet blooms seemed to smile up to the blue sky in very gladness, glowing and laughing in the warm sunshine.

"I am so glad to see the geraniums out again," said the sick man. "I did not know how much they cheered and helped me; the rain seemed as if it would have spoilt them."

"Only seemed," said the friend, looking, not at the flowers, but at the hands that daily grew thinner and weaker.

"It is their afterwards," said the sick man with a smile of peace.

Before the scarlet geraniums fell again, the sick man had ceased to watch and be cheered by them.

He had grown to need no more of earth's cheering, and lay with a white, peaceful face, from which all lines of pain had been smoothed out, in an upper room. Though the blinds were down, the windows were open, and the summer scents and sounds stole in, and there were long shafts of sunshine that would not be kept out, but moved over the room and touched the sleeper caressingly.

Friends brought wreaths of fair white flowers till the room could hold no more, but the friend who had nursed and tended the sleeper went into the garden and gathered the best and brightest of the geraniums, which, with loving hands, he fashioned into a cross. Then, smiling through his tears, he laid the brilliant cross over the white folded hands, saying in a tone that, for all its sadness, had a note of triumph, "AFTERWARDS."



## GARTH GARRICKSON—WORKMAN.

### THE STORY OF A LANCASHIRE LAD.

#### CHAPTER V.



MILDRED did not seem to have gained much by her hasty return home. For some days the weather was wet and stormy; she was a prisoner and solitary, for her father had gone from Glasgow to London, and was still there.

The hills were invisible, the whole world drowned out of sight by clouds, smoky vapour, and sheets of rain; the wind howled over the land, shrieked among the trees, and whistled in the chimneys. All outside communication was cut off, excepting through the postman, who brought little for her; the groom who struggled to town with orders; and the milk-boy from the farm; and Mildred found her solitude a little trying after her gaieties. On the one evening when she did manage to get to the night-school, there were but one or two there, and, to her surprise, no Garth. One day she fancied she saw him breasting his way down the hill, cap pulled down closely, hands in pockets; but she was uncertain, and there was no word even of thanks for the flowers. A vague depressing sense of disappointment fell on Mildred—she almost wished she had remained in London; but at last the wind dropped, the rain ceased, the next morning was bright and sunny, and when she came down-stairs she found her father had returned.

"Returned, Elizabeth! When?"

"Early this morning, about seven—by the night mail, I suppose, ma'am."

However, he had come; there he was, standing on the breakfast-room hearthrug, examining his letters, and looking as fresh as if he had just risen from a comfortable bed; as far from travel-stained as if he and railways were total strangers—a good-looking,

portly man, with a strong face and a determination of carriage often seen in those who have taken and kept a successful hold on the world, and with nothing of the harshness Garth has prepared us for. But a grey moustache hides the mouth; and John Caryl at home and John Caryl abroad are two different men, after the manner of the sons of John Bull.

"Ah! Good-morning, my dear"—holding aside his correspondence to allow of Mildred's dutifully raised lips coming between. "How do you do? You should have waited in London, and I could have brought you home, you see. You always are so impulsive, Mildred," blaming her after the fashion of fathers for those qualities derived from himself.

"I was tired of London, papa."

"Or someone there, eh?" and Mildred flushed a little; it was evident he had met someone or other who had given him confidential news—news she had hoped he would never hear. "I wish you had waited. I wired, but missed you by an hour. Yes, I wish I had been there."

"Papa, it would have made no difference—"

"Would it not? I am not sure; and if you will allow me a father's natural interest—Well, well," as the maids appeared with breakfast, "we can talk of this another time; I must get to business."

He got to business at once, seeming to include breakfast in that and that in breakfast, eating with a zest which soon left Mildred far behind, and going on with his letters and newspaper meanwhile. He cast away the newspaper and rose before she had half finished—he never waited—and began to gather up the papers littering his end of the table; then he paused and considered.

"My dear," he said slowly, "I wonder if you could do something for me."

"Certainly—I will try."

"Here is a German letter among these" (selecting it). "I don't understand it. I'm nothing of a German scholar, you know. Could you translate it, and let me have it this evening?" Mildred took the sheet a little gingerly, and looked at the cramped, impossible scrawl, so unlike her German master's neat hand, in some distaste. "I'll try, father—and do my best; but don't be vexed if I fail. My lessons were not in commercial correspondence, you know."

"I wish they had been—it would be helpful. Be careful, Mildred; a mistake might be serious."

Mildred saw her father off, going to the door with a gay antimacassar over her shoulders and watching him down the drive; then leaving her breakfast—her father's businesslike meals always spoilt hers—went to her room at once; she meant to go out this fine morning, and had better do this first.

But Mildred did not do it: the handwriting was so difficult to decipher, the phraseology so strange, that she found the task beyond her. Moreover, there were business terms which she had no idea how to render in English. After an hour or two's vain struggle, she grew bewildered, and threw down her pen in despair, deciding that it was a shame to spend this lovely morning indoors; she would leave it until the afternoon, and go and see old Daddy Pack; and accompanied by a small mob of dogs, off she went.

Someone else was out in the sunny weather also. Mrs. Garrickson was surprised by Garth's coming home in the middle of the morning.

"What is it? Are you not well, my son?"

"Oh yes, mother, there's nothing amiss. There's business at H—Mr. Caryl wants me to do, and I thought I would come in and change my coat and walk across country; there's no train."

"I'm very glad; the walk will do you good; you're too much indoors. I wish you'd get a tricycle, Garth."

"Oh, I can't afford it, and there's as much oxygen to be had on foot," and he ran up-stairs. Presently he came down again in his second-best suit, and very spruce he looked.

"So Mr. Caryl is home, Garth," called his mother from the kitchen, as he paused in the passage to brush his hat.

"Yes; by the early train, just to see if the umbrellas were right way up in the stand, and they weren't, so he took on, and Simister nearly gave warning." Mrs. Garrickson came to the kitchen door, her hands covered with flour, and laughed an amused little laugh.

"Oh, that pleases them, and it needn't displease you."

"Where's the key of the end gate, mother?"

"Miss Mildred has it: she came in for a drink of milk on her way to Mr. Pack, and she had forgotten her own, so she took it. You can go by the shooting range."

"Oh, I can jump the wall," and he was going.

"Shall you be back to dinner, Garth?" she called after him.

"I don't know. No—yes—don't wait." What did he know of the pie his mother was making and the remnant of meat?

He ran down the steps and out at the gate, clashing it behind him, and went off across the field by the

straight broad path: on his right the slope of the hill and the plain of Lancashire, scores of smoking chimneys already sully the storm-purified air; on his left a reach of pasture-land, with a farm here and there, his master's land; and from this direction the breeze came sweet and fresh, for between here and Derby was no considerable town; all the Peak district and Dovedale between. On he went, with long, even strides, until the path met the road, a tall iron gate between. Supposing this to be locked, he jumped the wall forthwith, and turned up the rough country road. And now he began to search the land with keen, far-seeing eyes, but no one could he see. Miss Mildred was evidently already on the other side of the hill, and he strode on whistling that little tune of his. But as he neared the top of the hill, where, just past a row of cottages, a lane led off to the left, a clear lilting voice took it up—

"It were profanity  
For poor humanity  
To treat as vanity  
The sway of love."

"In no locality  
Or principality  
Is our mortality  
Its sway above"

—and the next moment the dogs rushed round the corner, barking and leaping upon him joyously—they knew Garth—and Mildred followed; while the women, attracted by the noise, put their heads out of their doors, said "Good-morning," and stood respectfully, within possible earshot—the reason, perhaps, why Mildred was a little embarrassed, Garth more than a little stiff.

"Why, Garth!" in surprise—it was so unusual to see him out in the morning—"Why, Garth! What is it?"

"Your father has come home, Miss Mildred."

"Ill? Hurt, Garth?"—in alarm.

"No, no; nothing is the matter—no indeed, Miss Mildred."

"But I knew he had returned; he came to breakfast."

"Oh, I did not know; I thought he had come from the station and you could not know, or you would be at home, perhaps."

"At home! Why at home? I am not housekeeper."

"Are you not, Miss Mildred?"

"Certainly not, Mrs. Williams would give instant notice if I presumed to interfere. I have been with blind Luc; now I am going to Daddy. I meant to go over the hill and down through the wood, but it was so wet I had to turn back."

Garth still looked away in grave doubt.

"You managed at the gate, I hope?"

"I got over the wall."

Mildred laughed. "Without trying the gate? How characteristic! It was *unlocked*."

Garth did not laugh. He said—"Well, good-morning, Miss Mildred; I must go on," pulled off his hat, and crossing the road, struck into a field-path, giving her no time for reply.

Mildred turned in a little pique, and pursued her way down the hill. What a simple fellow Garth was, after all; what odd notions he had! Of course all his ideas of household economy pointed to there being twice as much provision for two as for one; and of dauntlessly duty, to her tucking up her sleeves and, if not killing, certainly cooking the fatted hen for her father's consumption. Of course she knew better;

but it was uncomfortable to be misunderstood by Garth. He had been very odd since her return; she had no idea why. Perhaps he was vexed by her having remained away so long and left him so much to do at the night-school. It would interfere with his own studies—yes—and that would be the reason of his reading so far into the night, and of his absence the other evening. She must let him know she did not so greatly need him, she decided, as she reached Daddy's cottage. Elijah, or as he was usually called, "Daddy" Pack, was a local celebrity. He had been an ardent lay-preacher of the Methodist persuasion, and for many years the head-gardener of Mildred's grandfather during almost all her mother's lifetime. Now his days of service were over, and he lived in one of these two little white houses alone, confined very much to it and his bit of garden by the infirmities of extreme old age. Mildred often visited him, and was a great favourite of his, as was natural; only second to her being Garth, whom he knew quite as well.

As children they had often met here, when Garth had a half-holiday and Mildred could escape her governess. Many a ramble they had had in these fields; many a scramble in the wood that clothed the hillside; many a merry tea-drinking in the cottage; and though as the years advanced these had somehow ceased, it was not a very rare thing for them to meet there even now, both still coming frequently.

Mildred found the old man feebly at work in the garden, clearing away some branches brought down from the trees above by the wind. "Siding up gen'ally efter th' storm," he told her.

"You don't seem a bit surprised to see me, Daddy. Did you know I had returned?"

"Well, yes, Miss Mildred, mem, I did."

"I wonder at that. So few people know, and in such a storm."

"Well, mem, the storm was the prim'ry cause, if one may so say."

"How is that?"

"Well, the larder was very low, mem, when the storm began. Mrs. Wamsley next door was a-going to town that very day; she'd put it off in somewhat shiftless road—and then down coom the ren; and the larder went lower and th' coals run out likewise, and bein' children next door I didna see me way to takin' o' theirn; seein' there was no sayin' wen the waters would abate from off the face o' the earth; and for children to clem is a very bad thing, mem, a very bad thing," pausing to shake his head and consider the point.

"Well, what did you do, Daddy?"

"I did the only thing there was to do under such-like circumstantial. I tuk it to the Lord in prayer," and again he paused.

"Yes: well!"

"Eh, well, mem," in a glow of half-suppressed triumph, "Mrs. Garrickson up yon, she bethought herself, or rather I should say the Lord Himself bethought her"—reverently—"as 'ow we might very like be in such a case, so when the lad Garth coom whoam from work (and she'd counselled him to stay all night in the toon), she told him, and he come o'er the hill, mem,

in his father's old big coat, and his gaiters and his cap tied down on his yed wi' a handkercher"—chuckling immoderately at Garth's expense—"and a basket wi' bread and bacon and potatoes and tea and such; and so," becoming suddenly serious, "I sought the Lord and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears. This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his troubles."

Mildred had seated herself on a convenient stone of good size—Daddy's garden chair; her eyes were gleaming.

"That was good; just like Garth too," and there was a pause. . . "Well, what have you been doing while I have been away? No news?"

"Ay yes, now, Miss Mildred, there were a little matter as I would like to tek counsel aboot, if I mout be so bold," and Daddy hesitated and stopped; asking favours was not in his line. Mildred knew this, and her curiosity was roused.

"What is it? Indeed I will do my best to help."

"It's my sister's gell, mem, my sister that married a Scotchman up to Glasgow."

"Oh yes—I know"—and she did: how Daddy's only sister had grieved him by marrying a godless coachman in the family in which she was housemaid in Scotland, and died there of his ill-treatment; but of there being a daughter she was ignorant.

"She's been living these many years, mem, wi' a sister o' her father's, fer her father married agen, and his wife werena kind to Minnie, and when her father died she seemed to belong to her aunt efter so many years' time. Well, now her aunt has died, too, in the course o' natur—a very old woman, and a good woman she were too—and there were nothing for Minnie but to go to her stepmother, who'd married agen, and has a large family. An' she's livin' there now, Bradford way, and she isna comfortable, Miss Mildred, mem, ner doin' well, for her stepmother is a sad woman, a very sad woman," shaking his head thoughtfully. "An' Minnie, she thought o' her old uncle, and she wrote me a letter; it come fore the ren, but I couldna make head nor tail o' it fore Garth coom, and he read it easy—he's a good scholar is Garth; and she's very unhappy, Miss Mildred, it a-pears, and she wants to know can I have her here and find her a place. Well, in course she must coom, Miss Mildred."

"Of course she must come. I'll see about it at once. What is her address? I'll write to-day."

"Well, no, mem, there's no need. Garth, he wrote at oncet. You see, she'd bin some days waitin'; so he writ in his pocket-book that as I told him, and when he got whoam he'd copy it out all fair and tidy and post it next morn, and he's to go on Saturday and fetch her. He's a good lad, is Garth, an' rare handy wi' a plan."

"And what can I do, Daddy?"

"Well, it's the place, mem, we was thinkin' on. Garth, he said he thought you'd know," and the old man stopped; he could not say what Garth had said—that doubtless Mildred would take the girl in herself. But Mildred, of course, guessed it.

"She shall come to the Hall, Daddy, if I can arrange; one of the maids is discontented, I think. I will speak to Mrs. Williams at once." Daddy was evidently relieved.



"Thank you, Miss Mildred; that'll do fine. You see, it's not fittin' that she should live here, with naught to do, even if I could keep her a year or two—which I couldn't well do. She'll have a bit o' money in a year or two what her aunt left her—when she's twenty-one or marries. But it's a poor place for my sister's daughter, and she wants a situation, she says, herself. I'll get th' letter if you'll step in a bit, Miss Mildred, mem." Mildred went into the tiny cottage, neat and clean enough, but evidently lacking a woman's occupation and care—for all the house-work was done by Daddy himself, with the occasional help of his "shiftless" next-door neighbour—and Daddy was getting feeble.

The letter proved to be neatly written and well spelt, but vague and helpless enough. Evidently the girl had capacities, but if left to herself or the people she was with would very easily make shipwreck.

"Yes, she must certainly come. I will see Mrs. Garrickson and Mrs. Williams. We will have some plan by Saturday, and let you know," and Mildred left the old man comforted.

#### CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Mr. Caryl came home in the evening Mildred met him deprecatingly, the German letter in her hand.

"I am so sorry, father, but I really cannot do it. Look"—showing her copy—"this is the most I can do."

"Well, Mildred, after all the expense of your lessons, it is a pity, and I am sorry you tried; for now a day is wasted and I don't know how to get it done in time for an answer to-morrow."

"It occurred to me, papa, that we might ask Garth."

"Garth?—who?—Oh, young Garrickson. What does he know of German?"

"As much as I, quite—possibly more; he will understand the business terms, at any rate, and with what I have done—"

"How do you know, Mildred?"

"Because I have helped him, and he has helped me."

Her father looked at her. Mildred's face was clear and frank as a child's.

"Smart lad that," he observed, meditatively. "Went to H— on an errand only to-day; extremely well he did it, too—extremely well;" and he paused, thinking of Garth's good looks, his neat grey suit, clear eyes, erect head, and a sharp retort he had overheard. John Caryl had a taste for sharp retorts.

"He really is very clever," Mildred said; "far too clever for the work he is doing. He ought to be in the office."

"But I don't want another in the office. I want a traveller—I am away too much—with an occasional job like this. Where did Garth get this knowledge?"

"Chiefly, I think, from the library."

"The library?"—he had forgotten all about it. Mildred refreshed his memory, and spoke of Garth's

work there and elsewhere. "I should not be surprised if he were up-stairs now," she concluded.

"Just go and see; and if he is, bring him down here;" and Mildred went.

But the library was dark and empty and cold. Had she known it, Garth would not be found there for many a day.

"He will be at home," she said, returning, "or Mrs. Garrickson will know where."

"Mothers don't always know their sons' whereabouts in the evening, my dear."

"Mrs. Garrickson will. I expect he will be at home after walking to H—."

"How do you know he walked?"

"Because I met him on the way."

Mr. Caryl considered.

"I'll just go and see, Mildred," with sudden decision. "This must be translated at once, and I should like a word with his mother." He left the room, and soon the front door banged.

Garth was at home "resting after his walk"—the end of him that had been in use, that is—by activity now at the end then idle. He sat on one side of the table, his books around him, knitting his brows over a nice bit of algebra, to all appearance—in reality "wool-gathering;" while his mother sat on the other, knitting for his resting end, wool-using, with simpler and more practical rules of arithmetic.

He did not look up when the door opened, and Mrs. Garrickson had risen and shaken hands before he was roused by a loud, cheery, "Hallo, Garth! In the clouds?"

He started then, and rose dazedly. It was just as well the shade of the lamp threw his flushing face into shadow. His hand was grasped and shaken and dropped, while he stood speechless, his brain in a whirl. What could his master want with him? Could he possibly—? His mother's habitual composure stood Garth in good stead.

"I daresay he is," with a low laugh. "Take a chair, Mr. Caryl, if you please; he'll come down;" and Mr. Caryl dropped into the old easy-chair and stretched out his feet with more real content than he often found in the sumptuous rooms he frequented nowadays.

"You are as comfortable as ever here, I see," he said, and with a fleet glance he had taken in all the room. "It's a cold night, Mrs. Garrickson."

"Yes; it usually is cold up here on the hill, sir."

"Sir!" how naturally! He was no better born than herself, but he was good and a gentleman. She held him in genuine respect.

"Exposed—yes—too exposed, I should think;" and Garth, listening, "brought down a momentary brow." This, then, was his errand; he wanted his house for other use—those who would rent it. Of course, he would declare it undesirable—advise, in all-powerful friendship, a move elsewhere. The idea did not occur to sensible Mrs. Garrickson.

"Well, yes, for delicate lungs it would be; but Garth and I are not delicate. It's bracing."

"Yes; so you are still quite content?"

"Certainly, sir. It's a long way for Garth to go to work, but it's better to be out of the town."

"Much better; better for study. Is that German you have there, Garth?"

Garth's brow did not unbend, he did not want patronage. "No, sir, algebra."

"Ah! you are wondering how I knew about the German," with a glance which unsettled Garth's ideas, and led him to suspect he was mistaking—a

"I'll try. Oh, it's not all wasted time; what she has done will help. If she had just given it me this morning I could have done it now."

"She was out this morning—you met——"

Garth's head went up. Was he to be accused for meeting and speaking to his master's daughter? *He* knew he had turned his back on that fair vision.



"Mildred found the old man at work in the garden."—p. 127.

suspicion soon confirmed by Mr. Caryl's explanation. When it ended he rose and took the letter and Mildred's unfinished translation, with a deference born of repentance.

"Oh, yes, sir," looking at it, while his master looked at him, secretly admiring the well-knit figure, the pose of the Park head. "I can do this well enough."

"To-night? Can you do it to-night and bring it in the morning? You see, Miss Caryl has lost a day."

"Yes, sir."

"And if she had stayed at home and worked at it like a man she might have succeeded, and I need not have troubled you."

Now Garth was caught—not only in his mistake—his second—but in his position. He had plainly hinted to Miss Mildred that she should be indoors that morning; it turned out she *had* shirked a set task, and yet he would not have her blamed, even by her father.

"Well, she is not a man," he said, blunderingly, instead of merely disclaiming trouble, and went over to his bookshelf for his German dictionary, brought it to the table, and turned the lamp a little higher.

That attracted Mr. Caryl's attention.

"What a handsome lamp you have, Mrs. Garrickson!"

"Yes, sir; Miss Mildred gave it to me for a birthday present a good while ago. The old one was bad for Garth's reading, and unsafe."

"And you have no gas. I thought you had"—looking for the chandelier.

"Oh, we don't mind that—we don't like gas. Garth is all for the electric light"—with a sly look.

"Have you seen into its workings at all, Garth?"

He had, in Manchester: it was a hobby of his. The German was left, and a discussion ensued, in which he showed considerable knowledge of the subject and a facility of debate which pleased John Caryl. He forgot this was his master—Miss Mildred's father; he forgot the mill—forgot everything in the pleasure of meeting an intellect equal to his own—a tongue as ready.

Mrs. Garrickson slipped away unobserved, on hospitable thoughts intent, leaving them busy: and they were still engaged when she returned, with the neat Janie carrying a white-covered tray.

Mr. Caryl jumped up when he saw it.

"Well, I must go—you want your supper."

"Oh, you will oblige me by joining us now, sir? You surely don't think I would have brought the tray if I hadn't expected."

And John Caryl joined them, wondering if this dainty repast was in the usual order of things.

It was, only Mrs. Garrickson had got out her best china—Mrs. Caryl's wedding present years ago—and made the coffee with her own hands, to Janie's chagrin. He enjoyed it, and said so.

"No one makes coffee like this at the house—no one can."

"Excuse me, sir; have you ever found out that Miss Mildred can do so? Certainly! There's not much in the cooking way your daughter can't do—I've seen to that"—with pardonable pride.

"Can she bake?"

"Undoubtedly. Many a time she's made the bread we've eaten. I hope you don't think I have taken a liberty, sir. There were wet days in the holidays, and since she left school, when she wearied of her books and fancy work, and having no company—"

"My dear Mrs. Garrickson, I am indebted to you for the pains you have taken with my girl. I wish to my heart I had done the like by your boy. I was under the idea that Mildred was rather a useless young lady. I am glad I was mistaken.—Garth, I was just going to ask you if you had ever thought of attending Owens College."

"I have done so—for a session—a few winters ago."

"And why not since?"

Garth was silent.

"He won't afford it, Mr. Caryl," said his mother.

"There's a deal Garth won't afford. He will pay for his keep, you see, and—"

A look on her son's face stopped her. Mr. Caryl saw it also, and had the sense to propose no raising of salary, or make any comment.

He took his leave.

But at the outer door he paused and looked his "out-looker" in the eyes.

"Excuse me, my lad, will you answer a personal question?"

Garth signified assent with a sudden heart-throb.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-four"—with sudden relief.

"Oh, I thought older—by two or three years. Keep on, my boy; you've time. There's always room at the top"—and he was gone.

"Garth," said his mother, when he returned to the parlour, "you're wrong about Mr. Caryl's hardness."

"If you saw him at the mill, mother—"

Garth was a little bewildered.

"He doesn't keep another heart at the mill. My son, there's an old Book that says, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'"

Garth thought of the old motto:—"Fide sed cui vide."

## CHAPTER VII.

MILDRED was still in the drawing-room when her father returned.

She came to the door when she heard him and stood on the mat, waiting, while he divested himself of his coat in the hall; and very handsome Mildred looked in her ruby plush tea-gown. She and her father never wore evening dress at home, John Caryl keeping an early prejudice. But Mildred's tea gowns were sumptuous, and this particularly becoming, the rich colouring throwing up the fairness of skin and hair, the darkness of the eyes. She stood there, the doorway framing her, the room behind forming a background—like the portrait of a queen; and the contrast between the home he had left and the home he had come to struck John Caryl forcibly. For the first time he saw how very fair his daughter was.

"Well?"

"Well?—oh, yes! it's all right—he will do it."

"Will you have coffee, father?"

"No, thanks, I have had. To-morrow I will, if you'll make it, Mildred."

Mildred opened her eyes—then laughed.

"Mrs. Garrickson has told a secret."

"Why did you make it a secret, Millie?"

"I never thought you would care about it. You don't mind, do you, papa? The royal princesses learn cooking, you know—it was just amusement."

"A very useful amusement. I wish I had known, too, of that young man's abilities: it would have saved me some trouble and outlay. If I had known as lately as last week—" cogitating. "He's a handsome fellow"—meditatively, by-and-by. "Those eyes are good—very good—as different— There now, Mildred"—waking up—"I had almost forgotten. You have refused Kildare O'Neil!"

"Yes, papa."

"And why did you do that?"—sitting down and leaning forward, prepared for an argument.

"The usual reason."

"Don't jest, Mildred."

"I am not jesting—I am in earnest—and I told Kildare he need never tell you, for it would not help him. If I never married, I would never be his wife!"

"Which, as an Irishman, he should have understood. There is no need to heat yourself, my dear. I have no desires in the thing, but I think I should know how matters stand. Are you under the idea that you *definitely* refused, then?"

"Certainly, and so is he."

"Pardon me, Mildred; you are mistaken there. He thinks you asked time."

"No, papa. I told him distinctly I would not think of it."

"At present, but in the future——"

"No—I told him for all time. I will not have Kildare O'Neil!"

"Well, well, my dear, I am not pressing you to do so; I have no wish. But I do wish you had written to me, Mildred, for if you could not convince him, I could, you know. And now I have

made a grave mistake. How long was this going on?"

"All the last month in London. I kept him at bay three weeks, and then one day he was nearly run over in the park and I was startled, and he made a disgraceful scene"—with flaming cheeks.

"The polite Kildare?"

"Oh, *he was polite* enough," with scornful emphasis. "And then he insisted that I did care, and everyone knew it, and they seemed to think so, so I came home."

"Very uncomfortable for you."

"Very uncomfortable!"

Mildred was not far from tears.

"And don't you see, Millie, that had you written at first it need never have been! Now, look, too, what I have done: Kildare is to come here as my traveller—living with us!"



"You have refused Kildare O'Neil?"—p. 130.



"Papa!"

"Yes; he saw I was advertising, and came to me and offered, telling me this tale, and begging for opportunity; and for your sake, Mildred, I accepted him, against my own inclination and judgment."

"Father, he cannot come."

"He must, Mildred. He has left his employment—a better salary than I am giving—and made all arrangements. In mere business honour he must come now, 'as per contract.'"

"He need not stay."

"If he gives satisfaction in his work I cannot turn him away, and he will do his best, I know, with a view to partnership. I am very sorry, for personally I do not care for him, and I have since seen the very man."

"Garth, papa?"

"Yes, Garth—just the man. I can't think where my eyes were. I need not have advertised. I disappointed 115 applicants."

Mildred came across to say good-night.

"You are not vexed with me, papa?"

"No, my girl, you are punished enough. But another time tell me."

"I—I thought you would wish it."

"Against your will? That will not be, Millie. Cheer up; he shall behave himself. I'll have a word with Kildare; and he will be much away, trust him to me."

Mildred kissed her father very humbly and went upstairs in just Garth's bewilderment about him.

Next morning they both found him exactly as usual.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE rest of the week Mildred spent chiefly in scheming for Daddy's unknown niece; but her time was much broken by callers, who came in shoals to partake of her bohea and London triumphs; and at last it had to be hastily arranged that she should stay with Mrs. Garrickson until the discontented Emma could be not too summarily despatched, and her place left for Minnie.

And when Minnie came all was disarranged.

It was not until the Sunday evening that Mildred saw her; she arrived late on the Saturday, and Mildred had, of course, been engaged all that day. But after evening service she walked up, to find that Garth had taken the girl to see her uncle, the distance being too great for Mrs. Garrickson. They had been to tea, and would doubtless soon return.

"She is not at all what I expected," Mrs. Garrickson said; "I meant her to share Janie's room and table; but I saw in a minute it wouldn't do, so I made up a bed in the little room, and she has her meals with us. She's a deal above her people. Her aunt seems to have been a most superior person. No doubt it's owing to her living with her so long."

Perhaps so—very probably; but however it might be, this girl would never do for an under—no, not an upper housemaid, if for domestic service at all, Mildred decided at once when Minnie came in with Garth. She was too *ladyish*.

Of moderate height, slender, and slightly pretty with shy blue eyes, and light brown hair drawn nicely back from a broad, white forehead, about which it crisped in natural girlish curliness, and twisted up at the top of her head. Tastily dressed, too, with tidy gloves and boots. In fact, to good observers, Minnie was the oddest, diminutive, diluted edition of Mildred herself, and looked what she was—the carefully reared only child of an independent, not unrefined, country cottage home—no more fitted for domestic service than for weaving in the mill.

What were they to do with her?

They ought, of course, to have seen her before arranging; but it was too late now. And the girl herself, understanding that a suitable situation was at hand, and that this was her future mistress, sat there all unconscious of these impressions, looking at Mildred and waiting to be told what her duties would be; while Mrs. Garrickson and Garth looked on in unconcealed perplexity.

Mildred's ready wit came to her aid; she put it off till next day.

"We are all tired to-night, and it is Sunday. Come to-morrow morning and we shall see."

But next morning she did not see; the matter was quite embarrassing. Minnie Garner was like most girls brought up at home—fit for nothing *but* home.

Eminently fitted for that, neat and domestic in her tastes and habits, cheerful and amiable in her temper; but of no stuff for endurance, or continued effort, or bent to menial employment. She was a fair needlewoman, Mildred found; made her own clothing, and trimmed her own hats—in a fashion; played on the piano—hymns and simple airs—and was fond of reading. Her speech was singularly correct, the prettiest Englishised Scotch imaginable. Had her aunt but lived a few years longer, all would have been well; she would have married, doubtless—some small tradesman, perhaps—and been a model of her kind. But left as she had been at eighteen, alone, pretty, and with this little fortune in store, to forsake her was impossible.

But what to do with her?

As a present device Mildred brought in a quantity of calico and set her to work on that; but even such employment would not do permanently, she saw. Minnie was neat but slow with her needle, helpless with her scissors, and the confinement and cramping posture tried her strength. She would have been happier with Mrs. Garrickson than anywhere else; but Mrs. Garrickson did not need her. Had Daddy only possessed a competency and a decent cottage to have kept, it would have been the very thing for her; but he had neither, and to move him or augment his means in any way was not to be thought of.

For the present she sewed on, honestly supposing she was fairly earning wage and "keep" by that means.

She was sitting at the window of Mildred's room with her work one bright morning. Outside, the world was dewy and fresh; inside, dusty and close—partly in comparison, partly because fires were still in continuance and seemed so out of place. The



outlook was limited, "commanding an uninterrupted view of over the way"—a high, grassy, tree-crowned bank, which, being accustomed to the open country, Minnie did not find so refreshing to the eye as a townswoman would have done. She was beginning to find what had at first been grandeur just a trifle dull. It was better than Yorkshire, but she missed her aunt and the cheery neighbours of her Scotch home.

In fact, Minnie was fretting, when the carriage

pardon," as if it were the most natural mistake in the world, and advancing as if to shake hands. Minnie had none of the insignia of a servant, and looked so very young and pretty. "Whom have I the pleasure of meeting?"

"Oh, I am only Minnie Garner." Her voice betrayed his mistake.

"And do you know where Miss Caryl is?"

"Up-stairs. And will I bring her, please?"

"I will be much obliged, please," making a little



"She was sitting at the window of Mildred's room."—p. 132.

drove up to the door and a young gentleman sprang out. Minnie leaned forward, forgetting her trouble in interest, and looked at him, and watched the taking in of the portmanteaux, of which there were several. Thomas appeared on the steps not at all surprised, and respectfully saluted the stranger, who nodded carelessly, and then turned round abruptly to inspect the window at which she sat. Before Minnie could draw back he had seen her and, with a quick smile, pulled off his hat. The next moment there were voices in the hall, the door opened, and he entered the room. He was slight and fair, and rather good-looking, she saw.

"Well, Mildred, here I— Oh, I declare it's not Mildred," as Minnie rose in confusion. "I beg your

private amusement by mimicking her so perfectly that she didn't see it, and Minnie got out of the room with all speed.

Mildred was in a bare little room at the top of the house, painting; and, being somewhat bedaubed, thought she had a colourable excuse for remaining there. Kildare must learn, and it was better to begin at once.

"Tell him I am particularly engaged, and cannot come, Minnie. Thomas will find him a biscuit and a glass of wine, and Mr. Caryl is at the works, expecting him."

"I—I—will you mind if I don't go, Miss Caryl? Can somebody else tell him?"

Mildred looked at her in astonishment; then

something in the girl's face enlightened her. She said very quickly—

"Go and find Elizabeth and tell her I want her; and you may finish your sewing in Mrs. Williams' room, Minnie," and returned to her easel, considering a possible new complication.

Altogether Mr. Kildare O'Neil found his reception decidedly cool, and was soon aware of the mistake he had made.

His "uncle"—really his mother's half-sister's husband—carried him off to Manchester and kept him there all day. When, in the evening, he met Mildred at tea—high-tea they always had here when alone, and he was accustomed to dinner—she was extremely distant, and gave her attentions to the teapot.

Afterwards Mr. Caryl insisted on his accompanying him to a political meeting which he was to chair, and even Mildred was sorry, as his political opinions did not coincide with her father's. His polite objections were overruled by an outspoken "Come, come, my boy! It won't hurt you to hear the other side. If your convictions are not water, they won't evaporate in heat;" and Mildred's evening was disturbed by thoughts of poor Kildare writhing on the political gridiron.

He came home as sulky as good breeding would allow, and next morning was despatched to Glasgow, where he was to remain a week.

Mildred hoped he would soon be vanquished and withdraw; but unassailable confidence in the ultimate triumph of his charm kept him at his post. It was a pleasant life enough, too: first-class travelling, good hotels; constant change, which agreed with Kildare; and if there were business, there were always also explicit orders for his guidance. John Caryl was not likely to risk much. He was fitted for his work, and did it well, and, after all, so much away, so rarely at home when her father was not, and always so well bred, that Mildred could find no cause for complaint.

And the days lengthened, the trees burst into leaf, the winds softened to zephyrs, and she lived quietly on.

But though her life was outwardly so uneventful, inwardly Mildred lived fast.

There are seasons in our lives when our spiritual senses become abnormally sharpened: our inward eyes opened to the world—our world, that is, and our relations to it, our real self and what that self may be, become, and do; and the conditions of that being, becoming, and doing are very real to our perceptions.

To win that self, to do that deed, it is seen that something is to be sacrificed, something laid down; a position left before another can be taken up; a hold on much loosened before the hands can grasp more; a swinging in space before the lift to a higher plane can be; and what is in the light of eternity an elevation is so often in the light of this world a degradation. Between the two lights, as in twilight,

our surroundings are confusingly difficult of recognition.

This just now was Mildred's case; she understood the tendency of her life now. Garth's very precautions against betrayal had betrayed him—how, she scarcely knew; but somehow her clear eyes had read Garth's heart beyond all mistake.

What then? Supposing her hands loosened their hold on all they held and reached out—empty! Would they be grasped by those other hands, warm and strong, and potent to hold and lift, or would they be unheeded—refused—while she dropped—where?

Suppose she held fast what she held? Would it remain firm, or rot in her hand and come away by the roots, like some dead tree in the side of a precipice, dislodged by her own tenacious grasp?

Questionings like these made Mildred's days and nights restless; while Garth, man-like, went on his way unknowing, a way which led him much out of her ken; for the sight of her was suffering to Garth, and yet a joy he dare not allow himself.

He still went to and from the mill by the field and lane, and when not at work was out on the hills, with a book certainly, but not reading; he did not seem to be studying at all—not, at least, as last summer and autumn, when he had been so engrossed in German, so often up-stairs among the Goethes, and in need of help with translation. Now the library was deserted in spite of her hint. At the school he seemed to be doing no more, nor so much, and she never saw him there now, though she knew that in her absence he was present.

For Mildred had blundered.

In very fear of wounding him and giving a wrong impression, she had been vague, which hurt him all the more and left him under a total mistake.

"Don't think I don't want you, Garth," she had said. "I could never have done so far alone; but now for your own sake—and there are others to help if need—"

And Garth had said quietly, "Certainly, Miss Mildred," and gone round collecting the slates—for they were closing the room, the last scholar had departed—with several thoughts born of her tone.

She did *not* want him; he had done enough. Her cousin had probably offered, and Miss Mildred (who, had he known it, had peremptorily declined) preferred his help.

For Garth had his own opinion of Kildare O'Neil's position. Had his mother been right, he thought, Miss Mildred would have prevented his coming. Had her father not approved he would not have engaged his nephew, even creating a post for him. Of course it could mean but one thing, and he must not see Miss Mildred. When they did meet, he was grave and quiet as always, but his eyes had a depth that haunted Mildred. Even his mother saw a change in Garth.

(To be continued.)



## SOME FAMOUS CHURCHYARDS.



EDENSOR.



To sleep the last sleep within the walls of the Parish Church would seem for many generations to have been the ambition of all who had any claim to that privilege. Yet the custom is not one which commends itself to a sober judgment. Sentiment, indeed, very naturally and properly plays a large part in our treatment of the dead; all the more gladly should we encourage the growth of a public sentiment in favour of modes of burial more consistent with the health of the living.

Our own Royal Family has of late made use of special buildings—the Mausoleum at Frogmore and the Albert Chapel at Windsor—for the bestowal of its dead. One little prince, however—an infant of a day—lies in the churchyard of Sandringham, upon the estate of its royal parents. The grave is at the east end of the church, just without the chancel wall; it is of white marble surrounded by a low iron railing, and bears this inscription:—"Alexander John Charles Albert, third son of Albert Edward Prince of Wales and Alexandra Princess of Wales. Born April 6th, died April 7th, 1871." Upon the foot of the cross-shaped headstone is the text, "Suffer little children to

come unto Me." The churchyard contains the graves of many of the Prince's servants, each stone bearing the legend "Albertus Edouardus P., Alexandra P., in memoriam posuerunt." The tombs of two rectors of the parish who have died during the Prince's time bear similar inscriptions.

Her Majesty the Queen has often given proof of her faithful affection for the memory of those who, in life, have been honoured with her confidence. Few scenes could be more touching than that of the 30th April, 1881, when, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, she personally visited the vault in which the body of Lord Beaconsfield had been placed a few days previously, and with tear-dimmed eyes laid flowers upon his coffin. Perhaps no greater proof of the sincerity of her regard for the departed statesman could be given than the fact that the route which she followed on this occasion was the circuitous road through Clieveden which he had himself taken when he paid his last visit to Her Majesty at Windsor. The Earl was buried beside his Countess—with an utter absence of pomp, save that which was due to the presence of princes, ambassadors, and statesmen of rank and fame—in a vault beneath a marble tomb in Hughenden Churchyard, close against the eastern wall of the chancel. Her Majesty had sent two

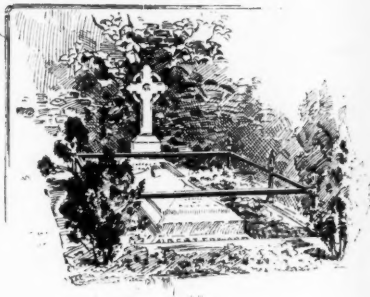
wreaths, one of primroses, with the inscription, "His favourite flowers, from Osborne; a tribute of affection from Queen Victoria." But the memorial to which all eyes turn is the tablet over his pew within the church, bearing in bas-relief his portrait and arms, and inscribed "To the dear and honoured memory of Benjamin Earl of Beaconsfield this memorial is placed by his grateful Sovereign and friend Victoria R.I. 'Kings love him that speaketh right.' (Proverbs xvi. 13.) February 27th, 1882."

It is worthy of note that the churchyard of the town of Beaconsfield, from which the Earl derived his title, was the scene, in the early days of the Civil War, of the drilling of train-bands on a Sunday afternoon by John Hampden—to the scandal of the authorities, to whom, indeed, he had to make submission.

Among the churchyards which have been selected as the burying-places of great and noble families, perhaps the best known is that of Edensor, near Chatsworth, where lie the bodies of the later members of the Cavendish family, of which the Duke of Devonshire is the head. Edensor itself is an exceedingly pretty and well-kept little village lying at the very gates of Chatsworth Park; and the present church was built by Sir Gilbert Scott for the noble owner of that magnificent domain. Standing upon rising ground, it is approached from the Bakewell Road by a double flight of steps, and the churchyard stretches up the slope of the hill behind. On its



SANDRINGHAM.



GRAVE OF THE INFANT PRINCE.



TOMB OF SAMUEL WESLEY, EPWORTH.

furthermost confines a portion has been fenced off with a light wire railing upon three sides, the fourth side being bounded by the deep cutting or moat which both drains and secludes the churchyard. Within this little plot lie the sixth Duke and his Duchess; the seventh Duke and his wife the Countess of Burlington—with whom are buried two of her children, one an infant whose birth cost its mother's life—and several other members of the ducal family. But the grave which is the object of the most sympathetic interest to the many visitors to Edensor, is the simple turfed grave, with low headstone bearing only the initials "F. C. C." and the date "May 6th, 1882," which covers the remains of Lord Frederick Cavendish, whose tragic death created so profound an impression at the time, and is still so sincerely lamented. Flowers of the choicest from the Chatsworth conservatories constantly adorn this grave, portions of the turf having been cut away and replaced



with moss, kept always wet, in which the blossoms are arranged.

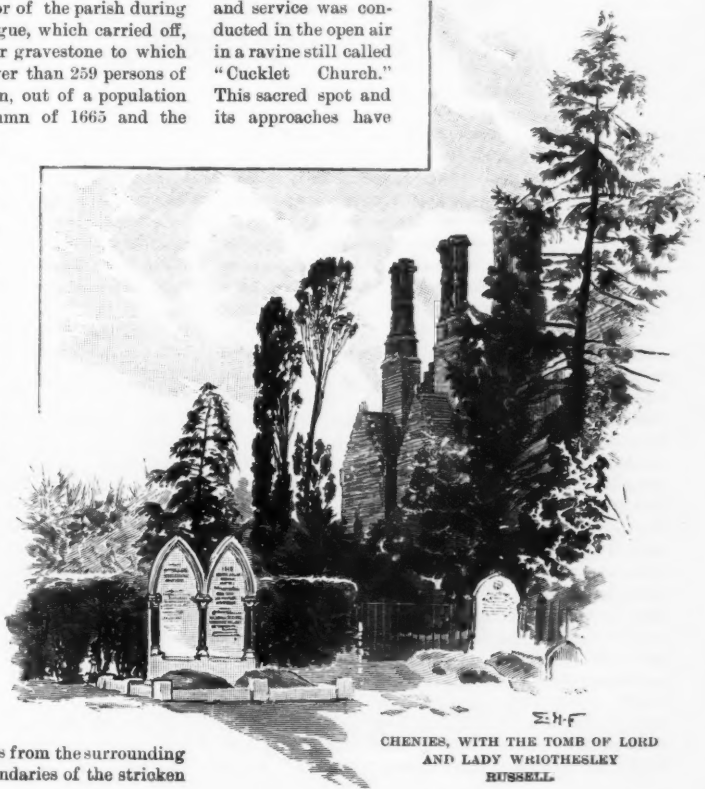
Nearer to the church, and without the special enclosure, is the tomb of Sir Joseph Paxton, to whom the gardens of Chatsworth owe much that is interesting and singular besides the fine palm-house, which is of the type which furnished Sir Joseph with the original idea of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, is celebrated for the magnificent tombs of the Russell family. These are, however, contained in a chapel attached to the church and forming its north aisle. Two or three ladies of the family are buried in the graveyard, and the former Canon of Windsor, Lord Wriothesley Russell, lies in the new burying-ground on the opposite side of the road. Another Church dignitary, the late Bishop Selwyn, once of Lichfield but better known as Bishop of New Zealand, lies beneath a simple marble curb in the grassy lawn surrounding Lichfield Cathedral, and under its very shadow; a spot sacred to holy peace, more impressive, to our thinking, than a tomb within the hallowed building itself.

Famous for quite other reasons is the churchyard of Eyam in Derbyshire—a village romantically situated high up on the hills overlooking Middleton Dale, and not far from Edensor, of which we have already spoken. Here lies, beneath a tomb which is rapidly falling into decay, the noble wife of a noble man, the Rev. William Mompesson, rector of the parish during the awful visitation of the plague, which carried off, as we are informed by another gravestone to which we shall presently refer, no fewer than 259 persons of ripe age and fifty-eight children, out of a population of 350 souls, during the autumn of 1665 and the summer of 1666. Few stories of heroic endurance can compare with that of this little place during that terrible time. When the disease first made its appearance—imported from London through the medium of a bale of clothing sent down to the Eyam tailor—a mother's fears for her two little ones led Mrs. Mompesson to endeavour to persuade her husband to leave the threatened village. He, however, felt it his duty to stay, and Mrs. Mompesson would not quit his side; so, sending their children away, the two set themselves to do all in their power to mitigate the visitation and to prevent the plague from spreading into other parishes. In this they were assisted by the Earl of Devonshire, who was at Chatsworth, and who generously provided necessities. These, with food and other commodities from the surrounding district, were carried to the boundaries of the stricken

parish, and there left; money for payment, when that was required, being placed in running water at certain specified places. (For Eyam, pronounced "Eem," is probably Ea-ham, "water-village," and has always abounded in springs.) One such place is still known as "Mompesson's Well." The fortitude with which the villagers, at the urgent entreaty of their pastor, consented to remain within the prescribed limits, while the dreaded sickness carried off family after family, is perhaps the most remarkable feature in the story, and certainly affords a marvellous example of the way in which the virtue of one heroic man will kindle the spirit of self-sacrifice and heroism in others. During the worst time the deaths were so numerous that each family had to bury its own dead in the nearest field—if, indeed, a living member remained to perform that office—so that graves abound on all hands. We have sketched one little cemetery, in the midst of a field upon the hillside east of the village, where a family of seven, of the name of Hancocke, were buried in one week of that fatal August. In the early part of this month Mrs. Mompesson took the infection and died.

Think with what sorrow of heart the good rector must have gone on with his work! The danger of infection was, of course, too great to admit of the gathering of congregations within the church; which was therefore closed, and service was conducted in the open air in a ravine still called "Cucklet Church." This sacred spot and its approaches have

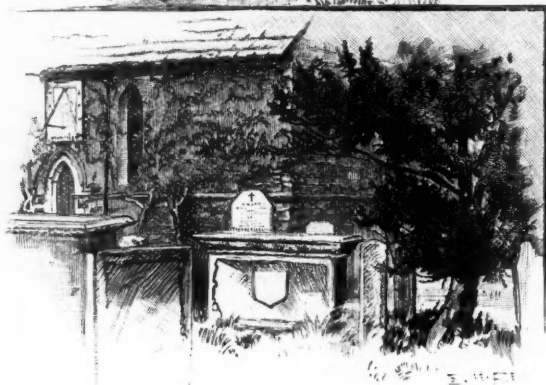


CHENIES, WITH THE TOMB OF LORD  
AND LADY WRIOTHESLEY  
RUSSELL.





THE GRAVES OF THE HANCOCKES.



EYAM: TOMB OF MRS. MOMPESSEON.

been enclosed, and we may hope will remain untouched for many generations. We obtain the key at Eyam Hall, and letting ourselves into the meadow opposite, find ourselves shortly on the verge of a steep grassy slope, descending rapidly to the margin of a little brooklet which issues from a rocky chasm on our right. The slope upon which we stand follows in sinuous curves the course of the brooklet; it is in parts terraced by sheep-paths, in parts overgrown with trees and bushes, and towards the watercourse now and again breaks into rocky cliffllets. High up upon the opposite hill-side, and standing out against the summer sky as we descend into the valley, is a group of grey limestone rocks, worn by the weather into arches, capped with turf and fringed with the graceful forms of elm and ash trees. This is the "Pulpit rock," and here in those anxious days stood the faithful pastor, addressing words of earnest exhortation to his people, scattered in groups at safe distances apart, upon the slope on which we stand. The distance is considerable, and the hills are high: but so secluded is the spot, and such silence reigns—scarcely broken by the quiet murmur of the streamlet and the twittering of the birds—that we are able to realise how, spite of the vast proportions of this heaven-vaulted "church," every word could be distinguished: and we can almost hear again the solemn, "Have mercy upon us," which

went up from that hill-side as the good rector offered the well-remembered prayers. One thinks of the signals of recognition exchanged between group and group; of the sad diminution of the numbers week after week—altogether the scene is one which will live for ever in our memories.

Mr. Mompesson's predecessor had taken the living in 1662, under the Act of Uniformity, which had deprived the former rector, the Rev. Thomas Stanley, of his office. The nonconforming ex-rector was still resident in the neighbourhood, and with a true magnanimity, which is in keeping with the rest of the story, he forgot his personal feelings, and heartily seconded Mr.

Mompesson in his ministrations to the sick and dying.

So these two good men, divided by their convictions and even by their personal interests, "went about" together "doing good." To Mr. Stanley's memory a stone has recently been raised close to the tomb of Catherine Mompesson in Eyam churchyard. It bears the very appropriate texts: "And he stood between the living and the dead, and the plague was stayed"; "For the work of Christ he came nigh unto death, hazarding his life"; and the brief statement of the mortality in the parish which we have already quoted.

"Cucklet Church" recalls to our minds the many similar scenes in which John Wesley addressed huge crowds of heart-stricken listeners. Epworth churchyard will always be memorable for the sermons which, standing upon his father's tomb, he here preached to "such congregations as, I believe, Epworth never saw before." The church stands upon the highest point of the rising ground called the Isle of Axholme in Lincolnshire—now no longer an island, but once a fastness of the ancient Britons, and later one of the earliest places to suffer from the incursions of the Danes.

It commands very fine views over the surrounding level country—more wooded, till the wood was destroyed by the Romans because it proved too

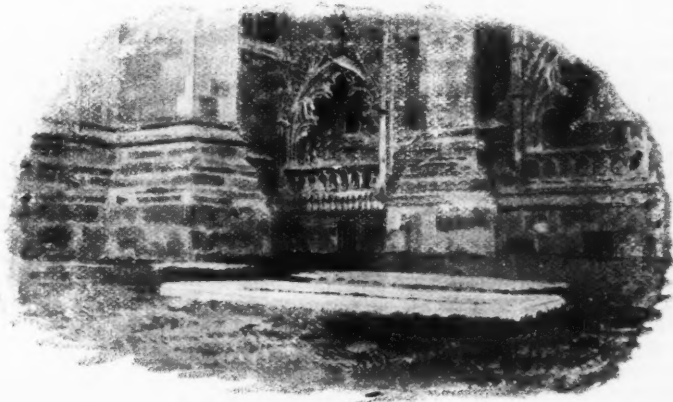
convenient a shelter for the Britons—and much of it marsh-land until Sir Cornelius Vermuyden took it in hand and drained it in 1626—now bearing luxuriant crops of corn, bright with the poppies which here go by the name of “cup-roses.” We can scarcely picture to ourselves the houses of turf, thatched with reeds, of which mention is made in 1360. Wesley was born at Epworth, of which his father was rector for thirty-nine years, and must often have passed along the stone causeways connecting the town with the surrounding hamlets, which, before the days of Macadam, made the roads passable on horseback even in the worst winters, and which still exist for the advantage of the foot-passenger and the pack-horse. It was when the parsonage at Epworth was burnt down in 1709 that John, then aged six, experienced the almost miraculous escape from death which so strongly impressed him. The house then built for his father still stands, with little alteration. But let us return to the church, taking with us the blind keeper of the keys who lives at the foot of the lime-tree avenue, paved with stone, which leads up from the corner of the market-place. The building has been much altered since Samuel Wesley’s day, and the three-decker pulpit, from which he preached, and the high-backed pews which accommodated and almost hid his congregation, have disappeared. But the nave and aisles remain the same, and the arms of the De Mowbray and Sheffield families, joint benefactors and rebuilders of the church, still adorn the north porch. When Wesley, in 1742, seven years after his father’s death, came to visit his native town, he sought permission of the curate then in charge, and who had been Samuel Wesley’s pupil and amanuensis, to preach in the church. This permission having been refused, Wesley attended the services, and afterwards, using his father’s tomb as a rostrum, addressed an enormous congregation gathered in and about the churchyard. So great was the eagerness of the people to hear him, that his intended visit of three days was prolonged for a whole week, during which

he preached every evening upon this spot, and day by day visited the various villages and hamlets in the “island.” He relates a curious incident which occurred during this visit. Their angry neighbours had carried a whole waggon-load of his followers before a magistrate. “But when he asked what they had done, there was a deep silence, for that was a point their conductors had forgotten. At length, one said ‘They pretended to be better than other people, and prayed from morning to night;’ and another said ‘They have converted my wife. Till she went among them she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb!’ ‘Take them back! take them back!’ replied the justice, ‘and let them convert all the scolds in the town.’”

Another churchyard, that of Winchelsea in Sussex, witnessed the last of the great “Methodist” preacher’s memorable open-air services. “Wesley’s Tree,” beneath which the old man—he was then eighty-seven years of age—stood on that autumn day of 1790, is still pointed out to the visitor, and is not without reason jealously guarded against the too acquisitive relic-hunter.

The churchyard of Olney recalls Cowper and his friend, the Rev. John Newton—the rector, who lies in a grave behind the church, at present nameless, but over which it is proposed to build a monument. Standing by the church’s door we can see the houses of both these worthy men; Cowper’s, however, hideous with a new roof, the original tiles having been acquired for exhibition at Chicago. The summer-house still stands in the garden behind the house, now a separate enclosure.

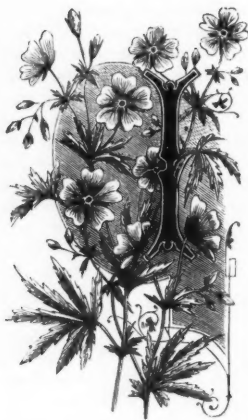
But to speak of the churchyards sacred to the memory of the poets who either lie buried within them or have written about them would occupy many pages, and be quite beside the object of the present paper. We must take leave of a subject which we have but touched, hoping that our readers will have found something to interest them in our notes on a few only of our famous churchyards.



BISHOP SELWYN'S GRAVE, LICHFIELD.

## BLOSSOM AND BREAD.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.



AM not ashamed to say this: I am a believer in a good breakfast—first, for those who can have it; and secondly, for those who having it, can eat it. For let me tell you, good reader, that the two are by no means the same. You may have a good breakfast and not be able to eat it: in which case you might as well not have it at all; or you might

have a capital appetite for it and yet not have it: in which case you might as well, and I should say much better, not have the appetite at all.

I consider that a man who eats a good breakfast starts the day well, so far as the body is concerned. He may, perhaps, in the uncertainties of life, miss the luncheon, in which case he will be carried on better to dinner; but, at any rate, he goes forth into the world better fortified, so far as the body is concerned, against its hail, rain, and snow, and whatever fatigues may come in the daily toil.

If I had my own way with those who do nothing, I should go on the Apostolic precept: that is, "If they did not work, neither should they eat"; and I should make them open the day with a very slight repast indeed—I would not take them very far beyond the tail of a sardine; and when luncheon came, if I let them have the rest of the sardine, it is as much as I would do.

I confess I like to transact business in the forenoon with a man who has had a good breakfast. He has probably slept well, and most likely he is in good health to have enjoyed the food; and the consequence is, he is pleasanter to deal with than a man who has shaken some pepper and mustard over a scrap of ham. I have seen a man do this—and the pepper was cayenne, too. I'm not sure, at this interval of time, whether he didn't put some vinegar on as well. Anyhow, he wasn't a man to go out of his way to do business with on a foggy day.

Don't think me, kind reader, altogether earthy of the earth, because I dwell thus much upon a creature comfort. I am a creature, and I have to do with people who are called my "fellow-creatures"—and I know that creatures move within certain well-defined limits: their bodies certainly do; and I have observed in life that certain conditions of the body are very apt to carry the mind along with them.

And now, good reader, take my advice: never lecture, scold, argue with, or do anything you can help with a hungry man, except feed him. Feed him first, and then, according to circumstances, do whatever you like. A drum is best beaten when empty—a

man, the reverse. If you can do no more, get a penny bun into him, or an Abernethy biscuit—anything you like, only let it be something—and then proceed.

Perhaps I might have hesitated to say so much on such an unethereal subject, if I had not been conscious that I was going at least to balance it by saying something in an opposite direction. I have been speaking of what I might call "Bread." I am going to say something about what appears, at least, to be something very different: viz., "Blossom."

And yet these bear a relation the one to the other—the one being food for the body, the other for the mind; and perhaps, more than for the mind, for the spirit itself.

It is sometimes a satisfaction to know how things come about; and perhaps you would like to know how I come to be writing about "Blossom and Bread." Well, it happens thus:—

Some time ago I went to preach in the country, and received hospitality from one of the chief residents in the place. Our breakfast-table in the morning was well spread. There was tea, and coffee, and eggs, and bacon, and sardines, and marmalade, and toast, and butter, and bread; the hospitable board was covered with all good things. And in the centre stood a primula, a modest-looking little plant, the only thing on the table that was not to be eaten or drunk, or that did not minister in some way to the processes aforesaid.

Now, little primula, what business had you there? Nobody could eat you, nobody could drink you; pepper, and mustard, and vinegar, and salt had no affinity with you. Ah! stop; I am going too fast: you could be eaten and drunk, and I verily believe that you and the cruet-stand were first cousins, after all.

Little primula, what I have said would be true if man were all mouth, or all that month ministers to; but man has an eye as well as a heart, and the eye often ministers to the heart, and you, little primula, can be food for both. I believe in your relationship to the cruet-stand in one way: you are, for those who can understand you, an impartor of flavour—aye, indeed, that, more than that, you are actually eye food, and, through the eye, spirit food too.

And here let me digress for a moment to say that the spirit requires to be fed as well as the body, and God has scattered all over the world such food as it requires. He has put spirit food in the winds and in the waves, in the sunbeams and in the stars, in colour and in form, and in sound; and the word is, "He that hath eyes to see, let him see; and he that hath ears to hear, let him hear; and he that hath a spirit to be fed, let him feed."

It is the Great Spirit alone who can feed spirits; and these, and such as these, are used in their times, seasons, and measures as spirit food.

That little primula, so fragile, so apparently unconnected with all around, so apparently out of place to a man of beef-steak mind, occupied, I think, a very powerful and a very important position. No

one asked for a bit of it; no one would have known how to cook it, or would have thought of, salad and watercress fashion, eating it raw; and yet there it was, whispering with a modest blush that there was something more than the material! and that that something, though unobtrusive, is beautiful—beautiful in itself, and not for what it can be in the matter of mere material use. The beautiful was amid the useful on that table, as it is in all God's works.

The mere utilitarian could not eat the primula, and yet it was useful, for all that. There are uses and uses: uses for the body and uses for the spirit; and my little primula, if challenged as to its usefulness on the breakfast-table, might have kept its ground, even though challenged by a saucy sardine, a matter-of-fact egg, a pat of butter, or even the big loaf itself.

Talk to me, my little blossom. That's it; if nobody else will listen to you, I will.

"Yes, He who made yon substantial things, the useful, performing their ministry in their way, made me, the beautiful, to perform mine in my way. We have different ways for action, but we are under the one hand, and from the one hand, and under the same law. We are working for the same people and the same end, and obeying one God, knowing that the beautiful and the useful are in the one mind of God, and that His thoughts concerning them are for the same race of man. He wills that man should have both.

"Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And is it not by the word that proceedeth out of His mouth that I came into existence? and I, and such as we, are for the nourishment of man's spirit.

"We say, Look for the bounty of God not only in the material, but in the beautiful. He is as rich in the last as in the first, and what He thought well to manifest Himself so largely in, must have its own intrinsic worth.

"We say, Learn to think of God in regions beyond mere needs and their supply: have a knowledge of His passing beyond bread."

Little primula, you don't know men's ways; there are many to whom "give us this day our daily bread" is the only prayer with meaning; they only want to find God in bread. If He give that, that is enough for them—He has been a good God enough for them. Oh, little primula! the world is turned upside down, and man is turned out of the garden.

But Jesus said that there still were lilies in the field, and that God clothed them, and He told them to speak to man, and to tell him that the God of the flowers and the God of man are the same God. The flowers are the witnesses of God; the flowers are the outwellings of the fullness of God.

Little primula, little primula, I know you had a great deal more to say to me, but the eggs were now but shells, the sardines had departed, leaving but the indigestible tails behind (they forgot their heads, every one of them, when they were tinned), and there was a hole in the marmalade; and the fat respectable family loaf had subsided into a few broken pieces and desultory crumbs, and, according to the custom of the family, the breakfast ended, this was the time for family

prayer, and I was asked to officiate at it. Where the ordinary reading happened then to lie was in St. Matt. xxvi., and we read about the woman who had an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and who poured the ointment on the head of Christ. There were those who had indignation, and who called it waste, and would have turned the ointment to what they considered practical use, selling it for much, and giving it to the poor. But Jesus said that the woman was not to be troubled, for she had wrought a good work on Him.

Oh, little primula, were you in my thoughts when I said a few words about that woman and her gift? Were you making use of my human mouth, and speaking Divine things through me? We thought over the offering as one of holy emotion, holy impulse, something beyond the routine of daily service and common thought. It came from love; and what was love but an emotion? and let him who would scorn love as a mere emotion bethink him of what love can do—how it can outwell, how it can consecrate, how it can devise, how grand are its impulses, as well as, when need be, how amazing are its endurance! That box was the primula at that feast; and just as my little primula was spending its life with a testimony unread by many, with a voice just for one, so that box was spending itself: the beautiful scent, an emotion, an impulse of love understood not by anyone around, but understood and appreciated too by Christ.

Many pretty conceits might gather themselves around flowers: they seem like the smiles of God upon the earth. I wonder if we shall transgress, if we think of them as God's emotions too? So many tokens has the earth of the practical love, that we may be excused if we may claim some from the emotional also. We know that scientists have discovered uses in flowers and their colours. What is that discovery but to join the practical and the emotional, after all?

All Scripture is full of the holy emotional character of God, and out of it comes many a brightness, many a beauty for us, which hard necessity and the provision for the necessity do not require.

The giving of the woman, the getting of Judas ("What will ye give me, and I will deliver Him unto you?"): the holy emotion, it gave everything; the perverted practical, it grasped everything; and as it was then, so is it now: to the one there was everlasting blessing, with the other, everlasting curse.

As to us, dear readers, let us set up a flower in our hearts and in our homes. Let us refuse to be bound down *entirely* to the body and its needs and their supply. Let us feel that we have that which cannot be fed by bread alone, and let us recognise the same God in the granite and the gem, in the sparkle of the dewdrop that nourishes the grass-blade as in the grey ocean that beats against the shore—in all things beautiful as in all things needful. All are the outcomings of a Father's feelings for His children, the thoughtfulness and the emotions of His love. All through the world, if only our eyes were opened that we might see, we should find what I found on that country breakfast-table, that day—BLOSSOM AND BREAD.



## "FATHER'S OWN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST," "THE DOCTOR'S PARTNER," ETC.



A LONG stretch of lawn in an old-fashioned country garden, which, in spite of the sharp autumnal air, somehow contrived to keep about it a suggestion of summer; and in its midst six wooden kitchen chairs, arranged with much precision in a semi-circle.

Into this scene of still life came presently a small girl, bearing something wrapped with much care in her pinafore, which, when uncovered, proved to be a big dinner-bell, which she placed upon one of the end chairs before seating herself next to it. Evidently the time for ringing it had not yet arrived.

She was a pretty little thing in a red serge frock, with big brown eyes and curly hair; and if there had been anyone at The Court with time to expend on such sentiment, it might possibly have occurred to him that that same suggestion of summer which still clung about the lawns and terraces was mainly owing to the sunshine of this child's presence. For when she moved, she danced from pure happiness instead of walking, and when she laughed it would indeed have been a grim nature which did not find her laughter infectious.

She was five minutes too early, for that bell was to be rung exactly at twelve by the clock in the bell-tower at the top and in the very middle of the big house; but Violet would have sat there patiently waiting for an hour, rather than have sounded it a minute too early or too late, and so have brought down upon her devoted head the scornful inquiry of her brothers: "What can you expect of her? She is only a girl."

They were watching her now, she knew, the five of them, although there was not a trace of them to be seen; for punctuality is one of the most important rules in a soldier's life, and consequently, it was one of the most important in the lives of the young Carmichaels. For Father was soldiering out in India, and the great idea and ambition of these motherless children of his, whom he had left in the old Kentish home, was to behave now as nearly as possible in their nursery and schoolroom days as they would have to behave in time to come, in those glorious grown-up years when Norman, Harry, and Rupert, when Ned and Eustace, would all be in the army too, fighting for Queen and country.

I am afraid their ideas of this wonderful future were a little vague, for they all intended to be in the Scarlet Lancers, "like Father," and to be majors, the whole five of them, "like Father" again; but in the meantime, it did them no harm, but, on the contrary, much good, to work hard at their lessons and be punctual and "smart," and obey their tutor as the officer in charge of "Father's Own," and try not to grumble overmuch when the morning baths were uncomfortably cold, or Perrin, their nurse, even crosser than usual. Much of this, of course, was hard to put up with at times, but they were all so devoted to the father whom the coming Christmas was bringing back to them, and so enamoured of the idea of following in his footsteps, that it was quite sufficient for their tutor, Mr. Stuart, to say contemptuously: "Well, *you'll* never make a soldier, my boy," to bring the most unruly of them to order at once.

But all this naturally applied only to the boys, and not to the one little daughter who was now anxiously watching the clock, for she was "only a girl," poor mite, and she felt the disgrace keenly.

*Ding! Dong!*

The first of the twelve strokes had sounded, and was immediately followed by the sharp clanging of the dinner-bell as Violet rang it hastily, and by war-whoops issuing simultaneously from five different pairs of lungs, as the boys came rushing out of their various ambushes, and made straight for the chairs.

"I've 'martist," shrieked Eustace at the top of his shrill baby treble, as he hurled himself on to the nearest chair; for his five-year-old wisdom had shown him a hiding-place behind an overturned wheel-barrow, which gave him but a short distance to run to his sister.

To be "smart," which was a soldier's word their father had taught them, meant many things, but principally quickness, neatness, and obedience, and as Eustace clambered on to his seat he felt that he had covered himself with glory.

Harry came next: he was Violet's twin. And then, neck and neck, arrived Rupert, and Norman, the biggest of them all. Last came stolid, good-tempered Ned, saying lazily: "Oh, someone must be last! What does it matter?"

"REPORTS!" screamed Norman, and all the others jumped, and thought what a fine thing it was to be ten and a half, and have such a big voice.

They knew that the one in command always *did* behave as if everyone else were deaf, but they none of them could make quite such a noise as Norman did, so they envied him accordingly.

"Sergeant Cuff's report," Norman continued. "Norman—good. Harry—good. Violet—good. Oh, we are all good, of course. What is the use of reading it?"



"Use of reading it?" echoed Eustace. He had not very many ideas of his own yet, poor little man, but he always repeated the fag-end of everybody else's, and so it seemed as if he had a great number.

The sergeant was an old soldier who lived at The Court, and who drilled the children, and it was very seldom that he had other than an excellent report to give of them. But then they were all good with him, "of course," as Norman said, for they loved the drill, and they loved the man who could tell them such

"She whipped me when I sat on the edge of the bath to see what would happen," Rupert said, so mournfully that Harry tried to console him.

"Well, it *did* happen, anyhow, for I met a pond walking down the stairs," he said. "And at all events, it sounds growner-up than to have one's breakfast for a week standing, because I fidget so when I'm on a chair."

So it was, they all agreed, but it had to be written down, all the same, and by the time the rest of them had spoken, and Perrin's reports were completed, they looked very bad indeed.

"It is a horrid bother!" began Norman discontentedly; when Ned called out—"There's Mr.



"The boys went through their drill."—p. 144.

wonderful tales about their father, so it was not surprising.

"Perrin's report," Norman said next.

He had a little note-book in his hand, and a stumpy badly cut pencil, which he sucked whenever he wasn't speaking. There was a silence. Most of them disliked the nurse as much as they loved the old sergeant, and it was discouraging to hand in to Mr. Stuart, for whose benefit this conclave was being held, such black accounts of their conduct.

Violet was the bold one who broke the silence.

"I've been shaken twice, an' once I was tied to the bed-post—"

"Say you were put under arrest. It sounds better," put in Harry in a hasty aside.

"—'cause I leaned too hard against a window."

"Did you smash it?" inquired Norman, and when she answered "Yes," he gravely wrote down—"Placed under arrest for distruktion of property;" and though the spelling looked a little odd, still it sounded well.

Stuart! Oh! and a gentleman;" and rolling off his seat, stood before it as stiff as a little ramrod.

The rest did the same, and Mr. Stuart acknowledged the salute as gravely as if he were in the service himself, instead of being "just a civilian, poor thing!" as Harry used to call him before it had been practically explained to him that civil law was *the* law of the land.

"This is a friend of mine, boys," said Mr. Stuart pleasantly. "He and I were old college chums, and now I find he is the new vicar here in the village."

"And we are all going to be tremendous friends, are we no'?" the stranger said at once.

He was a big rosy-faced man, and he had a big jolly voice which attracted all the children, but still they stared up at him tongue-tied, and only Violet retained a sufficient recollection of Perrin's daily lectures on "manners," to slide a small friendly hand into his large one, and to say shyly—"Yes, please."

But somehow, those two soft words seemed to satisfy Mr. Clewer (that was the new vicar's name),

and while the boys went through their drill in obedience to Mr. Stuart's suggestion that they should show their visitor how well even Baby Eustace knew it, he continued to hold Violet's hand, and to squeeze it occasionally, just to show that he remembered she was there.

"Can't you do all this, too?" he whispered to her; and when her brown eyes brightened in a way that meant of course she could, "Why don't you, then?" he said.

Violet only answered by a silent shake of the head.

She could not explain to a stranger that Norman would never let her "show off," or mix in any way with the rest of them, when anyone was there. It was too sore a point to speak about, and, as her brothers said, it was fair enough. She had had as much chance of being born a boy as any of the others, and she had not taken it: that was all.

But Mr. Clewer was one of those lovely people who understand things without having them explained to them, and he answered that silent shake of the little maid's head that very afternoon, just as perfectly as if he and she had talked together for an hour. And the way he did it was by asking two questions: one of the child herself, and one of his friend Mr. Stuart.

"Isn't she rather out of it—one girl amongst so many boys?" he said to the latter, when they were alone.

Mr. Stuart looked puzzled for a moment, and then laughed.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "She is as sharp as a needle at lessons, and the best Latin scholar of the lot. But I don't see much of her at other times, for I find her much harder to get on with than the boys. And I am told she is constantly in hot water in the nursery, so perhaps it is not all my fault."

This was the other question Mr. Clewer asked, and he addressed it to Violet—

"Will you come and have tea with me to-morrow afternoon?" he said.

The next afternoon (I have not written down Violet's answer, because there could be no manner of doubt as to what *that* would be) was a thoroughly unpleasant one, so misty that one could only see over half a field, and so clammy that a winter fur-edged coat was not a bit too warm. But country children are not in the habit of staying at home on account of the weather, and precisely at four o'clock, which was the time Mr. Clewer had fixed, Violet was saying good-bye to the sergeant, who had walked with her as far as the vicarage gate.

"Hold your head up, missy, and answer spry and pretty-like," quoth the old soldier, and then he turned back into the lane, and Violet walked sedately up the trim garden path.

"If you please, is Mr. Clewer at home?" she began, the moment the door was open; and though it was Mr. Clewer himself who opened it, she went on to ask—"If you please, can I see him, then?"

The vicar asked her afterwards why she did it,

and she explained that this was her endeavour to behave "pretty-like;" for having arranged the two sentences in readiness for the maid, she could not find fresh ones on the spur of the moment for the master. But this was much later in the afternoon, after Mr. Clewer's old housekeeper had shown her the three tabby cats in the kitchen, and he himself had shown her the pictures in the study, and after they had had tea together.

And what a tea it was! Violet lost all her shyness, and enjoyed herself mightily, though beforehand she had felt rather nervous about the meal when she remembered how much she had annoyed the doctor's wife at her tea-times. For when the little girl went there first, she began with cake instead of bread-and-butter, and Mrs. Withers talked out loud to her tea-cosy about what a pity it was that children should be so greedy, and that in her young days they were taught to begin with wholesome bread-and-butter. So when Violet went there the next time, she started on a thick piece of crust, and then Mrs. Withers looked injured, and told her tea-cosy how disappointing it was to provide holiday fare for children who did not appreciate it.

But at the vicarage, nothing like this happened. The big rosy-faced vicar sat one side of the huge tea-tray (it was a black wooden one, and there was a bunch of *blue* and scarlet poppies painted in the middle, which was beautiful to behold), and Violet sat on the other, and poured out. And whenever she poured the milk on to the tray as well as into the cups, which happened very often, the vicar said it was the fault of the milk-jug, and he hid the little white pools under the china sugar-basin. Then he told her about the cow whose name was Strawberry, and who had given them that milk, and how she thought her own paddock and her own cow-house were the most important parts of all England. He said that if that cow saw a map of the world, she would expect that field and house to take up quite half the space; and that this idea was not so very unlike the ideas of a good many people who thought themselves of just such an absurd amount of importance as did Strawberry.

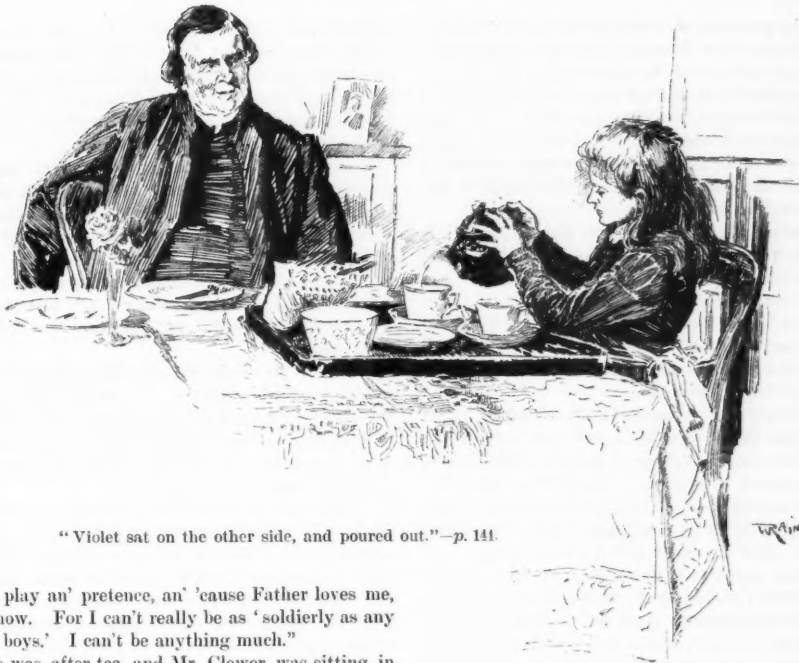
And in return, his little visitor told him all about "Father's Own," and how the boys were all going to be soldiers when they grew up, and how she couldn't, since she was only a girl. But she had her initials, all the same; and were they not beautiful ones?

"What are they?" asked her new friend, and Violet answered proudly—"V. C."

"That is how Father often ends his letters," she added presently. "'My love to my dear little V.C.' Or else, 'Tell V. C. that I quite count on her living up to her pet name, and that she must be as brave and soldierly as any of the boys.'"

The vicar sat and looked at her for a moment, and then he said slowly—"Then, what is it you are miserable about?" for though Violet had not told him she was miserable, he seemed to know it quite well.

"Because it is all pretence," she answered at once.



"Violet sat on the other side, and poured out."—p. 144.

"Just play an' pretence, an' 'cause Father loves me, you know. For I can't really be as 'soldierly as any of the boys.' I can't be anything much."

This was after tea, and Mr. Clewer was sitting in a comfortable old arm-chair, while Violet perched on one of the padded arms; but now he drew her down on to his knee, and kissed her.

"Who does the army belong to, little one?"

"The Queen," said Violet promptly.

"And it exists, it fights, to protect—what?"

"Queen and country, and the right." The old sergeant had taught the children all these things, and Violet's words came fast.

"And who is greater than the Queen, and owns not only our country, but all countries? Who is the Head of all that is right?"

"God," said Violet; and this time she spoke very softly.

"Yes, dear, God. Well, then, don't you see what we are getting at, and what I am quite sure your father means you to understand? From the day you were born you were intended to be 'a soldier of Christ,' and that you *must* be, and must go on being, whether you are a boy, to grow up and enter the service, and wear a red coat, or whether you are a girl" (here he kissed her again), "and so have a much harder duty to perform than ever the boys can have."

Violet sat bolt upright, and thought.

"Harder?" she said at last, and her eyes flashed.

She was so accustomed, poor mite, to be willing to do far more than she was ever allowed to do, and so used to being told all her longings to be and do things were of no avail, that the idea that she too had hard work to perform, and "harder duty," than the boys, Mr. Clewer had said, made her small face flush, and her whole body quiver with delight.

"Tell me how?" she said at last; and Mr. Clewer told her.

He began talking at first of what seemed quite a different thing, for he talked of the coming Christmas-tide, and of the dear Christ-Child whose birthday it then was. He made her understand how pretty He must have looked resting on His mother's breast as she lay upon the golden straw, and how, though He was such a tiny infant that He could not teach anything yet in words, still there was one great beautiful lesson which He gave us from the first, and that was "*Peace on Earth*." He smiled up into His mother's face, and that was peace, for the smile of the Christ-Child glorified, and still does glorify, even the commonest acts of daily life into blessedness. He stretched His dimpled hands towards the beings who brought Him gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, and that was Peace, since to have our offerings accepted by the King of heaven brings an untold contentment. And lastly, without doing anything, He just lay and looked, in His gracious, innocent baby way, on all who cared to approach Him, and that indeed was peace on earth, since no joy here or hereafter can equal that of being looked on and loved by the Christ-Child.

And then Mr. Clewer told Violet what it meant being "a soldier of Christ," a soldier of this helpless baby who had been cradled in a manger. It meant that besides having to be and do all the good things which "Father's Own" were striving after, she would also have to get higher than that. She would

have to be punctual, of course, for the Queen's soldier had to be that; but she would also have to be careful that in her endeavour to be punctual she did not drive everybody out of their minds with worry, and so bring bad temper, instead of peace, on earth. She would have to be obedient, too; but instead of just being it outwardly, she would have to get rid of all the rebellious thoughts as well, and be loyal in her heart as well as in her body.

And above all, at the present time—and this is what the vicar had meant when he said she had harder work before her than had the boys—it was her business not to feel hurt and sore when the boys called her “only a girl,” because she was a soldier already, and one who might at any time be called upon to do very great deeds, and because there could not be an “only” about that.

When their talk was over, Mr. Clewer asked Violet whether she would be so kind as to sew a button on to his glove; and Violet was so proud at being asked, that she sewed it on so very firmly that there was quite as much thread as button by the time it was finished, and its owner could never fasten that glove, after all. But he never told Violet, knowing well that it was extra love which had put in all those extra stitches; and when the time came for her to go home, and the sergeant stood waiting for her at the garden gate, her new friend told her how much he had enjoyed having her.

The little girl looked puzzled. She had been so happy that she had forgotten all about answering “spry and pretty-like,” but now she suddenly recollected.

“I thought it was the one who came who said the ‘thank-yous,’ not the one who had you,” she said to the vicar. “But if you say it, there’s nothing left for me to say.”

“Well, we might thank each other,” said Mr. Clewer gravely.

So they shook hands and thanked each other, which made Violet feel easier in her mind; and she had crossed the porch on her way out, and had acknowledged the sergeant’s salute from the bottom of the trim little path, when she thought of something else, and came back to ask—

“When Perrin says, ‘Well, have you been good?’ what shall I say? Perrin said she expected me to be as ‘good as gold.’ Have I been all that, Mr. Clewer?”

“You have been heaps better,” said the vicar unexpectedly. “To be as good as gold is not worth much. Why, it has to be changed into something else before it has any use or power whatever. No, no; tell Perrin you have been as good as a little V. C. ought to be. And tell Mr. Stuart I shall look him up again very soon.”

Violet and the sergeant ran races all the way home. She could run faster, but then he could keep it up the longer, so they generally reached the hedge, or whatever the winning-post was, very much at the same time. This made it exciting; and when,

moreover, the sergeant promised her that if she could manage somehow to win a prize that Christmas-time, and so become the proud possessor of a new drum, he would teach her how to beat a tattoo upon it, Violet felt that the crowning touch had been put to a most successful day.

Norman patronised her, and Rupert was too passionate for much friendship to be possible, but when she could get them quite to herself, so that they were not afraid of what their brothers might say, both Harry and Ned were devoted to Violet, and to them she confided the Christmassy part of the vicar’s talk. But, of course, she did not tell them the bits which only concerned herself, for they wouldn’t have understood.

“I wish we could do something for Christmas, too,” she ended wistfully. “I asked Cuff what he was going to do to bring peace upon the earth, an’ he said he had an old brother who was married and not doing extra-well, and that he always gave them a helping hand once a year.”

“Well, we can’t do that for Norman,” remarked Ned, with striking common sense, “‘cause he isn’t married yet. But there’re some children in the red cottage close to Eustace’s most favourite oak, an’ they none of them ever had Christmas presents in all their lives. We might give an extra hand to them.”

“How do you know?” asked Harry; and he spoke in quite an awe-struck voice, for it seemed to him a dreadful thing not to have any Christmas presents. “Perrin never lets us talk to the poor children, for fear of measles, or something.”

“It rained the other day, an’ we ran in there,” explained Ned. “She talked to the woman, an’ I talked to the children, an’ I said, ‘S’ppose Santa Claus asked you, what would you choose?’”

“Drums and guns, and helmets and swords,” Violet said at once—for these were what she and her brothers were always wanting; but it appeared that the little Browns wished for none of these things.

The cripple boy longed for a fresh crutch, since he had outgrown the small one the village carpenter had once made him. The little girl wanted a fresh pinafore for Sunday-school, and a pair of mittens for chilblained little hands; while the grubby babies had only one desire, and expressed it in one word—*dollies*.

Ned seemed to have made the most of his time in the red cottage, for before the rain cleared and Perrin called to him, he had learned that the reason why the Browns were quite sure that Santa Claus would not come near them was because father had hurt himself and was in the infirmary, and mother had said that Father Christmas would not come to such a poor home as theirs would be this year.

“We must get them for them with some of Father’s money,” Violet decided at once; and the others agreeing, they talked it over eagerly.

Major Carmichael sent them five shillings each as a Christmas-box every year, and though they were

strictly charged to buy themselves a gift from him with it, still, as Violet pointed out, he had never told them to spend it all upon themselves, and they might easily get "a littler thing," and let the rest go to the crutch or the dollies.

But nothing of such importance could be done at The Court without the sanction of brother Norman, and when Norman was asked, he said he thought it was nonsense, for soldiers never went muddling about in poor cottages: they minded their own business, and they expected other people to mind theirs, and, for his part, he intended to give part of the money towards decorating the school-room as usual, and to spend the rest in buying a jolly big cannon.

"What is the use of listening to Violet? she is only a girl; I must know best," he said to the others; and Harry, who had been boasting rather about what he would do, and how he would buy the crutch all by himself, turned round the other way at once.

"It is just one of your stupid ideas, Violet," he growled. "I shall buy a cannon, too."

"You are afraid of Norman laughing at you," Ned said in his sober way; and since this was doubly aggravating for being true, Harry flew at him with a face as red as a turkey-cock's.

Ned put up his elbow to ward off the blow, and as Violet rushed to the rescue she came into violent collision between the two boys, and received a knock from each of them.

Rupert broke in with a jeering: "Hit a girl? Ugh! you cowards!" which didn't tend to improve matters when neither of them had meant to touch her, and a long wrangle followed, which ended in Mr. Stuart entering the room, and sending the four of them supperless to bed.

"At any rate, the chaplain was right when he said it was 'hard,'" thought Violet, as she sobbed herself to sleep.

It grew harder still in the next few days, for Norman and Harry took it into their heads that Violet had become "uppish" since Mr. Clewer had taken so much notice of her; and without in the least realising how unkind they were, they resolved to make her thoroughly understand that she could in no way expect to be put on an equality with their own lordly little selves.

Why, they were *boys*, lords of creation, which naturally included any little curly-headed sister who might chance to belong to them; and, furthermore, they were going to be soldiers one of these days, and everyone knew that soldiers were the grandest and bravest men alive.

But, in spite of much teasing and snubbing, Violet stuck bravely to her point, and tried very hard to bring peace upon the earth, both in doing her best to keep good-tempered with the others and in procuring the gifts coveted by the little Browns. This latter was the easiest endeavour, for it is wonderful how you can get Christmas presents for other people

if you only set your mind to it. The sergeant volunteered to make the crutch for her in the wool-house if only she would give him threepence to get some stuff to cover the arm-rest; a pinafore she had outgrown would do beautifully for Sally; and though it nearly broke her heart to part with her two dearest dolls—for they were the only two she had which the boys had not broken—still, she made the sacrifice for the sake of the grubby-faced twins. So all that was left to buy were the mittens, and they could be had for ninepence at the village shop.

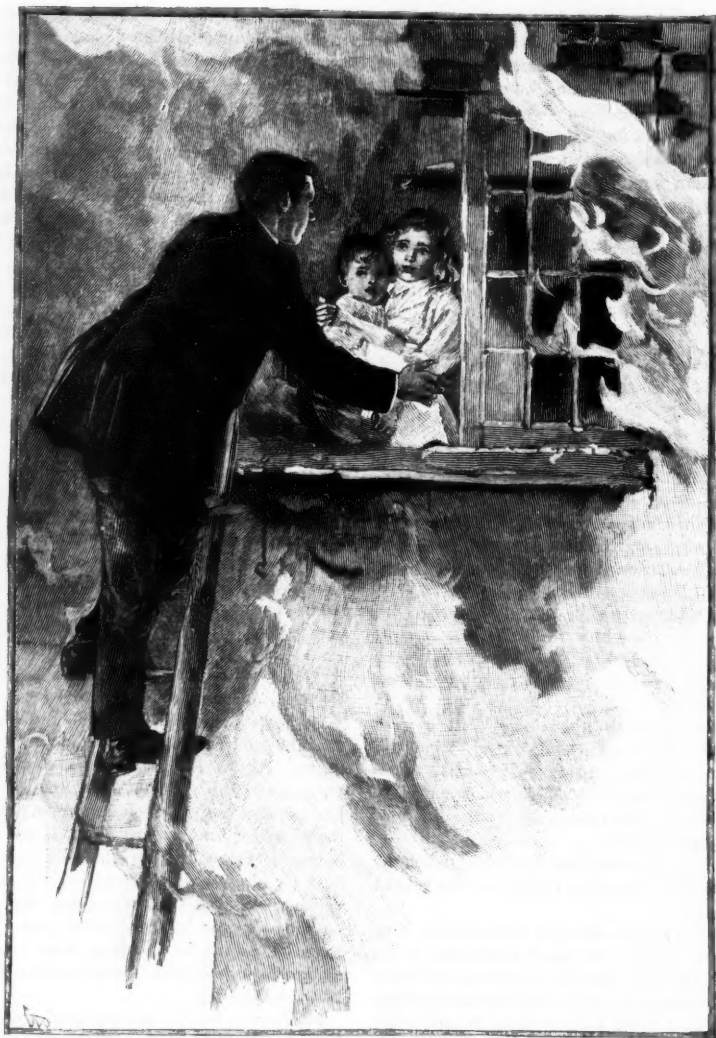
"I'll give you half of it, V. C.," said the faithful Ned, who had a great idea of justice, and who, since he had discovered the Browns, looked upon himself as especially bound to help them. "I'd give you more, but the five shillings hasn't come yet, an' I've got to pay two of it to Perrin for smashing the water-jug. Jugs are stupid things to play cricket with, aren't they, Violet?"

No, the five shillings had not come yet, but just one week before Christmas a letter arrived from India enclosing the money for all of them, and also a most marvellous piece of good news, and that was that Father—dear, dear Father—was coming home! He had kept his intention a secret, for fear that he might not be able, after all, to get to them by the twenty-fifth, but now it was quite certain that he would do so, for he reached London on Christmas Eve, and, of course, would travel down to The Court. He longed to see his darlings, he wrote.

And as for the children—well, I really do wonder that they did not go out of their minds with excitement. They had not seen Major Carmichael for two years, and neither Eustace nor Ned could remember him at all clearly; but instead of absence dimming their love for him, I really think it had increased it, for each of the five boys had invented a different hero for himself whom he called "Father," and for whom he prayed regularly every night and every morning; while as for Violet, she would gladly have let herself be cut into little pieces if by so doing she could have spared Father even half an hour's head-ache.

So she was terribly disappointed, poor child, when Norman decided that, though she might help in decorating the schoolroom with holly, and in sticking up a very wobbly, but a very triumphal, arch of evergreens in the hall, with "WELCOME HOME" in cotton-wool letters in the centre; and though they allowed her to spend all the rest of her money in buying some squibs to let off in Father's honour, she still could not possibly form one of "Father's Own," when the regiment of boys stood waiting to receive him at the lodge gates. They would see the dog-cart at the bend in the road, and then they would fire off the two new cannon by way of a salute, and then be drawn up as a guard of honour to receive him. Violet might be somewhere near them, if she liked; she might even, if Perrin would let her, drive to the station to meet him; but under no consideration





"Take Eustace first."—p. 150.

might she be enrolled in the regiment on such an important occasion.

Rupert made this all the more difficult to bear by explaining the real reason of this decision.

"You see," he said to her, "it is not so much that you would look horrid, though, of course, a frock spoils it all; but it is because you're not brave enough to play at soldiers. You would scream when the salute is fired."

"I shouldn't," retorted Violet indignantly; and then remembering that this was scarcely a peace-maker's answer, she swallowed her anger, and said very gently: "Please, Ru, do get the others to say I

may. I know I screamed at the rat, but I never will at anything else: an' even Cuff said he was 'a nasty-looking brute.' And it squealed horribly, didn't it, now?"

"So it was," truth compelled Rupert to agree, for he had not much liked that rat himself. "But the cannons make more row than a rat does any day; and anyhow, we don't want a girl, 'cause girls aren't brave."

This was all the explanation she could get from any of them; and when, on Thursday night (Christmas Day being on the Saturday), she went off to bed as usual at seven o'clock, she looked so miserable that

even Perrin, who did not often notice such things, kissed her quite fondly as she tucked her up, and said: "Get off to sleep as soon as you can, Missy, and wake up a bit brighter in the morning, for I declare it gives me the doldrums to see you looking so wretched."

Violet obediently went off to sleep as soon as she could, but her "could" that particular night was a long time in coming; and when it did come, she kept waking up again with a start. Perhaps she was too tired to sleep properly, and certainly her great disappointment was not calculated to soothe her.

But at last she went off into a comfortable lullaby slumber, and in it she dreamed a dream which was of that beautiful kind in which things hard to understand are made quite plain and easy, and during which, if our eyes were opened, and we could pierce through the darkness, we should see that an angel was watching over us.

This was the dream:

She dreamed that she was living in a lovely land which was called The Land of Content. It was beautiful with flowers, which, instead of fading, as our earth-flowers do, grew more and more exquisite as time passed on; and with happy smiling people who always were busy, and yet who always had time to help each other. And everywhere there was a lovely golden haze.

Here, too, it was Christmas Day, and gifts were being offered to Someone who was hidden from her, because at the particular place where He stood the golden haze grew brighter and more golden, until Violet veiled her eyes before its splendour. But she saw the gifts which were being borne towards Him by beings in white garments, and suddenly Violet understood that these were the angels of Paradise, and that what they held in uplifted hands were the presents which people in the Land of Shadows—that is, the earth—had given at that season of the year for the Christ-Child.

Some was raiment for naked children whom they had been commanded to clothe: many offerings were of food given to the hungry: the hands of several of the angels were filled with golden coins: and many more held toys for motherless babies who had none.

But the strangest part of it all was that very few of these gifts actually reached to the Christ for whose dear sake they were all of them supposed to be offered. For unless the intention was absolutely pure—which means that unless the thoughts which went with the gift were wholly of the Christ-Child and His poor, and nothing at all of self—they shrivelled away in the heat of the splendour surrounding Him, and never reached to Him at all.

Lots of clothes had been made because it was expected of the maker; "and one must live up to one's position, my dear." Large cheques had been drawn, to put to shame other people's. Food had been given indiscriminately, and without involving the slightest personal trouble. One and all they faded away and disappeared when brought to the

test of the heavenly light; and though this was the part of her dream which was not so clear to the little maid as was the rest, as she grew older it came to be the part which helped her most. But now, as she seemed to be standing and watching the white-robed procession, she grew suddenly bewildered, for there came an angel with a common wooden crutch, such as Sergeant Cuff and Violet had planned between them for Mrs. Brown's lame boy.

"Oh, please don't. The light will burn it up, an' I want it for Bobby," Violet tried to call out; but the words refused to come, and while she sought for them, behold! the angel bearing the wooden crutch passed straight through the surrounding glory, and a voice came out of the cloud which said, "*She hath done what she could.*"

And the cloud grew brighter and more intense, and became hotter and hotter, until Violet gasped for breath, and gasping, opened her eyes, and—found the nursery was on fire!

The little girl rolled out of bed like a ball, and ran into the next room to call to Perrin, who slept there with Eustace and Ned. She met the nurse on the threshold, carrying Ned in her arms, and at the same moment Violet found herself caught up in Mr. Stuart's arms, and carried hastily down the stairs.

"The others are all out," he shouted back over his shoulder to Perrin, who was following him; "they are in the gardener's cottage. We can't save the house, but I'll try to get out of it all I can as soon as you are all safe."

He ran down the stairs like lightning, and across the narrow strip of garden which divided the back part of the hall from the cottage, and when they got there, Violet found the servants and her brothers there before them, and they were all only half-dressed and dreadfully frightened.

There was such a hubbub and commotion, and such an appalling noise that night! Violet had read about a fire in one of her story-books, and there it was all quite easy to understand, how first one part of the house had caught fire, and then another part, and how the fire-engines came up just when they were wanted, and the people made themselves useful passing buckets full of water from one to another.

But here, at The Court, it wasn't a bit like that. The sergeant and the rest of the men-servants, and Mr. Stuart and Mr. Clewer, were all running this way and that, and everybody screamed at the top of their voices; and all the furniture was being carried out and stacked up in the middle of the fives court, and the darkness of the night seemed to lie about in huge mountainous shadows wherever the glare of the flames did not reach, and Perrin and the cook and the boys were all talking at once, when a voice cried sharply—

"Where's Eustace?"

It was Violet who called that out, but no one heard her, and the cottage was so dark, illumined only by the glare of the burning house, that no one

saw her either as she ran out of the room, and across the stretch of kitchen garden, with her heart beating so violently that it almost seemed as if it would leap out of the quivering little body. For she knew at once how it came about that the baby-boy of the household had been overlooked in the general scramble for life. Perrin had put him as a punishment to sleep in the elder boys' dormitory, instead of keeping him with her, as usual, in the night-nursery; and, of course, Mr. Stuart had not known of this when he had rushed in to arouse its ordinary occupants. So Eustace must be there now.

Avoiding the front stairs, which she knew were on fire, Violet raced up the back ones as rapidly as ever her feet could carry her, for the steps were of stone, and as yet were untouched.

But when she reached the landing where the boys' room was, "there was a lot of smoke and chokiness," as she said to her father afterwards, "and then; oh! then I forget."

And the major would never let her try to recollect, for fear she should cry, now that it was all over, and

crying didn't matter; so really there is very little to tell about her adventures that night. But Mr. Clewer can, at all events, relate the end of the story, and describe how he looked up suddenly, and saw the child standing by the window with Eustace, drowsy with sleep, in her arms. He tells, too, of the awfulness of that moment when he saw the flames beginning to lick round the window-sill, and of the difficulty of rescuing the children, which was so great that the girl's arm was scorched before she was back again in Perrin's keeping. And then he, too, breaks down, as if he would like to cry as well, as he tells how Violet held out her burden to his eager arms, and said simply—

"Take Eustace first, an' if I don't ever see Father, tell him I tried to be brave."

"And so she was, bless her!" Major Carmichael always adds at this point; "and I think, too, she has taught some of us what real courage means. All my boys belong to 'Father's Own,' but there is only one little V.C., after all," and not even Norman ventures to contradict him.

MABEL E. WOTTON.

## NEW LIGHT ON OLD TEXTS.

BY THE REV. TRYON EDWARDS, D.D.

"But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel. So that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places."—PHILIPPIANS 1, 12, 13.

**A**S whatever throws light on any declaration or passage of the Bible is always both interesting and instructive, the verses indicated above are worthy of a brief notice.

St. Paul, writing from his prison in Rome, tells the Philippians that he would have them understand that his imprisonment has not hindered, but rather has helped, the spread of the Gospel—that his bondage for Christ's sake has enabled him to make the great principles of the Gospel known, as *our* version reads, "in all the *palace*, and in all other *places*"; or, as the *new* version more properly says, "throughout the whole *Prætorian guard*, and to all the rest"—*i.e.*, through the guards, as we might say, "to everybody else," so that thus the truth had a wider spread and greater influence than it otherwise would have had.

If it is asked how this could be—how the Apostle, shut up in the Roman dungeon, could do more for the extension of the Gospel than if he were free to go everywhere preaching Christ and Him crucified as the foundation and model of all true character and the only hope of the soul—the answer may be found in the circumstances of his imprisonment. For, according to the Roman custom, the captive in prison was chained to a soldier—one of the Prætorian Guard—his right hand to the soldier's left; and the soldier was relieved, and his place taken by another, every four

hours, until every member of the company had taken turn in the service, when the duty was passed on to another company, every member of which, in like manner, spent hours with the Apostle. In this way Paul had the opportunity of free and full conversation with every member of the Prætorian Guard, and so was able to make the Gospel known to them all, and thus to introduce the leaven of Christianity not only into the leading corps of the Roman army, but, through its members, to great numbers of their friends and associates, and even also, as in this same Epistle he tells us (chapter iv. 22), to those who had become converts—"saints in Cæsar's (the Emperor's) household." It was during this imprisonment, also, that the Apostle wrote not only this Epistle to the Philippians, but the Epistles to the Colossians, the Ephesians, and to Philemon, which in the past have been, and in the future will be, preaching to the ends of the earth while time shall last; so that his usefulness was not only not prevented, but was greatly increased by his imprisonment and chains.

What a lesson does this give us of how one of the right spirit may everywhere do good: of how the wrath of man may be overruled to the glory of God and the good of men: and how even the dungeon may become a pulpit, and the chains of persecution a means of extending the Gospel where otherwise it might not find its way.

## WITH A DOCTOR OF CHARITY.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



PLAY TIME.



LITTLE boy in uniform was rushing along the crowded Mile End Road, down which I myself was wandering on my way to Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Recognising by his familiar uniform that he himself was an inmate of these Homes, I bade him to take me with him and to tell me something of his young life.

"Have you any parents?" I asked him.

"No, sir," he replied. "My father died in prison and my mother killed 'erself, and ever since I've been at the 'omes."

"And you like them?"

"Oh yes, sir, we all like 'em," he replied, as though it were a matter of course that they should like them. And, indeed, as I was to find out a few minutes later, it would be very strange if boys who are so cared for, who are so tenderly looked after, whose every hour in life is thoughtfully considered and planned out, it would be strange indeed if they were not happy and contented.

Dr. Barnardo himself received me and showed me over one of his beautiful houses. It was pleasant to note the warm affection, the complete understanding, that exist between him and his enormous family, which consists of upwards of 5,000 children and not less than 800 employes. He appeared to be known to and loved and welcomed by everyone.

"But," said he to me, when I commented upon this fact, "the truth of the matter is that it is absolutely necessary that a man in my position should be in constant touch with everyone around him. I supervise

everything personally, and that is one of the secrets of my success. This," he continued, as we entered a large, airy dormitory, every window of which was flung wide open, "this room contains



PRINTERS—STEPNEY.

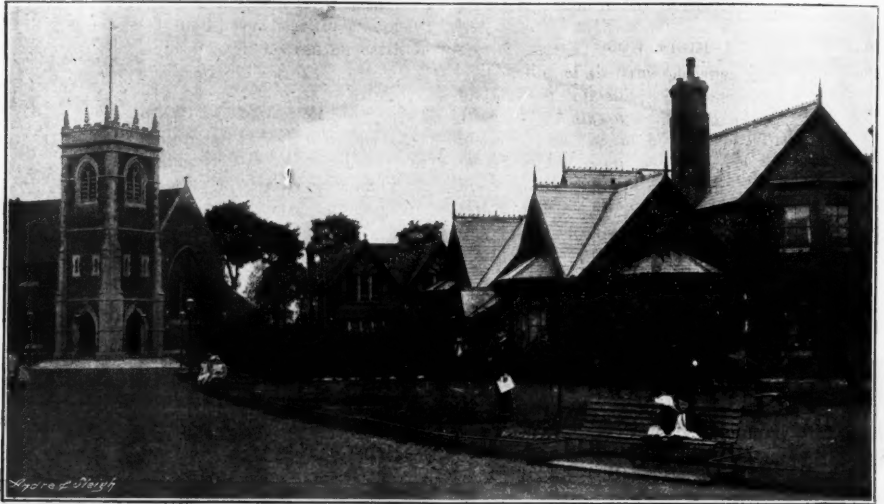
ninety-six beds, and, as you can see, they are all in constant use."

I was much struck with the perfect cleanliness and utter comfort of this dormitory for homeless, and in many cases nameless, East-End lads. No dormitory in the best public school in England—and I have been in them all—can surpass it, and many do not equal it in these two essential particulars.

"Each bedroom," said my host, "leads on to the

shops, for it is a part of my plan here that every single child shall be master of a trade before he leaves the building. Each department is presided over by a thoroughly skilled workman."

As the Doctor spoke we entered the tinsmiths' shop, and I was much struck with the eager intentness and the wonderfully apt manner displayed by each boy in the manufacture of kettles and saucepans. The same thing was evident in the tailors'



THE VILLAGE HOMES, ILFORD.

fire-escape outside, which is on the New York Hotel plan. But we have here in the building itself a well-trained Fire Brigade, so that we are well provided against panic or accident. And the discipline is perfect; each boy would know what to do in a minute in case of alarm."

"And what led you to this work?" I asked, as the philanthropist led the way into a large and airy playground immediately beneath the Tilbury and Southend Railway.

"Many years ago," said he, "as far back, indeed, as 1866, a little ragged boy who attended a ragged Sunday-school which I used to conduct when I was starting in life as a doctor, lingered behind the other children whilst I shut up the room. I told him to go; he hesitated, and at last told me he had no home to go to. I was horror-struck. The boy's story opened up to me a state of things which I did not believe existed on earth. He was sheltered at once, and at once I began my work. That young street-arab rescued on that night has been succeeded by at least 23,000 other homeless and destitute children, and that single room in Stepney in which he slept that night has now grown to upwards of fifty distinct institutions. And it has all been done by faith. On an average we take in nine children a day. Now, if you will follow me we will go into some of their work-

shop, in which most of the boys were cripples, "for," said my host, "there is no physical disqualification for my Homes. And indeed it is a curious thing how the cripples are in some instances the happiest boys here. The other boys are wonderfully tender and loving towards them, the cripples associate with them exactly as do all the rest, and that gay young fellow without arms whom you see crossing the yard at this minute, is actually the best athlete we have in the Homes. Did you notice that little fellow," said the good man, as we entered the carpenters' shop in which they were busy making boxes, washing-stands, etc., "what a bright, happy little fellow he looked? I have a very touching memory of him. I was standing at my front door one bitter day in winter when a little ragged chap came up to me and asked me for an order of admission. To test him I pretended to be rather rough with him. 'How do I know,' I said, 'if what you tell me is true? Have you any friends to speak for you?' 'Friends!' he shouted. 'No; I ain't got no friends; but if these 'ere rags,' and he waved his arm about as he spoke, 'won't speak for me, nothing else will.'

"There, that was the most beautiful compliment ever paid to my work, and it was that dear little fellow over there, all over smiles, who paid it. And it was perfectly genuine, too!"



We stood a moment, Dr. Barnardo and I, in the printing office of the establishment.

"Here," said he, "are printed the histories of each child that comes into the building, and sadder stories have never been written on this earth."

In the hospital I sat talking to a little girl over whose cot was inscribed the legend, "In memory of Mary B. Miller"; a bright little maiden this, fast getting well, wrapped up in her dollies, and with a charming smile for everyone who spoke to her, and especially for the good Doctor, with whom she appeared to be on the easiest and pleasantest of terms. The "Gordon" Memorial Room was nearly empty.

"We have such good health here," explained my guide, "that I am glad to say these rooms are often quite empty. But you must come up to the convalescent room and to the roof, which is so constructed that they can go and sit out with perfect safety in the open air."

To the roof accordingly we mounted, to be greeted with shouts of merriment from a number of little boys who were fast recovering their health, and with a smile of broad and placid contentment from a big, handsome negro lad, who told me he hailed from New York. A beautiful and a striking view was that which met my eye from the top of this lofty house in East London. Sunshine everywhere, the masts of tall ships standing in the docks, far away a silvery gleam of water told us of the Thames flowing this summer day towards the great green Mother.



DR. T. J. BARNARDO.

(From a Photograph by Herbert E. Simpson, Toronto.)

And from below came the hushed roar and turmoil of those weary, awful streets, from which the young ones standing round me had been so recently



LAUNDRY—ILFORD.

snatched away. Never before had I so thoroughly realised the beauty of the work in which this devoted follower of his great Master is so earnestly and vigorously engaged.

"We have a little fellow named Sydney Lawrence under our charge," said Dr. Barnardo, "in whom you ought to be specially interested; he is one of the waifs supported by THE QUIVER Waifs Fund. He is on one of our training farms, and I daresay he will go out to Canada one of these days."

"Do you consider that the present condition of street children is improved from what it used to be when you first started this work, Dr. Barnardo?" said I.

"Yes," he slowly replied; "there is a great change in London, though not in many of the great provincial cities. Liverpool, for instance, is in a terrible condition, but in London it is greatly altered. The popular feeling is against rags and destitution. At the same time I think the street-boy of to-day possesses exactly the same kind of characteristics that he always possessed. It is very remarkable to anyone who has studied the subject as I have to note the manner in which juvenile crime has decreased of late years; this, I fancy, is owing in a great measure to the advance of education. It is rare nowadays to find a child who can't read. Thirty years ago, of course, it was the exception to find one who could."

"You send a great many to Canada, do you not?"

"Oh, yes. Last year alone I sent out upwards of 730 trained children to the Colonies, the largest number ever sent out in a single year. It brought up the total of our young emigrants to 5,737. When it is remembered that in Canada three Institutions are kept up, in which is resident a staff of experienced workers, who maintain constant supervision over our children, visiting them, writing to them, advising them, acting in sickness and in health as their friends and guides, the detailed perfection to which the organisation of that particular branch alone has been brought will be understood."

"And do the Colonies approve of your thus sending to them so many poor and destitute children?"

"Well," replied my host, "under my system they can hardly object. Emigration can only be carried on under the most stringent conditions. The history of emigration, as a rule, is strewn with failures arising from some radical defect in method or principle. We work on certain definite and well-thought-out lines of action. We send out only the flower of our flock: those who physically, spiritually, and mentally are in good health; only those boys who have been trained in our own workshops, or girls who have had most careful instruction in domestic service. Then the children, as I told you, are most carefully supervised, and should any prove to be total failures they are returned to England at our expense. As things are at present, we give the Colonies what they most want—honest, industrious, piously trained youths, who, by God's blessing, will grow into successful citizens in the near future."

"And admission to the Homes is absolutely free and unrestricted?"

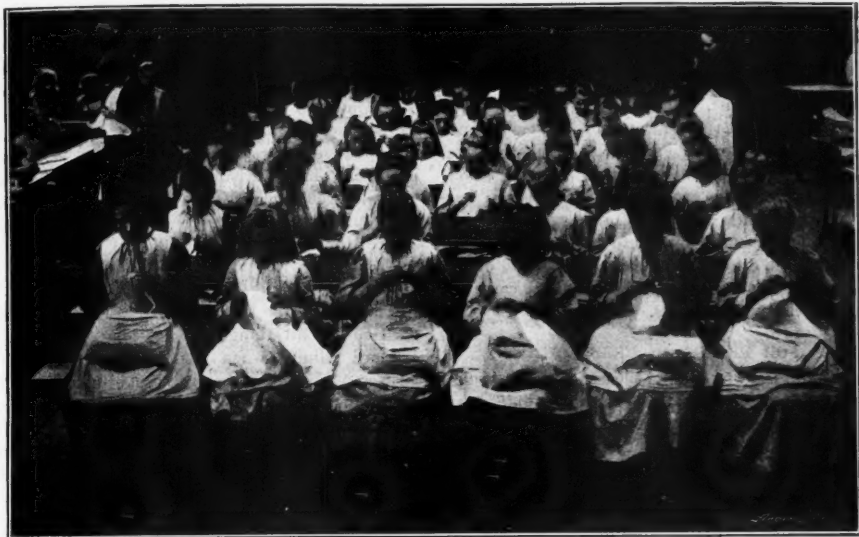
"Absolutely," replied the Doctor, with a smile. "The golden key opens no doors here, I can assure you. On the contrary, it acts as a bar. Not even physical disability prevents a child from being taken in. We have at least 500 incurables within our walls. But, of course, with such facilities for admission, the greatest care has to be exercised that no improper advantage is taken of the Institutions. Inquiry is as stringent and thorough as we can make it. If an application is received from within the metropolitan area, it is personally investigated at first hand by a skilled staff of 'Children's Beadles.' If a country application comes within the radius of the new Provincial Branches, of which we have seven, which we call 'Ever-Open Doors,' it is investigated by our local agent on the same lines as here in London."

"And as regards the religious training of these waifs and strays, Dr. Barnardo? for I cannot help seeing that there are a good many evidences of religious feeling throughout the building."

"Well," replied the Doctor, "the Homes took their rise in a Sunday ragged-school. They are, as they always have been, *Christian* Institutions, their work being the practical outcome of the Gospel Spirit. But they stand absolutely outside the camps of mere sects or denominations. They are, of course, Protestant, and so Evangelical Christians of any party may and do join hands in our work. Whilst with us the children are not brought up exclusively in one denomination. One-half of all those in residence are under systematic instruction by Evangelical clergymen of the Church of England, attending the services of the church regularly and belonging to its Sunday-schools; about an equal number are brought up under earnest-minded Nonconformist ministers, and finally, when the children leave the Homes, they go out to employers who are professedly Christians, but irrespective of the Church or denomination to which such employers belong."

"You have special Homes for girls at Ilford, have you not?"

"Yes; indeed, a regular village. That village home of mine is an attempt to substitute the natural conditions of a cottage Home for the cold mercies, and often fatal advantages, of the workhouse, and to imitate the rescue of waif and destitute girls on broader lines of human and Christian charity. It arose out of a deep conviction that the 'Barrack system,' as it is called, of rearing young girls was altogether wrong. I became personally convinced that if young girls are to be brought up in a manner which will insure the highest results in life I must follow the Divine, which is, after all, the natural order, and let them live in small *family groups*. Why should not these poor little waif girls know the beauty of family life? And so we have built a large number of cottages, each of which contains a mother's sitting-room, a sitting- and play-room for the girls, a large dining-room for the family meals, and a kitchen, scullery, pantry, and store-room. Upstairs there are several bedrooms, each containing from four to six single beds. The daily life of the village is as homelike as I know how to make it. Each group of girls is ruled over by a 'mother,'



SEWING-CLASS, ILFORD.

and the relations sought to be maintained between her and her charges are mainly those of loving obedience. Then there are my babies. Out of the Ilford Home grew the Babies' Castle at Hawkhurst, in Kent. A baby had been placed in every one of the Cottage Homes, but the babies at last came too thick and fast. What was I to do? At last came light! Mr. Theodore Moilliet, who owned property at Hawkhurst, offered me the Villa of Hillside and the accompanying land, and here in a very short time twenty-six babies took possession of their new and comfortable quarters. But soon enough the space at Hawkhurst became too limited. I was forced to build upon the land so generously given to me, and in August, 1886, the Duchess of Teck opened 'Babies' Castle,' where we comfortably house up-

wards of two hundred babies at once, and we are never empty, I can assure you. Poor little things! some of them have sad histories. The mother of one of them, a murderess and would-be suicide, walked into the sea at Sandgate with her two children. She and little Billy, now a big fat boy, were rescued, the other poor child was drowned. She is now in prison for life, and Billy is safe at the Home."

The boys were playing cricket as I passed through the playground, the armless cripple was delighting a group of eager spectators with some wonderful athletic performances; a group of sad-faced, weary, tattered little fellows sat on a bench within the great hall.

"There," said my host, "before night those little fellows will be inmates of the Home, and safe, I hope, for evermore."



## SHORT ARROWS.

## NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

## AN UNCHRISTIAN SPEECH.

**N**OTHING is so essentially snobbish and unchristian as to treat people slightly because they are poor. This, however, is what too many self-seekers do. They are like a young man who remarked lately in my hearing that he could not afford to know a poor person. And yet it was for the sake of even such persons as these that Jesus Christ became poor.

## WORK AND BE WELL.

Amongst the North American Indians the medicine-man orders a sick person to be *beaten* into

health! Similar enforced activity might not be a bad remedy for our hypochondriacs. But be this as it may, there is no doubt that what most of them want is more work. If they are unfortunate enough not to be obliged to labour, let them volunteer to do so for the sake of others, and then they will not have time to meditate upon their supposed ailments. "Laugh and be well" is a good maxim, but so is also—Work and be well.

## "HE SHALL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT."

Would that there were in us all the spirit which animated a sailor when he was first brought to God.

"To save such a sinner as I am!" he said, "He shall never hear the end of it." Those words, so bad when used revengefully, as they often are by man to his fellow-man, are excellent when they are used by us to Christ. But, alas! how little do we live in their spirit. At first, after conversion, we think we can never be grateful enough—that we shall never tire of praising—that we can never have enough of close communion with Christ; but how soon our hearts grow cold, or, at any rate, how soon their fire dwindles down into mere warmth! In heaven, indeed, Jesus shall never hear the end of it; but let us in this respect begin heaven on earth in the church and in our hearts.

#### FOR PRIZES OR PRESENTS.

Boys and girls who are not pleased with the books issued for their reading this year must indeed be hard to satisfy; in quality the works are as high, in quantity they are as abundant, as in former years, while their scope is much wider. That veteran friend of boys, Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, is again to

books for prizes and presents, and when one thinks of books for girls what two names are more likely to be suggested than Agnes Giberne and Emma Marshall? To Miss Giberne we owe "The Andersons," and to Mrs. Marshall "The Close of St. Christopher's," both published by Messrs. Nisbet, and both equally well calculated to serve their purpose. The Christmas volume of *Little Folks* (Cassell) would make an admirable gift or reward for younger readers, for its varied contents would secure attention in any home circle.

#### GOOD FROM EVIL.

The life of the true Christian who sees the hand of God in all things is one long thanksgiving. Bernard Gilpin, when summoned to London to answer a charge of heresy, broke his leg. The person in whose custody he was retorted on Bernard his favourite saying, that nothing could happen to him but what was for his good; and the event showed its truth, for Queen Mary died, and through the delay occasioned by the broken leg his life was saved.



BERTRAM ROBERTS.

(From a Photograph by S. P. L. Phillips, East Croydon.)



JESSIE GREGORY.

(From a Photograph by S. P. L. Phillips, East Croydon.)



CORPORAL CARPENTER.

(From a Photograph by the Rev. E. L. Benson.)

#### WINNERS OF "THE QUIVER" GOOD CONDUCT PRIZES, 1893.

the fore, and in "The Walrus Hunters: a Romance of the Realms of Ice" (Nisbet), shows that his hand has lost none of its cunning with years, and that he can still give the boys of to-day a story as fully instinct with healthy incident and sustained interest as were its predecessors.—Dr. Gordon Stables is an old sailor, and quite at home in the telling of a sea-story for boys that he calls "Just Like Jack," which is published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton; the tale is good in tone, and strong in incident.—Two other good stories for boys from the same firm are "Graeme and Cyril," by Mr. Barry Pain, and "In the '15: a Tale of the First Jacobite Insurrection," by the Rev. H. C. Adams; the former is one of the best school-stories we have seen for a long time, and the latter a thoroughly good historical tale.—But the girls must have their turn in our survey of suitable new

#### "THE QUIVER" GOOD CONDUCT PRIZES.

We give this month the portraits of the three winners of THE QUIVER Good Conduct Prizes for this year. Bertram Roberts and Jessie Gregory are both scholars at the Asylum for Fatherless Children, Reedham, and to them the prizes were presented on the occasion of the summer festival at the end of June. Corporal Alfred Carpenter is an inmate of the Gordon Boys' Home, and he received the prize at the annual inspection of the school. The prizes are awarded for "all-round" good conduct throughout the year, and our readers will be glad to hear that the prizes are much sought after and highly valued. We trust these children will have many imitators. Some day we hope to be able to present our readers with a list of past and present prize holders.



## WINTER.

In summer we shrink from the thought that its beautiful long evenings, its flowers, fruit, and birds, its sunshine, its excursions and holidays, will soon be over, and that we shall be in the stern grasp of cold winter's iron hand once more. Still, the last rose of summer does not constitute the whole of life. If summer were perpetual we would soon degenerate. Nor is winter without compensations. The family circle round the fire is a school for the affections. We have then, too, more opportunity of forgetting ourselves in plans for the relief of the poor. And perhaps there is no better sport than rushing over the glittering ice on ringing skates while the blue sky and almost genial sunshine show that the heavens above have by no means forgotten the earth beneath. Yes, at all seasons God is near us, and sends to us such weather and other things as are most expedient for us.

## SOME HELPFUL WORKS.

There are few preachers and teachers who can afford to disregard the help which is offered them in the careful volumes of "The Biblical Illustrator" (Nisbet), edited by the Rev. J. S. Exell. Three new ones are before us as we write. The second volume on the Epistle to the Hebrews completes a most difficult piece of work in a very satisfactory manner. Accompanying it are two of (apparently) three volumes on the Acts of the Apostles, a book which offers a wide field for illustrative anecdote and reference, of which Mr. Exell has availed himself to the fullest extent.—From Messrs. Isbister we have received two excellent volumes of sermons by the Archdeacons of London and Westminster. The former gives to his volume the title "Christ and Our Times," and a more direct and timely series of discourses we do not remember. Manly, outspoken utterances like these are what our times need. Archdeacon Farrar speaks very modestly in his preface of his "Sermons on the Lord's Prayer" as being

"of the plainest and simplest." They are not quite that, but they are near enough to it to form acceptable reading and helpful guidance for all.—"The Way into the Holiest" (Morgan and Scott) is the appropriate title which the Rev. F. B. Meyer gives to his expositions of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Our readers know and appreciate the helpful character of Mr. Meyer's work, and will, we are sure, welcome this suggestive volume.—Messrs. Nisbet send us a little collection of admirable sermons to children with the title "The Children's Pew," by the Rev. J. Reid Howatt, profitable as reading and helpful as models.—"The Concise Bible Dictionary," issued by Messrs. Isbister, fully justifies its title, but the work is full enough to meet all the requirements of ordinary readers.—Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, wife of our contributor, the Bishop of Ripon, is to be congratulated on the pretty allegories which go to form the tasteful volume which comes to us from Messrs. Isbister under the title, "Fragments in Baskets." They are at once light and deeply suggestive, and ought to do much good.

## "THE HEAD" AND "THE HEART."

Some of the truest of God's people—some who know and serve Him best—have but little of the intellectual power of which the world makes so much. It is well for many of us that God looks at the heart and not the head—it is well for some, but it is ill for others; for there are many who know much theology in the head, but know little of love in the heart. We cannot understand God, but we can love Him. We cannot perhaps argue for God, but we can live for Him; or, if need be, die for Him. Oh, that we loved our Saviour so that we might be like the martyred girl who said, "I can't argue for Jesus, but I can die for Him." A crowd had assembled near the prison in Rome—all were busy in preparing for the work—some gathering fagots, others making firm the stake. The prison door opens, a young girl is brought to the stake, the fagots are placed round her—but she is to be given a chance for her life. A priest steps forward and asks, "Wilt thou recant?" The answer of the girl rang out distinct and clear in the morning

air, "No!"  
 "But why," said the priest, "wilt thou persist in so great an absurdity? Thou canst not give a reason for thy belief." The face of the Christian lighted up with almost heavenly radiance as she said, "I can't argue for



WINTER.



Jesus, but I can die for Him." Let us not concern ourselves so much about our understanding with the head, as loving with the heart. The testimonies of love are those which will be most valued in the Great Day.

#### THE SECRET OF PEACE.

"Are you not afraid, mother?" asked the kindred of an old body who during the progress of an earthquake remained calm, peaceful, and in good spirits. "No," was her answer, "I rejoice to know that I have a God who can shake the world." This reminds me of the story of an old Highland shepherd, who listened one evening to the discussions of some of his friends upon threatening political matters; and when he had heard all they had to say, strode off to the mountain after his sheep, saying out aloud, "The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient." That was enough for him. To be able to say, "This God is our God for ever and ever," is the secret of power and peace.

#### A UNIVERSAL NEED.

When the present Empress of Austria chose a tutor for her daughter she sent for a certain bishop, and told him that she had decided to entrust the Archduchess's education to him. "Teach her," she said, "to be a true Christian. We are all in sore need of religious support to go through this life."

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

The phrase is used to cover a variety of works issued to meet the manifold demands of the winter season, but is, after all, employed most frequently with regard to books for young people. In "The Outdoor World" (Longmans, Mr. W. Furneaux, F.R.G.S., has certainly provided us with one of the most suggestive and instructive books for young people that we have seen this season; in its coloured plates, its hundreds of black-and-white illustrations, and its homely, easily understood notes on the natural history and botany of our own country, it presents in one handsome volume a perfect mine of information in a pleasant and interesting manner.—A prime favourite among writers of stories for young people is Mr. G. A. Henty, whose wide range of subjects surprises one more and more as each fresh season reveals a further development.—Messrs. Blackie and Son send us three new stories of his, the titles of which indicate sufficiently the widely different sources to which their author has gone; first is "Saint Bartholomew's Eve," an excellent story of the Huguenot wars, with twelve illustrations, and a map of France that serves to impress upon the young readers of the tale the fact that its setting is historically true. Then we take up "Through the Sikh War" and "A Jacobite Exile" in turn, and find in each case that our author is equally *au fait* with the material which these far-separated periods present.—To Dr. Gordon Stables Messrs. Blackie owe another stirring book for boys, under the title of "Westward

with Columbus," in which the pathetic story of the old mariner is wonderfully well told.—J. M. Callwell takes us back to the days of Prince Hal and the Lollards for the setting of his story, "A Champion of the Faith," which ought to prove equally interesting to readers of either sex; and from this work, which seems to us to appeal to both boys and girls of healthy taste, let us pass to two others of Messrs. Blackie's stories that appeal more particularly to girl readers. "A Fair Claimant," the first of the two, by Frances Armstrong, is a story at once strong and sympathetic, a quality rightly esteemed at a high value by girl readers; and the other, "The Clever Miss Follett," by J. K. H. Denny, is of such sustained interest that it would suit the tastes of lady-readers who would ordinarily not look at a story equally suitable to girls of no great experience. One word more about all Messrs. Blackie's stories: they are all strongly and tastefully bound, a quality which all buyers at this season will appreciate.

#### GRATITUDE.

One evening at a fashionable seaside place (says a friend), I was listening to some open-air preaching. After the service was over a man came up to me, and, thinking that I was one of those who had conducted it, shook me warmly by the hand, and with tears in his eyes thanked me for the benefit he had obtained. How I wished that I had been one of those who had benefited him and had deserved his gratitude! The incident impressed upon me the fact that people are not as a rule as ungrateful as they are supposed to be to those who try to improve their moral and spiritual condition. They feel that charity to the soul is the soul of charity.

#### A CAT THAT WON'T PURR.

There are people who do not mean to be and who perhaps are not ungrateful for kindness, but who never respond to it. You may do everything in your power to benefit them, and try to surprise them with kindness, but their dull cold natures make no sign. A boy of this description known to me was said by his schoolmaster to be like a cat that would not purr. Still, we must not cease trying to help people because they are undemonstrative and seem to have no feelings. Every creature is after its kind. You pity a man whose bodily eyes and ears are blind and deaf; why not extend the same pity to those who are blind and deaf of soul?

#### RIDICULOUS PURSUITS.

Nearly all the thoughts, words and deeds of some people are more or less connected with fox-hunting, which has been defined as "riding after a lot of dogs running after a smell." Philanthropy when taken up as a mere pastime or as a pursuit that has become fashionable is sometimes responsible for acts that are foolish enough, but the most foolish kind is more sensible and even more pleasurable than are some of our so-called amusements.

## ENTERTAINING A STRANGER.

The writer once, when taking a walking tour through Gloucestershire, found himself near two or three neat cottages. Being tired and hungry after a tramp of twelve miles, he asked a good-natured-looking woman at the door of one of them if she could give him some milk. She invited him in, gave two glasses of delicious milk and a slice of cake, and when asked about payment said, "Oh, nothing; it is such a pleasure to be of use to a stranger." The character of the woman came out not in this act alone, but in every detail of her household arrangements. Never surely did brasses and culinary utensils shine brighter than did hers. The tourist found out afterwards that this was a good Christian woman, but he had guessed as much before he was two minutes in her house.

## EVIL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT.

The early martyrs were often condemned to this hideous death: tied firmly to a dead body, they were left till corruption destroyed life. May not something even more horrible take place when we unite ourselves in marriage or some other kind of very close intimacy with one who is spiritually dead?

## BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

In many respects the most popular set of illustrations to the Bible is that by Gustave Doré. Much has been heard of late of the success which has attended the circulation of various versions of the Scriptures on the Continent, and we in Protestant England are not to be behind in that respect. So Messrs. Cassell have sent forth a cheap but well-printed edition of the Bible with the whole of Doré's plates, and now all who will may possess it. The

teaching value of illustrations can never be overestimated.—From the Clarendon Press we have received a copy of "The Thumb Prayer Book;" tiny as are its pages, the type is very readable, and the paper is so fine that the book weighs less than three-quarters of an ounce.—Messrs. Isbister are

responsible for a pleasant little work on "Our English Minsters," in which seven of our best known cathedrals are described by recognised authorities, and splendidly illustrated. When we say that the paper on Westminster is contributed by Archdeacon Farrar, and that Mr. Herbert Railton is responsible for many of the illustrations, we have said enough to indicate the high character of the volume. — Mr. Fisher Unwin sends us a useful volume from the pen of Mr. Leopold Wagner, entitled "More About Names," the



"ENTERTAINING A STRANGER."

names explained being those of various articles, bodies, places, and institutions, with the result that a very useful reference book is provided for us.—Many of our readers must be familiar with Backhouse and Tylor's "Early Church History," and all who are will thank us for drawing their attention to Mr. Charles Tylor's "The Camisards" (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.), a valuable contribution to the religious history of France.—What a wealth of encouragement and suggestive thought there is in Dr. A. J. Gordon's "The Holy Spirit in Missions," published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Every worker in or for the mission-field, at home and abroad, should not only see but carefully study this most admirable work, as high in tone as it is lofty in purpose.—From the same publishers we have received an excellent Scotch story, "Michael Lamont," and have also to acknowledge the receipt of

"A. Mackay Ruthquist," cousin of the pioneer missionary to Uganda (Hodder and Stoughton).—"Betting and Gambling," by Major Seton Churchill (Nisbet and Co.).—"God's Will, and Other Stories," (T. Fisher Unwin).—"Links of a Chain," by J. M. Cowan, and the first volume of "Reminiscences of Seventy Years' Life, Travel and Adventure," both published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

#### TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY.

At the express desire of Princess May, Duchess of York, the following motto was engraved upon the inner surface of her wedding-ring :—

"In God alone  
We two are one."

God is not only the best Maker of marriages, but it is He who alone can make a marriage in the true sense. He "maketh men to be of one mind in a house," says the Psalmist, and in cases of domestic

strife, that "sorest ill of human life," are very common, it is because so many people begin their marriage without thinking of Him.

#### "THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

List of contributions received from September 27th, 1893, up to and including October 27th, 1893. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month :—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs Fund*: A Glasgow Mother (42nd donation), 1s.; J. J. E., Govan (72nd donation), 5s.  
For The "*Santa Claus*" *Home*: A Cambrian Friend, 5s.  
For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: R.N., Carlisle, 1s.

\* \* \* *The Editor will be glad to receive, and to forward to the institutions concerned, the contributions of any of his readers who desire to help external movements referred to in the pages of this magazine. Amounts of 5s. and upwards will be acknowledged in THE QUIVER when desired.*

### "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

(A NEW SERIES OF QUESTIONS, BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

#### QUESTIONS.

13. Where is the island of Patmos, and with what event is it chiefly associated?
14. By what title does St. John speak of the first day of the week?
15. To whom was the Book of the Revelation addressed?
16. What lesson may we learn from the conduct of the Wise Men who came to seek for our Lord?
17. In what words does St. Paul set before the Ephesians the duty of circumspection in their daily life?
18. Where do we find notice of the first institution of the Sabbath as a day of rest?
19. Wherein did the creation of Man differ from the rest of created things?
20. In what way did God seek to test the obedience of man?
21. In what did the power of the first temptation chiefly consist?
22. St. Paul calls the Word of God the "sword of the Spirit;" in what place does St. John use the same simile?
23. What two words are used by St. John to signify the eternity of God?
24. How long before the birth of Jesus did Micah prophesy of His birth at Bethlehem?

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 80.

1. In his Epistle to the Ephesians. (Eph. iv. 25—32.)
2. By "Old man" the Apostle means "the flesh, with its affections and lust"; by "New man," the

life-giving influence of the Holy Spirit. (Eph. iv. 22—24; Gal. v. 24.)

3. Truthfulness. (Eph. iv. 25.)

4. "Lying lips are abomination to the Lord." (Prov. xii. 22.)

5. Ephesus, which is now only a ruin, was once the metropolis of Asia Minor, and situated at the mouth of the river Cayster. It was famous for the "Temple of Diana," reputed to be one of the seven wonders of the world. (Eph. i. 1; Rev. ii. 1.)

6. "Not with eye service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God." (Col. iii. 22.)

7. Colosse was situated in Asia Minor, between Laodicea and Hierapolis, and was famous in connection with the wars of Xerxes. It afterwards came into the hands of the Romans, and was destroyed by an earthquake about one year after St. Paul had written his Epistle to the Colossians. (Col. i. 2.)

8. "If any man seem to be religious and brideth not his tongue, this man's religion is vain." (James i. 26.)

9. By their diligent study of the Scriptures to ascertain the truth of St. Paul's preaching. (Acts xvii. 10, 11.)

10. It was written to the Gentile converts scattered throughout Asia and Asia Minor. (1 Pet. i. 14, 20, 21, ii. 9, 10, and iv. 3.)

11. "By the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that passeth not away." (1 Pet. i. 3, 4; St. Matt. xxv. 34.)

12. "Of which salvation the prophets have inquired and searched diligently who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you." (1 Pet. i. 10—12.)

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[Drawn by H. J. Stock.]

THE ROSE.



## THE SHADY SIDE OF A DOCTOR'S LIFE.

BY THE REV. FRED. HASTINGS.



"What have you killed?"—p. 164.



O see a smartly and chastely dressed doctor riding calmly in his vehicle, would lead one to imagine he had no trouble. The dapper coachman in livery keeps the spanking horses on the go, and draws the attention and admiration of the people on the footpath. The doctor himself may be anything but as happy as he looks. He may have heavy expenses and a small practice. He may have paid exorbitantly to enter partnership with another, and have found the number of patients much smaller than represented. He may

be envying the man of business who can push business instead of having the dismal work of waiting when people happen to be "unconscionably healthy."

A doctor has heavy expenses to bear while going through the hospitals and securing his diploma. He has expenses for instruments and his turn-out. He must live in a good house and in good style. To secure a practice men will sometimes attach themselves to a church. One in America, to my knowledge, took a lesson from Dicker, and was frequently called out of church during the sermon. He had only to go and "bleed a milestone." A tip to the doorkeeper enabled the doctor to do a little advertising. Another doctor, however, told

me that he long hesitated to attach himself to a certain church lest it should be said that he was seeking for patients. He wished to build up a practice by merit and not by any artificial method. He succeeded. He would not allow his conscience to be warped that his pocket might be lined.

Fierce competition rages through the increasing number entering the medical profession. The older men often find themselves shelved and younger preferred. People fancy the younger practitioner is up to the newest methods of healing. Yet the older generally keep themselves abreast of the day by study. A doctor starting afresh in a neighbourhood generally finds himself well patronised by those who like plenty of attention, but who have little concern about paying. He is likely to find at the end of a year that his "returns" do not equal his expectations or even his expenditure.

A doctor may be called from his bed to attend those who might have sent earlier. Patients will be going from bad to worse three or four days, and then very late in the day, or even at midnight, will send for a doctor. People also will sometimes try to "corner" a doctor by getting him to make a statement as to when they will recover; and if the patient should happen to pass the time mentioned, the doctor will be blamed. Friends of the patient will then say, "He does not understand the case; call in somebody else." The changeableness of patients certainly worries. If a man's practice be large he will have great perplexities; if it be small, he will have equal trouble as to how he will meet expenses. Each case must cost a conscientious medical man much thought and possibly great anxiety.

Recently a very skilful man, who had done his best for a patient, had to endure the annoyance of an action at law to recover three thousand pounds damages for alleged maltreatment. The jury fortunately found the allegation untrue, but the medical man had to bear the annoyance of having a great slur cast on his professional skill. He was also mulcted in considerable money-loss over and above what was covered by "costs." Such an experience is surely a rare one; but it shows a shady side to a noble profession. Possibly those who have to do with cases where a new life is ushered into the world have as much worry as any. Some altogether decline such cases.

Many who can well afford to pay are enrolled in lodges, and when ill are most exacting. One wealthy man known to me was in a lodge, but he, when suffering from a very dangerous complaint, said to a doctor, "If you pull me through this illness I shall give you a hundred pounds." He forgot his promise, and when the doctor was taking his leave of the man, convalescent, the latter said, "Doctor, you will remember I am a lodge patient." He meant, "Don't send me any bill."

A new system has come up in some colonies—that of touting for patients. Two or three men, ignorant of medicine, will form a so-called medical club. They

will go round canvassing for patients, and get people to pay a small amount to cover a year's risk of illness. Then these touts will get one or two doctors to guarantee to attend any of these patients for a certain amount. Doctors having little practice are ready to fall into the scheme. The men of professional skill get, however, but a small part of the money collected. Three-fourths at least of the amount will go into the pockets of the touts who form the so-called society or club.

Doctors have also to bear annoyance when they find that some unsafe medicine has been ignorantly resorted to. But it is greater trouble when they find some patient suddenly collapse and slip through their fingers.

Medical men have to give more professional service gratuitously than those in any other profession. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his "Professor at the Breakfast Table," rightly gives them a high character for geniality, general knowledge, breadth of sympathy, and unselfish service. They go through the most trying experiences in order to effect a cure. It must require nerve, skill, and self-denial to put one's mouth to the mouth of a diphtheric patient and draw away the offensive and deadly poison from the throat. It needs nerve to be shut up with the insane or with small-pox patients.

A doctor can get few holidays. A day or two in the year has to satisfy many. One went out for a day's shooting. On his return his wife asked—

"What have you killed?"

"Nothing, alas!"

"Ah! that comes of not sticking to your profession."

Cruel; but she did not see or intend such sarcasm.

Doctors do anything to save life. Many of them would give to-day the answer which an army surgeon gave to Napoleon the First when he wanted to be saved the trouble of transporting several hundred invalided men from Jaffa to Egypt: "Sire, my duty is to save life, not destroy it." His words may form the motto of the medical men of our day.

If doctors have many other things that might be mentioned as belonging to the shady side of their lives, they have also many that give brightness. Often as they go about they see those who have been brought, by their skill and God's mercy, from the edge of the grave. Moreover, they often meet with those who, even if too poor to pay, send some little thing that shows that there are such beings in the world as "grateful patients."

Possibly, the most trying part of a doctor's life is that where he has, in softest tones and gentlest manner, to break to an anxious family—to a wife or husband, or betrothed—the terrible fact that for the life of the intensely loved there is little or no hope. Often a doctor must step from a doorway with a very saddened heart. Sight of suffering does not make this shady side of his own life less trying. He will only be able to bear it by a knowledge that he has conscientiously discharged his duty.

## POOR PRIDE.

BY ISABEL BELLERBY.



"Nurse came bustling into the room with an envelope in her hand."—p. 163.

## CHAPTER IX.

**T**HE week lengthened into a fortnight before Rex would consent to part with his beloved.

He had added to her happiness by showing her a letter from his father, expressing pleasure and satisfaction at his son's choice.

"He writes as if he knew me," said Drusy, smiling.

"My letters have been full of you," he replied; "and we spoke of you before he left me." "Did you? Had you made up your mind so long ago?"

"You know I had, sweet one!"

It was well for Margery that she was not entirely dependent on Drusy for companionship at that time, for Rex wasted day after day in a most reprehensible manner, and was scarcely ever absent from Drusy's

side. The music they drew from piano and violin was most exquisite. Margery declared that when words failed them to express their feelings, they flew to music as a safety-valve.

But all things must have an end, and at length their last day at Norwood arrived. They had an early lunch at Wollaston before going to the station.

Rex was there, of course, holding Drusy's hand under the table; and perhaps Margery was envying her sister just a little; at any rate, Drusy would have her lover's letters to look forward to, while she—what had she? In her heart of hearts she wished Stuart Fergusson had been a little more selfish; she knew he loved her, and she understood well enough why he hesitated to tell her so. And she knew he was right: always he was sure to be right, whatever he did.

He had promised to look in while they were at lunch and say good-bye; he was too busy that day to spare more than a few moments. But the minutes

passed, and he did not come, and at last they had to leave for the station, for the cab arrived with their luggage from Admaston.

"There is heaps of time," said Rex. "Drusy and I are going to walk."

"Very well—only don't miss the train.—Come, Margery, we might as well go with the luggage:" and Phil got into the cab, while Margery gave one searching glance up and down the road to see if Dr. Fergusson's brougham and bays might not be in sight.

But there was no sign of them, and, with a stifled sigh, she took the seat by Phil's side.

"How I shall miss you, Margery—you more than Drusy, because Rex has monopolised her so much of late that the rest of us have derived but scant benefit from her society."

"You won't miss either of us long, Phil; you have Theo, you know."

"Dear old man! I feel happier every day, Margery. We have been married two months to-morrow. I love him heaps better now than I did on our wedding-day."

"I am so glad, dear. I hope Drusy will be as happy."

"I hope so too, bless her heart! And you, Margery, what of you? But you can afford to wait a bit: only you will find it dull all alone at Long Reach. When Drusy is married, come and stay with us until—There's Dr. Fergusson! I knew he would turn up somewhere. That man worships you, Margery!"

There was no need for Margery to reply. The cab pulled up at the station, and he opened the door and helped them out.

"I shall just look out for the others," said Phil, desirous of giving Stuart an opportunity of speaking privately to Margery if he chose.

And he did choose. The light in her eyes on finding him waiting for her when she had given up all hope of seeing him helped him to that decision.

He gave instructions about labelling the luggage, took the tickets—Margery slipping her purse into his hand for the purpose—and then he walked the length of the platform with her, where they were quite alone.

"Margery"—his voice trembled a little—"I think you must have read my heart by this time; you know its great desire. I had not meant to say a word—you are so young, my dear: too young to be bound. And I am not going to bind you now, even if you are willing. Why should I say 'if,' when I know I have won the priceless treasure of, at least, your affection? But, lest it should only be affection, and not the love—without which I would not take you—lest that be so, do not hurry to decide. Think of it for three months—three calendar months. If at the end of that time you feel willing to be my wife, write and tell me so: but, for Heaven's sake, do not marry me out of *pity*! Promise me, Margery, that you will not do that."

"I promise," she whispered, as he paused for her reply.

"Remember, child, you are as free as air. Should you find, on thinking the matter over calmly, that you

have nothing more than a friendly feeling of regard for me, do not hesitate to tell me so. Stay; that might be difficult for you. Suppose we exchange letters once a week from now—would you object?"

"Oh no!"

Her face brightened a little, for this serious wooing had made her very grave.

"Then we will correspond for the three months. I shall say nothing to remind you of what I am telling you now, because I want you to feel quite free. If when the three months are up your decision is adverse, simply stop writing; I shall understand. But if the contrary—if you feel you can bless my whole life with your dear love—would it be difficult for you to write it, Margery? Perhaps it would. See here, dear: if you can give me my heart's desire, let me hear from you this day three months, on the 20th of February. Write about what you like, only begin with 'My Dear Stuart'—that will not be very difficult, will it? And on that day, if I get that letter, I—will—come—to—you, please God!"

"But"—Margery spoke hurriedly, for she heard the train coming—"but suppose *you* change?"

"I! If I change, sweetheart, I will tell you: I swear it!"

They turned and joined the others. Rex was whispering farewells into Drusy's ears, and she was looking almost tearful. But Margery's eyes were shining joyously, even though she was going away.

Phil wished them both good-bye; then, as they stepped into the train, the two men pressed forward.

"I shall come down for Christmas, if you don't come up," were Rex Eden's last words to Drusy.

"Good-bye. Write me a line to-night, darling!" whispered Dr. Fergusson to Margery.

Her eyes looked into his for one brief instant, then the train bore her away, and he stood on the platform saying to himself—

"At least I shall hear from her. She loves me—God bless her! Heigho! how empty the place will look without her!"

Rex Eden was saying to Phil—

"I should like to catch myself waiting a whole month to see her! Ha, ha!"

His laugh grated on Fergusson's ears; he shook hands with them both, and left them, pleading extra patients to see as an excuse for an abrupt departure.

"I must get to work," he said to himself, "or I, too, shall be feeling I must see my darling again immediately. If only I were free to take a few weeks' holiday! But no! It is best as it is. I am determined she shall have those three months clear to think it over. It is only right she should; but oh! I should like to have held her in my arms one moment before parting with her!"

His brougham stopped at the house where lived the patient next on his list; and he had to put Margery's image in the background. He entered the house well under control, every whit the clever physician and man of science.

Just then Drusy was saying—

"You haven't told Miss Fraser, or anyone, in your letters, have you, Margery?"



Margery, recalled from a pleasant dreamland of her own, replied vaguely. "Told—what, dear?"

"Why, about Rex and me, of course!"

"You know I haven't, Drusy. I should not be likely to do so without first consulting you. And I have not written to anyone at Winchmore but Miss Fraser and nurse."

"Oh, I don't mind nurse knowing; but I don't want anyone else told—not even Miss Fraser; for, nice as she is, she is one of those three; and they are the greatest gossips in the place. It seems hateful to think that what is so sweet and so sacred to me should be a subject of mere chit-chat to a lot of people I don't care a farthing about; and people are always so insanely interested in an engagement."

"So they are. I think you are quite right to wish to keep it to yourself. And we are sure to go up for Christmas; so Rex will not be hanging about Long Reach, and affording food for talk."

That matter settled, they said little more until they reached Paddington. It seemed rather surprising that Rex had not accompanied them so far; but he had said nothing about wishing to do so; and Drusy was too proud to ask him to go, were he twenty times her avowed lover. If Margery wondered a little, thinking to herself that had Stuart Fergusson been at liberty—well—she kept her thoughts to herself.

It was she who looked after the luggage at Paddington; and she who took their tickets for Winchmore: Drusy meanwhile sauntering the length of the train and back again in search of the compartment most to her liking.

At length they were both seated, with plenty of time to spare; Margery settling herself in one corner with a book, as an excuse for not talking; and Drusy looking out of window at the people hurrying hither and thither on the platform.

A stout old gentleman and his wife entered their compartment presently; followed, soon after, by two young men; and when the porter, bearing their rugs and things, retired and closed the door, Drusy gave a little sigh of satisfaction at the impossibility of further disturbance now the seats were all occupied.

But, just before the train started something happened which appeared to disturb her considerably—mentally. She blushed rosily, and frowned at herself for doing so as she returned the bow of a gentleman who was hurrying past in the wake of a porter. The gentleman was Reginald Warre; and, as he entered the train, it was natural to suppose that he was going down to Winchmore.

"Margery, did you see? That was Captain Warre."

"Was it, dear? Well, it doesn't matter much; does it?"

"No—only I do wish that as he *isn't* Rex he wasn't quite so very much like him. It makes me want my dear boy all the more."

The first station at which they stopped Captain Warre came to the window of their compartment.

"Going home at last, Miss Weston? You should receive quite an ovation at Winchmore. The place hasn't seemed itself without you. My father returned yesterday: my aunt being now quite herself again. We wanted you back before, both of you; though,

perhaps, now it is not too late. They are getting up a concert in aid of the Lighthouse fund: the Lighthouse is begun, you know, only there is not enough money forthcoming to finish it. I have promised to give a tune or two on my fiddle: but they want your piano, Miss Weston; and a song from you, Miss Margery."

"When is the concert to come off?"

"To-morrow night. Do you think on such short notice you could——"

"Take your seats, please!"

Reginald had to depart at the guard's bidding.

"You are sufficiently in practice to play before royalty itself, Drusy," said Margery.

"But they won't want me. The programmes will be printed by this time, and everything arranged. I wonder who else is going to perform?"

"We will ask Captain Warre: he is sure to come again the next time we stop."

Which he did, and as the stout old gentleman and his wife had reached the end of their journey, Reginald moved his belongings to their compartment and was thus free to gaze at and talk to Drusy Weston until they got to Winchmore.

They learnt that Miss Paule was to sing at the concert, and that Mrs. Pearson had offered her services as accompanist to all the vocalists.

"Then I shall certainly not sing!" declared Margery, with her determined little chin held high.

"But I would accompany you, Miss Margery."

"Thank you, Captain Warre; but as Drusy and I were saying just now, probably all arrangements are completed, and it would be a pity to upset them. Will this be your first appearance in public? I know it is the first at Winchmore."

"I have never been there when there has been anything of this sort going on. I have frequently taken part in regimental entertainments."

"Are you sorry to leave the army?" asked Drusy, taking pleasure in the very sight of him and in the sound of his voice, for his likeness to Rex Eden.

"Yes, for some things. Though I agree with my father that it is quite time I settled down at St. Ouans. Poor old Rickard has had a bit of a stroke: did you know?"

"No. When did it happen?"

"One day last week. My father set his mind at rest about his family by telling him that I was prepared to undertake most of the steward's duty, so that no stranger would be put on. Rickard seemed very grateful. He will keep his house, and do what he can when he gets round a bit. What! Winchmore already? Surely we are in before time."

"On the contrary, we are ten minutes late, Captain Warre;" Margery was thinking of the letter Stuart Fergusson had asked her to write that night: would it be posted in time?

There's a great deal of truth in the old saying "Where there's a will there's a way:" five minutes before the letter-box nearest to Long Reach was cleared, Margery, with a shawl around her shoulders, ran down the garden-path and along the road towards it, carrying two letters—hers to Dr. Fergusson, and one from Drusy to Rex.



"Phil and Mrs. Thornton must wait until tomorrow," she said to herself, as she returned to the house. "Rex will let them know we got home safely."

As they were having supper, Nurse came bustling into the room with an envelope in her hand.

"I was forgetting to tell you, Miss Drusy, that a man came the other day to know if you'd have tickets for the concert. I knew you'd be home in time, and wanting to go, so I took the liberty of buying two of the best places he'd got."

"That's a dear old Nurse! I was wondering if we should be able to get any seats worth having.—You would like to go, wouldn't you, Drusy? I want to hear Captain Warre first and foremost; of course, his playing won't come up to—have you told Nurse?"

"Aye, she've told old Nurse, bless her bonny heart! I'd liefer it had been the Captain; but, after all, 'tis Providence orders everything, and it ain't no use for us to want to go contrary. I make sure this gentleman's good, or Miss Drusy wouldn't be marrying him. And so he do play the fiddle?"

"Beautifully, Nurse! He'd draw the very ribbons out of your cap with his playing," said Margery.

"Would he, now? Then I hope he'll keep his distance till I've sewed 'em all a bit tighter;" and Nurse went off chuckling in the fat, comfortable way she had of making merry.

Twenty-four hours later they were in the public hall, where every sort of entertainment was held, listening to Reginald Warre's violin.

Drusy had to look round the room to satisfy herself that she was in Winchmore, and that the man on the platform was Captain Warre; for when, for an instant, she closed her eyes, she fancied herself back in the drawing-room at Wollaston; and that wailing, sobbing air the violin was giving forth: how many times had Rex played it to her of late? Then it changed to a merry, tripping tune, to the accompaniment of joyous laughter. She closed her eyes once more, and opened them to meet Rex Eden's eyes fixed on her face; surely, surely it was he! That smile, too, was his! Reginald Warre would never look at her and smile at her like that! Then—heigh presto!—the music had ceased, Rex Eden had vanished, eyes and smile, and only Captain Warre stood there, bowing in stiff military fashion in response to the applause absolutely thundered at him by an audience who knew good music when they heard it.

Margery glanced anxiously at her sister; she, too, had noticed the change that had stolen into the face of the violinist under the influence of the music wherewith he had so charmed that crowded roomful of people that they clamoured for an *encore*.

No wonder, thought Margery, that Drusy sat bolt upright, with white cheeks and staring eyes, mutely questioning the man who shouldered his violin once more and gave, by way of *encore*, that delightful bit of Sarasate's which Rex had taught her to play.

But Reginald's gaze met hers no more. When a song in Lilian Paule's clear soprano had brought the first part of the concert to a close, Captain Warre came into the hall, and chatted with various

acquaintances dotted here and there. He paused by the Weston girls long enough to say softly to Drusy—

"You understand my music, if you will not understand myself; and—it reached your soul. Why will you not let me do likewise?"

"What did he say, Drusy?" The expression of his face as he murmured those words struck Margery so curiously that she could not refrain from asking that question.

"I hardly know, Margery. That is not true: I do know. He spoke as Rex would speak, and he looked as Rex would look. Is it possible for two men—strangers to each other—to be so alike? And—for both to like me?"

Margery had no answer ready, and presently the various performers claimed her attention again; only the next time Reginald Warre appeared he played something Drusy had never heard before; and when he glanced once in her direction, it was in the most casual manner possible.

#### CHAPTER X.

AFTER the night of the concert, Captain Warre became once more so palpably a suitor for Drusy's hand that she debated with Margery whether it would not be wise and right to tell him of her engagement to Rex Eden.

"I make quite a parade of showing my ring when he calls, but it does not seem to have the least effect on him; and I try to be as cold as an icicle, so as to let him see that I wish he would leave me alone."

"Unfortunately, Drusy, most men—Captain Warre amongst the number—are what Nurse calls 'so contradictory,' that they rather like that sort of treatment; it seems to encourage them to hope. Why not be gracious to him, for a change, and see what that would do?"

"It wouldn't do at all!" decided Drusy hastily. "One afternoon when I met him he looked so astonishingly like Rex that I felt quite happy—just speaking to him for a moment. He walked a little way with me, and *talked* like Rex, too; he had come through the woods, and he quoted somebody's verses about the breeze murmuring to the trees, and the tender messages whispered by the seas. You know he never *used* to talk like that: he was only a matter-of-fact, every-day sort of man—wasn't he?—without a scrap of poetry or music in his composition."

"He never showed symptoms of hidden poetry, certainly," agreed Margery; "but he used to talk about his violin, you know. Well, and when he looked and talked like Rex, what did you do?"

"I said to myself: 'He is Reginald Warre, of St. Ouans, and not my darling Rex Eden, of Nowhere,' and I froze back my smiles, and made myself speak stiffly; and he changed so quickly from Rex to himself again. I don't know if you have noticed it, but his voice is much harder—not half so musical as my boy's."

Margery had to admit that she had not noticed that fact; but then, she had not listened so long to Rex Eden's dulcet tones as Drusy had.

They had been home three weeks, and were talking of their approaching return to Norwood for Christmas and the New Year; this time to stay with Phil.

Stuart Fergusson, in his last letter, had written a few words of quietly expressed pleasure at the prospect of seeing them both again; he did not particularise Margery, though that young person chose to read between the lines, and say to herself that his dear big heart would throb for joy when their hands touched once more, just as her own heart would do.

The morning that letter came Margery went to see Miss Fraser, who was confined to the house with a bad cold. Drusy was in the breakfast-room, touching up a sketch she had been busy about for the last day or two. She heard the hall door bell, but considered it was too early for visitors, so did not trouble herself to think who it might be.

But, in a moment, a maid of diminutive stature appeared to inform her that a gentleman had called and wished to see her. The little maid was only a temporary supply—the housemaid having been called away to nurse her mother rather unexpectedly—and as this small girl was not a native of Winchmore, Drusy thought necessary to put her through a short catechism respecting the undesired morning caller, who, she felt sure, would turn out to be Reginald Warre.

"What is the gentleman's name, Ruth?"

"Oh, I forgot to ask, miss; but he seemed an old friend like, for he just said 'Miss Weston at home?' and came right in."

"You are sure he said 'Miss Weston'—not 'Miss Margery'?"

"Quite sure, miss. And I said you was at home, but Miss Margery was not."

"That was quite unnecessary, Ruth."

"Yes, miss; only he seemed pleased-like to hear it. He smiled as I opened the drawing-room door, and said, so pleasant, 'It's Miss Weston I've called to see, not Miss Margery.' He's a tall gentleman, and short-sighted, I should think, for he wears glasses, and——"

But Drusy had passed out of the room with swift lithe movements, and was half-way up the stairs before Ruth realised that she had gone. Two seconds' pause outside the drawing-room; for what if, after all, it was only Captain Warre? Then trembling fingers turned the handle, the door opened, and Drusy stood face to face with Rex Eden.

Face to face? Aye, and heart to heart, before one could have counted six; and with one glad cry of "Rex, oh, Rex!" she rushed into his open arms.

"My darling! my darling!"

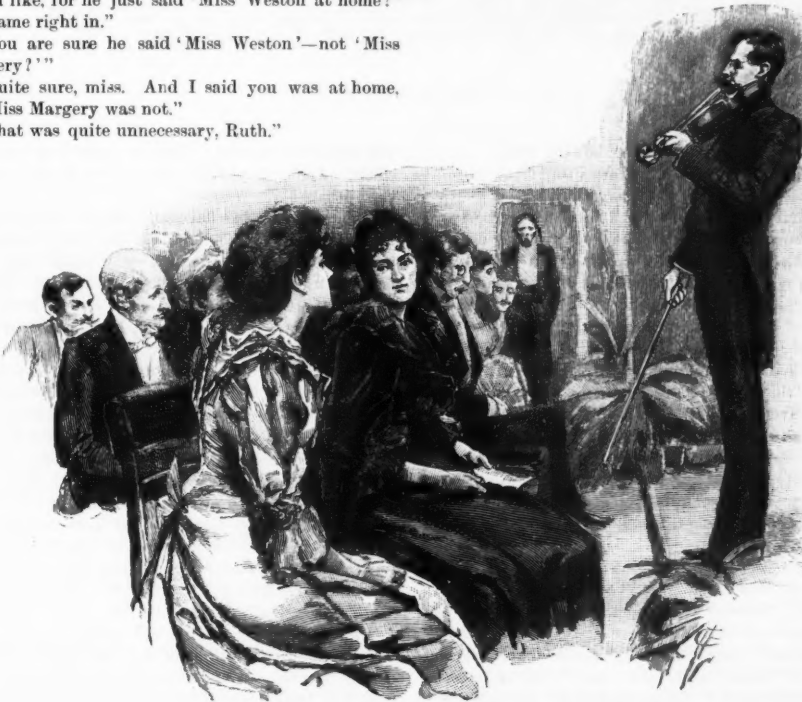
That was all he said as he pressed his lips to her forehead, hair, cheeks, and rosy quivering mouth.

Then he drew himself erect, removed her hands from his neck, and said, in what Drusy had described as Reginald Warre's "harder, less musical" tones—

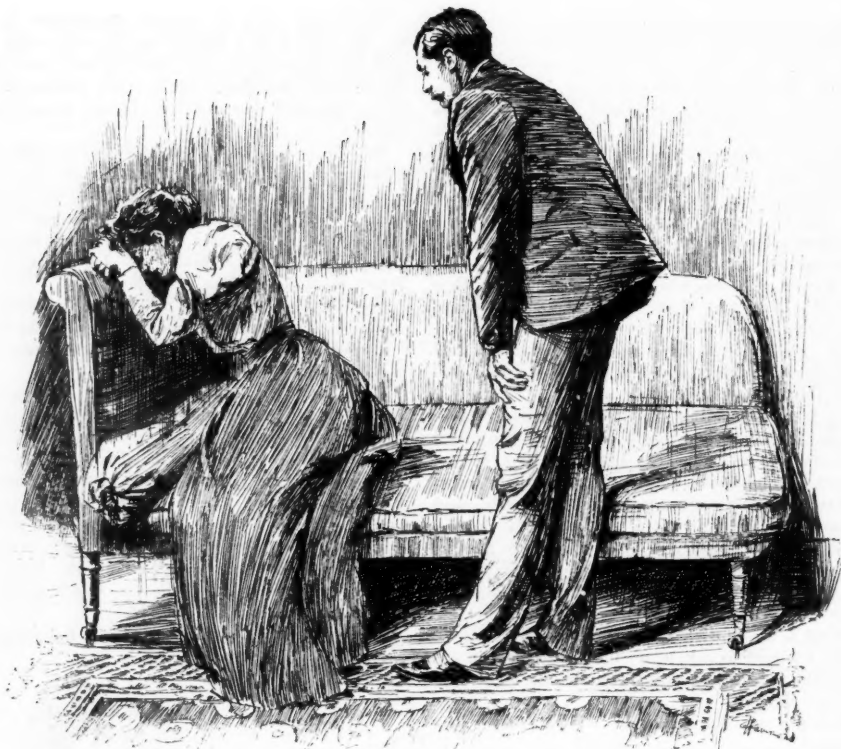
"The temptation was too strong for me to resist: you have made me desperate with your coldness."

A quick movement of both hands, the nose-glasses and curly brown wig were cast on the table, and Reginald Warre stood before her, with shining eyes and glowing cheeks.

"Captain Warre!" exclaimed Drusy, indignantly.



"Margery glanced anxiously at her sister."—p. 168.



"Nay—I cannot have you cry!"—p. 171.

"At your service," he replied, bowing low.

"You are a coward, sir, and a traitor!"

"Traitor to what?" was the quick retort.

"To your honour, and to me!" said Drusy hotly.

"My honour may safely be left to take care of itself. As to you, I don't see that you have much cause for complaint; I have loved you for years—you know it. As long as I had no rival to fear I did not despair of some day winning you, in spite of your pride: for it *was* pride chiefly that kept us apart. That I should have won your love had I not been a Warre of St. Ouns I never doubted; and when you at length gave your heart into the keeping of a man so much like myself that even you are bewildered at times by the similarity between us, I knew I had been right in thinking so. Don't you think it would have been more womanly and merciful of you to have told me of your engagement, instead of leaving me to find it out for myself?"

"I have been wanting to tell you. I have said nothing yet down here to anybody—"

"Why? Is there anything about my rival for you to feel ashamed of?"

"Ashamed?—when I glory in his love, and am prouder of belonging to him than I should be to be Queen of England! Ashamed, indeed! I have done wrong, no doubt, in not telling you; but my secret

was so sweet I wanted to keep it a secret as long as I could. And I hoped you would see by my manner that—that—"

"Your manner has fluctuated much these last three weeks. Is it any wonder I laid the flattering unction to my soul that it was still only pride that stood between us? But I wanted to be satisfied. I never met my rival in town; but I knew he was much with you. You have not mentioned him once, frequently as we have met since your return. I was determined to find out for myself the extent of his claim on you, if any existed. I prepared myself with that disguise"—pointing to the wig and the glasses—"remembering you yourself had said they formed the only points of difference between us. Just now I met your sister on her way to South Terrace, and I knew I should find you alone. I availed myself of the opportunity to personate my fortunate rival. Do not blame me too much that I yielded to the temptation of continuing to personate him for a moment when you came towards me with the love-light in your eyes—the light that meant death to Reginald Warre's lifelong hope. How was I to know how far things had gone? How could I know that the mere sight of my rival would suffice to change you from a statue to a living woman? Forgive me, Drusy—one love of my life! And do not grudge me the only caresses I shall ever give or receive

from you. With all my heart I implore your pardon, and with all my soul I pray for your happiness."

He was going without another word; but Drusy raised her head: it had drooped lower and lower as he justified himself in her eyes for what he had done.

"Captain Warre—stay one moment, please. It is I who should ask your forgiveness more than you mine. I ought to have told you—and—and—oh! I am so sorry!"

Every scrap of pride was vanquished. She turned aside, and burst into tears.

"Nay—I cannot have you cry!"

Whose voice was it said that—Rex Eden's or Captain Warre's? But Drusy ceased to puzzle over the mystery of their great similarity. She sat down on the sofa and buried her face in one of the cushions, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Drusy, my darling, do not cry like that—what a selfish brute I am! Only I loved you so; and you did not—would not—say what he was to you: this Eden who has stolen you from me. I will go now, dear. I shall leave Winchmore to-day, and not come back until— Good-bye, dear; God bless and keep you always!"

He longed with all his heart to take her in his arms and kiss away her tears, but restrained himself, merely raising to his lips the hand she held out while keeping her face still hidden.

"You—you forgive me?" asked a small tearful voice.

"If you forgive me!—You do? Then it is mutual. And when we meet again we will try and be the best of friends."

He went; but she did not move for some minutes—then, slowly raising a tear-stained face, she looked about the room with unhappy questioning eyes, whispering to herself—

"What shall I do! How shall I ever face Rex again? Is it possible to love two men? It *must* be—for I love them both! They seem only one; it is Rex I really love: only when Captain Warre seems so much like him— But it is dreadful—truly dreadful! Was there ever anyone who felt like it before? I daren't tell Margery. I will just say Captain Warre has been here, and I have told him of my engagement to Rex, and he has gone away. How glad I am we are going to Norwood on Friday! Ought I to tell Rex? I think not; I couldn't tell him without seeming to boast that Captain Warre likes me; and I have done him enough harm without triumphing over him, and letting other people triumph too. If I don't see him again I shall be able to forget how like Rex he is—perhaps—yes, I should think I'll forget, and think *only* of Rex."

She waited feverishly for Friday to come; the more so that Miss Fagan called at Long Reach on Thursday and said one or two things hard to bear.

In discussing Captain Warre's unexpected disappearance, for instance—

"Not but what it must be a relief to some people, of course—forgive my alluding to the subject, Miss Weston—but a discarded suitor is undesirable company at the best of times, and when he is engaged to someone else it is worse than ever. He called to wish

you good-bye, I know. Did he mention his engagement?"

"No." Drusy was very cold and haughty in her manner that afternoon.

After a quick glance at her, Miss Fagan turned to Margery.

"I daresay he would not speak of it to Miss Drusy; but to you he might—"

"Not a word," said Margery cheerfully. "To whom is he engaged, Miss Fagan?"

"Why, I thought you knew! Betty Fraser said she told you in one of her letters. To Lilian Paule, of course: not that you can get *her* to own it. Only all I can say is that if they are not engaged, they ought to be. Such constant walking through the woods together; and such long good-byes! I see it all from my dining-room window, you know. Maybe they haven't noticed that one of my windows looks straight up to their favourite exit from the woods. It has been going on for some time; and I am not the only person who has seen it. And now he has gone away again; and Lilian Paule has asked for three days at Christmas. I shouldn't wonder if they get married then. Talking of getting married: *has* Amelia Foster told either of you if she means to trap that poor silly Mr. Harrison? He is always there: but he can't have seen her in one of her tantrums yet, or he'd never think of asking her to be Mrs. Harrison. That Miss Paule is wonderfully clever; she manages Amelia as easily as if she had known her all her life. I don't know what she will do when Lilian Paule is transplanted to St. Ouans. Wonder what the squire thinks of it all! Has he been here lately?"

"Not since we have been back. He has not been out much the last week or two, I think. Captain Warre told us he had a touch of gout. I don't think I have seen him since the night of the concert. How is Scott, Miss Fagan?" Margery was anxious not to let the conversation return to Reginald Warre.

"Scott justifies my opinion of his sex: he is fickle and ungrateful to the backbone. You had better ask Betty Fraser how he is; she is much more likely to know than I am." Miss Fagan rose as she spoke, and uttered her farewells through thin lips drawn thinner than ever in evident disapproval of Cat Scott and his goings-on.

Drusy had imagined all the week that she knew what it was like to feel not very happy; but her state of mind then was almost blissful compared with its condition ten minutes after the last evening post arrived on that memorable Thursday.

She was at the piano when the familiar rat-tat was heard, and two letters were brought in by the diminutive Ruth. One was for Margery from Stuart Fergusson—just half a dozen lines, to say how he was looking forward to the morrow. The other letter bore the Winchmore postmark, and was addressed to Drusy in what looked like a feigned hand. It lay on the piano, and she glanced at it as she finished what she was playing.

"A circular, I suppose," she said, with a yawn, when Margery questioned her about her correspondent. "Are you curious to know whether it advertises somebody's boots and shoes, or somebody else's sewing-



machines? There! Now I'll open it: that bit was too pretty to be cut short for anybody's circular."

She opened the envelope, and glanced at the signature—

"'Scott and Twist!' Oh! It is a joke of Miss Fraser's, of course! How amusing she is! Shall I read it out?"

"Do!" said Margery. "Where do they date from?"

"Winchmore Woods. I'll read it all."

"WINCHMORE WOODS.

"*Thursday.*

"MUCH RESPECTED AND ADMIRER MISS WESTON,

"Those two adjectives express what we both feel for you, with a considerable amount of affection thrown in. Therefore we have set ourselves to tell you what human beings in their mistaken kindness may endeavour to conceal from your knowledge. You know, animals see and hear a lot of things not intended for them—or, at least, not intended for other ears: and it is one of those things we are going to tell you. You know Miss Paule? Well, she has been setting her cap at Captain Warre ever since she came."

"Drusy dear, don't read that low rubbish! Let me have the letter, and I'll see if there is anything likely to interest you in it. Miss Fraser never wrote that, I know!"

Drusy moved Margery aside, and read on to herself:—

"Not only has she done this; but she has led him on in his selfish desire to humiliate you. Whether there is any truth in what he said we know not; but we can both affirm that they stood talking in the woods last Monday afternoon, and Miss Paule said: 'Then you confess my advice was good?' 'Yes,' he replied: 'it was good, so far as it went. As Reginald Warre, I should probably never have won her: as Rex Eden, I have her promise to be my wife. But I rather tremble as to the result—I mean as to how she will accept my explanation.' 'Why explain at all?' said Miss Paule. 'Make sure of her first. Let the explanation take place in the vestry when you sign your name as her husband.' That was all we heard; but we are both prepared to swear it is true, and we think you ought to know how you have been deceived."

"Ever, dear Miss Weston, your respectful and attached friends.

"SCOTT AND TWIST."

Drusy handed the letter to Margery without a word, then she opened her desk and began to write rapidly; her face very white, and her eyes full of pain.

#### CHAPTER XI.

As Margery read she knew that her suspicion was verified; for some days she had had an idea that Reginald Warre had concealed his identity, and had won her sister as Rex Eden: ever since the night of the concert this suspicion had been growing in her mind, and she had wondered more than once whether Drusy herself guessed the truth. As she came to the end of the letter she looked at Drusy half-fearfully, doubting how she would take the matter thus forced into notice by someone evidently bent on making mischief.

Drusy's face rather startled her: her eyes were

glowing like live coals; but her cheeks were pale, and her lips firmly compressed.

She raised her head suddenly, as though conscious of her sister's gaze.

"Well, Margery, what do you think of that letter? I am going to send it to Rex by to-night's post—there is just time. If he can contradict it, well and good: but if he has so betrayed me—and I feel in my heart he has; for I have seemed to know ever since we came back that they were one and the same: I can see now that I have known it since the concert at the hall when—but I must not lose the post. No, don't come! I shall go quicker alone: I must take it to the General Post Office, you know."

But Margery did not intend her to go alone: hats used for gardening hung on the pegs in the hall, and there were cloaks there too. The girls did not stop to study appearance: taking the first things that came to hand, they wrapped themselves up hurriedly, and were soon speeding down the road towards the town.

Only once did Drusy speak; and then it was to say imploringly, as she clung to Margery's arm:

"Margery, tell me one thing! You did not know this? You were not in league with the others against me?"

"No, dearie, no! I had no idea of it until quite, quite lately, and then I told myself I must be mistaken."

Drusy gave her arm a loving squeeze, but said no more until the letter was posted.

"Thank Heaven we were in time!" she exclaimed then, as they turned their faces homewards. "Will you mind much if we don't go to-morrow, Margery? I cannot go if this is true. How could I stay in Phil's house, hating her and Theo all the time? They must have known; and how they must have laughed to themselves at seeing the success of their plan and how thoroughly I was being taken in. Oh, Margery! how would you feel in my place?"

"I think I should—almost—want to hit somebody, Drusy."

"And wouldn't you hate Rex? Pooh! he isn't Rex any longer; he is Captain Reginald Warre, and further removed from me than he ever was in the days when only pride kept us apart. For I liked him then; I may confess it now it is all over; only when I met Rex he seemed so entirely lovable—so very much more like my other self than Reginald Warre had ever been. Of course, I had tried to keep him always at arm's length; he had had no chance of drawing close to me. I can see now plainly enough that the two were only one; my heart tells me that it is so. I know that I have been duped. Margery, do you know I have been tormenting myself all this week because I felt I loved both—Reginald Warre and Rex Eden. Oh! to think that I have been so deceived! I will never forgive him—never!"

"But Drusy, you may be mistaken after all. See, dear, he has written you twice a week since we came home."

"And what more easy than for him to send letters addressed to me for Phil to post? Or Dr. Fergusson? He must have been in the secret too. I detest them



all! Oh, do put yourself in my place, and try and realise what you would feel. I declare I could *kill* the person who thought of such a plan."

"But, Drusy, here's another thing, dear. If you remember, we left him on the platform at Norwood, and yet he—that is, Captain Warre—travelled down here with us from Paddington."

before he threw off his disguise; I declare I can hardly now believe they are only *one* man. There was a bit of a scene; I reproached him for taking advantage of me in such a way, and he reproached me for not having told him of my engagement; and I was silly enough to fancy I was in the wrong, and I actually *cried*. Oh, only think of it!"



"I am ready to listen to any explanation you choose to give," she said coldly.—p. 174.

"And if *you* remember, Margery, we allowed him to choose our trains for us. Probably he knew of a quicker way to reach Paddington; I only know *we* were a long time getting there. And—I didn't tell you at the time, because I was too ashamed of myself—but the other morning when you went to see Miss Fraser, and he called, he was disguised in a wig and glasses (which I afterwards noticed he was careful to take away with him), and I thought he was Rex. Ruth let him in, and she did not know him. I said enough to let him see Rex and I were engaged before I found out my mistake—I mean

She stood a moment in order to stamp her foot: never before had Margery seen her in such a rage, and her heart sank, even while it sympathised. She could not honestly advise Drusy to overlook such conduct in her lover, however sorry she might feel for her sister's suffering; for suffer she would long after anger had been lived down; in fact, not until the anger died would the suffering really begin.

"When he disappeared for a day or two from Norwood, of course he came down here," continued

Drusy. "He had to help arrange about that concert, and he had to take frequent walks with Miss Foster's companion. I have it! Margery, Margery, don't you see? It is *her* doing: this Lilian Paule's doing. She wanted him herself, and so she has invented this means of getting rid of me. Oh, she is welcome to him—quite welcome! He may marry her to-morrow if he likes. Only—she will not have his love: not yet, any way. That, at least, is mine; I think I am sure he loves me now, whatever he may do in the future."

"Of course he loves you, dear; if he had not been madly in love he would never have tried such a way of winning you."

"Then through that love he shall suffer as he has made me suffer. I have a pain in my heart as if I had been stabbed, Margery. I wish I might die this night."

The excitement of intense wrath was giving place to a consciousness of loss and agony; her footsteps flagged, and she leant heavily on Margery's arm.

"Courage, dearie, courage!" whispered that would-be comforter. "You will live this down—we will together, you and I. Pride helped you to keep him at a distance before, and it will help you now to forget him, and to show such a brave face to the world that the writer of that mean, cowardly letter shall never have the satisfaction of knowing how she has wounded you."

"It was Lilian Paule who wrote it," affirmed Drusy. "No, she shall not see that I suffer. To-morrow I will go out and see people, and—and all that. But to-night—oh, Margery! If I could only die to-night!"

They had reached home, and Margery led her tenderly up the path and into the hall, where Nurse stood, wondering what had become of her "charges," as she still liked to consider them.

"I will tell you all to-morrow, Nurse," whispered Margery. "Leave us for to-night, like a dear. I want to get her to bed at once."

They slept together that night, though there was little sleep at first for either. Drusy moaned and tossed from side to side in a very fever of mental pain; and all Margery could do was to whisper words of comfort and hope—hope that Reginald Warre might be able to explain his course of action, so that all would be right.

It was not until Drusy had, at last, dropped asleep—exhausted in mind and body—that Margery remembered her own little disappointment—that she would not now see Stuart Fergusson on the morrow: but it seemed such a tiny, trivial thing, compared to Drusy's great sorrow, that she called herself selfish for so much as thinking of it.

The morning's light showed a very sorrowful Drusy waking to a knowledge of what had occurred; but by the time both of the girls appeared at breakfast she had called pride to her aid; and though she ate little, and looked a trifle pale, it would have needed a keen observer to discover that she was suffering intensely.

At their mid-day dinner she said—

"I asked him to telegraph if—if it was all right,

Margery; and then we could have gone up by a later train; but no telegram has come, you see."

"Perhaps he has not had your letter, dear. When a man is personating two people he cannot always be where one might suppose him to be. There is just the chance that when he pretended to be leaving Winchmore last week he only went into hiding at St. Ouans; so as to be near you, even if he couldn't see you."

"I daresay," assented Drusy coldly. "He seems capable of any amount of deceit."

Just before tea-time, Margery, looking out of the window at the sound of an approaching footstep, saw Reginald Warre coming quickly up the garden.

"Here he is, Drus!" she said quietly.

"Which 'he'?"

There was a slight bitterness wholly foreign to Drusy in the question.

"Captain Warre."

"I'm glad of that! I'm glad he hasn't come as Rex—my Rex! I can steel my heart against Reginald Warre!"

So she thought. But when she faced him a moment later she was trembling in every limb; and at the sound of his voice—Rex's voice it was—pleading for forgiveness, she longed to hold out her hands to him, and let him take her to his heart and hold her there for ever.

"Forgive me, Drusy! I never thought you would learn the truth in that way—or in any other way but from my lips. I would rather cut off my right hand than cause you one moment's pain; and I know how deeply wounded you must feel at what looks like deceit on my part; though Heaven knows I never meant to deceive you as I have done."

"I am ready to listen to any explanation you choose to give," she said coldly.

He would rather she had stormed angrily at him—coldness is much more difficult to combat than anger.

She seated herself with her back to the light, and motioned him to a chair not too close to her.

"I will tell you all, from the very beginning," he continued. "I have loved you for years, as you know—moreover, my father was anxious for me to marry you, believing, as I do, that you and your sisters have more right to St. Ouans than we have, legal though our claim may be. I tried and tried to make you like me: and at times I fancied I was succeeding, only to have my hopes dashed to the ground again and again. At last I felt certain you cared for me—it was the night of the fire at Davis's: you have not forgotten! No, I see you have not. That night you were more sweet and gentle than you had ever been before, and I could not help hoping that I was conquering, by my love, the pride that had made you keep me at such a distance. But for some reason—I could but think it caprice on your part—you changed once more into the veriest icicle, and I despaired of *ever* winning you. Just then I met an old friend in the person of Miss Foster's companion. I believe there has been a lot of nonsense talked about us lately—she says there has; and she has given me permission to tell you her history, and so explain why I have been seen so

frequently with her. Ten years ago she married a man I knew well enough, and disliked most heartily. At one time I had been foolish enough to lend him money—when we were both in the same regiment; for he, like myself, was an army man. But I learnt to be thankful for my folly when I found it gave me a hold of him—as it did. He soon began to ill-treat his wife, and she ran away from him. I met her hiding from him, and she told me of his cruelty. I promised to help her, and I contrived to make him cease from persecuting her. In return for being let off his debt, he promised to leave her free to live where she liked. I got her a post as companion to an old lady I knew, to whom I confided most of her history; and there she remained until Mrs. Commans—the lady in question—died. That was three months ago; then she came here. She soon discovered my love for you, and set herself to help me. But before I say more about that I had better finish her history. One day, when in town, I ran up against an old college friend—Stuart Ferguson. He asked me to call and see him; and at his house I became acquainted with Kershaw. That was several months ago. While chatting about various things, I discovered accidentally that the man Lillian Paule—Paule was her maiden name—married had met with an accident, and though he might live for weeks, perhaps months, yet death was not far off. Later on I saw him from time to time, and carried messages of repentance and forgiveness between him and his wife. Well, he is gone now, and she is about to marry Mr. Harrison."

"Mr. Harrison! Why, I thought Miss Foster——"

He smiled, in spite of his anxiety.

"That is a little plot between them to baffle their neighbours' curiosity. But enough of that matter. When Miss Paule found how hopeless I was of ever winning you, she suggested that I should adopt a different name and personality, and see if you would then own that you cared for me. Directly I found your love was mine, and I had your promise to marry me—as Rex Eden—she advised that I should confess the truth. But I turned coward, and dared not risk my happiness. Again and again she urged me to speak out, but my father agreed with me that I should not do so—that our marriage should take place before you knew I was Reginald Warre. And I determined that it should be so until the other day, when I yielded to the temptation to hold you in my arms once more. That interview made me see that I was acting wrongly. I had been trying—as Reginald Warre—to win you from your allegiance to Rex Eden—or, rather, to ensure your loving the man whose wife you were to be. I found that morning I had succeeded so well that you were doubtful *which* you really cared for, and such a state of mind was bound

to trouble you. Therefore I decided to tell you the truth as soon as you got to Norwood. It has been a stupid thing to do; but you will forgive me, Drusy, for the sake of the love you bear me?"

"The love I bear *you*? You forget, Captain Warre, all my love is given to Rex Eden."

"Then I will be Rex Eden to the end of the chapter!" he exclaimed, seizing her hands, and drawing her to him. "Listen, dear: Margery shall have St. Ouans—or Phil: she is the eldest, so it should be hers by right. I will continue to work for my living; as I have done of late, and thoroughly enjoyed doing. I have always dabbled a little in literature, you know; but you did not know, for you would never take sufficient interest in me to encourage me to talk of myself. As Rex Eden, I have started a good connection with various journals, and I can make enough to keep you as comfortably as you have been accustomed to live. Only say you forgive me, darling! Look at me with one of your sweet, loving glances, Drusy, and say, 'Rex, I love you, so that I *must* forgive you!'"

She stood before him like a statue, leaving her hands in his, simply because he held them too tightly for her to withdraw them. She had listened to him with downcast eyes and still, proud mouth. But now she looked him in the face, and said—

"I love Rex Eden, and shall always love him. It was not Rex Eden who deceived me, but Reginald Warre, and for him I have no love and no forgiveness."

"Be logical, Drusy! I will do what penance you like, dear; but you will not make us both miserable for life because——"

"Speak for yourself, please, Captain Warre! I have no intention of being miserable. Will you kindly release my hands?"

"Not if I know it!" he exclaimed, hotly. "This is sheer nonsense, you know! You own you love me——"

"I beg your pardon; I do *not* love you! Do you want more than that? Then I will tell you I hate and despise you—I *despise* you! Do you hear, Captain Warre?"

There was certainly no love in the eyes gazing straight into his. Drusy at that moment both hated and loved the same man—her heart ached and longed for Rex Eden, while she was furious with Reginald Warre.

His face growing very white, he slowly dropped her hands, and said—

"I will trouble you no more. I have wronged you—I own it in grief and shame; but, Heaven knows, the punishment you mete out is more than I deserve. Some day you may be sorry you allowed your pride to conquer your love."

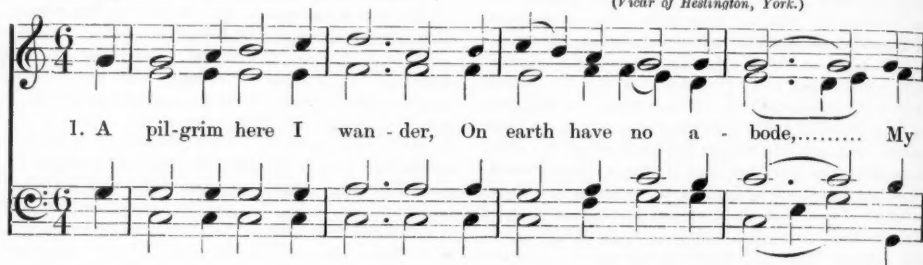
(To be continued.)



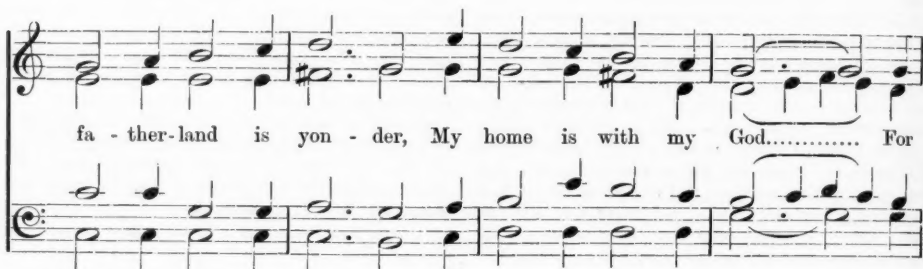
# Song of the Christian Pilgrim.

Words by PAUL GERHARDT, 1606—1676.

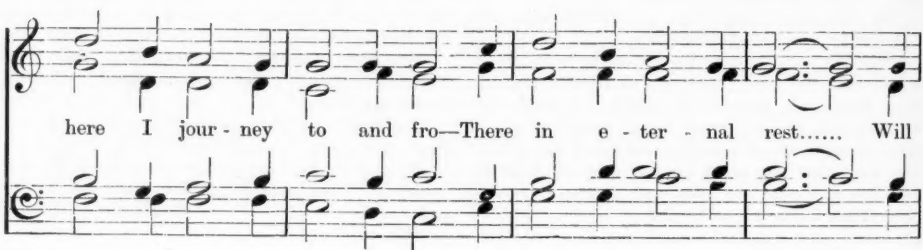
Music by REV. F. PEEL, Mus.B. Oxon.  
(Vicar of Heslington, York.)



1. A pil-grim here I wan - der, On earth have no a - bode,..... My



fa - ther-land is yon - der, My home is with my God..... For



here I jour - ney to and fro—There in e - ter - nal rest..... Will



God His gra - cious gift be - stow On all the toil - op - press'd.

2. Be Thou my joy and gladness,  
O Thou, my life and light,  
And raise me from this sadness,  
This long tempestuous night,  
Into the perfect gladsome day,  
Where, bathed in joy divine,  
Among Thy saints, and bright as they,  
I too shall ever shine.

3. There shall I dwell for ever,  
Not as a guest alone,  
With those who cease there never  
To worship at Thy throne;  
There in my heritage I rest,  
From baser things set free,  
And join the chorus of the blest  
For ever, Lord, to Thee!

## AFTER DEATH.

## A DREAM.

ONE cold winter's evening three friends sat round a large fire in a spacious room in one of the oldest colleges of a well-known University. Outside in the great quadrangle the December wind was blowing and whistling with startling fierceness, whilst a thick covering of frost-hardened snow lay on the ancient pile of buildings, and paks of black and wind-driven clouds threatened a further downfall. The topic

write, alluring though the subject is. What we wish to do is to preserve from oblivion an experience, related by the eldest man of the three, which will probably be of more than usual interest at a season when men's thoughts especially turn to those who have left the fireside circle for the blessed Home which lies beyond the shadows and the mystery of death.

"Some years ago"—so ran the story in the



"So ran the story."

upon which those three friends were conversing was one to which, by some strange impulse, mortals seem drawn on such nights—it was the immortality of the soul and the nature of the life after death. One of the three was a young graduate who had recently won great academical distinction; another, a man considerably older than either of his companions, and one who had, unlike them, been through the furnace of affliction, and had come out with a stronger faith than theirs; the third member of the little company was the writer.

Of the many facts and theories which were carefully discussed that evening we do not intend to

narrator's words—"you will both remember that I lived with my mother, then a widow advanced in years, in a pleasant house in the centre of this town. Whilst there, what with excessive study and a family bereavement, I fell seriously ill—so ill, in fact, that my chances of life seemed almost hopeless. For three weeks I lay scarcely able to move, though quite conscious; and then one morning the doctor, in no very cheering tones, said that at midnight my case would undergo an important change—for life or for death.

"The disease which afflicted me was of such a character that, whilst it weakened and attenuated



the physical man, it seemed to add power to the mental faculties; and consequently the thoughts and feelings which possessed me during the hours of that momentous day can be better conceived than described. Only a man who has drawn thus near to the dissolution of his mortal nature can adequately realise the different aspect which life and its pursuits wear when viewed from the threshold of the grave; and only such a one knows fully how weak and vain a support philosophy or conjecture of any kind is to rely on then, and how blessed and peaceful must be the closing hours of him who can look up with firm assurance to the Christ and say, 'Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.'

"To the widowed mother who tended me with all a mother's care and self-forgetfulness the day was one of constant prayer and hourly deepening anxiety. Not a syllable, however, escaped her which told of her anguish of heart. 'I leave you in God's hands, my darling,' she whispered tremulously, as she adjusted my pillows for the last time that evening; 'He knows what is best, and will do the right.'

"That night I had a dream so realistic and remarkable that I remember to-day its minutest details.

"The hour was midnight; the scene, my bed-chamber. A dim funeral light was burning in the room, and, except the measured ticking of the clock, no sound broke the stillness there. The only conscious presence in the room was my own, and I was there in spirit only, for death had taken from me the robes of mortality. Methought, however, that though invisible to the eyes of the living, I still possessed the faculty of watching and taking an interest in their doings. To myself I appeared as a formless, vaporous being—resembling one of those small pale clouds which sometimes sail in loneliness across the deep blue of the summer sky. On the bed which filled one corner of the room lay the shrunken and shrouded form of a man—

"'A worn-out fetter that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away.'

It was the mortal tenement in which I had passed life's hurrying years.

"As I looked with a curious interest upon the shrouded form, the door of the chamber opened, and I saw my mother enter. There were tears in her eyes, and sorrow depicted in every line of her dear face. She approached the body, and, bending down, kissed passionately the cold, responseless lips. Then she knelt beside the bed and told the Eternal Father of her great loneliness, now that husband and son were taken from her; and she prayed that the time of separation from those she loved might not be long. As I listened there came over me a yearning—more intense because I knew instinctively the hopelessness of it—to let her know that her lad was near her still, and thus lift the load of sorrow from her desolated heart.

"Long the dear figure remained kneeling, and when she arose and softly left the room, the scene of my dream suddenly changed, and I felt then that I had entered fully on the life beyond death. The spirit had taken a garb very like that which it wore

in life, except that the imperfections and mutability of the latter were gone.

"The scene of my second experience was a town somewhat similar to that in which we are met to-night. A broad clear river threaded its way among noble and ancient buildings which were evidently homes of knowledge and of thought, whilst grave sculptured figures looked down on the world from their niches high up on the old walls. The streets were thronged with passers-by whose features told of an inward peace unknown on the mortal side of the grave; and as I moved among the throng, with a clear blue heaven above me, and a sun shining which warmed and cheered, but never scorched or wearied, I recognised many whom I had seen committed to the dust of earth during my sojourn there.

"One reunion, however, I remember more than all the others. It was with one who had been my bosom friend and constant companion during mortal life—the sharer in every sorrow that had darkened my home, and the unselfish participator in all my joys and successes. 'What is it,' I asked of him, 'which makes you all appear so happy here? Why are there no sad, tear-stained faces?' Very deliberately came the answer, and with a distinctness which almost made me fancy when I awoke from my dream that a human voice had really spoken the words to me: '*There is no sin here.*' Never shall I forget the earnestness and power with which these words were spoken, and the echo of the voice often haunts me in the thoughtful hours of life.

"Very sweet, as you will imagine, was this resumption of an old fellowship which the grave had sundered, and long we conversed of the past and present. Then he led me, I thought, to a greater joy than any that had gone before—to hear the Voice and see the Face of Him whom, with much waywardness and many wanderings, I had ever looked to as my eternal hope among the shadows of mortality. Just at the moment when this blessed sight was to have been mine, when the desire of years was to be realised, the spell was broken, and I awoke—to live.

"Scarcely a year after the night of this strange experience the mother who had watched so tenderly by my bedside, herself passed through the veil which hides us from the Unseen. As is only natural, I often think of her, and of her love and perfect sympathy; and I sometimes find comfort in the thought that she may be near me still—even as in my dream I was with her—though it needs the kind hand of death to give my feeble sight the power to see her as she is."

Thus ended the narrative told that winter's night in the old college. Never since have the three men met, and changes have come which prevent the possibility of an earthly reunion. Often does the recollection of those thoughtful faces and that evening's conversation come to the writer amid far other scenes; and often also will there come the thought that perhaps even in our day, as of old, a glimpse of the eternal future is sometimes granted to earnest, prayerful men through the gateway of a dream.

WILLIAM H. SWIFT,

## HOW BESSIE WAS TRANSPLANTED.

BY MAUD R. HALL, AUTHOR OF "A NEW DIANA," "THE FILLING-UP OF CWM ELAN," ETC.



**I**T was early spring-time when I first saw the child, and one of those dull, grey, heavy days we so often have in London at that season of the year. The flower-women were selling violets and snow-drops, and even daffodils, at the street-corners, but nevertheless the chill winds swept past with a sharp reminder that winter was not yet over.

"Nell, my dear, you are not going out again?" said my mother, as I came into the drawing-room, dressed for walking. "I think that both you and Lillias have been out long enough for to-day."

"I should think so!" echoed my sister from the depths of a comfortable arm-chair. "But Nell never will idle like other people."

"That poor Mrs. Tibbits—" I began.

"Dear me, yes," said my mother. "I had quite forgotten; and someone ought to go and see her, poor thing; but really, Nell, I think to-morrow would do just as well. It is such a nasty afternoon—"

She stopped, and I hesitated. It *was* a nasty afternoon, and the fire was enticing, yet I must go some day. Elizabeth Tibbits had once been a house-maid of ours, and she had written to my mother in the greatest distress. Her husband was out of work, the children were ailing. My mother would help her, she said, and so I had volunteered to go and see what could be done. I knew it was useless waiting for Lillias to go with me, so, after a moment's consideration, I turned to the door.

"To-morrow might be worse than to-day, mother; there is that to be thought of, so I had better go. Good-bye," and I was out in the street.

It was rather worse than I anticipated. As I drew nearer the river, the chill leaden sky seemed to drop down above me until its greyness was all round. Scarcely more than three o'clock, the afternoon light was nearly gone, people hurried past as if anxious to be within doors, and the pavements were dark with the clammy, sticky mud of a great city.

I stopped half-way across Westminster Bridge, and pulling my cloak closer, looked up and down the lead-coloured, hurrying waters, now turned to a whitish tint as one of the penny steamboats shot out from beneath my feet and churned the current into foam. So grey above, so grey beneath! and midway between the two, a few white seagulls, hovering almost motionless in the air!

My way led me through the most crowded and dirtiest part of Lambeth, and for some time I followed the directions I had received. Then my bump of locality failed me, and I was forced to ask for

guidance at a small sweet-shop. There were long red and white sticks of candy and other bright-coloured wares in the window, and two dirty children were gazing at them with longing eyes. The woman in the shop was civil enough, but she was a stranger, she said, and could tell me nothing. Perhaps "the lady at the coal-shop opposite" might know. I crossed the little street to a sort of shed wherein a large woman, begrimed with coal-dust, and with arms akimbo, stood beside a weighing machine. Round her were sacks of coal, in front of her was a tin label with "1s. 2d. per cwt." painted upon it in white letters. She helped me in so far that she knew the street I was in search of, and, following her directions, I found myself in a narrow alley guiltless of sidepath. I could not help thinking of my mother's horror could she have seen her daughter groping her way up such a place!

To my great relief, a turn soon brought me into a street of small houses, quite tidy and exactly alike. The window-blinds were dingy, but the place looked very respectable, and in one or two instances a pot of evergreens was placed in the lower window. No. 10 was one of these, and I hopefully ran up the steps that led to the door. There were three bell-handles, and after some consideration, I decided to take the lowest one, thinking that it would probably lead to the kitchen regions. After two good pulls, the door was opened by a woman, who regarded me with a kind of insolent stare. Her tawdry dress was profusely trimmed with blue plush, and when I asked for Mrs. Tibbits, she informed me that there *might* be some such person in the house, but, as she was the possessor of the first-floor, she consequently had no knowledge of the lodgers higher up. I asked if I should ring the topmost bell. She replied ungraciously that I might if I chose, and shut the door.

This time my efforts were more successful, but in the woman who now faced me I could trace no resemblance to our former trim, fresh-looking house-maid. Coarse-featured, unkempt, she had one dirty child in her arms, and another clinging to her torn skirts, and before we had reached the top of the stair up which she led me, she had shaken and cuffed the elder one more than once.

"He's that worryin', that he's enough to wear a saint!" she exclaimed in answer to my expostulation. "Yes, Miss Ellen, but it's only them as 'as children to do for that knows what they are. I'm sure I've 'ad my share, let alone Tibbits' mother, that can't do a hand's turn for herself."

She had two rooms, she told me, but for warmth, and to save trouble, they all lived in one. My heart sank when I entered it. The house was so respectable on the outside, so miserably dirty and worn inside: but Mrs. Tibbits' room was worse than all.



"Mrs. Tibbits' room was worse than all."—p. 179.

Every part of it, ceiling and all, looked dingy and black. The floor was bare, with no attempt at cleanliness; the few chairs were littered with what looked like dirty rags, the deal table in the middle had the remains of a meal still upon it. There was a small fire in the rusty grate, and an old woman crouched beside it, nor did she even look up at our entrance. A hollow cough instantly attracted my attention, and looking further, I could see a little figure sitting up in bed at the other side of the room. Bed, I have called it—it was more like a heap of miscellaneous articles, with a blanket on the top.

"That's Bessie," said Mrs. Tibbits, following me, and stooping to straighten the old coverings. "She's never been well since the winter began," she continued, as the little girl tried to speak, and was interrupted by a fit of coughing. "I was forced to let her go to school yesterday, for the inspector came and said he'd fine us if we kept her at home, but to-day she ain't fit to leave her bed, and I keep her there, for it's warmer."

Looking at the child, I wondered how she had ever lived in such surroundings. Her delicate little

face was framed in soft golden-brown hair, and her eyes, bright with fever, were positively startling in their depth and beauty. The effort of coughing had brought a bright flush into the thin cheek but my heart ached to see how white they instantly became as she sank back exhausted on her pillow. And such a pillow!

Mrs. Tibbits was but too ready to tell the story of all she had undergone since she had left my mother's service, and when I at last got out into the street again, her complaints of her husband were still ringing in my ears. Perhaps, if I had seen more of London, its immense size and population, the visit I had just paid would not have made such an impression; but I was new to it all, and that room haunted me—its dirty, squalid appearance, the unappetising remains of food, the whining children, Mrs. Tibbits' harsh voice going on and on in a perpetual stream, and, amongst it all, the delicate little girl, coughing her life away unheeded.

My mother brought me comfort, as she generally did, and in a few days Bessie was sent to a children's hospital, while we consulted as to what was best to be done for her. The doctor said that, with good food and country air, she might live to grow up,

London was killing her, and were she to go back to her home, she would, he averred, not last out the year. What was to be done! On one point I was decided—that she should go into the country somehow; and during the visits I paid to the hospital I grew very fond of the little maid. Her nurses, too, were full of praise of her patience and loving gratitude for any kindness shown her. Mrs. Tibbits was quite willing to give her up, and it was like inspiration when one morning at breakfast my mother said, "I do wish we could induce Martha to have someone to live with her! It is not right for her to be there alone, now that she is getting so blind."

"Bessie!" I cried. "The very thing!"

Martha was our old nurse, who lived in a little cottage far away in the country. She had bought the land, and there she lived, quite alone, absorbed in her garden and her bees. Bricks-and-mortar were her delight, and, bit by bit, she had added a whole new cottage, as a kind of wing to the old one. It was her pride and delight to have Lilies or me to spend a night or two in this new building. She kept herself apart from her neighbours, though she was very kind when anyone was ill or in trouble, and, when we said anything about her loneliness, she would only reply that she was best so, and that she kept a large dinner-bell on purpose to ring out of the window in case of fire or burglars! So it required some tact to approach the subject of her having Bessie to live with her. The more we discussed it, the more I liked the plan. The simple country life would be everything to the child, who in her turn would be an interest and help to the old woman. I believe in her letter my mother dwelt principally upon the good Bessie would gain, for Martha quite "took to" the idea, and in the warm summer days the little girl travelled southwards, and we only heard of her from time to time in Martha's letters.

It was spring again when I next saw her. The twilight was falling as I drove across the common and up the country road to the cottage, but the air was sweet and fresh, and country-bred though I was, the faint twitter of the birds going to rest, the distant low of the cattle, filled me with a new sense of delight.

Martha's cottage stood end on to the road, so that I could not see the welcome light of her fire as I drove up, but she herself was waiting at the gate, and she greeted me in her usual fashion, with a curtsey out of doors and a warm kiss in the house. How cosy it all looked with the firelight shining out upon the red-brick floor of the verandah! Supper was nearly ready, Martha told me, and she had cooked something she knew I should like, so I hurried up-stairs to wash my hands.

All this time there had been no sign of Bessie, but I was not surprised, for Martha never approved of children being brought forward and "made of," as she expressed it. However, I had hardly been in my room five minutes before a timid knock at the door made me call out "Come in!" and there stood

the little girl, holding a jug of hot water, and smiling and blushing all over. The sweet childish face was unaltered, as she asked in her shy, old-fashioned way if I was well; but though there were still signs of delicacy, the cheeks were rounder, and the eyes had lost the wistful, pained look that had so haunted me that afternoon in London.

The next day was Sunday. The warm sun-rays came slanting in over my bed as if to wake me, and I jumped up to see what the outside world was like. The bees were humming busily among the borders of spring flowers, and the jessamine upon the verandah seemed coloured by the sun itself. Some apple-trees shut out the view of the road, and these were full of blossom, as if a pink-and-white snowstorm had come softly down in the night and covered the rough gnarled boughs. Martha was feeding her hens. I could hear her voice calling to them, and soon I discovered her standing on the grass-plot, beyond the flower-beds, and beside her Bessie in a fresh blue cotton frock and white apron.

We went to church in great state. Martha's Sunday dress of stiff black silk lent dignity to my simpler costume and Bessie's little white hat. After dinner we wandered among the flower-beds, and I listened to endless stories of each bulb and plant; for Martha knew them all by heart, in spite of the fact that her eyesight was too bad for her to distinguish them unless she stooped low over each. I was pleased to note how in this, as in everything else, she included Bessie with herself; and when she told me how the country air had seemed to do the child good almost at once, she talked of her as a grandmother might have done. Clearly Bessie had found her way to the old woman's heart!

"And I'm learning her to cook and truss a fowl, and be useful," she concluded, while Bessie's eyes responded to everything that she said. "Now, my dear, put on the kettle, and we'll have a cup of tea by-and-by."

It was hard to be obliged to leave this peaceful spot and rush back to busy London, but it had to be, and early on Monday afternoon the shoemaker's little pony-cart, hired for the occasion, came to take me to the station. My bag and Martha's presents of eggs and flowers were soon packed in. The good-byes were said and I drove off, but I could not help looking back to wave my hand again. The afternoon sun was peeping through the creepers and throwing patches of light upon the verandah floor. The bees hummed lazily past on the soft spring air and buried their heads in the rich bronze of the wall-flowers. The sky was blue, flecked over with small, soft, white clouds, and beneath the jessamine-covered arch stood the old woman and brow-haired child. Martha's hand rested upon the gate, her eyes were strained after me as I drove away, but Bessie's face was lifted up like one of the flowers growing round her, and as the spring sunshine fell upon her head, it seemed a bright harbinger of a summer in store for her.



## THE BOOK OF RUTH.—I.

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

"And a certain man of Beth-'ehem-judah went to sojourn in the country of Moab, he, and his wife, and his two sons."—RUTH i. 1.



THE Book of Ruth is the romance of the Bible. The charm of the story has robbed criticism of its sting. The tale has movement, and tragic incident, and happy consummation. Its pastoral simplicity delights us. We are tired of heated discussions and high politics, of jarring controversy

and commercial panics. We pine for the country air, for the fragrant meadows and the yellow corn, and the simple discourse of simple men. We can forget the haste and hurry of the world, and even ourselves, in the hopes and fears and fortunes of country life. The lessons we learn are easy and pointed; they are practical rather than deep, and yet they are of living force; and as we read, the sense of greater things is with us, for we know that the story plays a part—subordinate, no doubt, but real—in the great drama of the world. Ruth, for all that her own life's story is complete, is one who takes a place in the great moving procession of characters which preceded the Christ.

The book supplies a link between what has gone and what is to come. The feeling that this was the case probably accounts for the position which it occupies among the books of the Bible. Before it is the wild anarchy which the judges strove to reduce to local order; following it, we read the story of the movements which led to more settled order, under the guidance of Samuel and Saul, and culminated in national stability under the sceptre of David. Placed thus between books which record the tumultuous story of the formation and growth of national life, the Book of Ruth is a pleasant interlude. It is like a country holiday, after the painful pressure of anxious work.

But even in this simple and pastoral tale the affairs of the kingdom are not forgotten. We are introduced to this quiet home-life of the family at Beth-lehem-judah, but it is the family which is destined to give to Israel and Judah its most illustrious race of kings. We are reading the story of the immediate ancestors of David and Solomon.

Sometimes the question has been asked why the book finds a place in the Sacred Canon. The answer might well be that it traces the origin of the family of David the king, out of which He sprang Who was David's Son and David's Lord. But the homely record reminds us that simple things are dear to God. He who watches the sparrow in its fall and the flowers as they grow,

cares for the fortunes of simple homes, and marks the fears and hopes of the family life. The story is not told us only because great issues of national and world history are bound up with the narrative. The experiences of these simple folk have an interest of their own. Elimelech and Naomi are not interesting only because they have points of contact with David and his descendants. Their own story, apart from the great future with which it is associated, was lived out under God's fatherly providence, and bears its message and its meaning to the world. It is the story of simple fidelity, out of which future greatness springs. Ruth prepared the way for Israel's king and the world's Messiah; but besides these greater things, the book tells how the devotion and faithfulness of a true hearted woman restored the greatness of a fallen house. Whatever else we learn, the lesson of simple duty we see shining throughout the story. It reveals no wild ambitions; it tells us how greatness may be found in doing with our might the duty which lies nearest. It has its message for an age of unrest and dissatisfaction. It shows us the better way of life, the way of piety and goodness. In the corn-fields of Beth-lehem, by the side of Ruth as she gleaned, we may learn contentment, and that primitive faith which believed without signs, and trusted in God without the applause of men.

The story follows the simple lines of unconscious art. We are first introduced to the family in the days of its prosperity. We are then told how dark times of adversity overtook them, and we are shown the scenes and incidents which led to the restoration of the prosperity of the house.

The members of the family at the outset of the story are four—Elimelech and his wife Naomi, with their two sons, Mahlon and Chilion. Of these, only one—Naomi—survives at the close. But in the beginning the sun seems shining over the household. Elimelech bears a name which signifies that God is King; Naomi, in the hour of her sorrow and solitude, plays bitterly with her name; more fitly might she have been called Mara—bitter. But in the earlier days her name was appropriate enough, for rightly was the mother called Pleasant when the two boys were called Joy and Ornament. Over the family there was the brightness of happy days. The names given to children in those early times frequently carried some hint of the home history. If the shadows fell round the home, the child born in the days of disaster and despair bore in its name the memory of family or national distress. During the very period of which we write, a sorrowful woman had named her child Itehabod, because



the glory of life seemed to have passed away. But in the home of Elimelech fortune was smiling, and the two lads bore in their names the reminder of those happy days, adorned with prosperity and domestic love.

The place where they lived was pleasant and fertile. It was Beth-lehem-judah—so called to distinguish it from Beth-lehem in Zebulun, as we distinguish Newport in Monmouthshire from Newport in the Isle of Wight. Beth-lehem in Judah was situated in a fruitful soil. The harvests were abundant, and the water supply sufficient. In this "House of Bread," as its name signified, Elimelech lived as one whose family was known and respected in the locality. They were not new-comers; they belonged to the number of the old and recognised residents of the place. They were Ephrathites of Beth-lehem-judah, Ephrathah being the old name of the district. The picture given us, therefore, is of a prosperous, happy, well-established home.

The next scene introduces us to the same family under the shadow of adversity. The trouble begins with famine; and the famine so filled the mind of Elimelech with apprehension that emigration to a foreign land appeared to him to be the only resource. Moab offered many attractions, and, accordingly, in the direction of Moab the family moved.

Here wealth and fertility seemed to greet them. The hardships of their own home were forgotten, and in the field of Moab, the rich table-land where plenty was supplied, they re-established their home. Here, too, the family joys expanded. The two sons married, Orpah being the bride of Mahlon, and Ruth of Chilion. But the restored prosperity in a strange land was short-lived. The dark shadow which waits on all homes fell upon them. Elimelech died soon after their arrival in Moab, and when ten years had passed Mahlon and Chilion died also, so that of the once happy family Naomi and her daughters-in-law alone were left.

So far the story gives us two scenes—the scene of brightness and hope, the scene of darkness and despair. The morning which promised so fair was turned in the evening into the shadow of death. It is a simple story of a simple family, and here for the present we must leave it, noting only its plain and obvious lessons.

Is it too much to say that we can trace a certain measure of weakness in the character of Elimelech? Was not his the temperament which clung so fondly to his family and loved his dear ones so well that he could not endure the thought of their distress or privation? Many men are heroic enough for themselves, but they lack that moral robustness which enables them to be heroic for others. The dread of loss, not to himself, but to those who are bound to him by ties of affection, may lead a man aside from the higher path; it is not always personal selfishness, but excessive, almost weak, solicitude for others, which evinces cowardice. Elimelech, if our conjecture is right,

could not bear to contemplate the misery which might befall his family. Scarcity of bread was threatened. The pain of prolonged suspense, followed by perhaps prolonged privation, rose before his mind, and filled his imagination with many fears. The fancied terrors were probably greater than the actual evils of the situation. Cowards, it has been said, die many times. Over-fondness may produce a sort of cowardly anxiety. In this lies the reason why our Lord denounces over-much anxiety as a species of mammon worship. "Ye cannot serve," He says, "God and Mammon; therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on." There is, of course, a fitting and a wide prudence which is in nowise at variance with Christ's command of faith, but there is a habit of running to meet trouble half-way which is the very opposite of faith; and in the story of Elimelech I think there is a suggestion that Elimelech's emigration was more hasty than wise. The ardent attachment of all true Israelites to the Land of Promise had in it a religious aspect. It was the land into which God had led their fathers; it was the land on which the blessings of their fathers' God seemed to abide; it was the land where all the magnificent hopes of the future were concentrated. To remain there, and to work out the purpose of God in a patriotic persistence of duty, was the ideal of the Israelitish life; but the first view of danger and the first pressure of want were enough to drive Elimelech to seek, in the plains of Moab, sustenance and safety.

His eagerness and weakness blinded him to higher considerations. The social atmosphere of Moab was bad; the morals of the people and the religious ideal were alike low; the worship of Chemosh and of Molech was characterised by cruelty and sensuality. In such an environment the higher moral interests of home could hardly be safeguarded.

In forgetting these moral risks, Elimelech seems to have forgotten also the tenderness of God's providential love.

Cowardice, when it flies, often meets the very dangers which it seeks to avoid. Elimelech sought to avoid poverty and death: but in Moab death quickly overtook himself, while both evils overtook the family. Elimelech died soon after their arrival, and Naomi, after ten years of exile, is bereft of husband and sons, and reduced to poverty.

But all the while the care of God is over the household: His educating watchfulness never ceases. To this Elimelech was blind; the one absorbing anxiety of his soul was the thought of present need; and yet in his very name he carried the reminder of the trust which should have been his—"God is King"—that in that lay the assurance of the strength and the protection which never fail. The past had borne abundant witness to this; the story of the wilderness had been the story of God's care; man did not live by bread alone, but by every

word of God. The lesson taught to the fathers in the wilderness was the lesson which was calculated to foster heroic endurance and simple trust.

But this lesson was missed by Elimelech, and he fades out of our sight—he has no share in the great future which is to be the portion of the family. The ancestor of David is to be sought in Boaz, not in Elimelech; and Elimelech's emigration to Moab has in it a kind of abdication of destiny—the crown which might have been his passed to another.

To Naomi's mind the mistake is made clear at last. She seems, when she returns in sorrow and loneliness to the land of Israel, to realise that there had been some weakness or wrong in the course of their action. "The Lord," she said, "hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me." She had gone out full, and she had been brought home again empty; she had found that trial is inescapable; she illustrates the truth that it is nobler to face adversity than to fly from it: that patient trust has higher qualities and better chances of success than prudent timidity.

It is possible to barter away moral and spiritual advantages for the sake of material comfort or worldly ease. The lower and the higher are perpetually meeting in conflict, and the first lesson taught us is the duty of maintaining in high and strong hopefulness the determined preference for moral good over earthly advantage.

If this interpretation of Elimelech's character and action be true, he is one who succumbed to a very natural and a very frequent temptation. Life constantly presents to us alternatives of choice. Our prerogative is that we can choose; but choice involves responsibility, and in the exercise of this responsibility moral judgment is of priceless value. Too often, however, the power of moral judgment is weakened by our methods of education. We teach our children the duty of success: the examples which we hold up to them as worthy of admiration are the examples of the energy which has achieved fame, or the perseverance which has accumulated wealth.

It is quite true that perseverance and energy are excellent and admirable qualities; but the way in which these examples are sometimes put before the minds of the young is calculated to teach them not so much that energy and patience are good as that fame and wealth are desirable. We need at all times, and especially in periods when there seems to be a feverish desire to accumulate, to be on our guard not to confound means with ends. It is possible to put forward the virtues of determination, self-denial, and perseverance, only as desirable or useful means towards the possession of wealth or of influence. As a fact, however, if life means anything, the experiences of life, whether in the want of or in the possession of wealth, are means towards the development of spiritual qualities. The much and the little of this world's goods are used by God as instruments to educate us in self-denial and

patience, in courage and responsibility. In other words, the life is more than meat, the character is more than possession; and one of the sources of modern weakness and modern discontent is the reversal of this thought.

The practical lesson, which may be found in all this, may be expressed in a single word. Moral qualities are more than material possessions. If this were taught in homes, the heated race for wealth might be less anxiously pursued, contentment with smaller returns might be the means of developing moral qualities, at once higher and more robust. The period of plain living and high thinking, which many admire and few desire, might be brought within the range of practical experience. The ostentation and the vulgarity—for ostentation is always vulgar—which disturb and distress society might be seen to be unworthy of beings whose real glory is found in their likeness to the Father who made them.

Happy would it be for our land if the ideal set before all classes were the ideal that the true betterment is the betterment of the moral nature and of the character: that a good post is not merely the post where there is good pay, but where there is the opportunity of useful work and higher moral discipline. With the recognition of this there might prevail in business transactions a worthier and a nobler principle; the haste to be rich, and the doubtful expedients which accompany it, might be banished. The relations of society between class and class would be happier; the bitterness and estrangement which we deplore might rapidly diminish; and the rivalry of men would no longer be base competition, but a nobler emulation of being and of doing good.

But there is another lesson—and perhaps a happier one—which the story suggests. The Book of Ruth is universally loved. Can we explain this widespread affection for so short and simple a story? We might attribute it to the characters which are presented to us there: the sadness and solitude of Naomi, the noble courtesy of Boaz, and the fidelity of Ruth—so picturesque and charming. But there are picturesque and fascinating figures in other parts of the Bible, and yet the attraction which the Book of Ruth has for us does not extend in the same way to other books. The charm, I think, lies not so much in the characters—though these are attractive—as in the fact that in this book we touch quiet home-life, to the story of which the book is completely dedicated. We love the tale of the fortunes of this simple family, and we are glad that it should have found a place in the Sacred Canon; for we feel that the lesser human interests, which the world may hardly note, are dear to God.

To know that the home-life is watched over and guided by the providence of God is to realise that the trifling trials, the strange vicissitudes, and the insignificant joys of the ordinary households of men have a place in the heart of God Himself.

The Book of Ruth thus becomes the book for the family. We all know the pressure of hard times, the presence of sorrow, and the bewildering influences of anxiety. We doubt at times whether our small home-concerns can ever find a place in the thought of God; but He who watches over the birds of the air and the grass of the field has a thought for the sorrows of men. The little is not always the insignificant: whatever touches the heart of man, whatever affects his highest welfare, whatever causes the thrill of joy or the throb of pain, cannot be otherwise than remembered by God. His care is as real in the little things as in the great. The fashion of a flower that to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven is as minutely cared for as the life of the planet that lasts for millions of years. We, who attempt to judge things by the material place which they occupy, or the number of years that they last, are sometimes deceived, and imagine that God's thoughts must be as our thoughts. We need to learn that all are alike to Him: that the smallest as well as the greatest are His: that He watches the fortunes of a family as well as the destiny of an empire.

But it is needful to understand the meaning of His care. When we speak of it, we sometimes think of it only under the aspect of the comfortable things which His love may bring us; but God's care is the care of the spirit of man, and His care is as much seen in bitter providences as in happy times. It is not His sunshine alone which evinces His love; the heavy rains also, which darken the sky, are

the signs of His care over the evil and the good. The cheerless times are His as well as the cheerful times. He makes winter as well as summer, for both are good in season; and His ways with the sons of men are as His ways with the world of Nature. The vicissitudes of life are His angels; and He is caring for Naomi in her loneliness and in her poverty as much as in her days of plenty.

Spiritual growth of one sort can only be nurtured in trial. Tenderness and sympathy, kindly tact and unassuming patience, can only be learned in the dark and in the painful experiences of life: it is but a poor and narrow view of Divine care which limits it only to things which are pleasant. We have said in our impatience that it is a cruel world, but the cruelty of which we complain may be veiled kindness. Looking back upon the storm-laden periods of life, we are led to confess that we would not have been without its darker experience. It is good for us to have seen affliction, for we had not known the fulness or the nearness of God's love unless we had met Him in the dark and in the solitary places. It is in the wilderness that God speaks; and it is better to hear His voice in the desert than to be deaf to it amidst the noises of the world's prosperity. It may be that the spirit drives us as it drove our Master into the wilderness, but if so, the angels and the ministry of God will meet us there, and the meaning of His care and the joy of His presence will be revealed to our hearts. Thus the story shows to us the weakness and wilfulness of man, and the wisdom and the care of God.



## A JEWISH CONFIRMATION.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BURNET, M.A.



IS very interesting to compare Jewish and Christian rites together. Widely though modern Judaism and Christianity differ in their principles and doctrines, they resemble each other in not a few of their outward observances. In some cases ours were no doubt derived originally from the

synagogue, whilst in others the Jews have imitated the religious customs of the Christians amongst whom they live.

We have a striking example of this resemblance in the rites with which the young people are admitted as

members of the congregation. In Paris these are even spoken of as the "Première Communion," and in other places as their "Confirmation." Strictly speaking, these names are most inappropriate, being connected so closely with Christian ideas and hopes altogether foreign to Judaism. Still, they have come to be applied in both cases to the public profession of religious faith.

Before describing this interesting ceremony, as witnessed in the chief synagogue at Paris, it may be well to offer some account of the stages of religious education preparatory to it.

Circumcision is, of course, still, as in patriarchal times, the ordinance by which at eight days old Jews seek admission for their children into covenant with God. For this occasion two witnesses, called the sandakin, or godparents, generally husband and wife, are selected from the relatives or intimate friends of the family. This is considered an honourable and meritorious office, and there are societies of persons qualified and disposed to undertake it even for the



"The boy is then called up to read the Law before the congregation."

poorest parents. A Hebrew name is then given to the infant (as was done at the circumcision of John the Baptist), which is added to his secular one, and under which, when he is grown up, he is known in the synagogues and is called to discharge any duty connected with its services.

As soon as the child can speak, he is taught his daily prayers, and he begins to wear under his clothes a square piece of cloth, termed the "Arbang Kenaphoth," or "four corners," to which are attached the "Tsitsith," or memorial fringes, probably similar to those that our blessed Lord wore, conforming in this respect, as in every point, to the Ceremonial Law. Each of these fringes is composed of eight threads about a quarter of a yard long, fastened to the cloth with knots, made in a special manner and supposed to have a hidden mystic meaning. These fringes are always made of white lamb's wool, spun and prepared by a Jew. The wearing of this cloth with its appendages, even by the youngest child, is accounted of vital importance, being a literal compliance with the injunction in Numbers xv. 38, 39, and Deuteronomy xxii. 12. By so doing, according to the ancient Rabbins, a Jew is considered to have kept the whole Law, for this singular reason, that the numerical value of the word "Tsitsith" is 600, while the eight threads and five knots added to this make 613, the exact number of precepts

said to be contained in the Law. However this may be, long before the child can understand this profound explanation he must wear this symbolic garment. At the same time, as he grows up, if he have pious and intelligent parents, he is instructed in the principles of his religion. By one of their Doctors it is laid down that at five years of age he should begin to study the Scriptures, at ten the Mishna, and at thirteen the rest of the Talmud. It goes without saying that this standard is seldom, if ever, attained in these days, when the requirements of secular education are so increasingly high for Jewish as well as other boys. Still, in every case a certain modicum of knowledge is required before they can be presented to the Rabbi, at the age of thirteen, to be made "Bar Mitzvah" or "sons of the Law." For that purpose they must have learned sufficient Hebrew to read and translate some passage of the Pentateuch, and to be able to repeat their prayers, the Ten Commandments, and the Thirteen Articles of the Jewish religion. When the son has passed an examination in these subjects, the father introduces him into the synagogue on the first Sabbath after his thirteenth birthday. The boy is then called up to read the Law before the congregation. When he has duly performed this formidable task, he is received as a full member, and is expected henceforward to fulfil all the obligations of his





"May you follow the steps of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob."

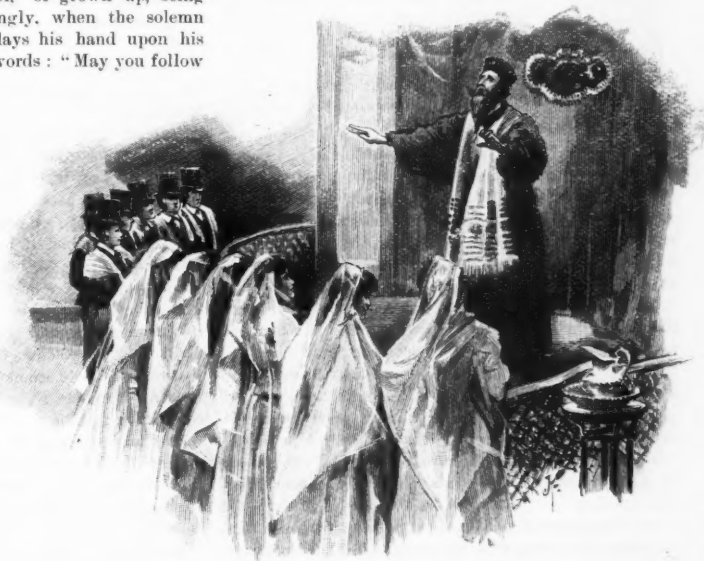
religion, both public and private. Previously to this, he is completely under the power of his parents, who are popularly said to be accountable for his sins; but from that day he becomes responsible for his own actions. Before that time he was called "Katon," or little one; now he is "Gadol," or grown up, being treated as a man. Accordingly, when the solemn service is over, the father lays his hand upon his head and pronounces these words: "May you follow the steps of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Amen. On this day you have arrived at manhood; from this day henceforth I am free from all your sins which you may commit hereafter; you have to answer for your own deeds. From this day and henceforth you are reckoned amongst the congregation; be strict and keep the Law and the precepts, and the God of Abraham will be your Shield and Guide through life." The family then meet around the festive board, and many and hearty are the congratulations offered to the youthful neophyte. How this view of parental obligations can be recon-

ciled with the responsibility of each individual soul, even of the youngest child, to God, as taught by the Old Testament as well as by conscience, it is indeed hard to understand. This is a point, however, we will not here attempt to discuss.

We rather hasten to describe the impressive rites by which in France Jewish children of both sexes are solemnly dedicated to the service of God. As regards the boys, this is a more public ratification of their religious membership; whilst for the girls, who have reached the age of eleven and have been sufficiently instructed, it is the only way in which they are recognised as in any sense members of the congregation. That the daughters of Israel should be so received at all is a remarkable sign of the progress of modern thought and Christian ideas even amongst those who still reject Jesus as the Messiah and refuse to accept the Gospel. The elevation of woman to her rightful place on an equality with man is one of those indirect blessings which Christianity has brought in its train. The Jews have been slow in admitting this truth, and there is still a strange prayer used in the synagogue in which men are instructed to say, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord God, King of the Universe, who hast not made me a woman"; whilst the Jewess is taught to meekly say, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord God, King of the Universe, who hast made me according to Thy will."

With a happy inconsistency, however, modern Jews do admit their girls as well as their boys to a place in their community. On the occasion referred to both maidens and youths took part—the girls attired in simple white dresses and veils, as at a Christian Confirmation; the boys in plain black clothes.

The predominance of dark, piercing eyes and strong Jewish features was very striking. The



PRONOUNCING THE BENEDICTION.



general demeanour of the candidates was quiet and devout.

The proceedings began with the recitation, first in Hebrew by the boys, and then in French by the girls, of the Ten Commandments, the Thirteen Articles of their faith, and of certain prayers. These were repeated simultaneously by each company in turn. Suitable and eloquent addresses were then delivered by the Chief Rabbins of France and Paris, who at the close laid their hands on the heads of the young people, pronouncing a benediction, very much as is done by the Bishop in the Church of England. Sacred songs celebrating great events of Jewish history are also sometimes responsively sung by the boys and girls. The effect is very pleasing, and the rich melody of their well-trained voices reminds one forcibly of the children of their ancestors, in the days

of our Blessed Lord, crying in the Temple, "Hosanna to the Son of David." The contrast is at the same time, indeed, painful, when one reflects that even at the close of this nineteenth century they are brought up in ignorance of Him of Whom Moses in the Law and the Prophets did write. Still, apart from these painful reflections, a very pleasing impression is certainly left by these simple, solemn rites. As we witness them, the prayer rises from the heart that the day may be hastened when the outward sign shall be fulfilled in all its deep spiritual meaning, and when Zechariah's prophecy, in all its rich fulness, shall be accomplished: "I will pour upon the House of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and of supplications; and they shall look on Me, whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him."



### "ONLY AN OLD FOGEY."

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL, AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS," ETC. ETC.

#### CHAPTER I.

On the 27th ult., at Calcutta, Captain J. Seaton, of the Royal Blues, to Rosamund, daughter of the late Sir Edward Finch, of Wotton Hall. By telegraph."

Madge Paton's eyes of wide horror hardly took in the sense of the words until she had read and re-read the terrible paragraph half a dozen times over.

Jem Seaton, the man, she was going out to marry, already wedded to another woman!

It was impossible—absolutely impossible; and she gave a faint laugh as she looked up from the front sheet of the

*Times*, away across the blue Mediterranean and the wide white deck of the steamer to the gaunt white rock of Gibraltar they were so fast leaving behind them.

The latest London papers had come on board at Gibraltar, and Madge had taken up the *Times* idly enough, and settled herself in her deck-chair to study the only portion of it absolutely fascinating to a woman—the first sheet.

Above her head the white awning flapped listlessly in the faint breeze, and she looked vacantly across where two or three Lascars, with their noiseless brown feet and melancholy dark faces, were busy with the ropes.

A little sea-swallow darted on board and hung for an instant to rest against the canvas, then flashed away again into the infinite blue of the May sky.

There were very few passengers on board, for May is hardly the season for people to be outward bound for

India, unless necessity drives them; and of these a few were playing deck quoits and cricket, while others were sitting reading or flirting in their deck-chairs.

It could not be true! Madge Paton crumpled the sheet in her white nervous fingers with a sudden agony of terror.

How could there be another Captain J. Seaton in the Royal Blues? and, above all, Jem in his homeward letters had of late mentioned Rosamund Finch as such a charming girl—a probable friend for his little wife.

Yes, it must be true; and this was the end of it—the end of the faithful love-story of two years of separation, the sorrow of her widowed mother's death, lightened by the thought of the lover she was so soon to see, and of—alas!—the whole of her little fund of money expended in her simple trousseau and her passage to Calcutta.

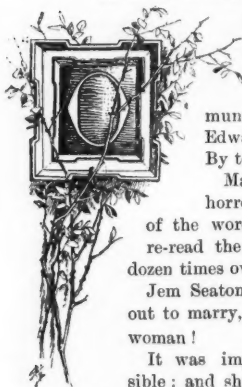
For Mrs. Paton's income, being an annuity, had died with her, and had it not been for the home and the husband waiting for her on the other side of the world, Madge would have been desolate indeed.

But he might have told her that his love for her had changed, instead of writing to fix the wedding-day and to beg her to come out to him at once!

He must have become infatuated with this beautiful Rosamund to have forgotten his faith and honour in so complete a fashion.

She was stunned by the blow, and the hopeless misery of the whole thing, as she sat with her eyes fixed on the flying clouds, and on the sea-swallow clinging to the shrouds—a waif in the world, like herself.

A sudden revulsion rose up within her against the clattering quoits and the shrill voices of the one or two girls and the handful of young officers who were playing.



"I say, now, now, Miss Baily, no cheating, you know—I saw you!"

"We'll have a regular high old time upon deck to-night with your guitar and a Spanish dance or two, eh, Miss Smith?"

"Mr. Feversham! I've twice asked you for my glove. Do you mean to keep it for ever?"

And so on.

Madge, with a gesture of disgust, rose from her

in her pleasant full voice; "and I have taken an interest in you since the day you came on board. I could see that you were not over-burdened with wealth or friends, and as I was once in the very same position, for the sake of a dead past I want to help you if I can."

Madge sat up, a rigid look of despair coming over her white drawn face.

She was wonderfully pretty, the older woman



"It could not be true!"—p. 188.

chair and walked swiftly towards the companion on her way down to her cabin.

As she did so, a stout elderly lady, who had been observing her closely from her seat under the window of the music-room, came after her, and touched her gently on the arm.

"Forgive me, Miss Paton," she said; "I fear you have had some bad news."

The girl looked up, half-bewildered, into the kind face above her, and, throwing out her hands, burst into an agony of tears.

The lady slipped her arm round the slender waist and supported her below, out of sight of the inquisitive eyes on deck. And when she had half carried her into the little cabin which she occupied fortunately alone, she put Madge into her berth and sat by her, holding her cold fingers, until the paroxysm had spent itself, and the girl was calm once more.

"My name is Forsytus—Lady Forsytus," she said,

thought, with a pang of pity, as she took in the details of the girl's face, with its corn-gold hair and delicate sensitive lips. Her eyes—a strange contrast to the fair masses of her hair—were rich deep brown, with lashes just curled enough at the very tips to suggest the possibility of a strong will and personality.

"Quite unfitted to battle with an unsympathetic world," was Lady Forsytus's conclusion as she watched Madge's pretty fingers twisting and untwisting over her panting bosom.

"I am in the most terrible position!" she said at last, passionately, thrusting the page of the *Times* into Lady Forsytus's sympathetic hand. "There is no one in the world to whom I can turn, for I am an orphan, and I was going out to be married, and this paper tells me that the man I was to have married has wedded another girl!"

She broke down, and her voice trailed off into silence, and nothing was heard in the close little cabin save

the throbbing of the screw and the soft lapping of the fresh waves against the ship's side.

"You are certain that this is your *fiancé*?" said the older woman gravely, as she laid down the paper deliberately, and took off her glasses.

"Oh, certain—certain! There could be but one Jem Seaton in the Royal Blues; and besides, he has often spoken of this lovely Miss Finch; and we, he and I, have not met for two years. He has forgotten me, but he shall never know that he has broken my heart!"

"What shall you do?" said Lady Forsytus compassionately.

"I shall stop at Malta and forfeit the rest of my passage-money. Surely there will be someone there who will give me employment? I will slave my fingers to the bone if only they will let me be nurse or housemaid, so that I might never have to go back to England to be laughed at as a deserted woman."

Madge rocked herself to and fro in her narrow berth.

At present she could only think of the shame and misery of the whole affair. When she was calmer she would forget everything save her broken heart and the love that had gone from her. But her pride came to her rescue now.

"Had you not better go out to Calcutta, and find out the truth for yourself?" put in Lady Forsytus hesitatingly.

"I had rather die before I would put myself within touch of his hand, within sight of the face I have loved so well!" moaned the poor girl.

"In that case," said her new friend briskly, putting her glasses into their case with a decided snap, and then smoothing down the bodice of her dress with a complacent air, "I have a plan which I think will answer admirably. But, to begin with, look me in the face, and tell me if you can trust me."

Madge turned her tear-dimmed eyes upon the energetic stout little woman with the genial rosy face, and the hard line of the sailor-hat which looked so quaint on her middle-aged head.

Then she put out her hand with a faint smile, and laid it on the sunburnt well-formed fingers of her new friend.

"I could trust you with my life," she said tremulously.

Lady Forsytus winked violently, till her eyelids seemed to snap together. Then she said huskily—

"All right, then: that's a bargain; you give me your brains and your fingers, and I'll look after your future. You will stay with me in Malta, where I am going to be for a week, picking up a little niece of mine. Then we will all go back to London, you looking after little Dorothy on the voyage, in return for your passage. Then, I am just starting a Home for friendless and poor ladies in town, in St. Helena's Square, and I want a young sympathetic woman as under-superintendent, and if you will undertake the thing, why, the post is yours, and so is £150 a year. Don't thank me; it only worries me. What is the use of having more money than you can count if you can't make some use of it? If you like the plan, say so."

Madge, with a sudden passionate movement of gratitude, lifted Lady Forsytus' hand to her lips, and kissed it.

"God has indeed raised me up a friend," she whispered brokenly.

"Tut! tut!" said Lady Forsytus, springing to her feet with a jerk. "That's all right, then: that's settled. And don't go and show the rest of the passengers that you've had a disappointment. No one need ever know a thing about it if you don't tell them. Dear, dear; I think the salt water must have got into my eyes, they are actually quite weak. There—good-bye."

And she plunged out of the cabin, leaving Madge with a bewildered sensation of gratitude and amusement, and a head which ached and throbbed with the misery of her shattered hopes, which as yet she could scarcely realise.

She still wore Jem's ring on her finger: a little pearl hoop, with an inscription and the date inside. And with a sudden wave of feeling she took it off, and laid it away in her jewel-case.

Then turning her face to the wall, she lay motionless, battling with her tears.

She had loved him so well, and alas! alas! for her, she loved him still.

## CHAPTER II.

"BASIL! BASIL! For goodness' sake, wake up! What are you dreaming about? A new Greek tense or a Hebrew accent? I've got a letter from Lady Forsytus, and there is some news in it."

And Maimie Short waved an open letter energetically before her brother's short-sighted eyes, as she executed a brisk *pas seul* in front of his chair.

Basil Short, the vicar of Puddleton Magna, smiled gently as he took Lady Forsytus' letter.

"My dear Maimie, my dreams were far more to the point," he said, in his slow pleasant voice. "I was wondering when Lady Forsytus' desolate ladies were coming to the Red Manor. The house has been empty for some time now."

"Bless your heart, my dear boy, this letter is all about that very subject!" cried Maimie. "She says that the home in St. Helena's Square is quite full, and that she is sending two or three ladies down here to the Red Manor, in charge of a Miss Paton, a very charming and suitable young woman."

"How nice and dull she will be!" said the Vicar, with a laugh. "I know what Lady Forsytus' suitable young women are. Do you remember the school-mistress she sent us last year, who was lame in one leg, and almost blind with one eye? She was so *steady*, Lady Forsytus said, that one would put up with a good many infirmities. If Miss Paton is so steady, she is sure to be afflicted."

"Don't be sarcastic; it doesn't suit you," said Maimie, as she danced out into the garden through the French window.

The Vicar of Puddleton Magna had been a Fellow of an Oxford college till two years before, when he had accepted the offer of a country living to make a home for his sister, who was considerably younger than himself.

He was the last man you would have expected to find in an out-of-the-way place like Puddleton.

His whole life had been absorbed in study since he gained his Fellowship. He was like Browning's Grammarian, his whole aim and ambition wrapped up in perfecting a tense, a method.

But he was gradually becoming accustomed to his new existence and to the souls in his charge, and, by striving to take an interest in his parish, had grown to be half in love with it and with his people.

He was not what you might call a good-looking man, but the honest light of goodness and true worth shone from his blue eyes behind their spectacles, and his brown hair, just sprinkled with a touch of grey, shaded a face noble and strong in expression, though pale with much study.

Maimie, his piquante sister of four-and-twenty, with her laughing pink and white cheeks, and her rosy dimpling mouth, was such an utter contrast to him, that it was no wonder they were such firm friends.

Lady Forsytus, who owned a good deal of property in and about Puddleton, had begged the brother and sister to take an active interest in the Home which she was founding in their village, and to which she had devoted one of her prettiest country houses.

Puddleton was like many another village in the fair county of Somerset, surrounded by trees and hills, well-wooded and well-watered. So beautiful in every way was it, that the Vicar reflected on the delight that it would afford to the women who had found life a hard battle when they came to end their days in the Red Manor, under the green slope of the hills.

But he was not allowed to reflect long over Lady Forsytus' letter.

Maimie came in to rouse him with the news that she expected him to accompany her down to the house, to see that everything was in order for her new-comers on the morrow. And with a sigh of regret for his beloved study, he departed.

It was a late October day when Madge Paton and her three elderly companions arrived at Puddleton Magna.

The air was crisp with autumnal freshness, and the leaves in the wood above the house were turning bronze and yellow with the touch of the dying year. The bracken, more beautiful in its golden and green dress than it had been in its summer colouring, studded the hedges round the old-fashioned garden, and the quaint straight-fronted Queen Anne Manor was a blaze of beauty with the Virginia creeper that clothed the front, and peeped into the narrow windows.

The three women who had come to take refuge in the Home were out in the garden, enjoying with keen appreciation the country air from which they had been absent so long. And Madge watched them half curiously from the drawing-room window as they wandered feebly about the terraces.

They were old and bent. One of them had been a governess all her life, and was fast losing her sight. Another had sunk from governess to mother's help,

and had lost her health in slaving for poverty-stricken niggardly families, who had starved and ill-treated her because she was friendless.

And the third had lost health and money in striving to keep lodgings which nobody wanted to take.

"Life is a hard thing, after all," said Madge to herself, as she sat thinking over her own life for the past eighteen months.

Her week in bright noisy Valetta had seemed a dream to her, while she waited with Lady Forsytus for the completion of her business, and the arrival of the homeward-bound "P. & O."

She had an indistinct recollection of jangling bells, and of brilliant sea and white houses, and of dark-eyed Maltese women in their *faldettas*, who looked curiously at her. Then of her return voyage, and of tiresome little Dorothy Morgan, who had effectually succeeded in distracting her attention from her own sorrows by constant demands on her time and sympathy.

She seemed now to have spent nearly all her life at the Home, for she had grown so accustomed to the routine of her office that she often found herself wondering whether she had ever been anything but manager of the "Forsytus Home for Penniless Gentlewomen."

As she sat there in the gathering dusk, she became aware of quick steps on the gravel outside, and of the click of the gate that led up from the shrubbery; and in a few moments, Hughes, the head maid, ushered into the room a lady and gentleman, and set down a lamp upon the side table.

She rose to her feet hurriedly, half confused by the sudden light, and found herself being greeted by a girl with a shrill sweet voice and an ecstatic little manner.

"How do you do, Miss Paton? We could not help coming down at once to see if you were quite comfortable. I am Maimie Short, and this is my brother, the Vicar."

Maimie stopped abruptly, for the graceful figure in the black gown that had risen up at her words was so different to the personality of the "suitable person" she had established in her mind, that she could not restrain a little gasp.

"You are so different from what I thought you would be," she continued impulsively, still holding Madge's white hand in her own.

Over her shoulder, the Vicar was looking too, with a world of interest in his eyes, at the beautiful face of the girl before him, and the glorious eyes that sorrow had deepened into something that was almost too perfect for words.

In all his life there had never flashed across his path a woman who came so close to his ideal of womanhood as this fair girl, and he drew his breath sharply as he listened to her soft voice, and saw the smile that woke the dimples in her cheeks as Maimie spoke.

"I am so sorry to have disappointed you," she said, and then looked up at the Vicar, with the light of the shaded lamp softening the misty depths of her eyes. "Please don't say that you think me too young



to be here," she said pathetically. "These poor ladies seem to like to have someone young about them; and I am very sympathetic when they tell me their troubles, for—I have known a great deal of sorrow myself."

"Too young! Why, you are just charming," said Maimie demurely; "and I wish I was a poor lady, so that I might live here with you. No; but my brother quite thought you would be like many other of dear Lady Forsytus' 'suitable persons': well, quite middle-aged, and perhaps afflicted with blindness."

"Maimie!" cried the Vicar, a sort of horror coming over him as he remembered the terms he had applied to the lady who was coming to take up her abode in the Red Manor. It seemed desecration to have even thought of them in connection with this lovely girl before him.

But Madge laughed blithely, and Short listened with wonder to the silvery sound, which he found himself comparing afterwards, in the solitude of his study, to a chime that a fairy might have rung on the gold clappers of a bluebell, and then took himself to task for his frivolity.

"I hope that if you like me you will come often down to this house to see me," Madge said warmly. "Our poor ladies will be delighted to have a bright young visitor, and perhaps you will help me in giving them ideas in the way of work and painting; for we want to make a little money by the handiwork of our inmates, which will go to outside pensioners."

Maimie was delighted at the idea, and she and her brother took their leave with many promises of future meetings.

"She *is* a darling, Basil—don't you think so?" cried Maimie, as she clasped her hands round the Vicar's arm, and looked up into his face.

"I—I think she seems very nice," said he hurriedly, with a blundering desire to hide the real truth of his feelings from Maimie.

For, alas! poor Vicar, he had fallen head over ears in love at first sight with lovely Madge Paton.

Maimie laughed mischievously.

"Don't you think she is a darling? *Nice* is such a cold word," she said, pinching his arm softly.

"I—I really do not feel myself competent to judge quite so soon," said Short, with an elaborate affectation of indifference.

"Oh yes, you do, Basil; oh yes, you do," whispered the sprite at his side.

"It is really growing quite cold, my dear Maimie," he continued, ignoring her last remark, and looking about him with an eager desire to find something or someone to distract her unwelcome attention.

But Maimie—naughty, discerning, heartless Maimie,—laughed merrily the whole way home, and woke up in the night to laugh again.

### CHAPTER III.

ALL through the dull months of autumn and winter life was very bright to the Vicar of Puddleton Magna. He became so different to his usual self

that Maimie laughingly declared that he had left ten of his forty years behind him.

The study was deserted, the Greek and Hebrew books laid aside and collecting dust on their brown covers, while Basil Short was at the Red Manor or in the country lanes with Madge, reviving his skating, his botanising, and his sketching powers.

Madge had little to do in the Red Manor, so far, save to regulate the housekeeping, and to interest the three ladies under her charge in their various employments.

They were a very happy party, and as the Shorts spent a great deal of their time with Madge, the girl soon regained her usual spirits in Maimie's cheerful society.

She did not forget the man who had loved and deserted her.

Her best affections, her very life and love, had been bound up in him, and it is no light matter to forget when such is the case.

Night and morning she thought wearily of Seaton, till the wound in her heart ached and throbbed anew, and she longed and craved for peace and oblivion.

She was not ignorant of the Vicar's feelings; for what girl can be of the palpable admiration of a man who is never happy save in her society, and whose very eyes are instinct with rapturous love?

It was very pleasant to her, after all, to be the centre of the world to someone again, and to feel that there was someone to whom her lightest word was law, her most careless smile a treasure.

She was one of those women who, while they draw breath, must be loved, who would rather die than spend a life of lonely self-concentration.

It was her highest earthly ambition to be first with someone, to be essential to the happiness of some fellow-creature, and she could not help a faint feeling of pleasure when she woke the love-light in Basil Short's eyes.

It was wicked to love a man who was married to another woman, but there was no sin in envying a life of love and peace, and such was the life that the Vicar of Puddleton Magna could offer her.

Maimie Short was delighted with her brother's downfall.

The deeper he plunged in the stream of love, the more she encouraged him, and brought about crafty little plans of meeting, and conversations deeply planned, between him and his sweetheart.

Madge Paton was sitting one bright January morning in the little room that was devoted to her private use, reading a letter from Lady Forsytus.

"MY DEAR MADGE," it ran, "I am sending you another inmate for the Red Manor. She is quite young, poor thing, and seems to have had an awful life for the last year. She is a widow; and it is a blessing, poor soul, for her husband drank himself to death six months after their wedding, having previously spent her little fortune in paying his gambling debts.

"Her name is Seton. Be very sympathetic with her, there's a good soul. She will be with you to-morrow.

"Your letters about the Home are charming.—In great haste, yours ever, "SARAH FORSYTUS,"





"Madge looked away across the snow-bound hills."—p. 194.

"Madge! Madge!" said a voice at the door as she finished the last word of the letter, and laid it down before her on the table. "Let me in directly, you tiresome creature!"

Maimie shook the handle imperiously, and when her friend unlocked it with a smile, she bounded into the room, a round rosy vision in a fur cap and a sealskin coat.

"Gracious goodness, Madge Paton! do you mean to say that you are spending this heavenly day indoors? Lay down your pen at once. Basil is waiting outside, and we are all going to Durdon Lake to skate. I've got luncheon for you in this basket. Now, don't say no, for this is the last day we shall have alone probably for some time, as Basil has got a nasty tiresome Indian friend coming to stay with him very soon, which will break up our party."

"What will Mr. Henderson say to that?" said

Madge, with a smile, as she bundled her letters into a drawer.

Mr. Henderson was Maimie's enthusiastic admirer, and the young couple were on the very verge of an engagement.

"Mr. Henderson! Oh, well, it doesn't matter what *he* says," returned Maimie, with studied indifference in voice and manner, as she bent over a photograph to hide her vivid blush.

The little party paired off very comfortably as soon as they left the Red Manor behind them. And while Maimie and Mat Henderson shot ahead with a rapidity which did them credit, Madge and the Vicar lagged unaccountably behind.

Perhaps their skates were heavy, or the scarlet rose berries were tempting to the eyes of an enthusiastic botanist against the pure white background of the snow-wreathed hedge.

The crackling snow was crisp under their feet, and the very air seemed to be laden with tiny floating frost crystals, which flashed in the struggling sunshine.

The Vicar was silent at first. He was nervous and unlike himself, and Madge unconsciously caught the infection of his manner, and trembled without knowing the why and wherefore of her feelings.

At last he said, suddenly and awkwardly—

"Madge—at least, Miss Paton—I think that you know what I want to say to you, and what I, a blundering, stupid sort of a fellow, cannot find words to say. I love you, dear; will you be my wife? I will try and make you very happy."

Madge looked away across the snow-bound hills.

What a different wooing from her last passionate one, when handsome Jem Seaton had carried her away with the force of his pleading and his love.

She remembered him now with a keen pang of bitterness, but her voice was very steady as she answered the Vicar's words.

"I will be quite honest with you, Mr. Short," she said, and he, looking at her face, saw by the stern tension of her mouth that she was deeply moved. "I do not love you, though I esteem you very highly. I was once engaged to a man who—who married another girl, and my love died with him, and is buried in a deep grave from which it can never be disinterred. But if you will take me, knowing this fully, I will try and be a good wife to you, and in time I may perhaps love you."

It was a great risk, but the Vicar took it, and reaching out his big strong hand, he took hers tenderly.

"Darling," he said gently, "I never expected that you could love an old fogey like me. But it will be heaven on earth to be allowed to try and comfort you, to teach you to forget."

He felt an impotent fury rise up within him as he thought of the other man, and saw her blanched cheeks and the unshed tears in her eyes.

Would the spectre of that other love rise for ever between them? or would his honest affection win the day in the end, and teach those lovely eyes to soften with love for him?

Madge was worth the risk, and he cast his doubts to the four winds.

She turned her face to him, and smiled.

His words were so inexpressibly sweet to her sad heart, and the idea of a life of quiet peace and happiness so tempting that she gave way.

"I will try and care for you very much, for you are so good—the best man I ever knew."

His humility was inexpressibly touching, and she forgot that he was no longer very young and that he was very far from good-looking, and in another instant he was startled by a sudden kiss upon his hand!

It was quite a shock to him, for he had never imagined, in his wildest dreams, that he might kiss his divinity. Such an idea had never entered his mind, and his brain whirled with the thought.

Then, awkwardly enough, the arm that had never before circled a woman's waist slipped reverently round his sweetheart's, and, stooping down, he laid a light kiss upon her forehead.

He dared not touch her lips—even to kiss her cheek would have been a desecration in his eyes. And when she shrank back a little at his touch, he humbly begged her pardon and took his arm away.

Still, he was strangely, wonderfully happy, and it was only when he received the congratulations of his sister and young Henderson that he could at all realise the truth of the matter: and even then he was not sure that it was not all a brief delirium.

They parted at the gate of the Red Manor, and he went home to the pretty vicarage, to thank God on his knees for the great joy that had entered into his life; while Madge—strange, inconsistent woman—went up to her room to cry and cry over the photograph of the man who had deserted her.

That evening the new inmate of the Home arrived, and Madge went to meet her at the door, serene and sweet in a grey gown, with knots of heliotrope ribbon about it, and a velvet bow of the same colour in her hair.

Mrs. Seton was sobbing when she arrived, and sobbing still when she walked into the hall with a helpless persistence, which, in spite of Madge's strenuous efforts to the contrary, irritated her exceedingly.

She was a tiny woman, scarcely more than a girl, with pale straw-coloured hair, and big blue eyes, which were red round the rims with much weeping. But Madge felt sure that under happier conditions, well-dressed and well-appointed, she would be out of the common, pretty and fascinating. She was dressed in a shabby black gown, which looked as though it had not been brushed for weeks, and she limped a little as she walked.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she sobbed plaintively, when Madge had taken possession of her, and had carried her off to her own private sitting-room to have some tea. "Isn't it awful? I am only twenty-seven, and here I am without a penny, and without any possibility of earning anything; and lame—yes, lame, from a blow which my husband gave me when he was drunk!"

She did not seem to require much sympathy to draw from her the recital of her troubles, but Madge, thinking it might relieve her to talk of them, let her ramble on.

She was sitting very comfortably at Madge's writing table in an easy-chair, sipping her tea and nibbling at her bread and butter, and her sobs had ceased, save for an occasional tremulous one that shook her little frame disconsolately.

"He took to drink before I married him," she went on, not waiting for Madge's sympathy; "he took to it in India, but I thought I could save him, like many another foolish girl. He only lived six months after we were married, but in that short time he managed to spend every penny of my tiny fortune, and to nearly ruin my health. The Royal Blues paid my passage back to London—it was very kind of them, considering what a disgrace Captain Seton had been to the regiment—but since then I have been nearly starving."

Madge's brain whirled, and she could hardly steady her voice to ask, in a tone of horror—

"What regiment was your husband in?"

"The Royal Blues," said the little woman complacently. "It's a good regiment, you know, and it seems awfully hard, when I've seen all the amusement and fun of the smartest half of Indian society, that I should come to this."

What were her complaints to Madge in this sudden agony that had come upon her!

There before her very eyes was her rival—the girl who had won the heart of the man she loved away from her! And she was bound to sympathise with her sorrows, to console her, when it made her shudder to be in the same house with her!

She clenched her hands together in a bitter conflict: the most bitter she had known in her whole life.

And while she was fighting with herself, her eyes misty with pain, the little woman in front of her was prattling on petulantly about her trials and her cruel husband.

Then Madge's better feelings conquered, and she stretched out her hand with a shiver, for she felt strangely cold.

"Poor child!—poor little thing! I am so sorry for you!" she said tenderly.

And Rosamund Seton, looking up, thought that the tears in the beautiful eyes were for her own misfortunes, and she smiled languidly.

"Thank you so much, Miss Paton. I know you will sympathise with me. Of course, I was very silly to marry Tom, but then——"

Madge caught her breath quickly, a new light breaking in upon her.

She rose swiftly and went to her desk, and took out Jem Seaton's photograph.

"Was this your husband?" she said in a strange hollow voice, as she held the picture before Rosamund's eyes.

"That! no, oh dear no!" said Mrs. Seton, with some curiosity. "How did you know him? He was the other captain in the Royal Blues, and he never cared for my husband, because he did not like our keeping our engagement a secret. Tom exchanged into the Royal Blues, you know, for some reason, so they were not together long. But it was always rather awkward their being of the same name, only that it was differently spelled."

"Awkward!" what an inadequate word to use for the coincidence that had ruined two lives! Madge sighed impatiently.

"And, poor thing," went on Mrs. Seton's even tones: "a girl threw him over in a very cruel way. She was coming out to Calcutta to be married to him, and when he went down to meet the boat, she had got out at Malta, of course to marry someone else, and he was never the same after that."

Madge stood with her hand on her heart, the photograph fluttering to her feet.

"Don't you see? Oh, can't you see?" she moaned. "I am that girl. I was engaged to Jem Seaton, and I saw in the paper the announcement of what I thought was his marriage to you, and so, sooner than face him in Calcutta, I got off at Malta, and came here with Lady Forsytus as manager of this Home. What shall I do? oh! what shall I do?"

She had broken down now, and was sobbing passion-

ately, and even Rosamund's selfish little heart was stirred within her.

"What a dreadful thing!" she said curiously. "I don't know what you *can* do now. Write to Calcutta, and explain your mistake."

"No, no!" moaned Madge's white lips: "I could not do that, for I must have killed his love by my doubts of him. I see it now—oh! I see it now. I ought to have trusted him, and gone on to Calcutta. He will never forgive me!"

Rosamund Seton stared at her with passionless round eyes of wonder.

What a foolish girl she had been to make such a mistake in her life! Surely she could not expect much pity when her troubles had been all her own fault! And Mrs. Seton carefully selected a macaroon and deliberately ate it, while Madge, her face buried in her hands, was sobbing tearlessly and hopelessly as she thought over her ruined life.

At last she rose to her feet, and pushed back her hair with a quiet gesture of self-repression.

"I can do nothing now. It is too late; and he will think that want of trust in a woman is worse than want of love. Thank you, Mrs. Seton, for telling me so much that must have been painful to you. Would you like to come and see your room?"

Rosamund, as she followed her guide, stared with amazement at the statuesque figure, with the face from which all traces of emotion were just vanishing.

She felt that Madge could not have much heart, after all, to bear the news so calmly.

She could have sympathised with hysterics, but not with coldness, and she therefore kept Madge waiting upon her fretful little self till far into the night, demanding help and pity, which the girl patiently and dully gave her.

Then when she was at liberty, and shut herself into her own room to be alone, only her own heart knew the misery that those four walls witnessed till dawn of day.

And when the cold grey light began to steal in through the blind, she flung herself on her bed, to dream in a short troubled slumber of the man she had injured so cruelly.

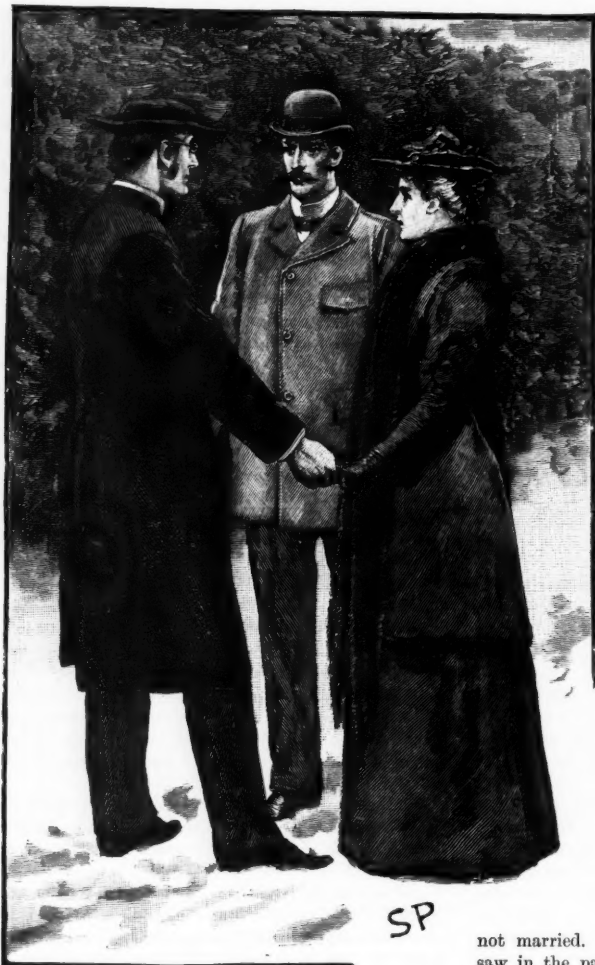
#### CHAPTER IV.

MADGE had not only herself to think of in this great crisis of her life. She had to consider three people: the Vicar, Jem Seaton, and herself.

Of the first she scarcely dared to think, for his pain was quite undeserved: of the second, when she trusted her mind to dwell on him, she knew that till death should still her heart for ever it would beat for him alone, and therefore she had no right to wrong one man by marrying him when she loved another, who might cross her path again. For herself, she only prayed that she might be led to do right, and to follow, not her own inclination, but the path of goodness.

She kept indoors for two days, sending down a message to Maimie and the Vicar when they came that she had a bad headache, and could see no one.

But in the afternoon of the second day she braced up her nerves for action, and set out for the vicarage,



"God bless you both."—p. 197.

with an indefinite idea in her mind of putting an end to her uncertainty by some speedy means.

She passed swiftly up the frost-bound lane, between the tall hedges, and by the trout stream, where the icicles hung under the bank like crystal candles.

She made a pretty picture in her violet gown, with some soft black fur at her throat and round the brim of her little hat; though her face was pale with the conflict she had undergone during the past two days, she had altered wonderfully little since we first saw her on board the outward-bound steamer.

At the end of the lane, where the vicarage garden began, was a little walk, bordered by thick yew-trees on either side, which led up to the gate, and when she entered it there was a solitary figure pacing up and down in front of her.

At first she thought, in the shadow of the gloomy trees, that it was Basil Short, and her heart beat faster as she reflected on the painful interview that must inevitably take place between them.

But surely the figure was more youthful and erect than the Vicar of Puddleton's, and even as the truth struck her, Jem Seaton had wheeled impetuously round, and had seen and recognised her.

A cry so great went out from him that Madge paused, petrified with wonder and cold terror.

What if he should drive her from him with cruel, well-deserved words that would crush her very life out of her? and she turned away, half-prepared to fly from him.

But with one bound he had caught her in his arms, and was straining her fiercely to his heart.

"Madge, Madge!" he cried, and she could feel the mighty throbbing of his heart against her shoulder. Then he pushed her away from him as she lay motionless.

"Madge!" he said hurriedly, "what are you doing here? Where is your husband? Why have you come back to torture me again? Could you not have thrown me over in a less cruel fashion? Or are you, like so many other women, happy only as you can reckon so many male scalps at your waist?"

He laughed hardly, and Madge clung convulsively to him.

"No—no, Jem," she sobbed, "I am not married. I—oh, God, help me!—I thought—I saw in the paper that you—that Captain J. Seaton had married Rosamund Finch, and as you had never mentioned another man of the same name in your regiment, I thought it was you; so I got off at Malta, and came back with Lady Forsytus to be superintendent for her Home for Penniless Gentlewomen here."

He stared at her incredulously.

"You thought that I had married another woman, when I was daily expecting my little wife, and her home was ready waiting for her?" he said, with a faint touch of contempt that cut her like a knife.

"I was mad! oh, Jem, I was mad!" she wailed; "and poor Rosamund Seton has just come to the Home, and I learned everything from her. Oh! can you forgive me? I have been so miserable!"

He looked into her eyes.

On her face lay the traces of many tears, and here and there a line scored deeply in the delicate skin told him she had suffered.

"Forgive you?" he said passionately. "Yes,

Madge, I forgive you, but I shall never trust you out of my sight again."

It was then that she remembered the Vicar, and her promise to him.

"Jem," she said, in sudden dismay, "what shall I do? Only two days ago I promised Mr. Short to marry him, though I told him that I did not love him, and that all my love was buried with you."

"Mr. Short!" laughed Seaton, with a happy triumph in his voice, as he shut Madge's lips with a kiss. "My dear child, that old fogey, good and dear as he is, will not break his heart over your desertion. I should think he proposed to you out of sheer pity for your loneliness; all the heart he ever had is shut up in his Greek aorists. Just tell him that you have made a mistake, and it will be all right. I shouldn't wonder that he has forgotten your very existence already. He was in a regular brown study at breakfast this morning—over a Hebrew verb, I suppose. Bless your dear little heart! don't cry over him. He is right enough; and I ought to know, for I am one of his oldest friends."

From behind a clump of yew-trees, thick and dark, came the sound of a throbbing sigh, unheard by the lovers in their arcadia of happiness, but caught up perhaps by a listening angel, and wafted, a true self-sacrifice, to the very throne of God.

It was the Vicar who stood there, faint and dizzy, leaning against the thick branches.

He had unawares come upon the couple, and had heard every word they had spoken before he could collect himself sufficiently to be able to hide out of earshot.

And here in the crisp snow he fought the hardest battle of his quiet life, and came out victorious.

Half an hour later, when the lovers were still in the yew walk, the black figure of the Vicar came towards them from the further end among the trees.

There was a quiet smile on his face as he got up to them, and if his face was ashen white, no one noticed it, for it is only the eyes of love that are quick.

"Jem, my dear boy—Madge," he said, taking a hand of each, still smiling, "God bless you both; what a strange and beautiful reunion! We will forget any little mistake we may have made, dear; for when I think it over, I see there was a mistake—on—both sides."

He laid their hands together, and passed on; and if, when he was out of sight, the smile faded in a rush of tears, no one was any the wiser.

Even his sister thought, when she found him buried in his beloved books once more, that he did not much care after all.

The thought consoled her for the loss of Madge as a sister, and she became quite enthralled in the romance of the reunited lovers.

And if Madge, with a woman's true instinct, guessed something of the storm that had passed over the pale student's head, she forgot to be more than a moment pitiful for him in the golden glory of her own happiness.

If there is much joy in this world, there must of necessity be sorrow for each child of man. And in the end, sorrow enriches the heart, and wings the soul to heaven.

## THE DISCIPLINE OF PAIN.

BY THE REV. J. H. BERNARD, D.D., FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

"Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered."—HEB. v. 8.



IN these words the Apostolic writer appeals to the life of our blessed Lord as illustrating in a remarkable degree the principle that pain is a means of discipline. A principle, this, hard to learn, but none the less true. Though we do not know why there should be pain at all, we do know that it serves many good purposes in the progress of the world; and among these the fact that it acts as an agent in the formation of character is not the least conspicuous.

The subject of pain is, no doubt, a subject from which we all turn with something of dislike. When we are not in trouble ourselves, we are unwilling to be drawn into the consideration of a subject so mournful, so full of gloomy possibilities and sad

memories; we prefer to dwell on the lights rather than on the shadows of human life. "Why not look on the bright side of things?" people say; "we should not anticipate pain by thinking of it beforehand." But yet, sorrow is so prominent a feature in ordinary experience—we are exposed to pain at so many points—that we are not acting as serious persons should if we do not, at least, occasionally set ourselves to consider it, and inquire what lesson it has for us, to what good effect it may be directed in our own lives. And further, we should remember that if we are to form any calm judgment upon this disciplinary influence of pain we must do so at a time when we are not overwhelmed by its presence. When we are in pain ourselves, we are not capable of reflecting dispassionately on its meaning or its message. A human soul carried away by the shock of overmastering sorrow cannot justly estimate either the greatness or



the purpose of the pain with which life is surrounded. At such moments the uppermost reflection is that it is too great to be borne: that in our case, at least, it is unjust and intolerable. Hence, it may be a prudent thing to direct our attention, now and then for a quiet quarter of an hour, to the educational value of pain. Our Lord, we read, was made "perfect through suffering." Is there any similar progress in the lives of ordinary men and women? Is it true to say that, in general, suffering refines and sanctifies the Christian character?

1. Reflect first upon the lesser pains of life, such as the pains of toil or the pains of poverty. These are pains which we can readily understand may often be full of blessing. "It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth" is true in more senses than one. And, on the other hand, the enervating influence of an unceasing round of thoughtless pleasure is manifest. It is not an uncommon thing to see a man endowed with great gifts—gifts of mind, body, and estate—deteriorating steadily in character from day to day, just because he has never encountered any obstacle to check him in his selfish, complacent round of delights. There seems no outlet for his energies but in pleasure, and so he seeks it there, with the result that he grows weaker and less manly, in spite of his better self. Here is a case in which pain, the loss of money, of position—aye, of reputation—may be an unmixed blessing. It puts him on his mettle; it is a means of strengthening his character. The strong men of this world are those who have had obstacles to overcome, whose path has not been always strewn with flowers.

It may be said, perhaps, that there are few people whose lives are so surrounded with pleasure that the pleasure becomes a source of weakness to the extent that has been suggested. But the truth is that we are all too much afraid of pain. The character of Tito, described with such terrible faithfulness by George Eliot in one of her great books, is a typical character. Many a life is wrecked, many a splendid possibility is thrown away, simply because the command "Take up the Cross" seemed too hard to obey. We may be sure of this: that it is not until one realises in some measure what is meant by "enduring hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ" that the full strength of the Christian character can be reached. Pain, then, even in its lesser forms, is a strengthening influence. We chafe under the restraints which it imposes upon our freedom; and in the struggle to overcome them we bring out whatever is strongest in our nature. No one who has not suffered is strong.

2. But, again, there are other pains, very common and very distressing while they last—the pains of disappointment. Failure in a long-planned undertaking, the despair which overtakes us when our motives are misunderstood, the severance of old friendships—these are some of the commonest pains of life. None of us is always successful; few of us

escape misrepresentation; many of us know what it is to lose a friend. It is often hard at the time to see what possible good effect upon our lives such trials as these can bring about; and yet, if we can recall any such sad experiences, we may remember at least one benefit that resulted from them. It is at such times that our true character becomes patent, if not to the world, yet to ourselves. The power of self-deceit is so strong that as long as things go well with us we may never question our own infallibility of judgment, candour of disposition, amiability of temper. But when we are driven in on ourselves by the rude questioning of sorrow, we begin to understand that, after all, things might have been different if we had been different. We may not—very likely we do not—admit it to ourselves openly; but there is always after failure or disappointment—if we are not entirely filled with an inordinate self-conceit—a suspicion aroused that it might have been our own fault. The disgust, for example, with which we view the failure of a scheme professedly for the glory of God or the service of men may, perhaps, suggest to us that it was our own self-importance we were thinking about, and not the glory of God at all. The shock attendant upon the loss of a friend may reveal to us as a possibility that perhaps we are not altogether desirable as friends, that there may be something hard, or selfish, or uncandid in our conduct. And so in every case: there is no agent more potent than pain in revealing to us our secret character as it is in the sight of God. If it puts upon us more honesty, more charity, more single-mindedness, it is a true blessing in disguise.

3. These, however, are not the most intense forms of human suffering: there is the pain of bereavement. When this is present with us, there seems to be no comfort, no mercy, in earth or heaven. And yet it is a discipline—a hard, a terrible discipline—by which God calls us to Him when lesser trials have elicited no response. It often seems a mockery to speak of blessing being contained in bereavement; often, indeed, "our safest eloquence is our silence"; but yet, many a time it has been in moments of sorrow and anguish that the full meaning and seriousness of life have been brought home to the heart. When oppressed by the nearness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death the soul is led to seek for some practical solution of the mysteries of life and suffering. "I found trouble and heaviness, and called on the name of the Lord," is not the experience of the Psalmist of Israel alone. The *Via Dolorosa*—the way of sorrow—is the way to the Cross.

And we must not overlook the sympathetic power of this pain of bereavement. The presence of a pain to which all men feel themselves exposed is a bond of union and the root of sympathy. Much of the kindness and compa-<sup>n</sup>ion of human beings in respect of their fellows in distress is called forth by the memory of their own sufferings of a like nature. Pain, even more than joy, makes the whole world kin.

In these different ways, then, as in many others, pain is a means of education, a factor in the development of individual, as well as of national, character. We can see in the case of others—though not so clearly in our own—that pain may bring blessing in its wake. And, indeed, under the conditions of life in this world, pain will be a discipline to us, whether we wish it or not. It remains with us to determine whether it shall be a discipline for good or for evil. It may influence us for evil; make us hard, unsympathetic, cynical. But it may also teach us, if we will, lessons of kindness and patience; by its penetrating criticism it will exhibit us to ourselves as we are; it will strengthen us for achievement of our appointed tasks; and even by the shadow which it casts upon life, it will prompt us to look with more longing towards that country where is neither sorrow nor pain. For, indeed, suffering quickens our powers of spiritual perception in a strange way: the Delectable Mountains, whence the pilgrims in Bunyan's allegory saw the vision of the Heavenly City, were not far from the Castle of Despair.

Thus the good or bad effect of pain on our Christian progress depends very much on our mental attitude in regard to it. There must be a deliberate acceptance of it, as containing lessons for our learning, if we are to extract from it that lesson which God wishes to teach us. So our Lord speaks of *taking up the Cross*. The burden is not merely to be endured; it must be taken up with something of a voluntary acceptance.

"All very easy to write," says some poor soul; "very easy to acquiesce in, but very hard to practise." And this is true enough. When we notice the sorrows and disappointments of our neighbours, we find it natural enough to say, "How that man's character has been purified and ennobled by hardship! How that woman's life has been sanctified by suffering!" But when the thing touches ourselves, general reflections of this sort are of little use. We know very well that

it is not happiness, but goodness, that we are put into this world to pursue. That goodness will bring happiness in the long run is indeed a principle of religion, but it is not obviously true as regards the present world. And so it is only by bringing home to ourselves the truth that pain is not merely a penalty exacted by nature for wrong-doing, not merely a factor in the forces of the evolution of the human race, but also a discipline controlled in every detail by a Father in heaven, that comfort can be gained by the stricken soul. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth" is an Apostolic maxim; and that is, perhaps, as far as we can safely go in respect of the philosophy of pain.

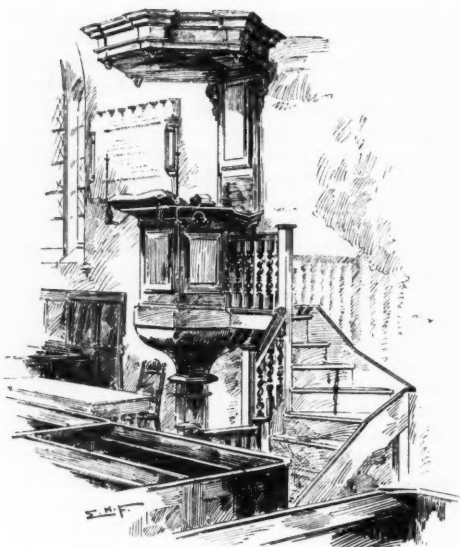
And yet we must try to see a step further. In the presence of the mystery of the Passion pain seems to take upon itself a new aspect. The true consecration of suffering is at the foot of the Cross. "Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered." Pain is a discipline of the Christian character, for it formed part of the discipline of the character of Christ. Sorrow brings us closer to the Man of Sorrows. Thus St. Paul speaks of our being "baptised into the death of Christ," of "being crucified with Him." These phrases are full of profounder meaning than we can grasp, but, at least, they teach that union with Christ involves union in suffering here, if in joy hereafter. "The disciple is not above his Master"; and we may learn by failure and sorrow something which joy could never teach us of that love of God in redemption which was consummated in the sacrifice of the Cross. "He Himself"—the words are familiar—"went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain; He entered not into His glory before He was crucified." So, truly, our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ, and our door to enter into eternal life is gladly to die with Christ, that we may rise again from death, and dwell with Him in everlasting life."



## THE CHAPELS OF THE FIRST NONCONFORMISTS.

**I**N most instances, it is well known, the devout people who were the first to separate themselves from the services performed in their respective parish churches in the seventeenth century made use of such existing buildings for their meetings as they found convenient for their purpose. Sometimes these were private houses; often, especially, they were the dwelling-houses of the ministers; sometimes they were disused buildings that had formerly been parts of monastic establishments; and sometimes they were the halls of the merchants' guilds. At Berwick-on-Tweed use was made of the Free School for some time. We have plentiful evidence of the exact nature of these various arrangements in old diaries,

in public records, and in local memoranda. The narrative of Edward Terrill, a schoolmaster in Bristol, gives us particulars of the gradual growth of the Puritan party in that city, and mentions that the first little group of nonconforming worshippers met together for prayer at the houses of a carpenter, a glover, and a grocer alternately, and that when the latter died his widow continued to give her adherence to the nonconforming movement, and was mobbed and had her windows broken in consequence. Tong, in his "Life of Matthew Henry," relates that this distinguished man was invited to preach at the house of Mr. Henthorne, sugar-baker, in Chester, and that so many good people flocked to it that it was found

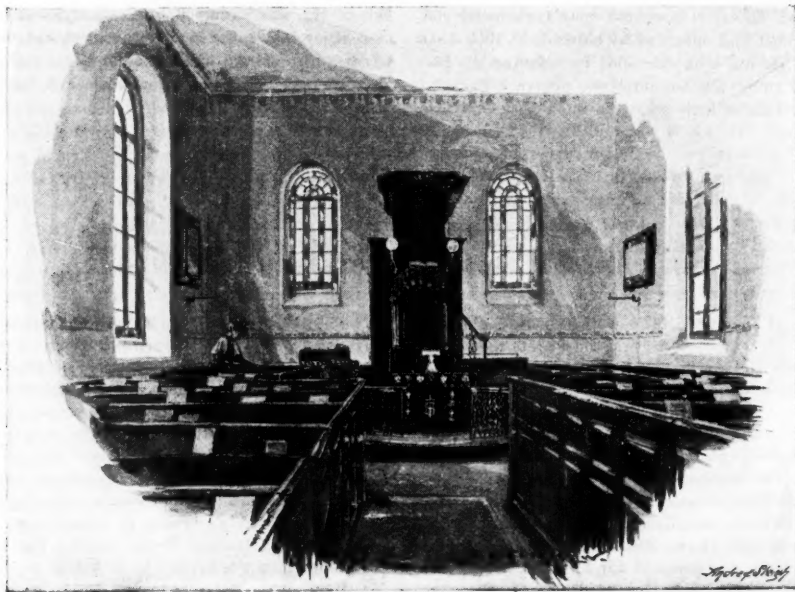


MATTHEW HENRY'S PULPIT, CHESTER.

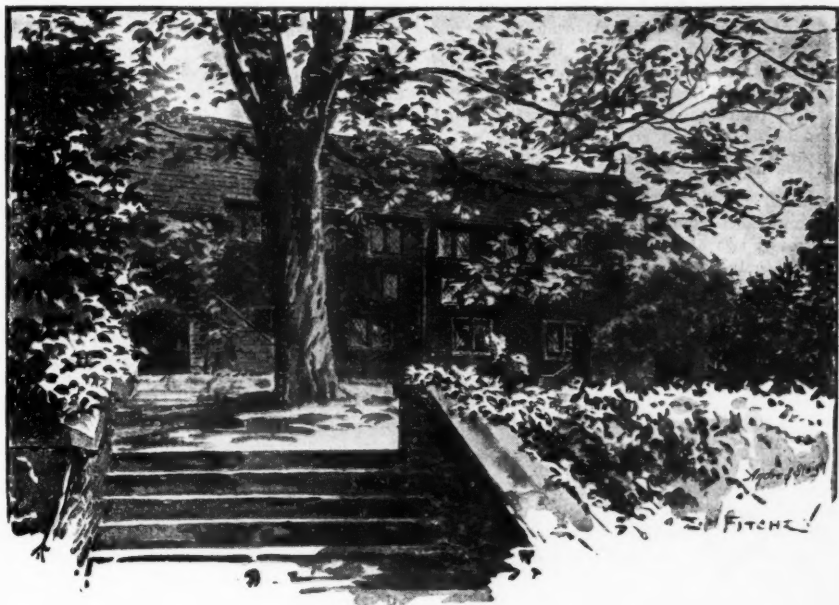
necessary to provide a larger place; and Mr. Hen-thorne again came to the front, and gave them the use of a pretty large outbuilding which belonged to him which had been part of a Friary, and that it was made ready with so much forwardness as to be opened on the next Lord's Day. Other journals also give similar testimony. On the passing of the

Toleration Act buildings specially intended for dissenters' places of worship were built in large numbers.

Most of the buildings in which the first Nonconformists met have been enlarged or otherwise altered; and many of them have been quite rebuilt. Some are said to have been rebuilt, when a little scrutiny reveals that they have been only partially taken down, and extra space included by the extension of one or two of the walls, and therefore still retain fragments of the original buildings; and, on the other hand, some of them are called ancient, as though they had been handed down intact, when they have been, in reality, much modernised. Here and there, however, we may still look upon the structures that were so much to our forefathers two centuries ago. There is a beauty as of homeliness about some of these old places, for the lines upon which they were built were as simple as possible; so there is the grace of their association with honoured names still clinging to some of them. The Baptists seem to have been early in the field as builders, on account of their greater difference of opinion, which left it certain that their views would not be adopted by the Church party. The other two leading divisions of dissenters, Presbyterians and Independents, appear to have been under the impression that concessions would be made which would enable them to return to their old places in their respective parish churches, and they do not seem to have commenced building with so much zest. We read of the alternations of their fortunes, as affected by political influences, in Pepys' "Diary": "Mr. Hill of Cambridge tells me that yesterday put a change to the state of



LYDGATE CHAPEL.



KNUTSFORD, CHESHIRE.

England as to the Church; for the king now would be forced to favour Presbytery or that the city would leave him"; and again, he wrote down, whilst waiting in the channel for orders to bring King Charles over to "his own," that he paced the deck of the *Nasby* with Mr. Moore, who had brought despatches from London, "who did give me an account of all things at London. Among others, how the Presbyterians would be angry if they durst, but they will not be able to do anything." A little later than this time, too, he wrote down: "My letters tell me that Mr. Calamy had preached before the king in a surplice," and adds, "This I heard afterwards to be false"; and then he mentions, "The old clergy talk as being sure of their lands again, and laugh at the Presbytery." And in the same year, after recording a report of "a head of Fanatics," he praises the Lord Mayor for carrying himself honourably, and causing one of their meeting-houses in London to be pulled down. And he also mentions "Great talk of the difference between the Episcopal and Presbyterian clergy; but I believe it will come to nothing."

The chapel built for Matthew Henry in Chester is still standing. The front has been renewed, and some of the windows altered, but the back and south walls remain, as well as the external staircase leading to the gallery; and the interior has not been seriously disturbed. There are the two rows of massive oak pillars that divide it into three parts; there is the original pulpit in which Matthew Henry preached in the year 1700, and there is the old dark oaken gallery, the space under which was partitioned off in the last century to afford accommodation for a

portion of the congregation that, in its turn, differed from the rest of it, and seceded from it.

Lydgate Chapel, which is about five miles out of Huddersfield, is also of much interest, though it has also been altered. This building, like the last-mentioned, was erected at the close of the seventeenth century, and is said to have been rebuilt in 1768: which, however, probably means only partially so; and furnished with a gallery in 1786, and with a bell-turret in 1848. Both reading-desk and the canopied pulpit are within the communion-rails, and there is an old oaken chair on the side of the table not occupied by the pulpit stairs. In a recess under the table are three volumes of Tillotson's Sermons, chained to it by iron chains sufficiently long to admit of the books being placed on it in the olden style.

Another very interesting old chapel, and one which the restorers have not spoilt, is that of Dean's Row, about six miles from Stockport, which partakes of the characteristics of those of Knutsford and Macclesfield, in so far as the diamond-paned windows are not large and round-headed like those of a somewhat later day, but small and rectangular, with a stone mullion down the centre of each of them, and the gallery is reached by external stone steps. It retains its old oaken pews. It was built during the ministrations of the Rev. Eliezer Borch, which extended from 1687 to 1707. Matthew Henry assisted at the ordination of this minister's successor, and made the following entry in his "Diary" concerning the ceremony:—"Sept. 2nd, 1707. A solemn fast in the congregation of Dean Row, for the ordination of Mr. Hugh Worthington, whom they have chosen to be their pastor in the room of Mr. Borch. I preached



from 2 Cor. v. 18. Mr. Angier prayed over him. Mr. Jollie of Sheffield gave the exhortation. We had many things very affecting. The Honourable Mr. Cecil Booth was with us in the evening. This was one of the Stamford friends."

Knutsford Chapel, however, where Matthew Henry also preached, has a still greater charm for us, on account of its recent association with Mrs. Gaskell, and because she has described it so daintily in her story entitled "Ruth." There are four small rectangular mullioned windows along the front of the ground storey, two above them, and then six above these again to light the gallery. The roof at both ends is brought down to cover the two external gallery entrances which project wing-fashion at the top of two external flights of stone steps. The ground-floor of the building is approached by a doorway that opens into a porch-like way behind these steps. The front and much of the roof are grown over with foliage. In the burying-ground that adjoins it is a monument marking the last resting-place of Mrs. Gaskell. Puritan steadfastness and simplicity could not be put before us in a more delightful aspect than that presented by these chapels.

At Norwich, the first Presbyterian meeting-house of 1689 has completely disappeared, and on its site stands an octagonal chapel, which in its day was pronounced one of the most elegant in the kingdom. This was not erected till the middle of the last century, when Wesley thus described it:—"December 1757. I was shown Dr. Tayler's new meeting-house, perhaps the most elegant one in all Europe. It is eight-square, built of the finest brick, with sixteen sash windows below, as many above, and eight skylights in the dome, which indeed are purely ornamental. The inside is finished in the highest taste, and is as

clean as any nobleman's saloon. The communion-table is fine mahogany; the very latches of the pew doors are polished brass." Within are eight pillars to support the roof, which also came in for a great deal of admiration at first, because they were so well painted in imitation of marble as to deceive those who looked upon them. By way of entrance to this octagonal building is a classic portico, with columns and pediment. Several chapels erected about this time, or soon afterwards, followed this lead, among which may be mentioned Whitefield's Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road. There were a great many parish churches in Norwich, besides the beautiful cathedral and two churches for the Flemings, when this chapel was built; nevertheless, there was not wanting a devout congregation for it among the workers in crape and bombazines and stuffs for which the city was then especially celebrated. There is a Queen Anne Chapel in the neighbouring county, at Bury-St.-Edmunds, which has not been altered since it was built, in which a winding stair leads from the reading-desk to the pulpit, over which there is a sounding-board in the form of a canopy. Over the vestry door remains a tablet recording the date of its erection: 1711. It is built of red brick, and is lighted by round-headed windows of the usual type. It stands on the site of an older one, which the congregation had outgrown. Edmund Calamy, it may be remembered, ministered at Bury-St.-Edmunds for several years prior to his appointment to Aldermanbury (about 1640).

Some early Nonconformists in Dover built themselves a chapel, or meeting-place, when the town lay wedged in the cleft between the white cliffs on either side of it, brown and grey, close and compact, when there were no rows and rows of uniform houses, with

their fronts veiled with verandahs, along the beach, and the grand old castle looked down only on narrow streets, with narrower lanes turning out of them, with here and there a delightful old building in them like the *Maison Dieu*. We are told that the congregation was driven from this meeting-house in 1661, probably when the return of King Charles the Second, and the accompanying rejoicings, salute-firings, and health-drinkings, had intensified public feeling in the little town on such matters for the time being. Pepys tells us, in his "Diary," that when the king landed at Dover he was received by General Monk and great crowds of horsemen, citizens, and



OCTAGONAL CHAPEL, NORWICH.



noblemen. The mayor presented his white staff to his Majesty, who, standing under a canopy provided for the occasion, returned it to him; then the mayor gave him a very rich Bible as a present from the town, which the king accepted, and declared it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. "The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination," Pepys wrote. No wonder that the mayor took it upon himself about this time to put a lock upon the meeting-house door, and still less that it was promptly taken off again, and thrown into that worthy's garden. Within twenty years of this time the number of the congregation had much increased, notwithstanding many annoyances and frequent interruptions of the services, and it was resolved to divide it into three branches: Sandwich and Deal being joined together as one, and Folkestone and Hythe as another, with the understanding there should be an annual gathering at the Dover branch on the first Sunday in May. The little edifice that was thus speedily outgrown has not been handed down to us. It would have been interesting to have seen the building frequented in those days by the Dover, Deal, and Sandwich men and women, to say nothing of those of Folkestone and Hythe. We know the fearless character of the Cinque Port people in old times: how they occupied themselves in deep waters, and went down to the sea in ships: how for centuries they were ready with their money and their men at the king's need; and, like the famous gun in Dover Castle, always ready, too, to carry a ball to Calais Green, so to say; and their little meeting-place doubtless partook of this fearless simplicity in its structural treatment. Be this as it may, the curious craving that has so frequently and persistently set aside all the old homely and historical associations with which the first meeting-houses should be now embowered asserted itself here, as in so many other places; and in 1819 the foundation stone was laid of "a new and elegant" house of worship. We may see that the reputation of the Norwich chapel was in the builders' minds, for, though not so large, it is of polygonal form, with a round-headed window, full of small squares of glass in each plane of it.

Mention has been made of Berwick-upon-Tweed. In this strongly fortified, walled-in border-town and seaport, John Knox officiated as minister for two years; consequently, we may assume it was rendered a

very receptive field for "the new religion." The vicar, at the date of the Act of Uniformity, Luke Ogle, was duly ejected: nevertheless, the first meeting-house was not built till 1720. Before that date a house in "Easter Laine" was used for worship, and, as has been said, the use of the Free School was allowed, on condition that neither the master nor the pupils were inconvenienced by it. As time went on and dissent became more defined and acknowledged, a meeting-house was built on the



ABBAY CHAPEL, TAVISTOCK.

north-east side of Hide Hill, capable of seating 700 persons; and this being found insufficient, four years afterwards another was erected higher up the hill, capable of seating 1,500 persons, which was called the High Meeting-house. This is no longer in use, except as a warehouse; but the congregation, now reduced in number, still meet in the Low Meeting-house. A third chapel was built about 1755 that was known as the Middle Meeting, to distinguish it from the Low and High Meetings. It was in Berwick that Knox first substituted ordinary bread for wafer, and the sitting position for kneeling in the ceremony of Communion; and slight as these matters seem, compared with the duties involved in the grave enjoinment to love our neighbours as ourselves, considerable commotion must have been the result. "The practices of the Lorde's Supper yewzed in Barwicke-upon-Twyed by Iohne Knoxe, preacher to that congregation, in the Church there," is the title of a tract written by him in Berwick, which is a token of it.

Now that we are in the north—"the dark, and true, and tender north"—mention may be made of a William-and-Mary chapel at Dob Lane, Failsworth, near Manchester, that is of considerable interest; and a Presbyterian chapel at Chowbent, in which similar features are presented on an extended scale,

particularly in the matter of the number of round-headed windows with prominent key-stones and springing-stones. At York, too, there is another William-and-Mary example that must not be passed over. This is the chapel at St. Saviour's Gate, erected for their Majesties' dissenting subjects, and opened for worship in April, 1693. It is built, unlike those already mentioned—which are either parallelogrammic or octagonal—on a cruciform plan, and a low pyramidically roofed tower rises from the point of intersection. At first a high massive wall screened it off from its surroundings, but this has now been exchanged for iron railings, that let in the light and air. Sir John and Lady Hewley were the chief personages in the little community that first assembled in it, and occupied a large pew facing the pulpit; and in their memory, an arm-chair used by them, and portraits of both of them, are still preserved in the vestry. Of the chapel built in Halifax in 1689, only two of the original walls remain.

In the same county, at Briarfield, near Burnley, there is an eighteenth-century chapel that may be mentioned as characteristic. It is uncompromisingly square, with two storeys of rectangular windows and a rectangular door with a small tablet over it, mentioning its purpose and the date of its erection. It is built of stone, like the mills in the neighbourhood, and, like them, with the exception of the tablet mentioned, does not possess a single touch that could have been withheld.

The Presbyterians, in the reign of James the Second, assembled in Derby in a small chapel on St. Mary's Bridge, and there, after a short tenancy of a building near the market-place, they built themselves a chapel in 1698, in Briargate. Coventry, Leicester, and Hinckley also built meeting-houses at an early date. In Nottingham, too, the Independents had a chapel as early as 1682, which has been enlarged several times from its original size; and the Presbyterians had another that they built in 1690; and the Baptists had likewise a chapel here at an early date. Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, records in his "Journal" in 1649, that he went to the steeple-house at Nottingham (which was the stately spacious parish church that Leland described as being "unyforme in

worke," and having "so many fair windows in it, no artificer could set more"), and, during the time of Divine service, addressed the people and was thereupon committed to prison; after which episode Quakerism took still deeper root. Pepys, in 1661, writing of Baldwick, set down in his "Diary": "I find both here and everywhere else that I come the Quakers do still continue, and rather grow than lessen."

Looking southwards now, we may see at Tavistock, Devon, an instance in which part of an old monastic establishment was used, and is still used, as a dissenters' chapel. The Vicar of Tavistock was another of "the glorious two thousand" who were evicted from their livings, in consequence of which treatment the Earl of Bedford made over to him in perpetuity a building that once formed part of the great monastery there, and which is supposed to have been the chapel of the abbots. It belongs, therefore, to an earlier part of the history of our native land than the William-and-Mary chapels, yet partakes of their pathetic interest. The windows have two cusp-headed lights divided by mullions, and over the low-arched doorway is a bold label moulding. It is bowered in foliage.

On the north side of Newington Green there is a chapel that was built in the reign of Queen Anne by a small community of Presbyterians, and which was not modernised till 1860. It was plain and square, built of bricks, and covered with a tiled roof; and in front of it grew a row of fluttering elms. To this little edifice came Daniel Defoe when it was spick-and-span new and the elms were but saplings; and a nephew of Matthew Henry was one of the first trustees. Mary Wollstonecraft, who kept a school on the Green, was also among the early worshippers, and Samuel Rogers, the poet, not only attended the services all the days of his youth, but continued to be a trustee to the end of his days. Before the modernisation took place, a small brass plate in one of the square pews indicated where Mrs. Barbauld used to sit; and we are told that her sister and Dr. Aiken, author of the never-to-be-forgotten "Evenings at Home," sat on the opposite side of the chapel. Surely there are places that can be better spared than this relic of Queen Anne's reign, with its continuity of associations!

SARAH WILSON.

## GARTH GARRICKSON—WORKMAN.

### THE STORY OF A LANCASHIRE LAD.

#### CHAPTER IX.



THE evening Mildred was returning from a round of visits. She had begun with conventional afternoon calls, and then dismissing the carriage had gone to several cottages. It was her way to take her richer and poorer neighbours together, with no change of attire or manner, excepting that to the latter she went on foot, and with a little accession of friendliness.

The day had been very hot: even now the air was scarcely cool. She was warm and wearied, and walked slowly. There was no need for haste: her father was away, Kildare at home.

She was passing through the country beyond Daddy's cottage, a broad, grassy valley, bounded by bare hills, only the one before her—their own hough—wooded. That was wooded thickly almost to the summit; and half-way up it, among the trees, the little white-washed house perched, in fashion problematical to strangers.

Mildred meant to mount to it and rest there, then take her way home straight up through the beech wood and over the brow of the hill—a steep climb and lonely, but a much shorter route than round by the lane, cooler, and commanding a noble view.

She had come across from the high road, and was descending from the general land-level into a dell through which a brook went bickering, a wooden bridge, much higher and longer than necessary, spanning it from side to side; behind, the view was shut in by the bank she had descended; before, the wood rose steep and high. This was the prettiest nook in the country to Mildred—very fair just now in the tender evening light.

She looked with loving eyes, then paused. On the bridge below was Garth.

He did not see her—his back was towards her. He seemed busied with something—she could not see what. His dog was ferreting about in the brook.

It did not occur to Mildred to retreat. How could she retrace her steps so far? and why—for Garth? She advanced.

As she stepped on to the plank and her own dog joyously greeted his friend beneath, Garth turned round, and she saw what he was doing: only carving with his knife on the handrail; but he started guiltily, and cut a sudden obliterating gash through his handiwork.

An embarrassed flush rose in his face.

"How are you, Garth? and how is Mrs. Garrickson?"

"Pretty well, thank you, Miss Caryl." She was always "Miss Caryl" now.

"I thought you were always at the Mechanics' on Wednesday?"

"It is closed—the classes are—for the summer. It is very hot in town."

"Oh, yes, I remember. Yes, very hot everywhere—you must feel it in the mill."

"Yes."

There was no complaint in word or tone, but both said much to Mildred.

"I wish you needn't do it, Garth!"

"Oh, the heat is everywhere! One can bear what all do."

But Mildred knew what the mill was, even in winter; and his love of grass and trees and air, his hatred of confinement, of brick walls; and thought how *she* had borne the heat, in a lounge by a shaded open window, gazing drowsily across the lawn and beeches to the hills—too hot even to read; and then driving, and drinking

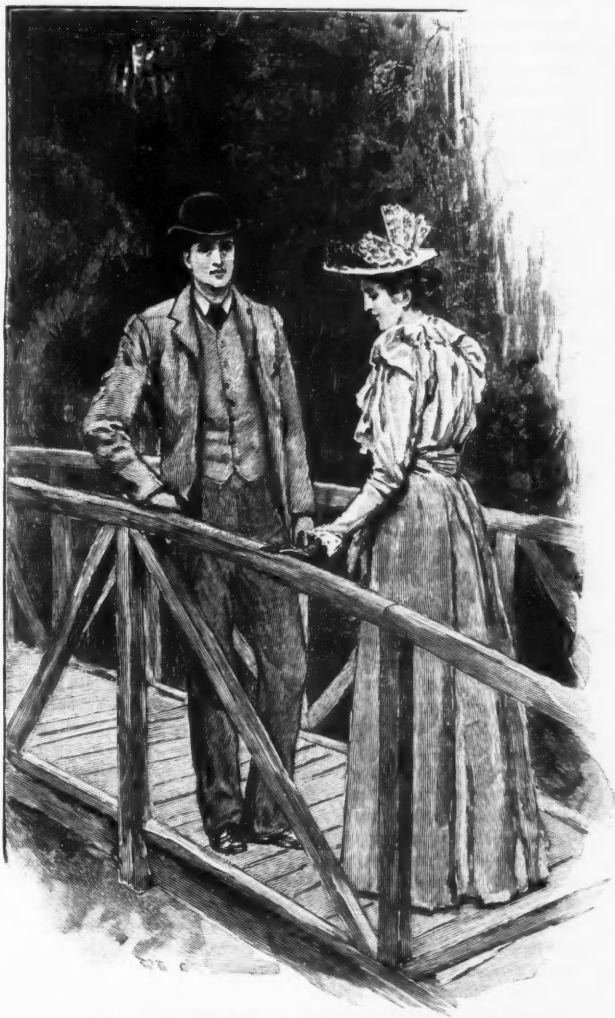
refreshing drinks in cool drawing-rooms, chatting in shady gardens.

Her gaze wandered away in compunction, and rested on the dogs below: one had fallen into the brook and was scrambling out, dripping; while the other on the bank barked his entertainment.

They looked at each other and laughed.

"Garth—do you remember?"

Of course Garth remembered: how she had run away from her governess one afternoon, and they had come trespassing in these lower woods, which belonged to a neighbour—an M.P., usually in London—and were jealously preserved. How, being pursued by a keeper, Mildred had floundered into the brook as clumsily as the dog just now; how Garth had hauled her out on the safe side (while the man protested and



"Mildred's eyes fell and rested on his carving."—p. 206.

his dog barked on the other), and carried her off in dripping triumph, to leave her in Daddy's bed and bring dry clothes—and the indignantly scolding *Fräulein*.

How they laughed!

"I wonder how ever you got me up 'The Ladder.'"

"Oh, I was a strong enough lad; but you were very wet."

"And frightened! You were very good to me, Garth—far too good to such a naughty child—always!"

"I did not often know you were naughty."

"No, I hid it from you as often as I could; I was afraid of your morality. You did not know I had run away then."

"I knew we were trespassing."

"But that was not against your morality: your inward sense of the injustice of the owner excluding the public in his absence. I remember your fervid oration——"

"I remember you wanted to go. You begged till I gave way."

"Against your sense of right, Garth?" regarding him.

"I'm afraid so, missie."

The old name in the old tone, with the old smile she had not seen for so long. Mildred's eyes fell and rested on his carving, not quite effaced.

"Mi . . . Gar . . . ." she read.

A sudden uncontrollable blush overspread her face, the long lashes drooped, the mouth trembled, the head bent slightly; then it was raised and turned, but not quickly enough to hide the quick-succeeding paleness, the clear light in the eyes, the sweet curve of the lips, the look of gentle pride.

Garth looked and read it all. A wondering light sprang into *his* face—a surprise joy dawned in the dark eyes. There was a breathless pause——

Footsteps on the bridge—scarcely wide enough for two to pass. They turned. It was one of the Hall servants—the discontented Emma, who had stayed on—and an admirer. Seeing who was in their path, they stood at the end of the bridge, waiting.

Garth said abruptly, "Good-evening!" pulled off his hat, and strode away in the other direction, leaving Mildred to meet them, acknowledge their recognition, and go on her way alone.

The girl and her companion passed on. Emma laughed.

"What a pity! I wouldn't 'ave come if I'd known."

"Why not?" The lad was an employé at the mill, respectable and discreet, and Emma's mockery displeased him. "Why shouldn't Miss Caryl speak to Garrickson?—they're very friendly."

"Very—this looks like it," stopping to examine the handrail. "Look—what's this? 'Mi'—that's the bottom of L, and this is D. 'Gar——'"

"Nonsense, nonsense, lass! Much more like 'Minnie Garner.'"

"It's no such thing! That prig, indeed!"

"Come, Emma, she's no prig."

They wandered away to Minnie's virtues and delinquencies, but neither forgot that cutting.

Meanwhile, Mildred went on slowly along the path under the hill until she came to the narrow lane leading up to the road above—a steep lane, indeed, and none the easier to climb for the dilapidated steps placed at irregular intervals—a truly break-neck place, locally known as "Jacob's Ladder."

For once it was too much for Mildred. She felt suddenly faint and chilled—quite disinclined for Daddy.

She sat down on one of the low milestones at the foot of the steps—actually the border stones of her father's land on this side—and tried to rally herself.

Why had Garth changed so? Who was ever to put things right? She was a mere, mere woman, helpless!

Oh, Garth!—if he would but be true to himself! That pride would ruin him unless broken—"Pride of race, pride of place." Oh, Garth!

It grew late, shadows gathered—she began to shiver. Then the thought that Garth might return and find her like this roused her. He must not see her again that night. She began to clamber up the ladder, and soon reached Daddy's cottage.

She had intended passing now, and going straight home, but the old man was sitting on the stone bench outside the door, and beside him sat Minnie, busied with some mending for him. She had had leave to go to Mrs. Garrickson's. Garth had been coming this way, and had brought her to see her uncle. He was to call again and take her home.

"But it's gettin' let," the old man said; "you'd best go with Miss Mildred, my girl." He was very fond of Minnie.

She seemed reluctant.

"I've not done your mending."

"Toots, toots, lass! 'T will do another day. Or ye might tek it whoam, if so be Miss Millie would allow."

"Yes—oh yes, bring it, by all means."

Clearly Minnie wished to linger.

"I've almost done; it isn't worth while."

"Then I will wait. I think, Minnie, Garth may have forgotten you. I have seen him; he went the other way."

In truth, an inward revulsion had seized Mildred. How could this girl go about the country with Garth? She was but a servant—it was not befitting. The feeling was intensified by Minnie's quietly confident, "Oh! I don't think he will forget."

She sat down on the bench from which Daddy had risen, so evidently intending to wait that Minnie wisely rolled up her work, and saying prettily that if Miss Caryl *would* trouble, she must not detain her, went in search of her hat.

The old man sat down in her place, and leaning on his hoe looked out to the glimmering landscape, while Mildred looked at *him* and wondered at the peace in his face.

His life had been long and troubled, she knew: many a battle with the world he had had, and no triumphant victory over it; yet he had "won through," and the eventide of life was light and fair as this summer evening to him. She spoke abruptly, almost passionately. "Daddy! I wish I had your faith."

"Maybe, Miss Millie, you havena my cause; you



havens lived a long life and foun' the Lord at every turn as good as His word."

"But I have the word."

"Aye, missie, and it's a great and a gran' thing; but it's unreal until it's borne out in the life of a man. If so be as ye've not '*read*,' but '*tasted*,' as the Lord is gracious. '*Experience*': that's the thing."

"But, Daddy, mustn't we have faith to have the experience?"

"Aye, Miss Mildred, mem, of a soart; but there's soarts and soarts o' faith. There's ineeeshal faith, but it's poor stuff, poor stuff, mem. It's the experience ye'll want, to have the real faith—an *assurance* of faith, d'ye see?"

"But against circumstances?"

"Circumstances! Humph! we werena talkin' of circumstances as I knows on. Howsomedever, Miss Mildred, mem, it's no likely I'd 'ave faith in a god as served me as Baal did them poor fellows as give him all their beef and mutton, and got no fire to cook it wi'. The God as *answereth*, *He* is the God."

"But circumstances, Daddy. If you know a thing should be in such a way, and it's against circumstances?"

"What soart o' circumstances, Miss Mildred, mem?"

"One's station and surroundings, one's way of life."

"Well, now, mem, we're to consider there's a many circumstances in the world as is ruled by the Prince of this world—they're not the Lord's will—not they. But there's a many as is the Lord's will; there's circumstances as is the hedge on each side the path i' which His children should goo, and them as feels 'em barriers, and cries and beats agen 'em, is just turned roun' in the path and tryin' to git out, instead o' marching on."

"And how are we to know the difference?"

"Pray the Lord to show us. He gives the light in His own time. Give over strivin'; the servant o' the Lord must *not* strive. He works things round. Matters isna ripe, maybe. Perhaps there's others in this question as 'ave summut to learn; we've none of us got the whole world to oursel's, tho' some foalks ae' like it. It's no wasted time learning patience. Time—aye, it's time as is wanted, maybe the changes and chances o' this mortal life." And there was a pause.

"All things are passing. God never changeth," quoted Mildred softly, by-and-bye.

Old Daddy raised himself and stood leaning on his hoe, and looked out to the hills stretching away in clear-cut, majestic outlines.

"Aye—the very hills—the everlastin' hills is passin' away, and the men as is born on 'em, and grows up and passes back'ards and for'ards on 'em and dies, and is buried in 'em, *thems* all o' this world as is everlastin'. But there's one beyond. Aye—

" 'Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlastin' Thon art God,  
To endless years the same.' "

Daddy had talked himself into a fervour—the deep eyes glowed, the white brows contracted. One withered old hand grasped the hoe, while the other beat

time to the lines as he gave them out in the remains of the round, rolling, sonorous tones he had been wont to employ in the pulpit, and as they ended the feeble old voice quavered out into a familiar Methodist tune. Mildred's clear sweet one joined it, and they sang together, these two—in the light of this world so far, so near in the light of eternity—while the trees rustled a gentle accompaniment, and the quiet hills and fields seemed to listen. This feeble, ignorant old man had given Mildred just the strength and knowledge she needed.

She set off with Minnie, with a heart at peace; but Minnie's bosom was not peaceable or happy. The walk was uncomfortable; more than ever Mildred wondered what she was to do with her *protégé*.

Truly, Garth had forgotten the girl; he was striding over the land, scarcely knowing how or where, his soul in a tumult, his brain on fire. When he came to himself he was far from home—on a solitary road, the hills standing round in dim, solemn grandeur, and the country in the distance was dark—a light twinkling here and there.

Garth stood still and, leaning his arms on the wall, watched, or seemed to watch, while a mighty purpose took shape in him. He bared his head and looked up where the stars were coming out, and when he covered it and turned homewards there was a deep, manly, almost solemn resolution in his face.

He did not remember Minnie till he reached the cottage; it was fastened up and dark, and he went on his way—the way the girls had gone—through the beechwood and over the hill, blaming himself.

## CHAPTER X.

AND then—how was it?—they met but once again in all the summer, these two.

For some days Garth had gone about his business to all appearance as usual, but with an inward restlessness which had grown now almost uncontrollable. In the evenings he was no longer far afield, but at home, or about the grounds—at furthest with Daddy, for Mildred often came there, he knew; but Mildred he had not seen. He was as anxious now to meet as he had been to evade her.

And what possessed Mildred? Did something tell her he was waiting out there? Was it mere girlish shyness that kept her so much indoors? Or was it pique? Was she angry or was she afraid? He waited restlessly, watching eagerly, always, everywhere, but of Mildred he caught no glimpse—until one evening at tea he heard of a scalded child in the cottage next to Daddy's, and Miss Mildred's having gone, and rising from table without a word, he reached down his hat and went out. Straight across the fields and over the hill he went. He must watch that cottage and meet her whichever way she came. And he did watch—sitting on the low old wall at the top of the beechwood—watch and wait with patience, until he began to fear that she must have left already; and then at last his heart leapt up, as she came out and paused a moment at Daddy's door.

Garth sat and watched from behind the screening



trees with burning eyes which yet took in every detail: the dainty summer costume, the free, graceful carriage, the frank manner, which was yet so dignified—a woman so nobly planned, and the heart of her was *his*!

But there was scant time for observation, for with

to rest half-way, and sat below singing; and what was this?—

"It were profanity  
For poor humanity  
To treat as vanity  
The sway of love.

"In no locality  
Or principality  
Is our mortality  
Its sway above."



"You would not like to live here always?"—p. 210.

a mere word to Daddy, Mildred went on along the road, crossed it, mounted the stile, and came straight up towards him through the wood. This did not suit Garth; he must not be found waiting; she must see him suddenly; he must take her by surprise. He dropped from the wall, and moved away a little; directly when she reached the top, he would return swiftly.

And again he had to wait, for Mildred stopped

Garth, foolish fellow! How can you surprise her? Better go down. But he did not; he waited on.

It was not fair to listen. She was telling out her secret to her trusty old hills, and the free air and the birds, who would never tell tales. When she chose to tell him, well and good; there was all the future. So when Mildred reached the top he was standing at such a distance as made hearing problematical, and

instead of meeting her with keen, comprehending, all-subduing eyes, his back was towards her, and had full benefit of the first glance.

Now what was this—what possessed Mildred? All these days she had been shunning Garth—dreading, yet dreaming of the next meeting there must be. Well, here he was before her, and she must have known—she did know—how it was. One sign of shrinking—of hesitation—one touch of girlish shyness, and all would be over; the very set of Garth's shoulders said as much. But she did not shrink, she did not hesitate, there was no least tingeing of the cheek, no slightest drooping of the eyelids—she just came straight towards him in that free, dignified way, with clear, unabashed eyes, calm, unembarrassed speech.

"Guten abend, Garth. You have heard of this accident?"

"Yes, Miss Caryl."

It was all he could say. A wave of utter disappointment, that was agony, swept over him, and left him still, pale, grave.

This Missie—his little Missie whom he had carried about as a child, romped with as a lad, lost and thought he had found again? This the sweet, shy girl who had looked so, spoken so, acted so the other evening, down there on the bridge, under this same over-arching heaven? This was the Miss Caryl society knew—this self-possessed young lady who talked so evenly while he stood and endured as heroes do, and made no sign.

Did Mildred know what she was doing as she stood and chatted, and presently said good-evening and turned away, Garth dumbly helping her over the wall, with those kind hands which were always so steady and ready at need, and then plunging down the hill-side? Suppose she had turned back and seen that prostrate figure in the darkening wood?

Mildred, Mildred—what did it mean? Why had she hidden herself all these days and now met him thus? Had she reconsidered? Had she felt herself in fault? Had her head refused her heart? Did she regret having shown him that? Was she ashamed now?

It must be so, and he could not appeal to her. He would not. No! Unless she surrendered of her own free will, he would do nothing. He would ask no woman to stoop to him. He would let her alone.

Gradually, as he lay there and the stars came out, Garth became quieter. If this were the woman God had given him, as he had thought the other night, all would be well.

He had done nothing to win her love—and she loved him already—such a love would never deny itself. Sooner or later those clear eyes would see truth through the world's thin screen—surely, if slowly, she would capitulate. He would wait, if need, with "years of dutious service, till he win."

At last he rose and went home, calm and not despairing.

#### CHAPTER XI.

AND the calm lasted until the following evening.

All day he had gone about his work, quiet and pale, and with a preoccupied air which had not

escaped his companions' notice and remark. Already, had he known it, rumour was on the air and comments were rife; for no people are so quick in catching, or open in speaking of such things, as sharp-eyed, warm-hearted, ready-tongued Lancashire workpeople. But significant looks and undertone remarks had all escaped Garth, even when sudden excitement was caused by the news, passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, that Miss Mildred had gone away from home.

Preoccupied as he was, it all escaped Garth, until returning home in the evening, long after the rest, he overtook Minnie on the drive.

Garth liked Minnie; she was a pretty girl, well spoken, well mannered, and the days she had spent at his mother's house had led, naturally, to more intimacy than he cared to have with girls of his own class; he knew the names, even, of very few at the mill. Her shyness and strangerhood appealed to him; and then, too, she was always with Miss Mildred, and could talk about her. She was Mildred's *protégée*—he had treated her always with a brotherly kindness not at all disagreeable to Minnie. Garth was just the man to attract such a girl, strong and manly and grave. She could not help seeing that she had more privilege than others, and she had thought of it—as such brotherless girls will—more than she need.

So when Garth, instead of passing with a nod and word, as he might, stopped and shook hands and slackened his pace to hers, Minnie received him kindly, and amused him with shy chatter all the way up the road. And as they neared the top and Garth was preparing to say good-night, and betake himself off up the branching lane, it slipped out.

"Did he not know Miss Mildred had gone into Derbyshire that morning? She had friends in the country, at a vicarage, and the lady was an invalid."

Yes, he knew: "Cousin Margaret," Kildare O'Neil's sister.

"Miss Mildred had said it was a pretty place—she would like to stay altogether."

Gone!—and she had not told him! She had made her preparations in those quiet days, intending to escape. She had said good-bye to Old Pack—and meeting him had behaved—so—and gone, to Kildare's sister! She would stay long enough, no doubt—and Kildare travelling about—

A sudden unreasoning wrath seized Garth. That was her treatment of a man who loved her, because he was a workman, and could not greatly add to her own abundant plenty—a man whom she knew as she knew him, a friend from babyhood, a foster-brother, a fellow-man, her equal in God's sight!

Garth stood at the side of the road and looked across the roofs below—and he could have dashed himself down the cliff in his anger—across to the steadfast hills; and vowed—a deep strong vow—to wash his heart of Mildred Caryl—to give her no thought more.

Minnie stood by his side and saw nothing—she was chary of looking at Garth, and he was very still. All she saw was the view, the old houses beneath in the mellow light, the mills, quiet and lonely after the

noise and turmoil of the day, the tall chimneys with no stream of smoke to sully the clear air—it was very clear just now—pointing heavenward as surely as steeples, perhaps more characteristically of the folks of this ilk—and, surrounding all, the sun-tinged hills.

This was all she saw, all she knew—that Garth was regarding it.

"It is pretty!" she said.

Garth turned and looked at her. Pretty!—what was pretty!—Oh, the view! To her it might be—to him it would be hateful henceforth—and he paused.

Whatever else was pretty or not, the girl was. The breeze had roughened her hair and tinged her cheek—perhaps shyness helped that—the lips were red and smiling, the lashes lowered slightly over gentle gleaming eyes; her dress, a pretty Quaker-like grey, and shady hat pleased Garth's taste.

A throb came into his throat, a flush to his face, as he looked.

"I like the place very well," she was saying.

Garth stopped, crossed his arms on the wall, and looked down into the town; perhaps that was what made him so oddly dizzy. He was tired—*tired*.

"But you would not like to live here always!"—and his tone was slightly husky.

"Yes, I would like it very well."

"Down there, in the town?"—with a curious choked feeling—a dim sense of struggling against a vague, intangible something, and finding his strength unequal.

"I don't think I would mind: it is busy. I like to live where work is going on all day."

"It is dirty—you would not like that"—wondering what the impelling sensation was, and dimly guessing.

"My house would not be dirty. All the streets are not, and the people are many of them clean, sober people."

"Your company would make a difference, then?"

"A great deal of difference!"—*his* company, yes.

"A clean, sober husband, for instance"—seeing clearly now what he was going to do, and hurrying on.

She was thinking so; she blushed and said nothing.

"Well, Minnie"—with a catch in his voice she might well misunderstand—"you can have that without living in the town. Suppose you came to live with my mother, and I were your husband—how would that be?"

Minnie was a little stunned. Of course, she had fancied—she had hoped—some day, perhaps, but it had been a long way off, and this was sudden; and Garth had never let her know, or think about it properly. It was not this way she had fancied it at all—not the way one or two had spoken to her—not the way someone had spoken and looked that very day. But Garth was so unlike other men: he would never be "soft" like some young lads.

"Well, how would it be?" he repeated.

"I—I don't know!" she faltered, and then she stole a look at him.

Garth was leaning still on his arms, crossed on the

wall, his cheek flushed, his eye bright and stern—to Minnie he looked very determined.

"I should like it"—very timidly—"only—only—"

What her "only" meant she did not know. To Garth it sounded comprehensible, and the weight upon him lightened a little, the mist a little lifted. She was going to refuse—there was someone else in the case—some young boy in Scotland, no doubt.

He looked round, his eye softened, his brow smoothed.

"Only" what, Minnie?"—very gently.

This was what Minnie wanted. She hung her head, trembled, and said nothing.

"Is there someone else you like better, my good little girl?"—and his tone was natural, now; he was beginning to smile.

"No, Garth dear!"—very softly.

The smile died—he paled.

"Well, what then?"—trying to speak gently still.

"I—I don't just know; I—think I am frightened—and—and— Oh, I wish aunt were here!"—in sudden distress.

Why was he so odd and quiet? This was not the way Robin had spoken, and she had not wanted Robin at all. Even now he did not touch her, or offer to kiss or comfort her at all—only stood up and leaned against the wall, and waited until she was quiet, and then said, kindly enough, but quite coolly—

"Never mind, Minnie; there is my mother; she will be kind to you and take your aunt's place. You are always happy with mother, are you not?"

"Yes—oh, yes! And—and—you," shyly.

Evidently she was very fond of him.

"Yes; and you have no other home or friends—and we shall be very happy—oh, yes, very happy!—and you will forget all the trouble—and I—and—and mother will take care of you, and you will be a good daughter to her." He was really arguing with himself.

"And a good—good to you. I will try, Garth!"—and she crept nearer to him and lifted a flushed, rather tearful, face to his.

Garth started. What did she want—to be kissed?

He to kiss this girl, who had thought of such another? Yes, and he must kiss her now and always; and these were sweet lips, too. It was a pretty face, shy and full of love—all of such a love as Minnie had to give.

And he did it—he kissed her, and then led her away up the narrow lane; with his arm about her shoulders, too, and talking, kindly as he could, poor Garth; for, after all, it was his own doing, and he was touched.

He even began to feel a little savage triumph—it would do Miss Caryl good! She would think she had been mistaken. He had been so cool lately, and so kind to Minnie always. She would think he really loved the girl; and she should think so. He was glad he had never spoken a word to her. Suppose he had declared himself, and she had yielded, and given him up next day to please her father! There might have been trouble. No one would dispute with him for this girl.

It was safer for Minnie, too—she might have fallen into the hands of any scamp with that little fortune in store; he could take care of it, and her. Oh! it was better as it was, he said to himself, drawing Minnie closer, who nestled to him. Yes, she loved him, and was a nice, good girl—she would do very well, and it was suitable.

And then all was cloud and storm again. Minnie wondered what Miss Mildred would say.

"Suppose you write and tell her," he suggested.

"Oh, no! I couldn't—I couldn't. I don't like writing letters, and there's no need until she comes home."

"But if she is to be away a long time, Minnie?"—thinking that Miss Mildred had better hear while away from home.

"But she will not be away any time—it was so sudden—and she only took a bag with her."

"A bag?—she went suddenly?"

"Yes, in a few minutes' time. She came running up-stairs from breakfast—I was tidying her room—and said there was a letter; she must go at once. Her papa, the master, was going too, but he was going to London, and would bring her back on Friday or Saturday. The lady was very ill where she was going."

The lady ill!—her Cousin Margaret, whom he had often seen, and knew to be so delicate—so dear to Mildred, her one woman friend beside his mother; her father going through the village by rail, offering to take Mildred with him, drop her at the little wayside station, and pick her up on his return. The hurried departure—"only a bag"—how unlike his first hasty conclusion!

Poor Garth! Involuntarily he loosed Minnie and caught his hat from his heated brow.

"Why did you not say so?" he asked gravely, even sternly.

"I don't know—I didn't think.—Does it matter, Garth?" with a little anxious look.

He glanced at her sharply. Was she deceiving him? Had she done it purposely? No, evidently; it was only his own mistake—his own miserable mistake!

"Well, no—only—there is the school, you see, and another matter"—remembering that Minnie must never guess that Miss Mildred had any special interest for him.

"Minnie"—after some steps in silence—"don't you think it would be better if I told mother of this first, and you came to see her to-morrow? It is getting late, and I—well, to tell the truth, I've had no tea, and mother will be too busy getting it to attend to you properly. If I tell her, to-night, and you come to-morrow afternoon and have a nice quiet talk while I'm at work—women always want a talk, don't they?"—thinking of Mildred's long chats—"don't you think that would do?"

Minnie did not; she would rather have gone with him now. But if he had not had tea—though she would like to have poured out for him, too—if he wished it, of course it must be so.

And he did wish. He was thinking his mother must be prepared; he must not take Minnie to her

suddenly. She must take it in and settle her thoughts, and he would rather not be there.

But it seemed Minnie wanted him—she did not want to be alone with Mrs. Garrickson. If it could do in the evening and he could come for her, she would rather, she said timidly.

Very well, he would come for her. Yes, of course, that would be a good way of letting people know. Everyone must know—it must be old news when Miss Mildred came home.

But now he said "Good-night!" where he was, and in such a fashion as sent Minnie home satisfied enough.

How he told his mother Garth never could afterwards remember. He made what pretence of having tea he could, in silence, with a book before him as usual, but not reading, Mrs. Garrickson's sharp eyes could see. Garth's face never retained one expression when reading, and such a grave, resolute expression always meant something wrong. But, wisely, she held her peace, and at last he closed his book, gulped down his last cup of tea, pushed back his chair noisily, and standing by the table, made his announcement, not altogether as men usually do, perhaps, but with a tolerable show of cheerfulness.

And after the first startled glance—the transient grieved face-cloud—Mrs. Garrickson showed no more disturbance than mothers often do, and said less than most—that Minnie was a good girl and lovable, and would make a good wife; that it was suitable; confessed she *had* thought of it—only—and kissed her son, her eyes unsaying all her words.

And he spoke a forcefully laughing word of "losing her son when he got him a wife," and left the room—and that was all.

Only once in the evening did they speak again, when Garth, instead of going out or taking a book up-stairs as usual, had returned and sat at the harmonium, wringing her heart with it as she sat in the window, to all appearance tranquilly knitting.

"You know Miss Caryl is away mother?"

"Yes—she sent word."

A pause—then indifferently—

"Did she? She was written for, I suppose!"

"Wired—it was a telegram, Garth, delayed over-night. Mrs. Donaldson had a son, and wanted her."

"A son? I thought there were no children."

"This is the first, after all these years: it's only just possible the mother may live. Miss Mildred sent because they wanted me to go; but I felt I could not help, and I couldn't leave. She said, if all were well, she'd be home on Friday—at school, as usual, and asked if you would please be there."

Garth said nothing, but presently rose and closed the harmonium.

"Well, good-night, mother: I'll go to bed."

"Yes, you look tired. We'll have prayer now."

"Oh, I'll not wait—Janie will be busy. You can put up a little something extra for Minnie and me in confidence, if I am not here, you know!" with a little laugh as he kissed her.

And then Mrs. Garrickson understood the extent of the danger.

## CHAPTER XII.

MILDRED loitered slowly along a lovely Derbyshire road—a road level, white; bordered with greener, softer grass than grew in the fields at home, shaded by trees—not a thin line, but a wood, through which this pretty road wound like a private drive. Farther on the trees opened out on barer, more exposed country; but Mildred did not intend to go so far—she could not leave Margaret long—and it was sheltered and soothingly pleasant here. She needed soothing just now.

She had come on Wednesday: this was Saturday. She had fully intended returning with her father yesterday, but he had been, and gone on without her. Margaret was not to be left.

That alone was discomfort enough. To have come away leaving all in such doubtful order—her own affairs, the school, and so many sick; that scalded child, for instance, with no one even to change bandages and make decent food but a rough, slovenly mother—to say nothing of the visits and dainties she had promised!—all left at a moment's notice; not a word to anyone but just that hasty message to Mrs. Garrickson. It was disturbing.

Most disturbing of all was the thought of Garth. Suppose that message had been forgotten! She had met him so coldly the other evening—and then left so. Would he not misunderstand! She had had vague fears from the first; yesterday a word had been dropped which roused them to fever-pitch, and not even yet were they calmed.

At luncheon she had been trying to frame some message for her father to take which should say enough and not too much, when he had said, carelessly—

"By the way, Mildred, as you thought Garrickson could do the office work, I have decided to try him. Simister is retiring, and the young men are to do it between them."

"Oh! But, father, why both? Could not Garth—"

"Not all at once, my dear; presently, perhaps."

"Perhaps I was only thinking they might not get on. Kildare tries Garth."

"No doubt. Kildare has soft paws—duly furnished," said his brother-in-law, the clergyman.

"Garth can take care of himself," drily. "I was writing in my room the other day, and Kildare in the other—I could hear that scratch of his—when the outer door opened and shut, and the scratching stopped. 'Er—er,' drawls Kildare. 'A-s-suredly, assuredly. Garrickson, how d'ye spell "assuredly." 'Er—er,' says Garth, in exact imitation, 'a-s-s-u-r-e-d-l-y.' Then he adds politely, 'I thought 't would be so impertinent to say "a, double s, you are." ' Kildare went on scratching."

And in the midst of the laughter at this, came Mildred's heart-blow.

"He's found him a wife, Mildred."

"Who? Kildare?" and the clergyman looked at her.

"No, of course—Garrickson. That pretty little *protégée* of yours—what's her name—Jenny—oh, Minnie. I hope he won't marry yet; it will just spoil

his fortune," and Mr. Caryl launched out on a panegyric, while Mildred—struck dumb—listened half-unconsciously.

Garth engaged!—her friend Garth!—and to Minnie! Impossible! Garth, whom even her father, who so seldom praised his workmen, and had so high an ideal, thought of thus, to marry Minnie!

Of course it was impossible, she had told herself ever since—and yet—and yet— And the longing was terrible to rush home and see for herself. But what excuse? And here were Margaret and the wee son.

She had scarcely slept the previous night; in the morning had been pale and faint, and after luncheon had come out for a little air; presently must return to the sick-room while the nurse rested. She loitered on, trying to persuade herself that she was tolerably cheerful, and failing entirely. She turned a bend in the road and came within sight of the end of the wood; in the opening was a little silhouette of a figure—a post-boy, she saw, and took no further notice; there was but one daily post here—in the morning.

But he advanced rapidly, and, as he reached her, stopped.

"Where's the vicarage, please, mem?"

"Straight on—a mile or so—on the right behind the church."

"Mister Donaldson's, I suppose, mem?"

"Yes. What is it, a letter? I am staying there; shall I take it?"

"I'm thinkin' it must be yourn, mem. It come to Chapel-le-Frith, and there's no post till Monday, so I'm sent. What name, mem?"

"Caryl. Oh yes, it is, thank you; that is a long walk for you."

She sent him off happy with a shilling, turned and looked at her letter. It was directed indistinctly and erroneously: "Mr. Donaldson, — Rectory, Nr. Chapel-le-Frith." She recognised the writing, but not the writer. She opened it—oh yes, of course, Minnie—and then Mildred stood still in the road.

After all, it was as nice a little letter as Minnie could write. Mildred had sent her a list of things to get together and forward to her with Mrs. Williams' help, and Minnie wrote to say she had done her best, and hoped Miss Caryl would get them before Sunday; one or two she could not find. And then at the end she added that she would not intrude, but as Garth had wished her, and she was writing, and as Miss Mildred was taking so much trouble to find her a place, she must tell her there was no need to do that now, or take any more trouble, because she had promised to marry Garth, and they would live with Mrs. Garrickson, who was very kind to her—and, indeed, everyone was very kind, and she was very happy—for, indeed, she and Garth were very fond of one another; and she hoped the lady would soon be well, and Miss Mildred soon come home.

That was all. How long and anxious a task it had been to Minnie she did not think—only of what a baby-letter it was for Garth's future wife to write. She sat down on the low wall and turned her face to the wood, trying to realise it; Garth was gone—her world empty. She understood how it had been.





"At the foot of the bed he paused."—p. 214.

Garth was wrong; not for a moment was she deceived, her eyes were too keen, her brain too clear, she knew him too well; not for a moment did she suppose he really loved Minnie; and yet all was over now—for them both.

She raised her face and looked up into the cold sky; one short week ago so warm and deep, yet scarcely deep enough or broad to hold the pulsing joy of life—empty space now, as life would be henceforth. Was there no One yonder, that this thing should have befallen? Was His rule restrained, the rule of Garth's God? Garth! Garth! to have turned away from the Guidance he so trusted!

Had he never realised a higher order in the eternal mating of souls than merely this world's rule? Were there no exceptions? Had he never felt the All-Father's impelling hand that he should turn away from the path so clearly before him, because to enter he must bow his head—his English workman's proud head?

"Heaven's gates are not so highly arched  
As princes' palaces; they that enter there  
Must go upon their knees."

But his earthly heaven, workman as he was, he must enter like a prince.

Workman! Never was he so princely as when about his work, because never so utterly lord of himself. And the man himself—Garth Garrickson, workman—had all her life been her better self. Now her life would be barren as that bleak hillside.

And for him—what? Minnie was no mate for him, this sweet slight girl—whose sweetness was all weakness. She had no plummet for the depths of Garth's nature. He so needed the companionship of a clear, strong mind, a tender heart. No "sway of love" for him in life henceforth.

How would it be? Would both lives be wasted—the order of creation gone astray for both with his straying footsteps? A passionate cry broke from her to the Father of souls, in whose hand their breath was, and Whose were all their ways, that rather He would recall that breath than that all their lives they should wander from Him.

The afternoon wore on, the shadows sloped and lengthened; sometimes a vehicle passed—a heavy, creaking waggon, a whirling trap, a tourist on a bicycle; the birds twittered and flitted overhead, a rabbit scampered across the sward—

At last a voice roused her.

"Mildred—why, Mildred! are you asleep?"

It was the clergyman returning from pastoral visits. And as he saw her face—

"Ill? What is it? Margaret!"—in sudden alarm. He had left home before her. Had she followed with ill news?

"Margaret!" struggling to recall herself. "Oh, she was all right."

Margaret! His selfish anxiety for Margaret had brought all this trouble upon her. Then, seeing his distress—

"I did not see her again after you left; I think I have been asleep and dreaming," with a shiver. If only it were a dream, a mere dream; but there lay Minnie's letter on the grass at her feet. She picked it up and crushed it into her pocket. She must burn it; no one must be able to date the difference in her; no one must ever guess.

She went home with Roger Donaldson quietly enough. He, anxious for his wife, forgot to think of her, and ran up-stairs at once. A few minutes later they met again on the landing.

"She is sleeping," he said. "Will you go?—the nurse is anxious for tea and a rest."

Mildred went at once. The nurse put the babe into her arms.

"The mistress won't waken yet," she whispered, and left her.

Mildred sat down with the wee bundle of humanity on her knee, leaned back and closed her eyes in very weariness. Oh, to leave it all and fly home even now!

But the transfer from the nurse's arms to her own had disturbed the child; she had to rouse herself and make all efforts to still him, for the sleeping mother's sake; and as she hushed him, some subtle influence from the tiny thing—that influence most potent to every woman's heart—touched Mildred. She hid her face in his draperies, and saving tears came. Presently someone touched her; it was Roger, a cup of tea in hand.

"Drink this; it will do you good. Courage, Mildred; all will be well," thinking, of course, she wept for his woes.

He stooped and kissed his little son, and waited, caressing him while she drank her tea; then, taking her cup, turned to leave the room. At the foot of the bed he paused for a long tender look at his wife. Then the cup crashed to the floor, and there was a cry—

"Margaret—Margaret!"

(To be continued.)

## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

### INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

JANUARY 21ST. CAIN AND ABEL.

To read—*Gen. iv 3—13.* Golden Text—*Heb. xi. 4.*



INTRODUCTION. Last lesson ended with judgment and mercy. Adam and Eve punished for their sin of disobedience—turned out of Paradise, made to endure hard toil—but promise given of future Saviour Who should conquer Satan and restore man. Now two sons are born to Adam and Eve; Cain, who becomes a tiller of the ground, or farmer; and Abel, who becomes a shepherd.

I. THE SACRIFICES. (3—7.) What were they?

Cain brought some of the fruits of the earth. Offering of thanksgiving instead of sacrifice for sin.

But without shedding of blood is no forgiveness. Abel offered up a firstling of his flock.

The lamb—innocent and bleeding, type of Christ, Who died as a lamb for man's sin. (Is. liii. 6.)

Also, Abel offered his in faith. (Golden Text.)

He believed God's word, and obeyed Him.

Therefore his sacrifice was better, and his motive.

Abel's sacrifice accepted. Probably fire came down.

As when Aaron offered a sacrifice. (Lev. ix. 24.)

And Elijah on Mount Carmel. (1 Kings xviii. 38.)

Abel would depart in peace and happiness.

Cain's sacrifice rejected. He is angry and sullen. God remonstrates with him and rebukes him.

If he does right, *i.e.*, offers a right sacrifice, he too will be blessed.

If not, punishment for sin must follow.

LESSON. How to come before God.

(a) With sorrow for sin—a broken and contrite heart. (Ps. li. 17.)

(b) Pleading for mercy because of Christ's sacrifice.

Example. Publican in parable. (St. Luke xviii. 14.)

Then shall be pardoned, accepted, blessed.

II. THE MURDER. (8—13.) Notice—

The cause—envy of Abel's sacrifice being accepted.

This led to hatred, malice, murder.

The place—in the field or desert away from home.

The manner—treacherous: "While they talked together."

The question—bringing Cain's guilt home to him.

The answer—a lie, and a poor excuse.

The judgment—Abel's blood appeals to God.

God avenges the death of His righteous servant.

Cain is cursed. His work will be fruitless.

His life will be a misery to himself and others.

His own conscience will be his tormentor.

The appeal. The punishment too great to be borne.

But Cain shows no sorrow for the awful sin.

LESSONS. 1. Where envy is, there is confusion and every evil work.

2. God is angry with the wicked every day.

3. The soul that sinneth it shall die.

JANUARY 28TH. GOD'S COVENANT WITH NOAH.

To read—Gen. ix. 8—17. Golden Text—verse 13.

INTRODUCTION. The world became rapidly peopled. Men lived to great age—several hundreds of years—and founded large families. But many fell away from God. The earth became full of wickedness. Noah's family, alone faithful, were saved in the ark—all the rest being destroyed in a great flood. After a year Noah and his family left the ark. God blessed them and made a covenant with them.

I. THE COVENANT. (8—11.) Notice—

*The occasion.* Noah and family just left ark.

Would feel lonely and desolate after the Flood.

A few cattle their only possessions left.

But they spare some for a burnt sacrifice. (viii. 20.)

God renews promise of abundant increase. (ix. 2.)

Then makes a solemn covenant or promise.

*The persons.* Noah and his family and the whole future race of man.

The animals also included in it.

*The terms.* By water man should not again perish. Nor the earth and its produce be destroyed.

But the seasons should recur regularly. (viii. 22.)

Seed-time, harvest, summer and winter, etc.

This was God's part of the covenant.

What was Noah's part? To take what God gave.

To accept promised blessing with thanksgiving.

II. *The token.* (12—17.) What was it? Rainbow.

Caused by sun shining during a shower of rain.

Rainbow must often have been seen before.

Now to have to man a new meaning.

Rainbow not always seen from the earth.

But always visible from above clouds.

So God Who reigns above would always see it.

He promises always to remember His promise.

Men and animals may henceforth live in security.

LESSONS. The rainbow teaches about God.

1. *His protection.* Directs all the affairs of men.

Makes, preserves, and governs this world.

2. *His mercy.* Spares when we deserve punishment.

3. *His watchfulness.* His eye always on His people.

Rainbow also teaches man—

1. *To trust* and not be afraid.

Dark clouds often have bright linings.

May sing of mercy and judgment.

2. *To praise.* God has kept His promise.

The world has never been flooded again.

Harvest and seasons have come regularly.

3. *To fear.* These events written for our warning.

Must beware lest by sin provoke God's anger.

"Hear His voice—harden not your hearts."

FEBRUARY 11TH. BEGINNING OF THE HEBREW NATION.

To read—Gen. xii. 1—9. Golden Text—verse 2.

INTRODUCTION. Pass over 350 years after the Flood, and come to-day to the call of Abraham, the founder of the Jewish nation. His a most interesting and important history. God's promises were through him to the whole world.

I. ABRAHAM'S CALL. (1—3.) *Where made.*

In Ur of Chaldees, where his father Terah lived.

North-east of Canaan in district of Mesopotamia.

There his fathers worshipped idols. (Josh. xxiv. 2.)

*How made.* It was a direct call from God.

Perhaps in a dream, as afterwards. (Gen. xv. 13.)

Perhaps by a strong moving of his heart.

Or by a direct voice, as to Samuel. (1 Sam. iii. 8.)

*Why made.* Because he feared God.

Therefore was chosen personally by Him.

*What was the call?* To leave his old home.

To undertake a long and dangerous journey.

To emigrate to a strange far-off land.

To give up country, relations, fatherland.

The call was coupled with promises. God would—

*Guide* him—therefore the way would be clear.

*Protect* him—therefore he need not fear.

*Bless* him with large family and posterity.

*Give* him honour—his name should be great.

*Make* him a blessing to all the world.

II. ABRAHAM'S JOURNEY. (4—9.) *His party—*

Himself, his wife Sarah, and his nephew Lot.

His servants in charge of the numerous herds.

*His journey.* First from Ur to Haran.

There stayed some time till his father's death.

Then with servants and cattle crossed the great River Euphrates, hence gaining the name 'Heber,' "The man who crossed over."

Thence journeyed to the south into Canaan.

*His altars.* One built on his first entrance. (Ver. 7.)

God's voice told him this was the promised land.

Therefore dedicated it to God Who gave it him.

Then moved on near Bethel and built another.

At each place in his journey called on God.

III. ABRAHAM'S OBEDIENCE. It was—

*Immediate*—did at once what God told.

*Result of faith.* (Heb. xi. 8.) Faith seen by works.

*Constant.* Day by day resting on God's guidance.

Thus became the "Father of the faithful."

As such is example to all. We must—

*Believe* what God tells. *Go* where God calls.

*Do* what God commands. *Honour* God always.

LESSON. Without faith it is impossible to please God.

FEBRUARY 11TH. GOD'S COVENANT WITH ABRAHAM.

To read—Gen. xvii. 1—10. Golden Text—Gen. xv. 6.

INTRODUCTION. Thirteen years since God's promise was made to Abraham. His wife has had no son, and has persuaded Abraham to take Hagar as a second wife. Her son Ishmael now grown to

boyhood, but was not to be the heir. Now God renews His promise to Abraham.

I. A NEW PROMISE. (1—4.) Notice—

*God appeared* in some way to Abraham.

Perhaps by an angel, as often. (Gen. xviii. 1, 2.)

*God declares Himself* to be the Almighty One.

Nothing is impossible with Him.

He can give strength and vigour to the aged.

Only Abram must live according to His will.

He must be blameless and upright, like Noah.

(vi. 19.)

*God renews* His previous covenant.

(1) Abram shall have a son by Sarai his wife.

Fulfilled in the birth of Isaac.

(2) He shall be the father of many nations.

Fulfilled *literally* in the large tribes of Israelites, Ishmaelites, and Edomites descended from him.

Fulfilled *spiritually* in all believers. (Rom. xiv. 12, etc.)

(3) His seed shall possess Canaan. (Ver. 8.)

Fulfilled 430 years afterwards under Joshua.

(4) The blessing to extend to future generations.

Fulfilled in coming of Christ to bless all nations.

II. A NEW NAME. (5—10.) Abram, "Mighty father," changed to Abraham, "Father of nations."

Name to remind always of God's new covenant.

What were the conditions of the covenant?

On God's side—Prosperity, protection, blessing.

On man's side—Obedience, gratitude, love.

This covenant had also a *new outward sign*.

All Abraham's family were to be circumcised.

Every male child at eight days old.

Whether sons, servants, or slaves. (Ver. 13.)

What would this new outward rite teach?

(a) *Separation* from the world as God's people.

(b) *Consecration* to God as their only Master.

(c) *Family religion*. All in the house to serve God.

LESSONS. We, like Abraham's family, have—

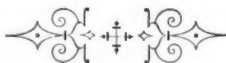
A *Christian name*, to show we belong to Christ.

A *dedication* to God.

*Blessings* promised if we are faithful.

A *better country*, that is, an heavenly.

See that we walk worthy of God, Who has called us.



## BETTER THAN BROAD RIVERS AND STREAMS.

AN HISTORICAL CHAPTER IN ISAIAH, AND ITS GREAT LESSON.

BY THE REV. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

(ISAIAH XXXIII.)



THIS chapter affords a remarkable specimen of Isaiah's graphic and pictorial method of description: I shall endeavour to give a somewhat detailed rehearsal of its figurative references, with their historical and local colouring. In a succession of bold images he brings before us the state of the Jewish nation at a momentous period of their annals.

Hezekiah had for thirteen years swayed the sceptre of Judah. There were conspicuously few blemishes in

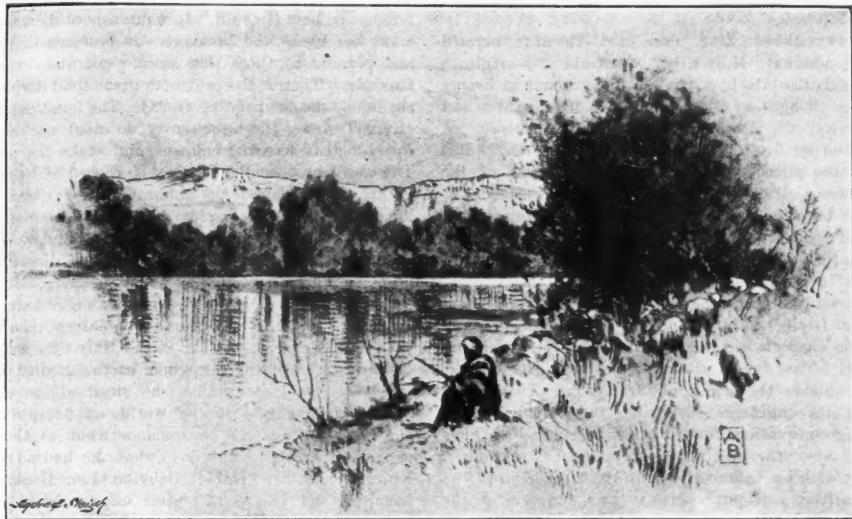
his character and reign. But one of these doubtless was his pusillanimous endeavour to purchase peace of the King of Assyria by despoiling the Temple of its treasures. The expedient was so far successful; but it was a brief lull and no more. The haughty Sennacherib, faithless to his word, was soon again on the march with an overwhelming force to crush the Hebrew Kingdom—once more to pillage its sacred places, and carry its king a captive to his own dominions.

The whole of the thirty-third chapter is occupied with a description of the terror inspired by this fresh

descent on Jerusalem. The Prophet begins (ver. 1) with an appeal to the unscrupulous violator of treaties for his aggression on an unoffending people. "Woe to thee that spoilest (or woe to the devastator) and thou wast not spoiled: and dealest treacherously and they dealt not treacherously with thee." He warns him of impending disaster. "When thou shalt cease to spoil thou shalt be spoiled; and when thou shalt make an end to deal treacherously, they shall deal treacherously with thee" (ver. 2). The speaker pauses. He interrupts this his first prediction of woe, and interjects a prayer for himself and his terrified countrymen. In their name he pleads (ver. 2): "O Lord, be gracious unto us; we have waited for Thee!" He knows he does not appeal in vain to Him who is the Salvation of His people in the time of trouble—"their arm (their shelter and defence) every morning."

Jehovah Himself now interposes. In answer to the pleadings of the terror-stricken, He stills "the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, [even] the tumults of the people."

(Ver. 3.) Isaiah describes the terror that had seized the nation in common with all the surrounding kingdoms which had already succumbed to the Assyrian potentate. "At the noise of the tumult the people fled; at the lifting up of Thyself the nations were scattered." And then (in ver. 4) he speaks of the utter discomfiture awaiting the plunderer's "grasshoppers." The timid Jews—so lately crouching with dismay



ON THE BANKS OF THE JORDAN.

within their walls—are represented as going fearless outside, to the place strewn with the enemies' dead to gather the spoil:—"Your spoil shall be gathered like the gathering of the caterpillar: as the running to and fro of locusts shall he run upon them."

Again the Prophet's voice is heard. He lifts it up in grateful, adoring praise. Or, if we prefer, we may imagine a chorus of his countrymen singing the psalm of victory:—(ver. 5) "The Lord is exalted!" As if they had said—"That proud invader, that mighty cedar of strength, imagining himself to have reached the stars of God, is laid low. His whirlwind career is arrested. Lucifer, son of the morning, has ignominiously fallen. But 'the Lord Jehovah is exalted:' and not only so, but, 'He hath filled Zion with judgment and righteousness.'" Zion was emptied. Her sacred treasures were ransacked by "the treacherous Spoiler." Her "holy and beautiful House was burned up with fire, and all her pleasant things laid waste." But now she is replenished. She has had stored to her her gold and silver: and, better than all, she has got what these cannot pay or purchase—"God is in the midst of her." Her very afflictions have been blessed. King and people have had threatened and impending trials sanctified. They have been driven from the creature to the Creator. They have sung in glad procession (as Hezekiah did sing) that noblest of battle-songs—the song of Trust in the God of armies—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," etc. etc. (Psalm xlvii.).

(Ver. 6.) Turning to the representative Head of the holy nation, addressing himself to Hezekiah—the Prophet, in the name of his God, gives the encouraging assurance:—"Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times, and strength of salvation. The fear of the Lord is his treasure."

The succeeding verses, in a way common in Hebrew

poetry (returning to the story of the invasion), graphically and in elegiac tones describe the thrill of consternation caused by Sennacherib's devastating campaigns. The Hebrew ambassadors, sent with their propitiatory bribes from Hezekiah, return from Lachish in tears. Their mission has been scorned. (Ver. 7.) "Behold, their valiant ones\* shall cry without: the ambassadors of peace shall weep bitterly." The track of the destroying army is vividly pictured: the highways lying waste, the earth lifting up its feeble, languishing protest against the invader. The heights of Lebanon are bared by his sappers. The wealthy corn-districts of Sharon are devoured by his locust-host: Bashan and Carmel are pining over their dismantled groves and trampled vineyards.† Shall the appeal of these holy places, these desecrated altars of nature, be in vain?

No. In ver. 10, not the Prophet, but Jehovah Himself is represented as again sublimely interposing to answer the appeal of the dumb earth, the prayers of the righteous king, and the devoted remnant of his people. The hour of Judah's redemption is come:—"Now will I rise, saith the Lord; now will I be exalted; now will I lift up myself." He predicts the utter ruin of the assailants. He foretells their destruction to be like "burnings of lime and thorns in the fire," and that the nations around, beholding the overthrow, will bow them down in reverence, owning the sovereignty and righteous retribution of Israel's God.

Having again recurred to the havoc that is to overtake the pagan warrior, Isaiah proceeds to

\* Their "heroes"—"the Lions of God," as some render it. (See Lowth and Delitzsch.)

† As the invasion was in autumn, the reference is supposed to be to the faded foliage and falling leaves of mountain and plain, as if typical of the national grief and shame. (See Delitzsch.)



depict the terror of the faithless, inside the city walls.

The "godless in Zion" (ver. 14) :—the atheist crowd in the nominal "Holy City" are afraid : "fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites." They crouch in dismay at the thought of the alternatives of slaughter and captivity, or the still more terrible prospect of "devouring fire" and "everlasting burnings." But with the pious and loyal, the true Hebrews of the Hebrews, all would be otherwise. Conscious of better munitions than earthly places of defence, they would "dwell on high," safe in the keeping and protection of Him who is Himself the "munition of rocks" (ver. 16).

He still farther rehearses, in a new strophe, and under fresh poetic colouring, the opening picture of the chapter—the melting away of the invading army. The gleam of its swords and shields was seen outside the walls of Jerusalem. They could mark its engineers surveying the fortifications—taking observations for the impending assault. They could see "the receiver" (or, margin, "weigher") ready with his balances to seize the treasures of gold and silver, and put them in the waggons of the conqueror. But he asks now in triumphant exultation (ver. 18), "Where is the scribe? where is the receiver? where is he that counted the towers?" The people of a strange "stammering tongue" (ver. 19), where are they? Jehovah has blown upon them! They have withered; the whirlwind has taken them away as stubble!

And then in ver. 20, turning to his loved Jerusalem, which had the besom of destruction ready to sweep its foundations, he calls on all his faithful brethren—pious Jews—to "look upon her," in contrast with that force which has thus in the twinkling of an eye vanished. There was (as he wished to bring out in this contrast) nothing gigantic about her—nothing to compare with the colossal grandeur of Nineveh, with its winged symbols of might. Yet, what, after all, was that godless pagan power! The tents of her legions were dissolved in a night, at the touch of an angel's hand; their stakes were torn up and removed by the terror-stricken remnant; their proud camping-ground made an army's grave—an awful necropolis! "Look," says he, "upon Zion; the city of our solemnities: thine eyes shall see Jerusalem, a quiet habitation, a tabernacle [or tent] that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes [the tent-pegs] thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken."

The more special words of the present meditation follow, presenting to us yet another point of contrast: "There the glorious Lord (the glorious name JEHOVAH [Lowth]) will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby" (ver. 21).

The comparison made here is to a ship. In a subsequent verse (the 23rd), speaking again of Senacherib and his army, he likens them to the same: a vessel plunging and reeling in the storm—"Thy tacklings are loosed; they could not well strengthen their mast, they could not spread the sail." They

had to leave the unwieldy "leviathan" to buffet the tempest as best it could. It went ashore dismantled amid the rocks and breakers. It becomes the prey and plunder of those that were weak and despised. He adds, "Then is the prey of a great spoil divided—the lame take the prey" (ver. 23). The lame, helpless, crippled Jews, the apparently defeated nation, go forth to that wrecked colossus, and "take the prey." The treacherous spoiler is himself robbed and spoiled in his turn. Indeed, the gold and silver which, not long after, Hezekiah displayed to the Babylonish ambassadors, has been surmised to have been no other than what was now gathered from the discomfited hosts, the rich prey taken by "the lame."

The figure of a vessel seems to suggest to the Prophet's mind a still further point of contrast with Jerusalem. Beautiful as the Holy City was for situation—the joy of the whole earth—girdled with her valleys and mountains, she stood almost alone among the capitals of the world, an exception in one respect (it is the conspicuous want to the eye of every traveller to this day), that she had no river. Nineveh had her Tigris, Babylon her Euphrates, Memphis and Thebes had their mighty Nile, Rome had her Tiber. But Jerusalem was without a stream: a navigable river was not among the glorious things spoken of this "city of God." She was far from the Mediterranean coast at Joppa—the nearest point where "galleys" and "gallant ships" could be seen. The one only river of Palestine, historical, though by no means "great"—the Jordan—had no outlet to the ocean, and was more than twenty miles from Jerusalem; while in the valley which flanked the city on the east, her Kedron was only a winter torrent, dry often all summer long. As a consequence, the old Hebrew capital was a stranger to busy trading, and crowded port. Tyre, the mart of the old world's merchandise, would look with haughty disdain on this isolated city—devoid of the one great source of her prosperity and greatness—Tyre with a forest of vessels in her harbour—the white-winged messengers of commerce to the ends of the earth. "The harvest of the river" (says the Prophet in another place) "is her revenue, and she is a mart of nations." No; Jerusalem had neither river bank nor maritime shore. Her priests looked down in vain from the lofty Temple Courts; her pilgrims looked in vain from the heights of her green Mount of Olives, for the galley with oars, the *triveme* with gilded prow, or the laden merchantmen of Carthage, Corinth, or Alexandria. Farther, in the time of straitened siege, she had no moat with its deep pools washing her walls, which would have added to her defences, or it may be rendered her impregnable.

But now comes the grand antithesis. She had BETTER. She had what came in the place of rivers, and what made her independent of them.

It was a magnificent spiritual compensation: "The glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams," "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: the Lord shall help her, and that right early." Jerusalem had a richer dower

than all these queenly cities—"God is known in all her palaces for a refuge."

The Psalmist in another Psalm (lxxxvii.) draws a similar contrast between earthly capitals. He does not withhold the tribute of greatness and renown from many others. Indeed, they had distinguishing glories which were denied to Jerusalem. "I will make mention," says he (ver. 4), "of Rahab and Babylon to them that know me: behold Philistia, and Tyre, with Ethiopia: this man was born there." This and that distinguished man—this warrior, this statesman, this orator, this poet—was born within their walls. "But of Zion it shall be said," with reference to a nobler birthright and heritage—a nobler roll of illustrious heroes—"this and that man was born in her, and the Highest Himself shall establish her." "The Highest Himself shall establish her!" Yes, that was her glory. He had promised to be a wall of fire around Zion, and the glory in the midst thereof. Let her be without river or moat, let no illustrious stream flow past her ramparts, she has a mightier equivalent in the "Highest Himself." She is encircled with a wall of fire, and that wall is her God.

And now, coming to the great personal lesson. How often do we still see a similar compensation in the experience of Jehovah's own people, reconciling them to the want of much they would otherwise wish to have, by what the old divines call the "upmaking portion" they have in Himself.

One is poor. He sees vessels laden with merchandise bringing in costly cargoes to their owners. But he has no "gallant ship," no golden-prowed galley, no broad river on which to launch his earthly hopes. He has, however, a nobler heritage. Poor in this world, God has made him "rich in faith." Perhaps some devastating stroke of adverse fortune has loosed all his tacklings, shivered his masts, rent his sails, read to him the lesson, "Trust not in uncertain riches." But it has taught the counterpart, to "trust in the living God."

Another has been prostrated by long years of sickness. His neighbours are in possession of vigour.

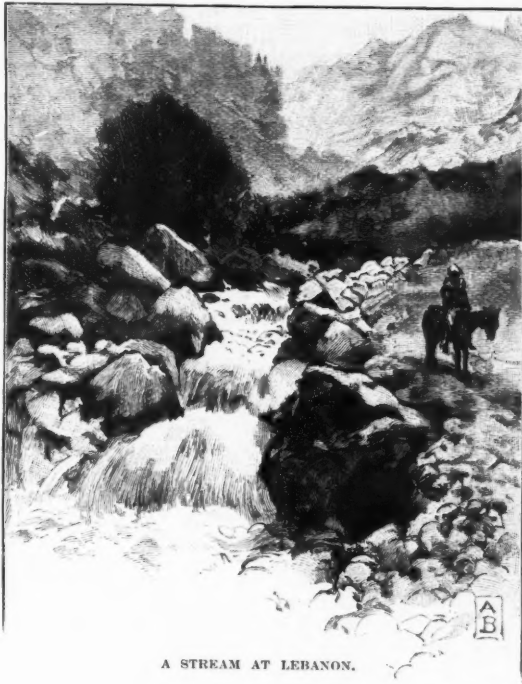
Their sails are set to healthful breezes. They have never had a shattered mast or a loosed tackling. That choice stream of unimpaired strength has ever been theirs. With this secluded one all is different. There is to him or her nothing but the dry, worn channel: no wave of joyous life ever gladdens their solitude. But they have, too, a peerless substitute. "The glorious Lord" is better than all of which they are deprived. One river of blessing is curtailed, only that the chief blessing may come in its place. God has

stretched them or theirs on a bed of languishing, only that by heart and flesh fainting and failing, He may be the strength of their heart and their portion for ever.

Another has to mourn a sadder loss, the drying up of the choicest of earthly rivers—some stream that was wont to gladden the best-loved valleys of existence. It is gone! The joyous music of these galley-oars is no longer heard: hushed for the forever of time. But such have a blessed compensation. "The glorious Lord" will also be unto you "a place of broad rivers and streams."

How often does He dry up these channels, that He may fill the mighty heart-void with His

own self. The mutable is gone, but the Immutable remains. The perishable has gone, but the Imperishable remains. You are made (in the stead of the uncertain earthly stream) "to drink of the rivers of His pleasures." Better poverty, trial, bereavement, suffering, with God, than all earthly riches and honours without Him. Better Lazarus with his crumbs and the reversion of a heavenly heritage, than Dives with nothing besides his purple and fine linen and sumptuous fare. Better Paul's chains and captivity and bonds, with God, than Nero's palace and imperial crown without Him. "Happy art thou, O Israel," said Moses. When did he say so? Was it when those he addressed were surrounded with the ensigns of national glory, the evidences of national prosperity: a people who had returned in triumph to their capital with the spoils of vanquished nations? No. It was uttered to a crowd of exiled pilgrims; their home the desert—wanderers in a strange land—with enemies on every



A STREAM AT LEBANON.

side. But, devoid of all else, they had the God of the pillar-cloud as their guide by day, their defence by night; "the glorious Lord" was to them, in that waterless desert, "a place of broad rivers and streams." They had in Him better than river, or capital, or fenced city and protecting walls and bulwarks. "The Lord was their judge, the Lord was their lawgiver, the Lord was their king, their Saviour" (ver. 22). With the consciousness of so sublime a shelter, their earthly leader could exclaim—"Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord: the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency!"

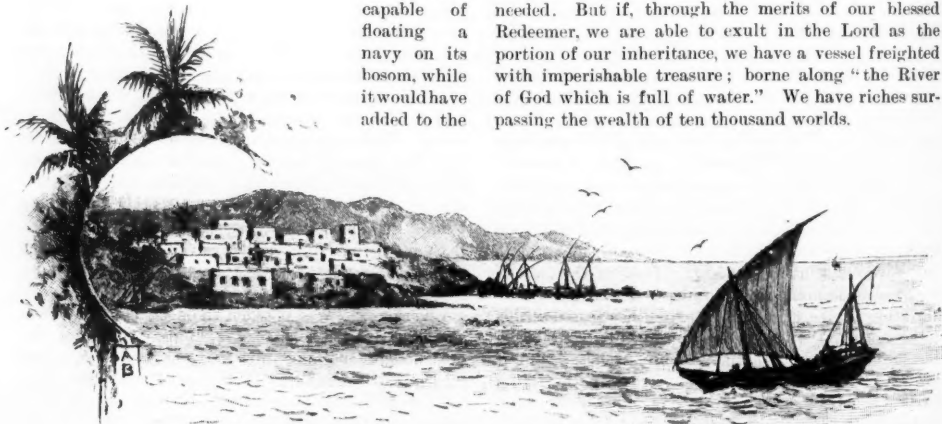
I close these remarks with one other thought. It is suggested by Jerusalem not having any broad river or stream, no galley with oars, no gallant ship that could pass thereby. The thought is this—that she was in many respects better and safer without these. What would have been to her in other ways an element of beauty—a noble river sweeping by her walls, and bearing on its bosom galleys (vessels of pleasure) and gallant ships (vessels of commerce)—this very attribute of beauty, and strength, and power, might have proved an element of danger. It was by means of their rivers that many a proud earthly capital of old was laid low. Ofttimes did the warlike ship and galley approach by means of the river to the assault. It was, as is familiar to all, by the diversion of the Euphrates that Babylon was destroyed. In the case of Nineveh, as recorded by the Prophet Nahum, the Tigris was employed as the instrument of Jehovah's vengeance on that guilty city: "With an overrunning flood He will make an utter end of the place thereof." "Howl," says the Prophet in another chapter, "howl, ye ships of Tarshish, for your strength is laid waste." "The day of the Lord of hosts shall be on all the ships of Tarshish!" If Jerusalem too, like these giant capitals, had possessed its Euphrates or its Tigris, how much more easily might it have fallen a prey to successive invaders. What, therefore, was in one sense a loss, might have proved, had it been there, a source of danger. Had the Kedron been

a waterway,  
capable of  
floating a  
navy on its  
bosom, while  
it would have  
added to the

splendour and attractiveness of the Hebrew metropolis, it might have been like the arm of a giant grasping her for destruction, and the very feature which seemed to impart alike beauty and power, might have proved the secret of her weakness and ruin.

How often is this the case in the daily life-history of each one of us; and how ought the peril connected with the possession of doubtful blessings to reconcile us to the want of them. We may be devoid of many such accessories which may appear desirable. But, if we had them, they might prove sources of danger and temptation to us. They might be as a lion or adder in the pilgrim path: we are better without them. We may see others around us in the possession of riches, worldly honours, intellect, genius, coveted positions in life. We may be safer far as we are, with the lowly lot, the humble mental gifts and surroundings. Wealth might be a snare to us. Intellect might only foster vanity. Great positions might only bring with them new cares and racking anxieties, perhaps infinite peril to the soul's best interests. We are safer, like Jerusalem, without any broad river or stream. Fancy may picture to itself many delights in the possession of what we have not: the swift-oared galley—the gallant ship, with sails all set, bearing in its hold golden and silver treasures. But that ship might be freighted with deadly hidden stores. There might be explosive elements within that would scatter death on every side. It might bring enemies to the gates of the soul. O, if we have, in the absence of these, THE GLORIOUS LORD as a place of broad rivers and streams, I repeat, we have better than all material, social, or intellectual acquisitions.

Reader—let all other earthly blessings and portions go; but keep hold of the Best blessing, the only inalienable one. All other galleys which are freighted alone with worldly portions will, sooner or later, be wrecked. Their tacklings will be loosed—there will be no strengthening of the mast. They will be driven at the mercy of the storm. "Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish in an east wind." All earth's best rivers and broadest streams will, sooner or later, dry in their channels. Aye, and often drying soonest when most needed. But if, through the merits of our blessed Redeemer, we are able to exult in the Lord as the portion of our inheritance, we have a vessel freighted with imperishable treasure; borne along "the River of God which is full of water." We have riches surpassing the wealth of ten thousand worlds.

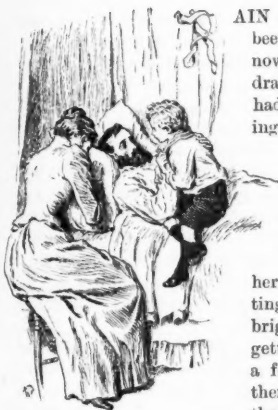


THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST.

## CHRIS.

BY MARY BRADFORD-WHITING.

## CHAPTER I.



AIN was falling: it had been falling all day, and now that darkness was drawing on, the wind had risen, and was dashing the drops against the window-panes with ceaseless fury.

It was a dreary outlook, and inside the room where Mrs. Winton and her little boy were sitting it did not seem much brighter. The fire was getting low, but it gave a feeble gleam now and then, which showed up the worn patches on the

hearthrug and the bare look of the whole place. Mrs. Winton had fallen asleep in the one arm-chair the room boasted. It was not a very comfortable seat, for the springs had long ago been broken, and the cushions were old and thin, but she was tired-out with her day's work, and slept as peacefully as though it were the most luxuriously padded resting-place.

The room was very still, but Chris was not asleep. He was lying on the rug, gazing thoughtfully at the glowing embers, his chin propped up in his hands. He was rather an imaginative child, but at this moment his thoughts were very practical. "It's getting very cold," he muttered to himself, "and mother was coughing before she went to sleep."

He waited for a minute or two, and then got up cautiously. Mrs. Winton stirred uneasily, but she did not wake, and Chris stooped over the coal-scuttle to see what he could find. There were only a few small pieces of coal at the bottom, and he scraped them up carefully with his hands and put them on the fire, which gave out a grateful little blaze.

The clock of the neighbouring church struck five as he finished his task, and a new idea darted into his mind. "I'll get the tea," he thought; "and then mother can have it as soon as she wakes up."

He looked at his hands in the firelight, and, seeing that they were covered with coal-dust, he rubbed them carefully on his little black stockings, and then stole on tip-toe to the sideboard where the tea-things were kept. He soon found the cloth, and shaking out its folds, succeeded in spreading it on the table, after which he went softly backwards and forwards, carrying each cup and plate separately, for fear of making a noise.

When all was done, he went to the door, and tried to turn the handle quietly that he might go and fetch the kettle from the kitchen, but it slipped back with a click, and Mrs. Winton opened her eyes. "Is that you, Chris?" she asked.

At the first sound of her voice Chris darted towards her, and, jumping on her knee, covered her face with kisses. "I didn't mean to wake you," he said, "but it's struck five, and I've been getting tea."

"You good little boy!" said his mother, stroking his head with her hand. "Now I will light the candle, and then we will make the kettle boil."

She got up as she spoke and struck a match, and as she did so she saw that her hands were quite black. "Why, Chris!" she said, looking at him, "this must have come off your hands. What have you been doing?"

Chris held up his little fists penitently. "I only put some coals on with them, 'cos I thought I should wake you," he said; "but I really thought I had rubbed them quite clean on my stockings, mother—really and indeed!"

Mrs. Winton could not help laughing. "And who do you think is going to wash your stockings for you?" she asked.

"Me," said Chris stoutly.

"I don't think you can quite wash stockings," said his mother, "though I must say that you can do a great many things very nicely. But now I am going to fill the kettle, and you shall carry it in for me."

Chris's father had been dead about three years, but though the little boy could not remember much about him, there was one thing that he had never forgotten. He had been brought up and put upon the bed on the day that his father died, and the sick man had looked with loving eyes on the sturdy little frame and clustering brown curls.

"Chris," he said faintly, "I am going away; but I shall see you again some day, and till then you must take care of mother for me." And Chris had kissed the pale face with his warm rosy lips, and though he could not understand it all, he remembered one thing—that he must always take care of mother.

Mrs. Winton had had many troubles to bear since that day. Poverty and ill-health had worn her down, and she had had to leave her pleasant house for a little four-roomed cottage, but through it all she had had one great consolation: and that was the love of her boy. The little town in which she had settled was a very quiet one, and living in the humble way that she did, she expected to make no acquaintances; but through the kindness of Mr. Milman, the vicar of the parish, she was brought into contact with several people who became real friends.

Chris was eight years old now, and liked to consider himself as the man of the house. He always locked up the house himself after it got dark, and strongly resented being sent to bed while his mother was still sitting up. Just as he was going up on the evening in question, however, a loud ring came at the bell, and he darted back to the parlour.

"There, mother!" he cried, "I'll have to wait now to answer the door;" and before she could reply he had run out into the passage again.



"Who was it?" she asked, when he came back.

"I think it was Mr. Grant," said Chris; "but he gave me this letter, and went away in such a hurry I could hardly see."

Mrs. Winton sat some time with the unopened letter in her hand after the little boy had finally disappeared. She was not in much doubt as to its contents, and she wanted to think a little before she opened it. Mr. Grant was the vicar's brother-in-law, a rich man, who owned a place called Courthope, a few miles off. He had remained a bachelor so long that people were tired of prophesying his marriage, but as soon as he saw Mrs. Winton he knew that his time was come. He was some years older than she was, but his natural buoyancy of manner made him seem almost younger, and she often wondered what it was that attracted him to her. Much as she liked him, she was not at all sure what her answer would be. She had a strong dislike to the gossip and chatter that would be inevitable in the place; and more than this, she did not feel at all certain what Mrs. Milman would think; and she had received so much kindness from her, that she shrank from the thought of causing her any vexation. But there was another reason that influenced her more strongly still. She felt convinced that Chris would set himself against the marriage with all the force of his childish nature, and she did not know how to inflict such a wound upon him. Yet, after all, might it not be the best thing for him? She understood Richard Grant well enough to know that he would care for the boy as though he were his own, and he could give him advantages that would always be beyond her power to bestow.

She sighed as she opened the envelope at last, but the sigh was succeeded by a smile. It was not possible to read that tender outpouring of love without being touched by it, and as she read, her doubts and fears vanished away. The words seemed to bear the impress of the honest heart from which they came; he loved her, she knew, as a man only loves once in his life.

"I should have come to you," he wrote, "to have your answer from your own lips, but I am unexpectedly called away. Write to me at once to the enclosed address, and if I may come to you, I will be with you as soon as possible."

Mrs. Winton looked at the clock; it was already nearly post time. Three words would suffice, and she did not hesitate long; fetching paper and ink, she wrote her brief note, and hastened out to post it. The pillar-box was close to her house, and she was only absent a minute. At present she hardly realised what she had done, but when she came back, and had taken off her shawl, she stole up to Chris's room. He was lying quietly, his cheeks flushed with sleep, and his curly hair tumbled on the pillow. She knelt down by the bed, and put her arm gently over him.

"Oh my boy, my little boy!" she murmured, half-aloud, "it is the best thing for you, indeed it is!"

The child stirred, lifted his heavy lids, and put up his face to kiss her; she waited till he was quiet again, and then crept out of the room, and Chris slept that night with his mother's warm tears lying on his cheek.

## CHAPTER II.

THE next day passed like a dream to Mrs. Winton, but on the following morning a letter came for her from Mr. Grant, to say that he should be at the vicarage in the evening, and that he would fetch her to tea by his sister's request. It was evident, then, that the vicar and his wife knew all that was going on; and soon after breakfast Mrs. Milman herself arrived, and an hour's talk with her convinced Mrs. Winton that she need have no fears about her reception.

But there was still something before her that she dreaded. Chris was to go with her to the vicarage, and she was determined that he should not meet his future father-in-law until he knew all about it. But though she had made up her mind to tell him, it was not an easy thing to do, and she felt strangely nervous when he came running in at dinner-time from his play. Chris himself made an opportunity for her, however.

"I've been looking in the coal-shed, mother," he said, when they had nearly finished dinner, "and there isn't hardly any coal left in it."

"Isn't there, dear?" said Mrs. Winton, rather abstractedly. "Well, we must order some more, then."

"But you said yesterday that we couldn't afford to have any more coal till next quarter," said Chris; "and it won't be next quarter for five, six, no, seven weeks!"

Mrs. Winton hesitated a moment, but the opportunity was too good to be lost. "I have something to tell you, Chris," she said: "something that will be a great surprise to you. I think the time will soon come when we shall not have to be so very careful as we are now."

"But, mother, that's just what I told you yesterday!" exclaimed the boy. "I told you I should soon be big enough to take care of you, and earn lots of money, and you only laughed at me!"

The last words were uttered rather unsteadily, and Mrs. Winton held out her arms to him. "You must forgive me if I made you unhappy," she said, folding him close to her heart; "but you know, Chris, you are only a very little boy yet, and it will be a long time before you can earn money for me. And so, dear, you must try and listen to what I want to tell you. Mr. Grant has asked if he may take care of you and me, and I have told him yes."

Her voice had been getting lower and lower, and now she stopped altogether. "I don't quite understand," said Chris, in a doubtful voice.

Mrs. Winton did not find her task of explanation a very easy one; however, she began again. "I mean, dear, that I am going to marry Mr. Grant, and we shall live with him, and he will always take care of us; and you must try to love him, Chris, because I do."

Chris stood upright, a sturdy little figure, with his small hands clasped behind him and his eyes glowing with excitement. "But, mother," he cried, in his clear childish voice, "what would *father* say?"

Mrs. Winton started, then leaning forward, she tried to draw the child back to his old resting place. "Father has gone to be in heaven," she said; "but I know that if he could speak to me now, he would say that I was doing right, because when he left us his



greatest trouble was to think that there would be no one to take care of me any more."

Chris did not respond to the gentle pressure of her arm. He stood stiffly before her, the gleam in his

"Yes, I do," said Chris: "I understand it every bit; but, but——" His voice faltered, and big tears stood in his eyes.

"Don't cry, dear, please don't," said his mother,



"What would father say?"—p. 222.

eyes fading into a look of displeasure. "Father told me to take care of you," he said. "I've remembered it lots and lots of times, and you always said I was your little comforter."

"So you are, darling," said Mrs. Winton, "and so you always will be. But you must trust me that I am doing what is right now, though perhaps you cannot quite understand it."

kissing the cheek that felt cold now to her touch. "I shall love you just the same, you know."

Chris gave her a grave little kiss in return. "I know you will," he said. "It is you who don't understand, mother."

Perhaps Mrs. Winton did not understand him altogether, but she knew him well enough to guess at a great deal that was passing in his mind. Chris was

unchildlike, because for a considerable time out of his short life he had had a definite purpose in view. His mother had been his whole world, and he had learnt to look upon himself as her protector, so that now to learn that a new-comer was to fill his treasured place seemed like an earthquake in his life. He was right in saying that he could quite understand what was going to happen, but he could not understand how his mother could do it. It was the first time that he had ever had a doubt about anything that she said or did, and it filled him with a keen sense of pain.

He was almost glad when Mrs. Winton got up from her chair at last, and said that they must clear away the dinner-things. "Would you like to go and play with Harry Wilson?" she said, when they had finished.

"No, thank you," said Chris soberly. "I am going to put the wood away in the coal-shed: the man brought it this morning."

"Very well," said his mother; "only be sure that you come in at four o'clock, because we are to go to the vicarage to tea, and I want you to put on your best suit."

She was glad that he had something to occupy him, especially as she knew that this was a task of which he was very fond. He enjoyed running backwards and forwards with the wood, and piling it up in the shed; but to-day he worked very quietly, and if his mother had seen him she would have known that he was unhappy.

He did not take long in finishing, but instead of going indoors again, he sat down in the shed, and gave himself up to his thoughts. He could not see the front gate, and he had no idea that anyone had come in while he was sitting there; but when four o'clock struck and he went back to the house, he heard voices through the closed door of the sitting-room, and guessed at once who was there.

His heart seemed to get up into his throat and choke him. Somehow, he had not expected this, and it seemed more than he could bear; he could not believe that his mother did not always want him, yet some strange feeling prevented him from going to her now. But Mrs. Winton had caught the sound of his step outside, and, engrossed as she was in her conversation, she rose at once to open the door. "Come in, dear," she said. "Come and speak to Mr. Grant."

Chris straightened himself with an effort, and though his breath came rather more quickly than usual, he made no other sign of his agitation. His mother tried to take his hand in hers, but the little fingers slipped from her grasp, and he walked into the room, holding himself very erect.

"Well, Chris, how are you?" said Mr. Grant pleasantly; he was not particularly anxious for the boy's presence at that moment, but he was a thoroughly good-natured man, and he felt very kindly towards his future little stepson.

"I am very well, thank you," was the grave answer. "But my name is Christopher."

"Well, my name is Richard, but a good many people call me Dick," said Mr. Grant, with a smile.

Chris did not smile in response. Mr. Grant was leaning in an easy attitude against the mantel-piece, and the boy stood in front of him, with an expression

of solemn earnestness upon his face. Mr. Grant was tall and well-built, and there was a brightness in his eyes that made his face very attractive. Just now he was looking his best, for he was feeling happier than he had ever done in his life before; whereas Christopher's childish brow was clouded with a heavy weight of thought and care.

Mrs. Winton stood by, looking at the two whom she loved with rather an anxious feeling. "I think you had better go and get ready now, Chris," she said. "Mr. Grant has come to take us to the vicarage, and it will soon be time to start."

She was rather afraid that he would make some inconvenient reply, but he said nothing, and went quietly out of the room.

All through the evening he kept up the same polite gravity, though it was evident that many thoughts were at work in his brain. Richard Grant was full of joyous fun; he talked and laughed, and seemed fairly bubbling over with happiness, and, to the boy's surprise, his mother, who was usually so quiet and sad, entered fully into it all. He thought it a great pity that she should be amused by such nonsense, and he was very glad when it was time to go home.

After he was safe in his own little room he fetched a chair, and kneeling upon it, looked steadfastly at the portrait that stood upon the table. It showed the face of a dark-bearded man, grave and sad-looking, with hollow eyes and thin cheeks, but with an expression of thought triumphing over the evident ill-health.

Chris gazed at it for a long while, and that a comparison was going on in his mind was clear from the remark that he made as he got down at last from his chair. "Mr. Grant isn't a man at all!" he said; "he's only a great big boy!"

He laid his cheek fondly against the picture for a minute, and then, with a resolute air, turned away, and made haste to get into bed before his mother should come to say good-night.

### CHAPTER III.

It was a brilliant summer afternoon when Mr. Milman, with Chris by her side, drove up the long avenue that led to Mr. Grant's house.

The wedding was over, and while Mr. and Mrs. Grant were away the little boy had been staying at the vicarage. He had been looking forward to the day when he should see his mother again, but now that it had actually come there was a painful feeling in his mind that he could not express. This strange big place, with its gardens and stables and its many servants, could not seem like home to him. Home was the dear little four-roomed cottage, with its familiar shabby furniture, where there had been no one to come between his mother and himself.

He had never been to Courthope before, and the old butler looked curiously at him as they drove up to the door. The servants were mostly staid and elderly people, who had been with Mr. Grant's father before him, and they dreaded the arrival of a small boy in their midst: "which is all the same, tiresome little scaramouches!" as the butler remarked to the housekeeper when she asked for his opinion.

But Chris did not look like a "tiresome little scaramouch" at all as he alighted quietly from the pony-carriage, and stood waiting till Mrs. Milman was ready to go indoors. His face was sober, and he stood quite still, without any of the restless little movements that Benson and Mrs. Hartley so much disliked to see in children.

"Quite the gentleman!" said the butler to himself, as he saw Chris rub his boots upon the door-mat and take off his hat as he entered the hall.

Chris, for his part, looked at the butler in wonder; he had never seen anyone like him before, and he could not think who this elderly gentleman was who seemed to be so much at home in the house. He did not ask any questions, however, but listened in silence while Mrs. Milman heard all about the preparations, and in a few minutes a sound was heard that put all other thoughts out of his head. Wheels were coming up the drive, and a general bustle in the house showed that the long-looked-for arrival was at hand.

"Come, Chris," said Mrs. Milman, "we must go out on the steps to welcome them."

She hurried out, and Chris followed more slowly behind; he would not have minded meeting them if he had been alone, but when he saw the group of people that stood in the hall his heart failed him altogether. He followed her slowly towards the door, till suddenly he stopped aghast. Was that his mother? Ever since he could remember she had been dressed in black, except on the wedding-day, when he had been too confused to notice what she wore. Could it really be his mother in that light-coloured dress, with her hair no longer strained back under a cap, but waving about her forehead? She seemed changed altogether, and with a feeling that the world could never be the same again, Chris slipped away through the surrounding servants, and fled—he knew not where. When he stopped at last, he found himself in a little room that opened out of a long passage. It was prettily furnished, and the windows looked on a garden, gay with summer flowers. He paused for breath, and then, with a sudden cry, threw himself down on the sofa, and broke into a passion of sobs. It was as much excitement as grief that had so unnerved him, and by degrees he became quieter, his sobs grew less, and the tears ceased to trickle down his cheeks.

It was not long, however, before a sound of approaching footsteps made him start to his feet, and look round hurriedly for some hiding-place. But as he stood uncertainly in the middle of the room, the door opened, and his mother came in.

"Mother!" he cried, and then stopped, for the tears were flowing fast again.

"My little Chris!" said Mrs. Grant, taking him in her arms; and not another word was spoken for some time, for she would not ask any questions.

"How do you like my little room?" she said at last.

Chris loosened his arms from about her, and sat up on the sofa. "Is this your sitting-room?" he asked.

"Yes, it has all been newly furnished for me; your father wanted me to have a larger one, but this little room opens into his library, and I like best to be near him."

She spoke with a fond accent in her voice that showed what a love and confidence had already sprung up between them. Chris looked at her with his great eyes, and read the thoughts that she left unspoken, but he made no remark.

"Would you like to come and see your room now?" said his mother, after a little silence.

"Yes, please," said Chris, in a low tone.

They had hardly left the room when a hasty step made them turn, and they saw Mr. Grant coming from the library. "There you are, my boy!" he cried. "We could not think what had become of you. Where were you hiding, eh?"

Chris made no answer, and his mother hastily interposed.

"We are just going up to see his room, Richard," she said. "Will you come too?"

Chris gave her hand a little pull; he had no wish to go and see his new domain if his step-father was coming with him; but his mother took no notice, and went on talking cheerfully as they mounted the staircase.

"This is your room," said Mr. Grant, opening a door as he spoke.



"Chris was not accustomed to have his word doubted."—p. 226.

It was a pretty little room, simply furnished, but with everything in it that a child could possibly want. Chris said very little, however, and Mr. Grant felt somewhat disappointed. "What a silent little fellow he is!" he said to his wife when they were alone.

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Grant, rather anxiously. "He generally finds plenty to say."

"Oh! I daresay he is rather shy with me at present," said Mr. Grant good-naturedly; "it will wear off all in good time."

But Chris was not a child who found it easy to accommodate himself to new surroundings, and there were difficulties ahead that his mother had not foreseen. The life to which he had been accustomed was so different from that in which he now found himself, that he had hard work to learn the new ways.

He was awake as soon as it was light the next morning, and lay wondering what he should do with himself till breakfast-time. If he had been "at home," as he still called the cottage, he would have gone down-stairs to help his mother, but he had been told that he must not get up till he was called, and the time seemed very long.

The breakfast-room looked bright and pleasant when the bell sounded at last, and his mother was there to greet him, but the meal seemed very formal after their cosy little breakfasts together. Mr. Grant read his letters, and turned continually to his wife with questions and bits of news. Chris had a thousand things to say, but he could not utter them before a third person, so he sat silent.

As soon as the meal was over, Mr. Grant asked his wife to come into the library. "I will not keep you long," he said; "but there are several things that I must speak to you about."

"I will come back soon, dear," said Mrs. Grant, laying her hand on her little boy's head as she passed.

Chris looked after them as they went away together with a feeling that life was very hard. He tried not to give way to it, however, and looked to see what he could find to occupy himself. He had always been used to clear the breakfast-things, and he thought that he might as well do so now. The plates seemed to be heavier and more slippery than those he had been used to, but he managed to make them into a pile, and collected all the knives and forks. He was so busy that he did not hear the door open, nor see the footman's start of surprise as he caught sight of the little figure.

The man stood still for a minute, uncertain what to do, but Benson, who was passing, rushed in with dismay written on every feature.

"Goodness' sake! Master Christopher, what are you doing with them plates?" he cried.

Chris turned round in alarm, and as he did so his foot caught in the table-cloth, and he went down on the floor, drawing plates, cups, and dishes after him in one general crash!

There was a shriek from the onlookers, who for a moment were too paralysed with fright to do anything, but in another instant they were down on their knees by the side of the heap of broken crockery.

Chris lay perfectly still under the ruins, and the footman declared that he must be dead, but when

they had at last set him free, the child sat up, apparently none the worse. Benson heaved a sigh of relief, but as his anxiety lessened his displeasure increased, and he looked at the little culprit with an air of dignified rebuke.

"What were you touching the table for?" he asked. "Don't you know it's bad manners to go taking things after the company have gone?"

"I wasn't taking things!" exclaimed Chris.

"What were you doing, then?" asked Benson.

"I was only clearing away. I always did it at home."

"That's not a very likely story!" said Benson gravely.

Chris was not accustomed to have his word doubted, and it wounded him to the quick. He was too proud to cry, but his heart swelled within him, and he would have given an indignant answer had not Mr. Grant appeared at that moment.

"Hallo! what's all this?" he asked.

"I don't exactly know," said Benson, "but it's some mischief of Master Christopher's."

Mr. Grant felt more vexed that there should have been a disturbance between the child and the servant than at the loss of his china. "Well, well," he said, "accidents will happen; but another time don't play so near the breakfast-table, little man."

"I wasn't playing!" burst out Chris; but Mr. Grant had gone, and his exclamation was unheard.

It seemed very hard to him to be so misjudged, but Benson did not see it in the same light. "You shouldn't speak so to the master," he said. "Many gentlemen wouldn't have been so kind, I can tell you!"

Chris saw the justice of this remark. "I'm very sorry," he said penitently. "How long do you think it will take me to save up my pocket-money to buy him some new china?"

The butler smiled rather contemptuously. "Longer than you can count!" he said. "Besides, it's not the worth of the china; we don't think much about that."

Chris stared at him, hardly believing that he heard aright. The only explanation of such a remark must be that Benson had no experience of life at all, and it would therefore be an act of kindness to enlighten him. "Perhaps you don't know how much things cost," he said; "but when you are married and have got a house of your own, you'll know how hard it is to pay bills."

Benson looked at him in utter amazement. "I think you had better go away, sir, while we arrange the room," he said at last.

"He's a rum one!" said the footman as soon as the door was shut; but Benson could only shake his head in mournful silence.

#### CHAPTER IV.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Grant did all in her power to prevent Chris from feeling the change in his life, it was not possible for her to be with him as much as she had been in the past. Mr. Grant was always willing that the little boy should be with them, but still he had a good deal of loneliness to endure.



Chris did not so much mind being alone sometimes, for he had endless ways of passing his time, but what he did feel was that his mother no longer seemed to want his help. He liked to show his love by doing things for her, and now there seemed to be nothing that he could do. Mr. Grant was always taking care of her, and if he ever left anything undone there was a servant at hand to do it. Chris chafed sorely against this new order of things, but he was powerless to alter it.

Several weeks had already passed since Mr. and Mrs. Grant's return home, when some visitors arrived rather unexpectedly. Mr. Lyddon was an uncle of Mr. Grant's—rather a pompous old man, whom Chris took a dislike to at first sight; but his wife was still more trying, for she wanted to know everything, and asked incessant questions.

Their coming seemed to erect another barrier between Chris and his mother, for she was necessarily much taken up with entertaining them. Mr. Grant took the opportunity of inviting a good many people to the house, and there was much coming and going.

There was to be a large garden-party one afternoon, and Chris would have enjoyed helping in the preparations if he had been allowed to do so; but he knew that he should only receive a severe reprimand from Benson if he dared to interfere. He was rather unhappy all day, and when the afternoon came he wandered about in his new white suit, feeling very miserable. He was a shy child, and it was agony to him to be talked to by strangers. He stood half-hidden by the shrubs, watching his mother as she received her visitors on the lawn; she looked so utterly different from the mother of old days, that he could hardly bear to look at her. It was all fancy on his part; Mrs. Grant had changed in nothing but the outward circumstances of her life; in heart she was just the same; and if he could only have known it, she was wishing for her little boy at that very moment.

But Chris did not know this, and at last he felt that he could not stay there any longer, so creeping round the shrubs, he slipped into the house, and ran up-stairs.

He thought that he would go and lock himself into his own room, but as he passed his mother's room he saw that the door stood open, and he paused and looked in. The room was full of pretty things, but Chris did not look at any of them; just inside the door stood a pair of her boots, and flinging himself down on the floor, Chris laid his head upon them, and burst into tears.

"I do love her, I do!" he said again and again, with a defiant ring in his voice.

After a time he sat up, with the boots jealously clasped in his arms, and looked about him with a new idea in his mind. In days past he had often cleaned his mother's boots for her; he would do it now while there was no one to hinder him.

He looked cautiously up and down the passage before he ventured out with his prize; there was no one to be seen, however, and he was soon safe in the outhouse where he had often seen the man doing the boots and shoes. There was a delightful variety of blacking-bottles and brushes, and he soon forgot all

about his trouble in the interest of his task. He poured on a plentiful supply of blacking, and then applied himself diligently to the brush. He was some time before he was satisfied with his work, but when he stopped at last he was seized with a sudden dismay. His white suit was covered with blacking, and when he tried to rub it off, his dirty little hands made matters worse at every moment.

What was to be done? If any of the servants should see him, he knew that he should get into dreadful trouble; so tucking the boots under his arm, he slipped round to a path that led to a side door, hoping to get in unobserved.

Just as he reached it, however, the door opened, and Mrs. Lyddon appeared on the steps, bringing some fresh visitors into the garden. Chris turned to flee, but he was too late; she laid a detaining hand upon his shoulder, and addressed him in her most cutting tones. "Go into the house at once, you disgraceful child!" she said, "and don't dare to appear again."

"Poor little fellow!" said one of the ladies kindly; "he has fallen down and soiled his clean suit.—Have you hurt yourself, dear?" she added, turning to the child.

Chris looked up at her eagerly, but before he could speak Mrs. Lyddon broke in again.

"Please don't encourage him, Lady Fotheringham," she said. "My nephew has trouble enough with him, as it is. In fact, he said the other day that he could not bear it much longer, and I really think—"

The last words were lost as the ladies moved on, and Chris was left standing in the middle of the path, his face crimson with passion.

"I wish you would send Christopher to school," said Mrs. Lyddon to her nephew, when all the guests were gone.

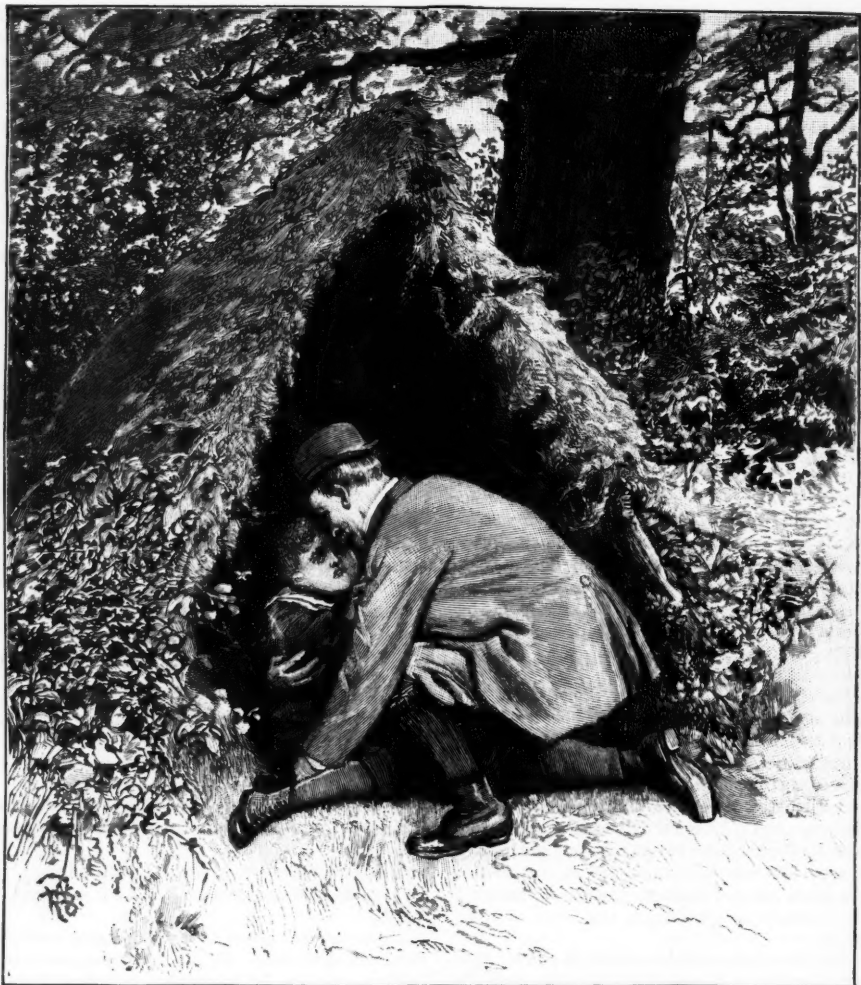
"I don't want to send the child away," said Mr. Grant rather shortly, for he was not fond of his aunt's interference.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Lyddon. "I thought you told me the other day that you could not get on with him at all?"

Mr. Grant had already repented having said anything about the boy. He liked children, and Christopher's presence in the house would have been an additional pleasure to him if only he had been more responsive. He did not realise how much Chris felt the sudden change in his life, and he thought that the big house and garden, with all their many interests, must be a continual source of delight to him. Even Mrs. Grant perhaps hardly understood it; she had had so much to occupy her since her marriage, that, though her love for her boy was not in any way diminished, she had not been able to give him so much of her attention. She wanted him to love his kind stepfather, and he had several times grieved her by his strange silent ways with him. They had always been so perfectly agreed that she could not understand that Chris looked at him from a different point of view from her own.

The little boy had seen so much of the stern realities of life, that Mr. Grant's light-heartedness was a constant enigma to him. Still, he had had a secret liking for him, but Mrs. Lyddon's unkind words had





"'You shall tell me another time.'"—p. 229.

scattered it to the winds. His stepfather had said he could not bear him much longer. Very well, he would take him at his word.

As soon as it was light next morning, Chris stole out of bed and put on his oldest suit; he took the biscuits out of a tin that stood on his table, and put them into his little knapsack. When he had finished his preparations he opened the door cautiously and crept out, and slipping down-stairs, he unbolted the side door and ran out into the garden. He had quite settled on his plan of action. The river ran through the grounds, and there was a boat-house on the banks. Chris thought that he would get into a boat, and go down the river till he came to some town, and there he would find work to do, and earn his living, and never let anyone know where he was, and when he

was a man he would come back and see his mother again.

It was a true child's plan, full of dangers and impossibilities that he could not foresee, but he was determined to carry it out at all costs, and he soon reached the river, and managed to scramble into one of the boats. It was some time before he could unfasten the rope, but at last he succeeded, and was carried into the middle of the stream. He was a little frightened when he felt how quickly the boat slipped down through the water, but he was too triumphant to feel much fear. He had not been on the water more than a few minutes, however, when he saw something that made his heart beat violently. It was the figure of a man standing on the bank with a fishing-rod in his hand, and to his dismay Chris

recognised his stepfather. Hardly knowing what he did, he sprang to his feet; his sudden movement overbalanced the boat, and in another moment he was struggling in the water.

What happened next he never exactly knew, but when he recovered himself again he was lying on the bank, and Mr. Grant was nowhere to be seen. He shrieked aloud in terror, but almost before the cry had left his lips footsteps were heard, and two of the gardeners who had seen the whole thing as they went to their work rushed down to the water's edge. Chris was past speaking by this time, but there was no need of explanations, for a white face suddenly appeared in the water, and Mr. Grant rose close to the bank. The men clutched him by the coat, and dragged him up on the grass, then pulling up one of the hurdles, they laid him upon it, and carried him towards the house; while Chris followed them, a dismal figure, with the water trickling from his hair and clothes.

The whole house was soon alarmed; Mr. Grant was carried up to his room, and a man sent tearing off on horseback for the doctor. No one took any notice of Chris, who was cowering in a corner near the bedroom door, but presently Mrs. Lyddon came out and saw him.

Chris had intended never to speak to her again, but he could not restrain himself now. "Where is mother?" he said. "Oh! can I see mother?"

"No," said Mrs. Lyddon coldly. She had just heard the gardeners' account of the accident, and was more angry with Chris than she could express. "You have killed Mr. Grant with your mischief, so you had better go to your room, and keep there."

The boy's face turned quite white, but he made no answer. As soon as she was gone he crept down-stairs and went out into the garden. He had killed his stepfather; no one would ever wish to see him any more.

He dared not go near the river again, it made him feel sick and cold; so keeping out of sight of the water, he ran into the woods that skirted the park, and threw himself down on the grounds. It was a bright and sunny morning, and as his shivering little frame became gradually warmed by the sunshine he grew more and more drowsy, and at last dropped off to sleep.

He must have slept a long time, for when he woke again the sun was getting low, and he was terribly hungry. He never thought of going back to the house, however; the biscuits he carried were very wet, but they were eatable, and getting up slowly, he set off to look for some place where he could spend the night. He had not gone far when he came upon a rough shelter that had been put up by the game-keepers. It was only a few hurdles tied together and thatched with bracken, but there was a heap of the dried fern inside it, and he lay down thankfully, intending to start on his travels as soon as morning dawned.

But when morning came at last, he found that there was no hope of his walking. The wetting and the fright had taken too much effect upon him, and

when he tried to rise he fell back again, sick and dizzy.

And now a new terror seized upon him. What if he should never be found? "Oh, mother, mother!" he sobbed; but no one heard him, and he cried until he was too tired to cry any more.

And now the thought of his wrong-doing came to add to his troubles. All his stepfather's kind words and deeds came back to him, and for the first time he saw with what jealousy and sullenness he had repaid them. He only wished that he could have a chance of showing his penitence, but there was no hope of that. Mr. Grant was dead: he had laid down his life for his ungrateful little stepson.

The long day wore away slowly, and at last Chris became too faint to sit up any longer; he lay back in a corner of the shelter, with closed eyes, and gradually lost all sense of outward things. He did not hear steps come rustling through the brushwood, nor see a tall figure appear at the entrance of the little hut; but when some one knelt down by his side, and touched him, he sprang up with a wild scream.

"Go away! oh, go away! You are dead!" he cried, as he saw Mr. Grant's face bending over him.

"Hush, hush, dear!" said his stepfather tenderly; and putting his arm under the child, he lifted him up and gave him something from his flask.

Chris lay looking at him with a terrified expression, but he did not try any longer to push him away. "They said I had killed you," he whispered at last.

"Who said so?" exclaimed Mr. Grant.

"Mrs. Lyddon. She said—" But the remembrance was too much for him, and the child began to tremble.

"Never mind," said Mr. Grant gently; "you shall tell me another time. It was only cramp that made me sink, and I was soon all right again. But oh, Chris! you have made us so unhappy by running away."

"Did it make *you* unhappy?" said Chris in amazement. "I thought you would have been glad to get rid of me."

Mr. Grant took him up in his arms, and held him closely while he kissed the little pale face.

"Never think so again, Chris," he said, in a low tone.

Chris made no answer, but he put both his arms round his stepfather's neck, while the tears trickled down his cheeks.

"Now I am going to carry you home," said Mr. Grant. "I have been looking for you all day, and so have the men; but I am very glad that it was I who found you, because I wanted to give your mother back her little boy myself."

"I thought God was going to make me die to punish me for being so naughty," said Chris, as he laid his head against the strong arm that carried him so tenderly; "but now I'm going to love you all I can to show you how sorry I am."

And though many years have passed since that day, Chris has kept his word.

# "THE QUIVER" HEROES.

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE RECIPIENTS OF THE MEDALS OF "THE QUIVER" HEROES FUND.



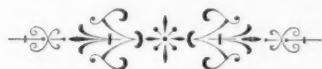
"THE QUIVER" HEROES' MEDAL.  
(From Photographs.)

| NAME.                        |     | ADDRESS.                |     | SILVER MEDALLISTS. | PARTICULARS.  |
|------------------------------|-----|-------------------------|-----|--------------------|---|
| James Nolans                 | ... | Dalkeith, N.B.          | ... | {                  | Rescued comrades (from mine filled with water) at Newmills, Dalkeith, on Oct. 12, 1883. |
| Alfred Collins               | ... | East Looe, Cornwall     | ... | {                  | Saved boy from drowning at sea, Dec. 16, 1884.  |
| Thomas Roberts               | ... | Holyhead                | ... | {                  | Coxswain of Holyhead Lifeboat, which saved twenty-two lives.                            |
| P.-C. William Jones          | ... | Nottingham              | ... | {                  | Saved a life at a fire on Dec. 25, 1884.  |
| Police-Sergeant Cragg        | ... | Rochdale                | ... | {                  | Saved two lives, a dog also, at a fire at Rochdale in August, 1885.                     |
| Dr. Percy J. A. Gabb         | ... | Guildford               | ... | {                  | Saved a boy from drowning at Ramsgate, Oct. 26, 1887.                                   |
| Captain Brian Williams       | ... | St. Germain's, Cornwall | ... | {                  | Saved a lady (Mrs. Crowther) from drowning at St. Germain's, Cornwall, August 31, 1887. |
| James Williamson             | ... | Whalsey, Shetland, N.B. | ... | {                  | Rescued comrades from drowning on Dec. 9, 1887, off Whalsey Island.                     |
| Mr. Walter Marsh             | ... | Kingsland, N.           | ... | {                  | Saved children at a fire at Kingsland, Jan. 10, 1891.                                   |
| P.-Sergeant Richard Jones... | ... | Neath                   | ... | {                  | Saved a child at a fire on Nov. 6, 1892.  |

## BRONZE MEDALLISTS.

|                             |     |                        |     |  |
|-----------------------------|-----|------------------------|-----|--|
| The Rev. R. Trefusis        | ... | Chittlehampton         | ... | Saved a life from drowning at night.   |
| Engineer John Hunt          | ... | Manchester             | ... | Saved a life from fire.  |
| Benjamin Wall               | ... | Truro                  | ... | { A railway porter. Saved woman at Truro from<br>being cut to pieces by a passing train. |
| Frederick Blatchford        | ... | St. Sidwell's, Exeter  | ... | Saved a boy from drowning at Exeter, July 10, 1886.                                      |
| Thomas Whiting              | ... | Stratford-on-Avon      | ... | Saved a woman from drowning on Jan. 26, 1887.  |
| Fanny Best                  | ... | Tiverton               | ... | { Nurse. Saved her charges from the attacks of<br>an infuriated cow.                     |
| Asst.-Superintendent Reeves | ... | Southampton            | ... | Saved children at a fire, Feb. 6, 1890.  |
| P.-C. Parry                 | ... | Swansea                | ... | Saved two lives at a fire on Nov. 26, 1890.  |
| P.-C. Northcote             | ... | Swansea                | ... | { Saved man who had spilled oil on himself and<br>was alight. Nov. 28, 1891.             |
| P.-C. David Lawson          | ... | Liverpool              | ... | Saved lives at a fire on Jan. 17, 1892.  |
| Private F. L. Banks         | ... | London Rifle Brigade   | ... | { Attempted to save a child who fell into sewage-<br>water.                              |
| Alice Sandham               | ... | Neath                  | ... | { Saved child at a fire, Nov. 6, 1892. (P.-Sergeant<br>Jones was awarded silver medal.)  |
| Charlotte Morewood          | ... | Intake, near Sheffield | ... | { Saved five brothers and sisters at a fire on Jan. 16,<br>1893.                         |
| Joseph Hall                 | ... | Sheffield              | ... | { Saved children from drowning, Jan. 2, 1893,<br>when ice gave way.                      |
| Mabel Mason                 | ... | Canterbury             | ... | { Attempted to rescue a man from drowning at<br>Canterbury.                              |
| P.-C. Thomas Tucker         | ... | Swansea                | ... | { Saved a child who was almost suffocated in a<br>burning room, August 14, 1893.         |

\* \* The Editor is always glad to hear of cases of bravery in the saving of human life which his readers consider deserving of recognition. Every case reported is thoroughly investigated. All communications should be addressed to "The Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C."



## SOME UNFASHIONABLE SLUMS.

BY F. M. HOLMES.

(Illustrated by Drawings from Life.)

## FIRST PAPER.



SUSPICIOUS OF STRANGERS.

"WELL, and what does your father do?"

"Coachman."

"Where?"

"Oh, he washes 'em now."

"Washes them, does he? What, the coaches?"

"He's on a keb job now."

"Ah! I see; cab-washer, eh?"

"Yes."

And the little wriggling, bright-eyed boy curls up his knees under his body, as he lounges on the pavement, and grins, not unpleasantly; and the other children grouped around grin also.

He is blowing soap-bubbles out of a dirty little stump of a pipe, and from water that seems very poor in lather. The water is like his face; it lacks soap. Indeed, the group all lack soap. You never saw a grubbier set in your life.

"Now blow a big bubble—as big as you can."

Stimulated by the promise of reward, the fidgety little mortal applies himself to the congenial task with much energy.

"Oh, that is a poor little thing; let me see a bigger one."

He tries again, but does not succeed much better. Even the soap-bubbles in the slums are small and poor, though iridescent hues glitter on their sides in the squalid street, as in wealthier districts.

"You go to the Board school?"

"Christ Church; he goes to the Board school," pointing to a little fellow, who, with no hat on his head and very closely cropped hair, is also playing on the pavement.

Ay, there we have it! The Board school is



BLOWING BUBBLES: DEVONSHIRE STREET, LISSON GROVE.

letting in some light and air into the slums through the children, and has become, to some extent at least, a part and parcel of their life. It does not give them food and clothes, however, and here is a girl, not far off, who rejoices in a towel wound lengthwise round her limbs as a skirt, beneath which her naked feet show clearly.

The swarms of dirty, ill-clad children; the numbers of unwashed women, sitting mostly at their doors; the dirty, squalid, mean-looking houses, which have every appearance of being let off in separate rooms to different families—all betoken the London slum.

Yet not very far off we should find ourselves amid the glories of the West End, and much nearer we should find a block of those model dwellings which are springing up in so many parts of London, and, together with the Board schools and certain new thoroughfares, are transforming the face of many districts of the great city.

And there may be advantages in these Lisson Grove slums, not perhaps quite appreciated at first by the uninitiated.

"Ye see this 'ere passage," one of the women might explain to you, "wot a 'igh wai'scot it's got? Well, that perwents Mrs. Shuckers from knockin' down the plaster when she comes 'ome drunk! And there's so many families a-livin' in this 'ouse that there's pipples constant goin' in and out, and the wall-paper and the plaster would soon get rubbed off, for they gives sich narrow doorways and sich bad plaster in pore neighbour-hoods."

You agree with your informant that a woodwork wainscot, if sound, is better than broken plaster; but suggest that it would be better still if washed.

"And who is goin' to wash it, I should like to know? I know I ain't, with my hands full o' bybies; and Mrs. Shuckers, she won't, for she's allers drunk; and Mrs. Rubbins, she can't, for she's at a lawndry, and got enuff to do washin' for other pipples. It's the landlord's bizness, that's whose it is. My 'usbin pays for our room, and that's all I've got to look after."

Like the proverbial lady's letter, the point is in the postscript. It is nobody's business to look after the passage of a house let off in tenements to different families, and it suffers in consequence.

"That is why we likes to stand or sit at the doorways; we can't be pinned up in one or two little rooms all day."

There can be no doubt of this "liking"; for go when you will into a London slum—North, South, East, or West—should the weather be at all suitable, you will see numbers of women clustered at the doorways, or standing about the thoroughfares, talking together, as in Suffolk Street or Manning Place, Lisson Grove, or in St. Giles's, or any of the numerous slums north or south of the river.

For there are many slums in London that are not in the East End or in the purlieus of Drury Lane. There are slums, little known to the public,



A CURIOUS GARMENT: DEVONSHIRE STREET, LISSON GROVE.



sprinkled more or less all over the area of the metropolis. In the West End or North-West they are sandwiched between better and well-to-do thoroughfares; and the dwellers in these may know nothing of their poorer and, it must sometimes be added, vicious neighbours.

It is fashionable to regard the East End as the chosen abode of dire poverty and of crime; but there are unfashionable slums, blackening like plague-spots almost every district of London.

There have been growing up, in some of the nearer suburbs or outlying districts, slums as bad as or worse than in the East End. The term East End seems to have passed into a proverbial expression for poverty-stricken and wretched neighbourhoods; but, as a matter of fact, in Mr. Charles Booth's statistics of London poverty, there are three worse districts than the East End. They are—a space between Blackfriars and London Bridges, on the south side, where the poverty is returned at 68 per cent., and which is regarded as the poorest in the whole of London; secondly, a district at Greenwich, where there is 65 per cent. of poverty; thirdly, a district in the neighbourhood of the Goswell Road, Clerkenwell, where the poverty is 61 per cent.; while a part of Bethnal Green, in East London, comes fourth with 59 per cent.

Certain streets in Kentish Town, under the very shadow of the pleasant hills of Hampstead and of Highgate, are about as bad slums as anyone would care to see. In some respects they are typical of what may be called the "unfashionable slums." Their size is not large, compared with tracts of poor neighbourhoods existing elsewhere. They have to be sought out. In the East End the larger areas of poor-looking dwellings—though not necessarily very bad slums—combined with the traditions of the place, strike the popular imagination. In the West End the smaller separate areas of Slumdom are comparatively lost and unknown amid the pleasantness and the splendour of the surroundings.

"What sort o' people live there?" said a policeman, referring to the Lisson Grove slums, not far from the west side of Regent's Park; "well, I shouldn't like to give an opinion. Some of 'em, no doubt, are hard-workin' folk. Yes, it's pretty rough o' Saturday night, when the wimmin 'ave been drinkin' too much sherbet!"

Sober-headed as he is and looks, he is not without his trace of humour, you see—albeit of a somewhat elephantine kind.

Charles Dickens would hardly know this neighbourhood now. Monmouth Street and its old clothes have disappeared before the march of new streets, but here is some of Monmouth Street's business still lingering in Lumber Court.



"OLD MIKE": SUFFOLK PLACE, LISSON GROVE.

No thoroughfare in London is more appropriately named, for the court is filled with old clothes and dilapidated furniture, and bits of old rusty iron, and locks and keys, and lumber of various kinds.

"There—they all went down wollop!" exclaims the stalwart mistress of one of these establishments, bending her head and upraised hands to mark time with her words.

The "they" is a very heterogeneous collection of keys and pieces of iron outspread before her.

"There—wun't that do?"

"That" would not do; it would not fit the lock for which a young man was assiduously endeavouring to find a key, and with the utmost perseverance he picked out one after another in his longsome search.

You can imagine him a bold robber if you like, trying to find a duplicate key to a precious chest; but, as a matter of fact, he appears far more likely

to be a little jobbing carpenter, or an expectant bridegroom trying to furbish up the lock of an old box.

"That 'll do!" he exclaims at last, as he twists the key in the lock, and finds that it answers fairly well.

"Ah, so it will!" says the lady president of the rusty iron, as though she had contributed largely to the desired result.

Perhaps the talk about the "wollup" did so in some mysterious fashion.

We can imagine that many brides and bridegrooms of the slums come to Lumber Court to furnish.

"Wot, me rorty pal! goin' to git mirried?"

The "rorty pal" is loitering down the court with his sweetheart, who is probably arrayed in a fearful and wonderful hat of dazzling red hue, with an equally wonderful feather of vivid blue curling over it, while underneath dangle a very brassy-looking pair of ear-rings.

She grins, as the "rorty pal" answers—

"Ay, ay; we're jest gettin' a few bits o' sticks.—I say, missus, what d'ye want for that lot?"—pointing to a very old table which looked as though it had lived a troubled life.

"That!" exclaims another lady president of lumber—"that! Ah, that's a good 'un, that is! Now you 'ave got one there!—one o' the best little tylet-tables as ever you'd wish to see. His legs is quite firm; and if he's lost all his paint, why, a smart young man like you can easy put him a new coat on!"

"Um!" says the smart young man, pursing up his lips, and looking it all over critically with his hands in his pockets. "What's the damage, missus?"

The "damage" is explained by the lady president to be "arf a crownd."

"'Arf a fiddlestick!" exclaims the smart young man scornfully; and his bride-elect remarks tersely—"Git out!"

"'Arf a crownd it ought to be," says the lady president; "but, as you're sich a nice young couple, you shall 'ave it for a couple o' bob!"

"Not you!" answers the smart young man, and the bride-elect says—

"Go along!"

At last, after expatiating at some length on the virtues of the table with the troubled life, the lady president says the nice "young couple" shall have it for "a bob and a tanner" (eighteenpence), "jest to give them a start in life."

Now they are coming to business, and the young man examines the table's joints, and sits upon it and shakes it, and finally asks—

"Wotcher think, 'Lizer—shall we give a bob for it?"

"A bob!" screams the lady president; "you won't have it for no bobs! You wants things for nothin', you do!"

Undeterred by these remarks, the young couple examine the table still further, and, the lady president remaining obdurate, the bride-elect, proud of having a little money of her own, says—

"Tell yer wot, Jim: you give her the bob, and I'll give her th' price of a glass. There, missus, won't that do?"

Eventually "that" would do; the one shilling and twopence is handed over, and the happy couple departs, he carrying the table, with its legs upward, on his head.

All kinds of third- and fourth-hand things may be bought in Lumber Court; and the young damsels of the slums know this second-hand clothes shop as well as their richer sisters know the gay emporiums of the wealthier streets. All kinds of apparel seem to be purchasable here; and for about half-a-crown, no doubt, the Angelina of the slums could procure a most startling coloured dress, which would flame afar in the dull thoroughfares, and attract the wandering eyes of Coster Edwin in the most satisfactory manner. Wedding outfits could no doubt be purchased here, as well as the "bits o' sticks."

But where would these "bits o' sticks" or furniture be taken when they were bought?

Probably to the young couple's one room. The families in the slums usually live in one room. For this they pay half-a-crown or three shillings per week, and four-and-six or five shillings for two rooms.

These rents are generally farmed. A person will pay the landlord about ten shillings weekly for a small house of, say, four or five rooms, and then get what he can for the apartments. He is responsible for the rent, and as probably he sometimes loses by reason of moonlight flittings, he seeks to make up what he can. For larger houses he would pay more, but the rent of about three shillings a room to the tenants appears to be the usual price.

Here, then, we can see how Slumdom dwells. For half-a-crown a week a regular customer can get a bed and use of the kitchen in a common lodging-house; or by the night he pays fourpence or sixpence, as the case may be. For three shillings he can get an unfurnished room, where he may bring up a family; for four-and-sixpence or five shillings he can get a couple of rooms. If he cannot afford even the fourpence a night, there are the Casual Ward, the Free Shelter, the dry arch, and the streets.

The prices, no doubt, differ somewhat in the various districts, but we believe these may be taken as fairly representative.

Rents also in the various blocks of model dwellings which are springing up so plentifully in many parts of London are much the same.

"We get three shillings a week for a single room," said the collector of one of these blocks, "and four-and-six or five shillings for two rooms. Then, of course, we don't let a single room to everybody—depends how many there is in the family, or we should have the inspector down on us."

That is one advantage of these blocks of dwellings.

They appear to be much more under control for the prevention of overcrowding and of insanitary conditions than ordinary houses. In some, if not all, of these buildings there are three-roomed dwellings to be obtained; and unpleasant though it may seem—to persons accustomed to a whole house of their own—to have a dwelling in a block, yet a neat and tidy suite of three rooms, for about six-and-sixpence a week, in

Her present story is clear enough. She tramps the West End, endeavouring to sell her pleasant plants, or to change them for old clothes—which probably she sells in Lumber Court—and creeps here for rest and shelter. Here no policeman will move her on; nobody will complain that she obstructs the pathway; no carriage-horses come prancing down, hurrying her out of their way. The women around



LUMBER COURT.

a well-built block in a fairly good neighbourhood, is an improvement on ramshackle rooms in an old house in a slum.

No doubt the ideal dwelling is a small house of four or five rooms for one family; but if these small houses are let out by the room to a family, then the streets are likely to form very bad slums, and a well-managed block of Dwellings appears much better. The letting-out of the houses in single rooms seems almost characteristic of a slum, and is the beginning of a street's degeneration.

What sort of people live in the slums?

Well, take a glance, say, at Nottingham Court, not very far from Charing Cross, on this sunny day. Here, on the pavement, reclines a worn woman, looking utterly exhausted. Beside her stands a huge basket of graceful ferns.

at their doorways are as poor and the children more grimy than herself.

Or look into this other court close by. Here is a half-starved little one, sitting solemnly at a doorway. Along comes an old, old woman, her bent back carrying pieces of wood she has gleaned, apparently at Covent Garden Market. To her comes the mother of the child, asking for "one of those pretty rings"—a little wooden hoop from a small apple-cask.

With a smile puckering her already wrinkled and withered face, and with a muttered exclamation of "Little darlin'," the old dame gives the hoop, and the child stretches up its shrunken arms, and a feeble laugh overspreads its wan features as it clutches its new toy—probably its only one, save the garbage.

And the golden sunshine strikes down between the grimy walls and blesses the group.

## SHORT ARROWS.

## NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

## STARTING IN LIFE.



T was exciting and cheering to see a large ship of war launched at Plymouth the other day. And yet the occasion afforded food for sad thought too, especially with the recent *Victoria* disaster in our memory. The ship that was launched was gay with bunting, a band played the "Conquering Hero," the chief officials of the dockyard drank prosperity to her; and yet one day she might cause the loss of many lives and go to the bottom very ignominiously. The launch of a grand ship like this must make even the most careless think of a young man or young woman starting in life with bright hopes and great expectations. And the voyage through life? What this shall be depends upon the use that will be made of the grace of God.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE LIFE.

"When I was young," said a good old man, "I did not care for the concerns of eternity, and was very different from what I afterwards became. Aye, there was an infidel once as used to come and argue with me about religion, and one day I turned to him and said, 'You knew me as I used to be *before* I gave my heart to God; now tell me, was I a better man then, nay, was I half as good a man as I have been since?' And the sceptic had not a word to say." There was no answering this plain argument. The sceptic knew what a sad, sinful young man this old man had been before he was brought to Christ and made a new creature in Him, and he could not deny the change that had been wrought in him. A changed life is indeed one of the hardest arguments for an infidel to answer. There he sees the power of God unto salvation.

## THRONES THAT LAST.

Perhaps no baby was ever received into this uncertain life with more joy and triumph than the little son of Napoleon the First. "It is a King of Rome!" announced the delighted Emperor, as he presented the unconscious heir of all this greatness to his Court. All France rejoiced, and the early years of the young prince were of the brightest. When he was only eight weeks old a battalion was formed of eight thousand boys under the age of twelve years. These boys were called the "Pupils of the Guard." They wore a green uniform with yellow embroidery, and were divided into two regiments of six companies each, and they were placed in the service of the King of Rome. Alas! such bright days did not last long. After

the battle of Moscow the wheel of Fortune seemed to turn, and the idolised little king, and the father he loved so well, never met again. "I see I am no longer a king," the child said sadly, soon after he began his altered life as an exile in the Court of his grandfather at Vienna; and here he died, at twenty-one, of consumption. Too well we can imagine the bitter contrast those last painful years of his life must have been to the brilliant beginning. In what sorrow must the proud young heart have learned its lesson of patience. When reading such changes and chances, let us remember that the humblest Christian has a kingdom which can only be lost through his own fault. God has made us to be kings and priests, and no mortal can dethrone us.

## WORTHLESS READING.

It was a saying of Hobbes that if he had read as much as other men he would doubtless have shared their ignorance. The majority of people who read at all, read too much and think too little, falling into the error to which Schopenhauer alludes, when he says that the safest way of having no thoughts of our own is to take up a book every moment we have nothing to do. We often notice people when travelling through the most beautiful scenery reading horrid garbage of so-called literature instead of a page from God's beautiful green book of nature. And His Word in the Bible is neglected for the same reason.

## CONTENTMENT.

We met the other day with a very short sentence which contained within it a very great deal of truth. It was this: "Analysis is the death of sentiment." "To analyse" is to break up anything into its component parts, and see of what it is made up—it is to pry into all about it. You can catch a sunbeam in a glass and analyse it, splitting it up into the various colours of which it is composed, but though wiser about it than the man who, when he saw it reflected in the wayside pool, remembered that it came from the same sun that shone on the bosom of the wide ocean, and said so, yet you may know far less of the sentiment of light and of a sunbeam than he. Be content to enjoy many things without knowing all about them. Don't pick all the rose-buds and all the daisies to pieces—don't want to know the "why" of everything. There are pleasures of ignorance as well as pleasures of knowledge. When we think of what man gained by eating of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, let us also think of what he lost. There are many beautiful things in the world which will be heart-food and fancy-food,



and which will sing to you the poetry of life, if only you will take them as they are, and not worry them by asking too many questions about them.

## BRAVELY CONFESSED.

Admiral Sir George Tryon, who by a terrible mistake caused the loss of H.M.S. *Victoria*, had the reputation of being a very brave man. Indeed, as one who knew him remarked to the writer, "he did not seem to know what fear was." Never, however, did he show his courage so much as when, just before going down with the ship, he said to the staff-commander, "It was entirely my own doing—entirely my fault." This confession in those awful last moments, when he realised the extent of the tragedy, recalls the words of another leader (King David), who, in reference to the numbering of the people, was too brave to blame anyone but himself—"Lo, I have sinned, and I have done wickedly; but these sheep, what have they done?"

## "THIS WAY MADNESS LIES."

One day the writer was in the city of Wells and asked where a certain road led. "To the lunatic asylum," was the reply. This made him think and ask himself, "What is the road that leads most people to this sad destination?" The reply is, unrestrained selfishness. Lunatics are always thinking and speaking of themselves. What we all need to keep our minds healthy is some work or interest outside ourselves. Look unto Jesus. Observe the wants of your fellow-beings, and do something to supply them.

## FRESH PAGES.

Sir Robert Ball, as a popular writer on astronomy, needs no introduction. In a volume just published by Messrs. Isbister under the title, "In the High Heavens," he has collected a series of papers written for "general readers" upon some astronomical topics which are much debated nowadays. The book is one of a class which is deservedly popular; it is at once attractive and instructing, it teaches, but it does not prose. From the same publishers we have received a pleasant volume of very readable, illustrated sketches, "In the Footprints of the Poets," in which Milton is dealt with by no less an authority than Professor Masson, and Mrs. Browning by the Bishop of Ripon.—The Rev. A. J. Harrison, B.D., is well-known as a keen upholder of Christian evidences, and in his latest work, "The Ascent of Faith" (Hodder and Stoughton), he takes up a strong position, in which he should be of great service to others who are striving to maintain the good fight. The work is one which would be invaluable to any preacher who is called upon to deal with the argu-



Dr. J. Hopkins  
at the Organ,  
Temple Church.

## SOME FAMOUS ORGANISTS.—I.

ments of so-called agnostics.—From the Oxford University Press, we have received specimens of new editions of the "Oxford Bible for Teachers," printed in small but clear type on the Oxford India paper, which does so much to make these Bibles useful and portable. We spoke a few months ago of the "Helps" when they were issued in their revised and illustrated form. In these new editions of the "Oxford Bible," the revised "Helps" and the illustrations are incorporated. So the result is a Teacher's Bible, than which no more useful gift book or prize for a senior scholar or young teacher could be found.—Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton send us two small works by the author of "From Log Cabin to White House," who gives, under the title of "Hints and Helps for Young Women" and "Young Men" respectively, series of anecdotal chapters, more or less practical, somewhat transatlantic in phraseology, and not quite up to the level of his earlier work.—In "The Sunny Days of Youth" (T. Fisher Unwin), the Rev. E. J. Hardy addresses boys and young men as to the duties and tasks which lie before them, and his bright anecdotal chapters make up a volume that is an admirable companion one to his own "Five Talents of Woman."—Under the somewhat similar title, "In the Days of Youth" (Elliot Stock), the Rev. J. M. Gibbon has collected a score of good sermons to children, that are quite within the grasp of the little ones, though their author does not make the mistake of "talking down" too much.

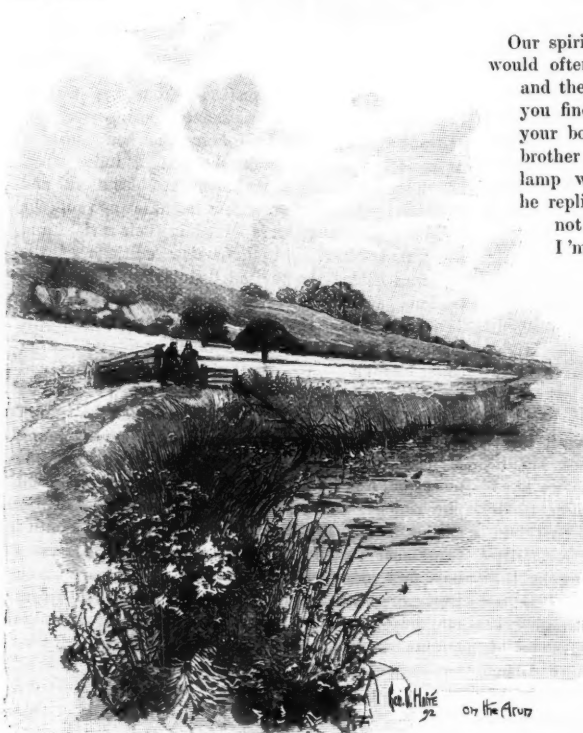
Yours faithfully,  
Edw. J. Hopkins.



—Two handy volumes for Sunday school teachers, are issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in the People's Dictionary of the Bible," by the Rev. E. W. Rice, D.D., and Dr. Pentecost's invaluable "Bible Studies" on the International Lessons for 1894.—What is there to be said of "The Biblical Illustrator," published by Messrs. Nisbet, and edited by the Rev. J. S. Exell, which we have not said when speaking of former volumes? We have just received the third and concluding volume on the Book of the Acts, and that on the Epistle of St. James. A busy preacher may here see in a few minutes an epitome of the work of years on the part of some of the best and most thoughtful commentators and expounders the Church has known. It is encyclopædic in its scope and compact in form.—Mr. R. M. Ballantyne's "Personal Reminiscences and Incidents in Book-making" (same publishers) has all the interest and value which readers of his stories, and of Mr. Blathwayt's interview with him reported in our own pages, might expect.

## RELIGION.

Many people regard religion as they regard the small-pox. They desire to have it as slight as possible, and they are very careful that it does not mark them.



"Books in the running brooks."

## THE MINISTRY OF LETTERS

might be much more used than it is in religious and philanthropical work. I know a good man who is in the habit of writing letters to a number of old and bed-ridden people every Saturday, so that they may have something sympathetic and consolatory to read on Sunday. He writes chiefly to people of the middle class, and especially to those who have seen better days. He gets their names from the physician who attends them, or from a friend. Though they do not and cannot reply themselves, my friend generally hears from others how much his letters are appreciated. When one man who had been written to for years died, his widow found a great bundle of the letters, and derived much comfort from them.

## "BOOKS IN THE RUNNING BROOKS."

"The river glideth at his own sweet will," past flowers, reeds, trees and people, but it takes no notice of anything, and seems to be quite unconscious of its own progress. We men ought to be different in both these respects. We should try to learn from every person and every thing, and we should number our days and use them wisely instead of allowing them to slip away without regarding them.

## SIMPLE REALISATION.

Our spiritual life would be rich, and our hearts would often be at peace if only we had the faith and the realisation of a little child. "How did you find your way up-stairs in the dark and get your book?" a young lady asked of her baby brother; "there was no one with you, and the lamp was not lit."—"Yes there was, sister," he replied.—"Oh, Walter, I am afraid you are not telling me the truth," she said.—"Yes, I'm sure it is quite true," he answered, "for God was there, and He lit me up with His moon."

## SOME MORE NEW BOOKS.

We do not remember a series of sermons more timely and serviceable than that which our contributor the Bishop of Ripon has gathered in a volume just issued by Messrs. Isbister under the title of "The Son of Man among the Sons of Men." In a word it is manly, and if there is one thing wanted more than another on the part of our preachers and teachers to-day it is manliness.—Messrs. Morgan and Scott send us another of the Rev. F. B. Meyer's helpful little volumes—this time on the Epistle to the Ephesians and entitled "Keywords of the Inner Life." There are few living teachers who are at

once so suggestive to the preacher and helpful to the private reader and student as Mr. Meyer.—Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster send us a packet of "Rare Jewels from Spurgeon," containing half a dozen daintily-got-up little booklets by the great preacher, which will no doubt be welcome to many of his old friends.—A remarkable series of biographical sketches is that which Dr. J. Elder Cumming has collected under the title "Holy Men of God: from St. Augustine to Yesterday" (Hodder and Stoughton), but full of interesting and suggestive detail.—Another biographical work from the same publishers is the Rev. J. S. Flynn's admirable "Life of Sir Robert Fowler," who was twice Lord Mayor of London and for so many years took an active part in all good works.—Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons send us a box of their tasteful Christmas and New Year cards and souvenirs, which are this year more successful than ever, and, especially in the direction of autograph cards, display much originality of design and treatment.—Messrs. C. W. Faulkner and Co. also send us an excellent selection of well-printed souvenirs and booklets, and with them some most tasteful calendars that deserve more than the passing word which is all we can spare.—Mr. Fisher Unwin has sent us a copy of Miss Olive Schreiner's latest work, "Dream Life and Real Life," which is one of the most recent volumes in the "Pseudonym Library." Not everyone will enjoy it, but many will, and for those who can look into this picturesque treatment of a strange side of life, the three little sketches which make up this volume will prove a rich reward.—We have also to acknowledge the receipt of "Social Romances" (Morgan and Scott); an abridged edition of "The Life of Mrs. Booth" (Salvation Army Publishing Offices); "The Pilgrim's Progress and Its Lessons," by the Rev. Samuel Wright (Elliot Stock); and the current volumes of the following, which are all brightly illustrated—"The Sunday Magazine," and "Good Words" (Isbister and Co.), "The Fireside," "Hand and Heart," and "The Day of Days" ("Home Words" Publishing Office).

#### DISINTERESTED KINDNESS.

The writer knows two brothers, both naval officers and both unmarried. One of them is so selfish that, as his sister expresses it, he would not give you a bit of string. The other, though he has a much smaller income, is continually spending money upon others, and especially upon people who seem to be neglected. Every day when he is at home he buys a bouquet of flowers and sends it to an old lady living near. The great pleasure of his life seems to be to surprise neglected people and those who can make no return with attention and kindness. My friend always reminds me of a certain famous man, of whom it was remarked



MISS SHARMAN.

(From a Photograph by Walery, Regent Street, W.)

that he always talked with the girls whom everybody else neglected—the ugly, awkward girls; the girls with red elbows, and snub noses, and sandy hair; the girls who were too shy to talk. Be kind to the people who have not many friends, who are voted slow, and dull, and uninteresting, and very likely may be so, but who are quite capable of responding gratefully to a little sympathy.

#### OUR WAIFS.

We gave last month in Mr. Raymond Blathwayt's paper "With a Doctor of Charity" a portrait of Dr. Barnardo, who has the care of one of our QUIVER Waifs. Susie, the other one, is in the Orphans' Home presided over by Miss Sharman, whose kindly face we have pleasure in showing our readers on this page. This is the season at which we generally make some reference to our Waifs Fund. Quite recently we gave our readers portraits of the two children and a few words from their teachers. So we need not touch upon that side of our work at present. But we appeal to our readers, in all confidence, to support us in this work which we have undertaken in their name. If it were not for the help of such generous friends as "J. J. E. (Govan)" and "A Glasgow Mother" the Fund would not have met the expenses of maintaining more than one of the children last year. Will not

more of our readers follow the example of these Scotch friends and send us a small regular subscription? We do not care to contemplate the necessity of narrowing the scope of our work. On the contrary, we would rather see it extended. The plea of "hard times" cuts both ways. There are more little ones to be helped, even if doing so does mean even greater sacrifices than usual. Any subscriptions sent to the Editor will be acknowledged as on this page.

#### INDUSTRY AND WEALTH.

It is quite true that productive industry is the only capital which enriches a people, and spreads national prosperity and well-being. Solomon's words are "In all labour there is profit;" and it has been said that he is a benefactor to mankind who makes two blades of grass grow where there was only one before. Hence a gambling spirit is an impoverishing one when it takes possession of a country. The gambler produces nothing. He gets money, and he has given nothing for it; he pays away money, and he has not received anything for it. The wealth of a land lies in the industry and thrift of its people. Patient industry is what tells in the end. It is seldom indeed that one hears of a gambler dying rich.

#### "THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

List of contributions received from October 28th, 1893, up to and including November 27th, 1893. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs Fund*: A Glasgow Mother (43rd donation), 1s.; J. S., 4s.; J. J. E., Govan (73rd donation), 5s.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund*: J. S., 4s.

For *The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children*: M. Moore, Birkdale, 10s.

For *The Universities Mission to Central Africa*: Anon., Torquay, £1.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: For the Service of Christ, 15s.; J. S., £1. The following amounts were sent direct—A. D. F., £10; Enid (Anglesea), 5s.

Mr. John Kirk, of the *Ragged School Union*, asks us to acknowledge £5, sent by a reader in response to an article which appeared in our pages.

\* \* \* *The Editor will be glad to receive, and to forward to the institutions concerned, the contributions of any of his readers who desire to help external movements referred to in the pages of this magazine. Amounts of 5s. and upwards will be acknowledged in THE QUIVER when desired.*

#### "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

(A NEW SERIES OF QUESTIONS BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

##### QUESTIONS.

25. Why was Abel's sacrifice accepted, and not Cain's?
26. "Thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground." In what epistle is a similar expression used in reference to acts of tyranny?
27. What punishment was passed upon Cain for the murder of Abel?
28. What great terror always haunted Cain as a result of his crime?
29. What change took place in man's relationship to the animal creation after the Flood?
30. In what did the command which God gave to Noah concerning food differ from that given to Adam?
31. What do we know of the religion of the people of "Ur," where Abram was born?
32. Why did Abram leave his home and go into the land of Canaan?
33. Where did Abram build his first altar in the land of Canaan?
34. What information did God give to Abram concerning the manner of the deliverance of the children of Israel from Egypt?
35. What important event took place in Abraham's life when he was ninety and nine years old?
36. What were the limits of the land of Canaan as promised by God to Abraham?

##### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 160.

13. Patmos is an island of about thirty miles in circumference, situate in the Egean Sea, and now called *Palmosa*; it derives its celebrity from being the place to which St. John the Evangelist was banished. (Rev. i. 9.)
14. St. John calls it "The Lord's Day." (Rev. i. 10.)
15. To the seven churches in Asia. (Rev. i. 4—11.)
16. To be very earnest in seeking after Christ. (St. Matt. ii. 1, 2.)
17. He bids them to "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called." (Eph. iv. 1.)
18. At the close of the Creation. (Gen. ii. 3.)
19. The Creation of Man was a special act of the Creator, preceded by a declaration that Man was to be made in the image of God. (Gen. i. 26.)
20. By placing in the Garden of Eden a tree the fruit of which was not to be touched. (Gen. iii. 3.)
21. It seemed to offer to man some greater knowledge which would make him more like God. (Gen. iii. 5, 6.)
22. In the book of the Revelation, where he says, "Out of His mouth went a two-edged sword." (Eph. vi. 17; Rev. i. 16.)
23. "Alpha and Omega," the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. (Rev. i. 8.)
24. About four hundred years. (Micah v. 2.)

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[Drawn by MARY L. GOW, R.I.]

THE HOPE OF THE FAMILY.



## MARTIN LUTHER'S WEDDING-RING.



HE wedding-ring popularly known as that of the great German Reformer is an exquisite work of art, delicate in execution and finish. It is still preserved in a collection of rare jewels, and is esteemed of great value. Luther had renounced the Romish faith—we all know something of his life—and by precept and example gave himself heartily to the promotion of the principles of the Reformation.

He came to see that the celibacy of the clergy, among other doctrines of Romanism, could be "founded on no warrant of Scripture, but is rather repugnant to the Word of God," and he resolved to enter "the holy estate of matrimony." Believing that "a good wife is of the Lord," he chose a good woman, Catherine de Bora, a lady of noble birth, a nun, and, if we may credit Holbein's portrait, a very pretty woman. Better still, she was a faithful and affectionate wife, though her temper was not the sweetest, and her tongue at times could scold. Luther loved her dearly. With him, indeed, reverence for woman was at once a natural instinct and a point of doctrine. He observed that when the first woman was brought to the first man to receive her name, he called her not wife but mother—"Eve, the mother of all living," a word, he says, "more eloquent than ever fell from the lips of Demosthenes." So when Catherine frowned he smiled, when she scolded he bantered. With the gentlest soothing he chided her anxieties, and with the most self-denying devotion he sought to make her life happy. And a happier home, it is said, than the home of Luther was not in that land of domestic tenderness. In one of his letters to his wife he says, "The greatest favour of God is to have a good and pious husband, to whom you can entrust your all, your person, and even your life, whose children and yours are the same. Catherine, you have a pious husband who loves you. You are an empress; thank God for it." And more playfully he says another time, "If I were going to make love again, I would carve an obedient woman out of marble, in despair of finding one in any other way."



LUTHER'S WEDDING-RING.



But about the wedding-ring. When Luther resolved to marry the fair sister, he seems to have ordered the ring after a design of his own suggesting. Marriage was not to him a gay event in butterfly life, to be celebrated by elaborate entertainments of frivolity and fashion. It was to him the holiest



CATHERINE DE BORA—LUTHER'S WIFE.

estate which man could occupy on earth—a sacred bond, symbolical of the union between Christ and His Church, and as such he entered into it, and took upon him its vows in solemn awe as well as in holy joy. He had nobly confessed Christ before the world, he had fought for His pure truth with tongue and pen against the proud claims of an imperious Church, and he would not forget Him now in this momentous event of life. All his conduct was governed by the principles of the Gospel of Christ. He had realised the presence and grace of Christ in the cloister, in the market-place, and in the Church. It was Christ that nerved his arm when he nailed his theses to the church door at Wittenberg, "with plain heroic magnitude of mind, and celestial vigour armed," and taught him to declare that "the just shall live by faith," and sustained him in passing through the great ordeal at Worms, when he boldly declared before the council: "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise; may God help me! Amen." And the same gracious Lord was to have a place now in his hope of domestic bliss; and this was shown in the marriage ring which he devised and had made. The poet Herrick sings of the wedding-ring—

"And as this round  
Is nowhere found  
To flaw, or else to sever;

He addresses her sometimes as "my Love Catherine," or "Catherine, the Queen, the Empress, the Doctress," or as "Catherine, the rich and noble lady of Zeilsdorf," where they had a cottage and a few rods of ground!

So let our love  
As endless prove,  
And pure as gold for ever."

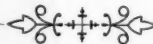
And Luther's ring symbolised a pure and lasting love, a love rooted in the eternal love of Christ, "which passeth knowledge," and whose highest expression is the atonement of the Cross. It was a rich and costly ring, and was ever to keep before his wife's mind Him who is the Husband of His bride, the Church, and her obligations to Him as well as to her earthly husband. There was on this ring no Cupid with bow and arrows; there was no cooing dove; there was no emblem to suggest in the faintest degree any idea indelicate, any idea profane, any idea frivolous or trifling. Luther was a man of God, ruled by the Spirit of God. He lived to serve his Lord. The passion of his life was the passion of his wedding-day. Accordingly on the broad surface of the ring are engraved the scourge, the spear, and the

pillar, which is figured in the crucifixion, with a full view of the awful scenes of the Saviour's passion. The full-length figure extended on the cross is in relief on one half of the ring, the head being in the centre, and over it is set a small ruby. On the other half are objects connected with the scene of the crucifixion. And inside of the ring there is engraved in fair characters the simple inscription—

"D. Martino Luthero  
Catharian Boren.  
13 Juni, 1525."

Thus did Catherine ever carry about with her the emblems of the dying of the Lord Jesus. To look at her ring was to be reminded of the appeal which Christ made on the cross to the love and faith of His people. And thus did husband and wife sanctify their united lives to Him who died to redeem them.

WILLIAM COWAN.



## GARTH GARRICKSON—WORKMAN.

### THE STORY OF A LANCASHIRE LAD.

#### CHAPTER XIII.



AND so, that room empty, swept and garnished, the coming and going of doctors suddenly ceased, Roger shut up alone, Mildred was free; but she still stayed on in the quiet house in the little Derbyshire village all the summer through. They needed her, she said, and tried to prove, by making herself rather unnecessarily useful; taking the housekeeping, though easy of management by invalid Margaret's capable cook, into her own hands, and taking some few vicarage duties for which Margaret had never been able: but spending her time chiefly in the nursery—she, to whom confinement had been so unendurable.

She became enthralled; old roving habits ceased—hers whose waterproof and goloshes had been such indispensables; and hours were spent here, rocking patiently in the little chair, pacing the floor, or making tiny garments. To others she was very cold, very dignified now; in the nursery quite another creature, all the tenderness of her nature called out by Margaret's little son.

Mildred was changing: becoming less, perhaps, of her old self, more of something else—what, not yet apparent; she was in a state of transition, dangerous enough, but safer here and thus than in most places and positions, perhaps.

She had had a soul-draining experience, and bleeding is a more dangerous process for souls than that for bodies which the old quacks practised—good for soul-health too, sometimes.

And at home Garth struggled on.

Poor Garth! his lesson was hard. Even he could

not help seeing, what not even his mother could, and not everyone would hide. The knots of talking women, scattering with furtive looks on his approach: the half-contemptuous smiles and surprise glances among the men: the curt reserve of some, the awkward hesitating congratulations and rough jokes of a few, had shown only too plainly how little secret his secret had been, and how opinion had gone. Popularity was at a sudden end, and, worse than that, respect and influence; his subordinates were unruly and inclined to insolence: even the lads at the night-school became so rebellious that one evening he startled them by abruptly closing it until Miss Caryl should return.

What wonder that proud Garth should draw his toga around him, and, like Caesar, "hold on his rank"?

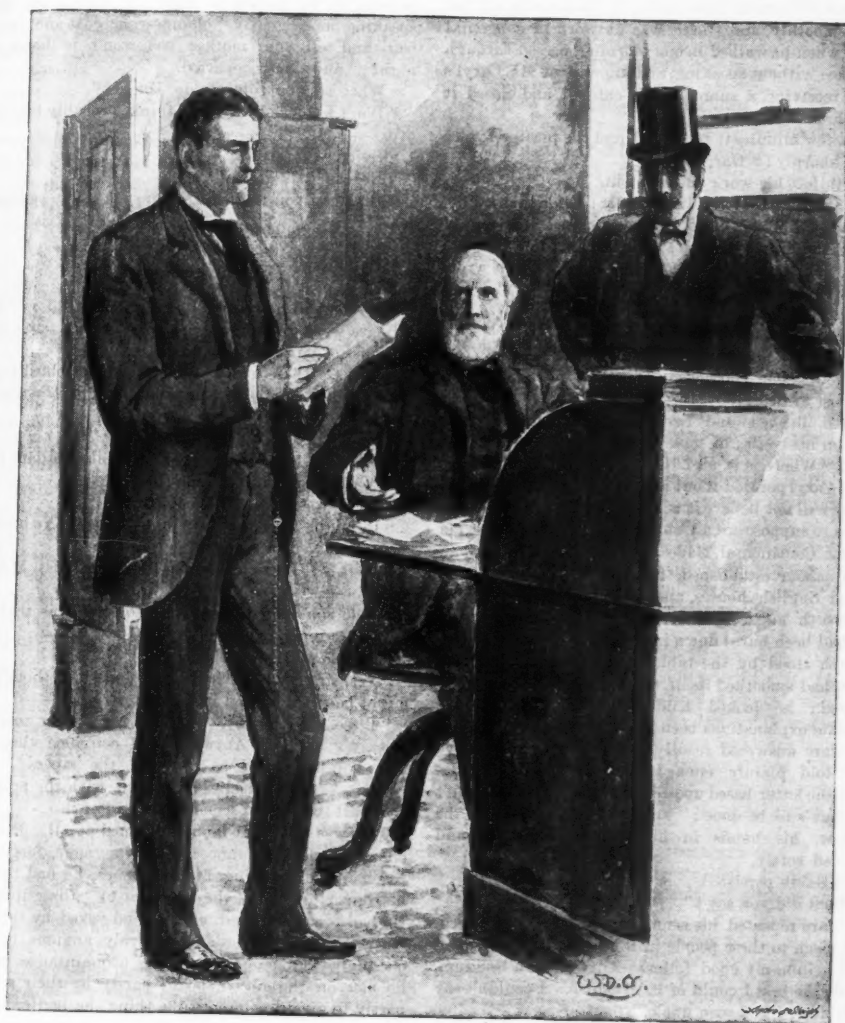
And then his rank had been suddenly raised: Simister had left, and he had been placed on the office-stool opposite Kildare, his salary doubled, his responsibility trebled, his trials in no way diminished.

Mildred was right: Kildare tried Garth, how much even she had no idea. From boyhood these two had never agreed: when in his vacations Kildare had been here, there had invariably been some passage-at-arms: once when Garth had found him teasing a little girl, Kildare had had a lesson he had not forgotten yet; and he was inwardly determined that Garth's probation should be short: he should very soon be glad to return to the mill.

This, Garth had no dream of doing, for the wish of Kildare O'Neil: he understood too clearly the meaning of the petty annoyances, which still never attained to the dignity of insults, to which Kildare daily subjected him, and, inwardly grim, met them with a phlegm, a cleverness of fence, or a caustic repartee Kildare might have admired, but that they so intensely provoked him. Then he passed to other means.

John Caryl discovered that it did not answer to have these young men in the office together. Not that they quarrelled or that he would have cared if they had, but that mysterious mistakes were always

was to be expected, even considering the years he had passed in the mill itself. Kildare was careless and indolent: many of these blunders pointed to a crass ignorance of mechanics and manufacture which



"They will not believe it is a mistake," he said.—p. 246.

occurring, and which was the culprit he could not determine.

Facts invariably pointed to Garth; he was by several years the younger, and might be supposed to know less. Moreover, Kildare was clever; John Caryl was beginning to like his nephew greatly, and he had his reasons for wishing to retain him in honour. But on examination, the preponderance of evidence was in Garth's favour; he was steadier, more careful, and had a far more intimate knowledge of mill affairs than

could only have been his. The very means Kildare took frustrated his plan by bringing out Garth's technical knowledge and his own deficiencies as nothing else could have done.

At last he over-did his part and roused his uncle's suspicions. He watched and listened, and saw and heard much whereof they thought him ignorant.

Kildare found Garth sent away on business which was rightly his; or kept at home in sole charge, while he was sent on less important errands. They were

being weighed in the balance, he was clever enough to see. He grew angry; keenly he watched for an opportunity to throw his rival, and at last he thought it had come.

He had been away for several days, and was not expected for two or three more; in his absence all had gone smoothly, and Garth was at work in congenial peace, when he walked in one morning, passed through the office without speaking, and knocked at Mr. Caryl's door; receiving a summons, he entered, and closed it after him.

In a few minutes it re-opened, and the master's voice called sharply: "Garrickson."

Garth left his work and went in.

Mr. Caryl was sitting in his chair; Kildare stood by, his hat still on his head, eyebrows raised, lips pursed up; on the desk lay Garth's translation of that German letter. Mr. Caryl tossed it towards him. "You wrote this, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you aware of any mistake?"

"Certainly not."

"There is one, Garrickson: a serious mistake, which may cost us dearly."

Garth flushed and frowned; his under-lip was between his teeth; he took up the sheet and looked it over. "Where is it, sir?"

Mr. Caryl pointed it out and explained the difficulty. "They will not believe it is a mistake," he said; "they choose to suppose we are shuffling. This will cost me all that Continental trade which I had just with so much labour established, for which I have dropped several English houses, and dismissed Simister, who was worth his weight in gold. I would rather the mill had been burnt down in a night." It was insured.

Garth stood by the table still and grave, but the frown had smoothed itself, the flush faded, the lip was relaxed; he looked Kildare in the eyes—"Have adequate explanations been made?" he asked.

Kildare answered readily. "Certainly, they have been told plainly enough, but with this translation—the letter based upon it is in their hands—I don't see what's to be done;" and he turned round to the window, his hands in his over-coat pockets, and whistled softly.

But Garth persisted.

"What did you say?"

Kildare repeated his sentence.

"I mean to these people in Germany."

"Belgium, my good fellow—Antwerp's in Belgium. I made the best I could of it, of course. I couldn't say much until I had seen uncle."

"Garth," broke in Mr. Caryl—something in Garth's eye and expression arresting his attention—"did you do that?"

"I told you that was my copy."

"And, Uncle, the writing——"

"Hold your tongue, Kildare. Your *original*, Garth."

"I decline to say, sir."

"Humph! Have you the copies?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get them."

"They are not here; at home, sir."

"Send."

"I don't think anyone could find them."

Kildare turned round, and said very quietly, "No." It nettled the wrong person.

"Go yourself, then, sir," shouted Mr. Caryl. "I'll have those papers if I send the police; and, Garth," pausing as he turned to leave the room, and then speaking more gently, "change your coat and pack a bag, and tell your mother you won't be home to-night;" and Garth departed.

"What are you going to do, Uncle?"

"Don't know. If it's as I think, probably take him over——"

"He can't interpret."

"He can."

"How can you trust him after such a—an egregious mess?"

"Because I don't believe he made it."

"But he said——"

"He copied it. Look here, Kildare: go into the other room till he returns; I can't talk all day;" and Kildare went, to turn over the papers on Garth's desk in hopes of more egregious messes.

When Garth returned and laid the scribbled copies before his master, his comment was, "I thought as much."

The mistake was Mildred's.

"Now, my lad," with a keen look into the dark face, "why would you not tell me this?"

"There was no need—I copied it."

"It might have cost you your place." No answer.

"Did you suspect anything?"

"Well, sir, I was not sure—I thought Miss Mildred knew best."

"And you feared the blame for her, was that not so?" No reply.

"You should have told me."

"Yes, sir, I wish I had; but, indeed, I thought it might be nothing, and it was not my place——"

"I see. Well, now," rustling the papers together briskly, "we'll to Antwerp, and convince them; it may not be so bad, as you kept the papers." And Kildare found himself left behind, with the prospect of a dull time and a scene at the end of it.

This was not what he had planned at all. Relying on his uncle's ignorance of the language, forgetting his habit of saddling his own mare, he had fancied his opportunity for the riddance of "that upstart." He had been distressed, uneasy, and vexed by turns at Antwerp and Rotterdam; gravely anxious in discussion with one or two business acquaintances whom he met on the return boat: partly by their advice, partly to give a colour to the thing, he had called at the bank on his arrival in Hull, made certain vague representations, and then come home with the whole swollen case—John Caryl was used to drastic measures in affairs of this kind, he knew—and behold! It might not have mattered but for the Hull Bank—he would settle the fellow some other way, and they would settle Antwerp; but the bank? Of course, he had not told his uncle all of that—they might not call there: he hoped not; but unless something were done there might be a—an egregious—mess. He would run over himself, but he was in charge here, and the banks closed so—egregiously—



early; and then he did not know what would be done at Antwerp—he could not risk writing. He must wait and see what had been done, and then slip over and put things right, he decided, as he took his way home, in no amiable mood.

But Kildare's inamiable moods never lasted long; dinner, postponed for him, a glass or two of his uncle's burgundy, and a few cigars cheered him up. Of course it would be all right; Uncle Caryl need never know; after all, it was just as well he should see this would not do, and put Garrickson down; he would find him helpless enough out there, no doubt. Oh, yes! it was just as well he should go and show his ignorance; they would do nothing; he himself would follow, settle things all round, and return home covered with glory as the saviour of the firm—and some others. He had committed himself nowhere but at this bank, and of course they would not go there.

Kildare went to the drawing-room to strum himself a triumphant ditty on Mildred's grand, but soon rose, yawning. What was he to do in this hole all the evening? He would go out, but it was pouringly wet, and he had had a rough passage and was tired; there was that book—he stood on the door-mat wondering where he had tossed it. Suddenly something caught his eye—a narrow line of light at the door of Mildred's room. His face changed, he smiled and crossed the hall swiftly, entered, and brought himself up abruptly. The room was bright and cosy, a little fire burning. Minnie sat at the table sewing—Miss Mildred had given her leave to sit here whenever she liked, and Mrs. Williams was out to-night.

"Hullo!" in much surprise. "I beg your pardon—a— Did I leave a book here?" looking round. The room was extremely neat—no book to be seen. "I can't find it, and I've nothing to read. I wonder if you are as dull as I am to-night, Minnie?"

"It is a little quiet, sir—"

"Quiet? I should think it was quiet! as quiet as—a tomb in a desert. The very piano is something—"

"I was glad to hear you playing just now; I opened the door to listen," half-wishing he would go and play again. Minnie was not at ease with Mr. O'Neil; she fancied he ought not to come in and talk to her as he did; and yet it was dull, and he was pleasant company. Kildare did not intend to go; it was warm here, and comfortable, as Mildred's room always was—he really had more right here than the girl; and then, she was a pretty child, and amusing in her talk, quite laughably so; she would while away an hour very well. She was not just a servant—of course, he would not stay talking to one of the maids—she was alone, and evidently lonely; it would be mere kindness to stay with her awhile, and chat.

And he stayed and chatted—leaning against the mantel-piece, afraid that if he sat down and made himself comfortable at once, Minnie would take flight and run away, as she had done before—really on no pretext at all.

Minnie did not run away; she was growing less afraid; and then she had been very lonely—wishing

Garth would come and see her, wondering why he never would come to the house—why she must always go to his mother's, at best meeting him in the drive. She was rather glad of Kildare's company.

"Well, what have you been doing while I've been away?"

"Just as usual, sir."

"Sewing—sewing—sewing?"

"Mostly."

"While I have been to the Continent and back."

Minnie's eyes opened. "The Continent" to her meant gardens, palaces, cathedrals, music, and pictures.

"Have you really, sir?"

"Really—and indeed."

Kildare began to talk about things he had not seen—on this visit; and Minnie grew so interested that he managed to drop into a chair and stretch himself at ease unnoticed—for he *had* seen a good deal, and talked well about what he had not, even Mildred admitted.

The hour slipped away, and he talked on, while Minnie's needle lay idle, and she drank in his stories, forgetful of all else, until he happened to mention that Mr. Caryl had gone across and taken Garth. Minnie started. Garth! Garth gone to the Continent, without telling her, or even sending word! And to-morrow was *her* night—to go away and enjoy himself without one word.

"How long will they be away?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know—a few days, perhaps; all the work left to me in the meantime, so I hope not long. It's nothing much, only a mistake Garrickson made—like the ass he is!"

A startled "Oh!" escaped Minnie then.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Minnie; I quite forgot he was your—your sweetheart." And so, to do him justice, for the moment he had. "It was nothing much, only it might have been awkward if I hadn't seen it, and they wouldn't believe it was a mistake; so Uncle Caryl just took him to explain, and—and—beg pardon, you know—it will be all right, I've no doubt."

"So they have only gone on business?"

"Well, I expect they'll get a little fun in between—Uncle likes to enjoy himself—if all goes well, that is," suddenly sober.

"Was it a very bad mistake, then?"

"Well, yes, Minnie, it was rather—it was a—*stupid* blunder; but then, Garth is not—well, not very sharp, you know; uncle should not have trusted him, and will know better another time. Oh, it will be all right; don't trouble your little head about it. I wish I hadn't told you. See: suppose I play for you awhile," going to the piano, which had belonged to Mildred's mother—banished from the drawing-room long ago, but still kept in tune. And Kildare played for her as he could play—softly and sweetly. He was a good musician; it was part of his education, like his chat. Minnie had never heard anything like it. Not even Miss Mildred played like that; and as for Garth's harmonium—

"I wish I could make it sound so," she said, in a pause.



"Well, if you had learnt—what? Can you play at all? Come here and let me see."

Minnie protested and averred, but to no purpose; he seated her on the stool, and persuaded and insisted until she gave way, and played several of her little airs, while he encouraged her and praised her touch—advised her to practise, and promised her some easy new music that she could play on Mrs. Garrickson's parlour piano. Another hour had passed before Kildare began to reflect that it was time to put an end to this.

"Well, I must go now, Minnie. I've a letter to write."

"Oh!" looking at the clock, "I had no idea it was so late."

"Late? Do you call ten o'clock late? What would you think of—well, never mind—good-night."

"Good-night. You don't really think Garth was very wrong, do you, sir?" looking up with such sweet clouded eyes, Kildare was touched.

"You dear little thing!" he said, smiling down into them, "of course not; and I wouldn't tell you if I did."

"And you won't let others think so, will you, sir? I am sure Garth would do his best."

"Of course. Oh, I'll do my level best; don't you trouble. I'll look after Garth, if only for your sake, Minnie." And he went to the dining-room for another cigar, and a smile over his evening's amusement before turning in.

Minnie went to bed. She was late for supper, and did not want to meet anyone just then—thinking how much kinder Kildare's talk was than Garth's, and how good he was to promise to help Garth and lend her music, and wonder if—if she practised she could not give music-lessons: that would be so much pleasanter than "sewing—sewing—sewing," of which she was very tired.

If, as he said—and he must know, when he had been to the Continent, and lived in London, and knew so many clever people—if she had talent, of course, she ought to use it—of course she must have; he had thought so at once. No one had heard her play who knew anything about it, or she would have been told before—not even Garth had said so. Minnie went to sleep to dream of herself as a pianist of world-wide fame.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN his uncle and Garth returned, Kildare found, to his comfort, that there was to be no scene.

They had not stayed in Hull, but come straight on by the boat train; nor had they been to Rotterdam, finding the Antwerp firm easy of conviction, and being in haste to return. Indeed, John Caryl thought very little of it.

"You attached too much importance to the whole thing," he said.

"Better than not attaching enough, Uncle."

"Well, yes—if it doesn't interfere with other business; but I can't fly off to the ends of the earth for every scare of yours, Kildare. Young men are easily frightened, as a rule, but you'll have to keep

a cool head of hair on if you stay here;" and that was all.

If he could but slip across to Hull 't would be of no consequence—but that bank? He had expected to be sent to Leeds, which would have made all easy; but Garth had been dropped there on that errand as they came through, and he himself despatched to Liverpool—for several days he was very busy. Kildare began to look slightly worried, and forgot to annoy Garth: instead, he rather cultivated him at odd moments, and tried quietly to extract some information of what had been said and arranged at Antwerp, but Garth was not to be "pumped."

He had a side-light of which Kildare forgot to think, and was in no mood to conciliate that young gentleman.

On the evening of his return he had found Minnie at tea with his mother, and things had not gone well. Minnie had been surprised to see him, and a little piqued, for though Mrs. Garrickson had thought he might probably arrive that evening—had set his place at table, reserved a bit of steak, and waited—she had been sure he would not come until the end of the week. Had not Mr. O'Neil said "a few days"? That meant Saturday; they would "get a little fun in," too; that took time. She said nothing, but decided privately that Mrs. Garrickson knew nothing about it, and was not pleased to find herself mistaken.

"You might have told us, Garth; you might have written," she said, a little petulantly.

"Why, dear lass, I had no time. You can't write love-letters on 'Change and on bank counters, Minnie."

"'Changes and banks are not all the places you've been to, I think, Garth."

"Indeed and they are, and an office or two. I might have written on the boat, going out, but I must confess I forgot all about it in the anxiety; and Mr. Caryl was very ill. Come, don't be vexed, my dearie. I'm a bear, I know, but you'll put up with me, won't you, Minnie?" and he held her by the shoulders, and looked at her as he had never looked before.

Now, Minnie had it in her hands to hold Garth for ever and aye—she was too pretty and sweet, as a rule, for mortal man to hold out against her. Garth was growing attached to her; a little proud of his possession, certainly his will was to be kind to his promised wife. He was glad to see her after his absence, a little pleased by her displeasure at his neglect. One little word, a look, a gesture, and he would have kissed her as he had not kissed her yet, said a word he had never said before, and even Minnie would have been satisfied. Whatever had come, nothing would have unsaid that word of Garth's; all would have been well for her.

But Minnie had not the sense to see it.

"But you were unkind to forget, to go without a word like that, and never send a line; and it was your own fault you had to go to all."

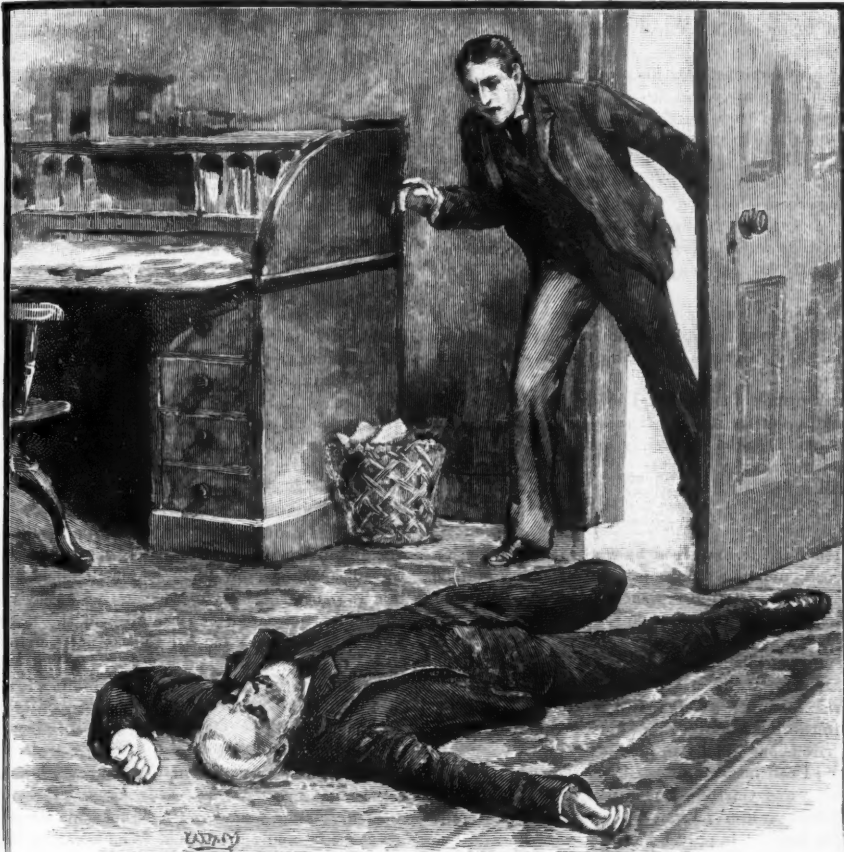
Garth loosed her.

"Why, Minnie, who told you that?"

"Someone who knows all about it."

"Mr. O'Neil, I suppose?" Minnie did not speak.

"What did he tell you, Minnie?"



"He looked in, to see Mr. Caryl lying on the floor unconscious."—p. 250.

"Nothing at all, but that you had made a mistake, and had to go and—explain—and——"

"Apologise, I suppose?"

"Well, Garth, you needn't be so angry. He was as kind and nice as possible, and said he would do his best to help you—to look after you, he said."

Garth turned and left the room.

Mrs. Garrickson spoke up gently. "Minnie, I would never have said that to Garth. You have vexed him."

"But, indeed," almost in tears, "he needn't be vexed. I think he is very easily vexed, Mrs. Garrickson."

"But not unnecessarily. You don't just understand Garth yet."

"But Mr. O'Neil said——"

"Mr. O'Neil is not a good man, Minnie. I think the less you have to say to him the better."

"He is very kind. Garth is—spoiled."

The mother looked up in quiet pain, and said no more. If he were, so evidently was someone else. And though Garth returned as if he had been but for a wash and brush, and sat down and ate his tea, and

talked about his travels, the evening was a failure; he had to take Minnie home early.

When he returned he came straight to the parlour, without staying to remove cap or boots. "Mother, Minnie must not stay at the house while Miss Mildred is away."

"I was thinking of it, Garth. I will write and ask Miss Mildred's leave to have her here."

"That's a good mother!"

"What was that mistake, my son?"

"It was no mistake of mine at all. Just say nothing of the matter to Miss Caryl." In a few days Minnie was with them.

No wonder Kildare did not succeed with Garth.

Then he was sent suddenly to Glasgow. For a week all had gone peaceably, when something happened.

Garth was writing in his office one day, rather at leisure just then, when he heard a curious noise, then a heavy thud as of a fall in the inner room, the door of which was slightly ajar. He raised his head and listened, but hearing nothing, dipped his pen in the ink, and bent again; then a low groan struck his ear.

Throwing down his pen, he stepped to the door and looked in, to see Mr. Caryl lying on the floor unconscious.

Garth was startled, for his master was robust-looking; not until lately had he ever seen him ill—on the passage to and from Antwerp; but it did not occur to him to call help or make any stir; he merely, by exerting all his strength, got the heavy inanimate heap on to the couch—there was one in this else bare-looking room—loosened the clothing, and brought water, and though it was some time ere consciousness returned, he waited, persevered, and raised no alarm.

Presently he was rewarded; Mr. Caryl opened his eyes.

"Oh, Garth! where's Simister?" then remembering, he gave an impatient exclamation and lay with closed eyes again. "Get me the brandy—presently—from the cupboard."

Garth opened the cupboard by the fireplace, to find it full of bottles and medicines—a miniature drug store—and brought the brandy and a glass, of course without remark.

"Fill it up."

"Full, sir?"

"Yes."

Garth filled it, and stood by while it was taken—a stiff dose; and John Caryl's principles were teetotal, he knew. It gave strength; soon the patient was sitting up, looking more like his usual self, but pale still, and anxious.

"I must go," he said. "Get the Guide, and find the next train for Hull."

Garth, too much a servant to presume, too much a man to think much of a faint, did as requested.

"There is one in half an hour, sir."

"Ah! I can just catch it. Get me my coat," trying to rise; "and, Garth"—but it was useless, his limbs would not bear him; he sank back, a grey despair crept into his face. "If only I had Simister," he said by-and-by. "Garrickson, what's the amount at Astley's. I—I forget."

Garth went to the next room and returned with a large ledger; turning it over, and calculating rapidly, he named the amount. It was large.

"There's a run on the bank."

Garth paled; to lose such a sum would be serious, he knew—calamity.

"It's a mere scare—a few silly women and fools," Mr. Caryl was saying.

"Draw from the county and check it."

Garth forgot rank, and spoke as from man to man.

"There's not enough, unless they'd advance. If I could see Bissington—"

"I'll go, sir—he knows me. Just write an order; I'll do what I can."

Garth went to his room, locked away his books and papers, came back with his hat on: had taken the note he managed to scrawl, and gone, before John Caryl quite realised what he had done: trusted all his wealth, credit, public honour to a workman of twenty-four years.

In his life John Caryl had lived no day like this: part he spent in strengthless fret on his sofa, part in feeble anxious overturning of his clerks' books, with

slowly increasing confidence. Long after the hum of the mill was silent, the watchman his only companion between the wide still walls, he waited on, but Garth did not return. At last he went home in helpless despair.

Meanwhile, Garth was fighting his master's battle as if it were his own. First he went to a local bank, where, being known, and John Caryl a personal friend of the banker, he obtained a personal interview. A few earnest words, and that gentleman secured the necessary papers, and together they went to Hull.

It was well Alexander Bissington had gone, for matters there were at the furthest extreme. Never had Garth viewed such a scene; the street in which the building stood was crowded by a mass of frantic people, a strong cordon of police vainly trying to restore order and keep the traffic going. The steps of the building were blocked by a tightly wedged crowd of all ages and sexes, young girls and feeble old women, youths and aged men, clergy and rough workmen. A body of police guarded the entrance, admitting batches of ten or twenty, but making no perceptible impression on the noisy, pushing host outside which was quite impassable.

Now, had Garth been alone he had been helpless, but Mr. Bissington knew his way: leaving the cab, they threaded some narrow lanes behind the houses, which brought them at last to the back of Astley's bank, from the front of which the roar of the multitude came in a muffled hum. Here was no door, and the windows were high and glazed. Mr. Bissington rapped on one of these with his umbrella; it opened slightly.

"Who's there?"

"Bissington."

The window went up higher, and a white-haired gentleman appeared.

"Why, Astley! however has this come about?"

"Come in, and I'll tell you. Who have you there?"

"From John Caryl."

"He will have to come. He can't have his money, Bissington, nor you; you'll swamp us between you."

"We don't want it—we don't want it. We've £25,000 for you. Just put a chair out, and we'll talk inside."

A chair was put out; and by means of this Alexander Bissington's portly person was got into the building. Garth followed, and found himself in a plain oilcloth-floored room, the door of which was closed, evidently locked; round the table were seated several gentlemen; immediately opposite was—Kildare. In his astonishment Garth forgot his surroundings: the watching eyes.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

Kildare met him with a British stare; he had the advantage in having seen Garth first, eased his posture, and returned: "And you?"

For answer, Garth, brought suddenly to his senses, drew out his papers and handed them to Mr. Astley.

"Eh, eh? What's this? You—you, sir—I thought you were John Caryl's man."

"His nephew."

"Do you know him, Bissington?"

"Oh yes—but what authority, eh, Garrickson?"

"None whatever. How did you know anything, O'Neil? You should be in Glasgow."

"One hears things—I came in last night. The papers—"

"There's not a breath in the papers," said one gentleman.

"As yet," added another.

"Have you no private knowledge, O'Neil?"

"He says John Caryl has failed in his Belgian negotiations, and—"

"It is untrue."

Then Kildare grew excited; neither he nor Garth ever spoke of the scene that ensued. In the end he was allowed to go free, but Mr. Bissington and Garth were detained many hours.

For long they seemed to have come uselessly. Gradually, as more police were drafted, and the people found they were being satisfied, affairs became quieter outside, and the police at the doors prevented undue crowding within; but the clerks seemed to make no impression on the continual stream of people at the counters: while those who had got their money passed on, new-comers took their place, and still the corridors filled and re-filled with successive batches of others, orderly enough, but persistent and determined, though the press and the waiting hour after hour foodless told visibly on their strength.

But at length, as night closed in, there were appearances that the excitement was subsiding; creditors began to hesitate, to question, to be willing to receive assurance; some even brought back money they had withdrawn; telegrams arrived cancelling orders. Several large firms, satisfied by Garth's explanations, and wires from Antwerp, and encouraged by Mr. Bissington's example, advanced large sums.

At last the doors were closed; weary clerks drew breath, and dropped into seats; principals grasped hands, and with broken congratulations and hopes for the morrow, separated. Astley's bank, Caryl, cotton-spinner, and various other firms and persons were saved.

Then, Mr. Bissington being carried off by Mr. Astley, Garth returned home alone.

When he arrived Mr. Caryl was at table. Thomas had orders to show him in at once.

"Well?"

"All right, sir."

"Have you dined?"

"No."

"Sit down, Garrickson.—Thomas, a knife and fork, and then you can go.—Now then, tell me all about it."

And Garth sat down, for he was hungry, and told all but two matters: concerning Kildare, and that he had drawn all his own and his mother's savings to help the emergency.

But Alexander Bissington knew.

#### CHAPTER XV.

A WEEK afterwards Mr. Caryl came into the office—as the mill was "loosing" at noon—with a paper in his hand—

"Here's your loan, Garth," carelessly; it was always

"Garth" now. "Better return it to the county; those local banks are hardly safe for a man like you. Or why not invest it?"

"How did you know, sir?"

"Bissington is furnished with a tongue—and another thing or two he has told. If I were you, I would invest this."

"Well, part is my mother's, sir, and she trusts Mr. Bissington and does not like investments."

"But your own! it's a good sum: more than I should have thought originally, and now—"

Garth did not understand until his eye caught the cheque; it was £500 in excess of the original sum. He started as if stung, a quick flush dyed his cheek, his eye flashed, his head was flung back.

"I—I—you must excuse me, sir."

"It is not I, my lad; it is the bank and four other firms: a mere hundred each; you can hardly refuse it, Garth, for such a day's work: for me, I've another plan. Just lock this up here," taking the paper hastily, in fear lest he should tear it, locking it into the safe and pocketing the keys. "We'll just walk up and have some lunch and a chat."

And they did walk up, and lunch and talk, and to Garth was made a revelation.

His master to be taken from his head!—to gradually, daily loose hold of the business which had engrossed him all his life!—to feel health and strength slipping away—to drift helpless, and on a sudden vanish!

And Mildred to know nothing; no one to know!

"Understand, Garth, I will have no-one suspect. My belief in your power of silence alone has induced me to tell you this, and your present knowledge. Had you rung the bell, or called, or in any way attracted attention the other day, or if they had known at Hull, the game would have been all up; the world won't do business with a man whose life is not worth a day's purchase."

This was after luncheon: Mr. Caryl sat in one of his deep velvet chairs. Garth had risen and stood, hands in pockets, in the window. He faced round now, and the window being a bow, his face was not in shadow.

"Why not sell out, sir? Is it worth while?" The tone and the bloodless face had been apology enough, were one needed; the souls of these two men were very near each other. John Caryl leaned his head against the red velvet wearily.

"For myself, not, Garth, nor if my girl had been a son, but if I sold out just now it would mean the house and land as well. I could not keep them up; and there is Mildred."

Garth faced round to the window.

"I did plan—I hoped—to take Kildare into the business. I thought if he could run the thing—he had education—and if my daughter fancied him—I confess I was beginning to think it might be rather a good thing. There was that Irish land he will have by-and-by, too. But it's no use now. If I would have him, the market would not—nor Mildred. If you cannot do what I suggest, take a partnership and go on. I must sell, however; another attack like Wednesday's would make an end."



"The amount I have is not a fair price, sir. I will not do it at less than full value."

"There is your mother."

"She will not invest."

"Not for her son?"

"No; on principle, I shall not ask her." There was a pause.

"I thought," said Mr. Caryl, meditatively then—"I thought that pretty little sweetheart of yours had something."

"She has—I shall not touch it."

"Why not—at a good percentage? As safe as anything, and safer than most."

Garth paused. How was he to explain? It was impossible.

"She would trust you?"

"I suppose so," indifferently.

"When are you to be married?"

"I don't know at all," with an inflexion of curtness and impatience.

"Well, Garth," leaning forward, his arms on his knees, his hands clasped, and speaking with grave kindness, "if I were you I should arrange and do it as soon as possible, and use your joint funds thus. I don't as a rule advise early marriage; but there are exceptional cases. You will never have a like opportunity. To no one else would I make this proposal—nor to you, but for your staunch help last week, and that you are your father's son, and, I believe, worthy of him, my lad."

And Garth returned to the mill alone—his master wanted to rest—with that grave preoccupied look which was becoming his habitual expression.

Poor Garth! his antipathy to this was great: either to marry soon or to appropriate any part of Minnie's money.

To marry lovelessly was wrong enough; to marry the girl for her money, like the supposed scamp he had fancied himself saving her from, was far worse; and the idea clung to Garth that if he married Minnie at all in the end, it would be for that reason alone. He had been growing reconciled to Minnie, even fond of her, until the girl herself had checked him; now that she was with them, she was showing an unsuspected side of her character, and Garth had begun to doubt.

Minnie was not happy; somewhere there was a jar; she was constrained and quiet with him and with his mother: neither seemed congenial to her: and how kind soever they might be, they could not really win her confidence; sometimes it was evident she had been shedding tears.

It did not enter Garth's mind to connect anyone in their own neighbourhood with the change in her. Garth fancied that, in spite of her denial, there had been a prior attachment, that a woman's inevitable preference for her first love was troubling her, and would eventually conquer; she would set him free. He could not in honour break the engagement: he must fulfil his



"By means of this Alexander Bissington was helped into the building."—p. 250.



part if she were satisfied; he must be kind to Minnie; but if he simply waited, something would happen, he felt.

"All things come round to those who will but wait."

If he had only waited once before—if he had but been patient! Now all dream of other love was gone; but to bind himself thus was not his rightful destiny, he knew. To be free to spend his strength, his days one by one in working—with no reward but the doing it—not for Minnie: that were a higher life.

And now, unless he did this thing, that were impossible. The old home would be broken up, the land

would know them no more. New master, new men, would come to the works; he must go abroad.

And his mother? And Mildred? What would fatherless Mildred do? Had he only waited; had he but been patient! He might have seen—he had seen—the wise path, the path of patience. Now all was mist and mire, and progress seemed hopeless.

"For he that once hath missed the right way,  
The further he doth go, the further he doth stray."

And "the real way seemed made up of all the ways."  
"*Fide sed cui vide!*" How be faithful where he could place no faith?

(To be continued.)

## EARTHLY PARADISES.—I.

BY THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A., CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES, AUTHOR OF  
"HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED," ETC.



WE have all heard the cynical remark that marriage is the door that brings deluded mortals back to earth, but there are few of us who do not know cases that go to prove exactly the reverse. When the several parts of our bodies are in perfect health, we do not feel

them, or, indeed, notice them at all, but the moment something goes wrong we feel, and cry out, "Oh, my tooth!" "My poor head!" "My leg!"

So it is with matrimony.

When husband and wife pull along happily together they forget themselves and each other, and do not speak about their happiness at all. Thus one unhappy alliance makes more noise than a hundred that are happy. A shriek of pain is heard far more easily than a hum of satisfaction. Matrimonial failures strive and cry in the streets, whereas the successes enjoy domestic felicity at their own firesides and say nothing about it.

Certainly marriage does bring people back from the airy dreams of courting days to the realities of every-day earthly existence, but it cannot be denied that it is to a very large number of people the source of all that is best and brightest in their lives.

"Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look  
When hearts are of each other sure."

If many of the men about whom we hear and read most have never entered this Paradise, there are on the other hand, perhaps, as many who have done so. We have heard enough of famous men who have been unhappily married; let us think of a few who lived in an earthly Paradise as far as their domestic relations were concerned.

The Poet and Divine, John Donne, who became

Dean of St. Paul's in 1621, had married a lady belonging to a rich family without the consent of her parents, and in consequence was treated with great asperity; in fact, he was told by his father-in-law that he was not to expect any money from him. The Doctor went home and penned the pithy note: "John Donne, Anne Donne, *undone*," which he sent to the gentleman in question, and this had the effect of restoring them to favour. The couple were very poor at first, but things soon got brighter, and they lived most happily together until Mrs. Donne, who had been married when only sixteen years of age, died sixteen years afterwards, at the birth of her twelfth child.

Another Poet and Divine who was not undone by his marriage, but greatly helped and comforted, was George Herbert. He and his wife married on the third day after their first interview. Indeed, the match had been pre-arranged by friends who, Izaak Walton tells us, "well understood the tempers and knew the estates of both parties, and the Eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections and compliance. Indeed, so happy that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires." In his acts of charity—a grace to which he devotes a special chapter in his "Country Parson"—Herbert found a hearty helper in his wife, whom he made his almoner, and paid to her regularly a tenth of all he received as tithes, to be spent on the poor of his parish.

We are all more or less familiar with the description which Dean Stanley has given of Dr. Arnold at home. We can almost hear his cheerful voice as he goes before breakfast through the head-master's house, calling up the several members of his family. We know that he never worked so well or so happily as when surrounded by his children, or liked any recreation so much as a "skirmish" with them over the country, except,

perhaps, a quiet walk beside his wife's pony. It was what he called "the rare, the unbroken, the almost awful happiness" of his domestic life that made him what he was, and enabled him to reform the system of public schools in England.

Not less fortunate in this respect were two great friends of Arnold—Archdeacon Hare and Baron Bunsen; and certainly the Archdeacon deserved a domestic Paradise, for he made it for himself—the only way it is to be got. This is what his wife wrote about him after that, in many respects, trying time, the first year of marriage. "I never saw anybody so easy to live with, by whom the daily petty things of life were passed over so lightly; and then there is a charm in the refinement of feeling which is not to be told in its influence upon trifles." There are "strong-minded" women who talk of the "slavery" of matrimony; but it must be an earthly Paradise rather than "slavery" to live with a husband like this.

In his address at the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Fife the Archbishop of Canterbury, when describing what marriage should be, and sometimes is, quoted with good effect the farewell words which Baron Bunsen addressed from his dying bed to the Baroness—"Most precious Fanny, my first, my only love! In you I have loved that which is eternal. No one knows what you have been to me; thanks, a thousand times, for your love!"

A Paradise on earth was lost by Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, when his wife died. Though he was a widower for thirty-two years, he never forgot her. At his own funeral might be seen the wreath of lilies which his hand had only a few weeks before hung over the cross that marks her grave. "My happiest time," he used to say, "was when I was rector of Brighstone, with my dear wife and my children all about me." Nothing in his biography is more touching than the references to his domestic affections. On his introduction to Court, his prevailing sentiment is that he had lost *her* to whom, on his return home, he might describe the scene. After her death, returning home from any place was always rather painful. When she was with him, "if I went home to her, it was beyond all words. If I went home *with* her, I got apart to see her meet her children; and now——!"

To be "thoroughly domesticated" is a rare attainment, for it is nothing less than the flower that indicates perfectly developed manhood or womanhood. This flower beautified and sweetened Charles Kingsley's life. How much such an example should teach us all! We cannot be preachers, poets, novelists, naturalists, sportsmen, all of which Kingsley was, but none of us need despair of making that little corner of the world called "home" bright and happy, as he did. Because the rectory house was on low ground, the rector of Eversley, who considered violation of the divine laws of health a sort of acted blasphemy, built his children an outdoor nursery on the

"Mount," where they kept books, toys, and tea-things, spending long happy days on the highest and loveliest point of moorland in the globe; and there he would join them when his parish work was done, bringing them some fresh treasure picked up in his walk, a choice wild flower or fern or rare beetle, sometimes a lizard or a field-mouse; ever waking up their sense of wonder, calling out their powers of observation, and teaching them lessons out of God's great green book, *without their knowing* they were learning. He had no moods with his family, for he cultivated by strict self-discipline, in the midst of worries and pressing business, a disengaged temper, that always enabled him to enter into other people's interests, and especially into children's playfulness. "I wonder," he would say, "if there is so much laughing in any other home in England as in ours." Kingsley met his future wife when he was only twenty years of age. He was at the time full of doubts about religion, and his face, with its unsatisfied, hungry look, bore witness to the state of his mind. He told her his doubts, and she told him her faith, and the former were dispelled by the latter. Sickness and other crosses visited the earthly Paradise which they made for each other when they married, but these crosses they took up together in the right spirit, and helped each other to bear them. Sympathising with a husband's anxiety, Kingsley once wrote to a friend: "I believe one never understands the blessed mystery of marriage till one has nursed a sick wife, nor understands, either, what treasures women are."

Spurgeon had also to nurse a sick wife for years, but this did not prevent his home from being very happy. "It was," says an intimate friend, "the abode of perfect peace and tender affection." Into this home were born twin sons, and the observation of their growth was a source of continual pleasure to the parents. The twins were photographed at birth and every year afterwards until they came of age. Included in one frame the twenty-one photographs were hung up on a wall of his dining-room, and the great preacher used to say, "If we could only grow in grace like that!"

Speaking of his wife when he was Dean of Carlisle, and before their terrible losses, Archbishop Tait says: "The chief happiness of her domestic life was in the children who, one after another, were born to give brightness to the dingy old deanery. Each day while we were in residence she would sally forth in our open car with the whole body of them, when an interval came from the work of the day. In spring-time and in summer we would encamp some four or five miles beyond the smoke of the city, and wander with them seeking wild flowers in the woods or loitering pleasantly by the river-side. And then, as the elder of them grew up, what pleasant hours she spent in reading with them, and how wonderfully she was able to interest their growing intelligence in all the good works which she herself did for Christ's sake."

"And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this."

Thomas Moore, who wrote these words, did himself taste the Elysium of conjugal happiness. From 1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, that of his death, his Bessy received from him the homage of a lover. Whatever amusement he might find in the grand society in which he mixed, he always returned to his wife and children with a fresh feeling of delight.

Many women deserve, but few receive, such an IOU as that which Hood gave his wife in one of his letters when absent from her: "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail."

Miss Martineau, who was a near neighbour of Wordsworth and his wife, has described how very happily they went down the hill of life together, how the old wife would miss her husband, and trot out to find him asleep, perhaps in the sun, run for his hat and watch over him till he awoke. "They seemed like sweethearts courting, they were so tender and attentive to each other."

Wordsworth made at least one joke. When he heard that the poet Browning was going to marry the poetess Miss Barrett, he said, "I hope they'll understand one another." She certainly thought that she understood him, for she wrote to a friend

—"Nobody exactly understands him except me, who am in the inside of him and hear him breathe." The poet and poetess were well matched, but they had to endure the common lot of human nature. With limited means they had to "pay away heaps of guineas" to secure apartments with windows looking due south. The soul-cure of happiness had done wonders for Mrs. Browning, but her bodily ailments were too deep-seated for perfect restoration. In the biography of Robert Browning there is a significant passage, which ought to be considered by all who would practically solve the problem: "How to be happy though married"—"The deep heart-love, the many-sided intellectual sympathy, preserved their union in rare beauty to the end. But to say that it thus maintained itself as if by magic, without effort of self-sacrifice on his part or of resignation on hers, would be as unjust to the noble qualities of both, as it would be false to assert that its compensating happiness had ever failed them."

The other great master of song belonging to our time and country was also conspicuous for conjugal felicity. Tennyson was united to a lady of exquisite taste and refinement, the worthy partner of his honours and his fame. In America, too, latter-day poets have proved that genius is not incapable of entering the Paradise of true family life. Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, were all unexceptionable husbands.



## THAT PEACEFUL TIME.

BY THE VERY REV. A. K. H. BOYD, D.D., LL.D., AUTHOR OF "THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON," ETC. ETC.

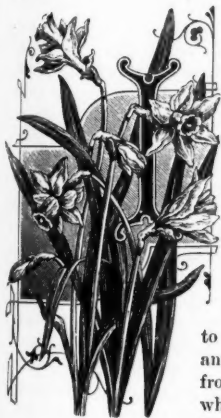
### CHAPTER I.

#### HELPED BY NATURE.

HAVE had a month of absolute rest; I do not remember when I had the like before. Thirteen hours of travel part me from my parish: so that calls of duty which would be irresistible if I were within two hours' reach are disregarded. The good people must learn to do without me. And I am to be five Sundays absent from those dear friends: of which four are already past. It is a mistake for any

clergyman to preach too regularly in his own church, or churches. It is bad both for the congregation and for himself. One result is that the congregation tends to become unreasonable in its expectations.

Before this little time of rest began, I had ministered in my own churches on twenty-nine of the preceding thirty-one Sundays: the two Sundays of absence being days of specially exhausting duty in two great cities. Yet some grumbled when I came away. I regarded them not, save by recalling St. Paul's wish, that he might "be delivered from unreasonable men:" the accurate translation would be "crotchety men." One's heart was more touched by repeated communications, conveyed in the kindest possible words, which represented that I was "sorely missed." That is extremely proper. One would not like not to be missed by kindly souls to whom one has given one's very best for eight-and-twenty years. When I return home in a few days, and take up the reins as often heretofore, let me hope to be greatly valued. Though I have spoken, let it be added, of absolute rest, it is such rest as is consistent with preaching morning and evening each Sunday here to a very considerable congregation in a lofty church with a great developed chancel, demanding no little exertion of a failing voice. And when I make mention of preaching, I mean (according to the use of the North)



conducting the entire service, save that the lessons are read for me. And the service of Scotland takes it out of an aging man. The lessons are read with no little dignity and solemnity; and that by a man who took his B.D. with high credit.

A man who is usually driven beyond his strength is made to feel, in such a time of rest, that it would not be expedient to retire from work altogether. The interest would go from life: you would break down and depart. You cannot live upon your past work: no matter how long and hard it has been. And you forget things, sorrowfully, when you have passed quite away from them. The feeling, half painful, half pleasant, with which you sat down and took up the pen, is wholly forgot when you take up the pen no more. I know one who, having undertaken to write a considerable book, no part of which was to be published till all of it had been written, was painfully possessed by a morbid fear that he never would finish it: in which case all his labour would be lost, as (in point of fact) it never could be finished at all. Wherefore he toiled at it in a killing fashion: and often put on record in a private history always very sad to read, that if he were but suffered to finish this work, he never would attempt anything more. The book was finished: was published: was very successful: but though probably nobody ever read it with greater interest than its author, he could not bear to read the daily record of its composition. There is no one you will ever pity more than you have pitied your own poor weary self of departed days. And this without anything of unworthy selfishness. Yet that solemn vow that this work should be the last was broken like other vows. You must work on, as long as you can: work at all. It is very hard, oftentimes, to work: it is still harder not to work. And above all, if it be the nature of the being to write, he will write while he can take up the pen.

I did not come out to think of this at all. That magnificent Strath: and this miraculous summer evening! It is but the twenty-sixth day of July; yet already the golden hue of harvest is widely spread forth below: where the fine river winds down the broad valley, and the great black hills rise above the yellow gleam. The scenery is Highland; vitally and unmistakably Highland; yet it is not like Perthshire or Argyllshire. It has a character of its own: there is an undefinable but strongly felt difference. Stop: and gaze: and take things in. The ripening rustle is at one's feet: there is a fresh warm breeze which makes waves over the cornfields, which makes an Æolian harp of the telegraph-wires overhead. The landscape, vast in extent, is black towards the west; where the way tends, at the base of these great rounded hills, towards Loch Maree and Skye. Eastward, where a few miles would bring you to the sea, the valley widens into a considerable plain. The plain is now in shadow: save that, far away, there is an oasis of sunshine, a round expanse of blazing green and gold amid the gloom: like the

bright days of one's life, which have gone away. When a boy, one would have thought that the people who live in those paradisaical fields must be happy. However that may be, I can thankfully testify that this beautiful aspect of valley and mountain, of dark wood and steely river, has pleasantly helped one pilgrim to-day. You come out, with some little worry stinging you; and in the second plane of the mind there is a long anxiety from which you are never free. But as you plod on, with a heavy foot, patient Nature waits for your attention: gradually she takes hold of it: weans you from your sad thoughts: smiles in your face and murmurs in your ear: till your old heart is lightened wonderfully.

Just at this point two little school-girls came cheerfully along the road, and smiled brightly upon the stranger. They stopped, and in the soft pleasant Celtic voice related what their names were, and their years: also the six miles of daily walk to and from school, and how hard were their lessons. Their ages were ten and eleven: their lessons appeared to me far too long and difficult. But the children looked so bright and happy that I felt sure their instructor was kind and reasonable. The westering sun shone upon the little faces; and a threepenny-piece to each made the faces delightful to see. So we parted, having become old friends. As the little feet tripped away, I thought of Longfellow's lines; and wondered how far they had to go. If one were the possessor of a four-leaved shamrock; ah, if one were but for a moment what Martin Elginbrod, sleeping under the sod in the Highland churchyard, dared to imagine ere he lay down to his rest: how good and happy these little people would be. I note, with great approval, the outward signs of reasonable happiness and goodness in the grown-up folk who abide all about here: and I am hopeful. I trust the little feet, when grown bigger, may never go far south of Inverness. Specially I hope that they may keep far away from Glasgow.

If I could venture to set down all that came into my mind during that lonely walk, it would not be quite suitable to this page. For I wandered off into tracts of theological thinking: and wondered at grim yet sincere religionists in lovely regions like these, who have set up for God a bigger and more powerful devil, selfish and touchy beyond expression; as little like the blessed Truth and the merciful Saviour as any horrible Hindoo image with seven heads: and then have given the holiest Name to that ghastly idol. I remember well a faithful preacher of my youth, who complained bitterly of a worthy soul who spoke of a number of happy children, hardly beyond infancy, as *little angels*. "*Little devils*," roared the kindly preacher of the hopeful Gospel: "*that's what they are!*" Which statement was cheering to those entrusted with their training. And yet, spite of Lord Palmerston's declaration that we are all "*born good*," it cannot be denied that the heart-breaking sin and misery which have sometimes been developed in later and worse years must have all





"Two little schoolgirls came cheerfully along the road."—p. 256.

been (in some sense) latent in the little heart when the little face was so innocent and bright : having so lately come "from God, who is our home." I do not care for the rigour of logic ; as matter of fact, it does not lead us to vital and essential truth. That comes oftencst by sudden intuition. And I will hold with Wordsworth as to the place we came from : as to what we are when we come. If "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," we cannot be such "little devils" after all. Yet things may be latent. Were all the processes of thought which are written on this page present in the formless fog which some would make the origin of all things : potentially containing every thing which ever was to be here ? Truly that fog was a wonderful thing, if it contained not merely all trees and flowers, those round hills with the purple heather covering them, that green grass and yellow corn, all diamonds and steel : but likewise the warm devotion which I saw last night in God's house on divers rapt faces, and this bewilderment with which I am now thinking of the whole question. It takes nothing from the miracle of Creation, though you suppose that a "first impress" gave to that unpromising original the potency of all that was to be. "I know that Thou canst do everything." The patient sufferer said those words long ages ago. The wonder is not diminished if everything was done at once.

It was a great Double-First, the most wrong-headed of the race, who put in print the tremendous declara-

tion that he really thought that Mr. Fletcher of Madeley was better than Christ. And one thought, under that sudden blow, with what unspeakable horror that kindly saint would have heard of the comparison. Down in the dust at the pierced feet ! That is where he would have held himself worthy to be placed. And the first prayer would have been for forgiveness to the poor soul that dared that awful comparison. Yet, if kindness is to be measured by the immediate removal of pain and evil without regard to law and to consequences, there are many good women and good men who are a great deal kinder than God Almighty. That poor old creature I prayed with to-day, who has never been free from grievous pain for two years, and has no prospect before her but of increasing agony till it kills her : do you think if I had been able to work a miracle I should have come out of the cottage door leaving her as I left her ? That little boy coming along the road, that human being of five years old : do you think I should leave him the farthest chance of going to the bad if I had the power to make all his life good and happy ? Well : there is One who could do all that : and does not. My faith is firm that it is because He has good reason : and that all the crushing perplexities through which we cannot see any more than through that granite cliff will be cleared up some day. But why the long weary ages of sin and sorrow, at all ? Why should even Carlyle be



able to say, looking round this terrible world, "He does nothing"? It is not so much a moral government under which this universe goes on now, as the faint dawn of a moral government coming. Yet there is enough to make Matthew Arnold see that "the stream of tendency makes for righteousness." There is enough to make Ruskin cry aloud with the voice of an old prophet, believing where he cannot prove, that "you are ultimately to get—exactly what you are worth." Yet, with it all, it cannot be denied that every Court of Justice, every magistrate sitting on how humble soever a judgment seat, every police-constable, is doing all he can to mend the imperfection, the slowness of God's moral government. When I behold a male brute abusing a poor woman, and intervene in the most decisive manner and that on the instant, is it not because though the mills may possibly grind exceeding small, yet they grind a great deal too slowly for me? It really does not suffice to me that I should look on as the cruel blows fall, and say, "Ah, it is punishment enough for you that you are such a brutal savage, and you will quite understand that in about thirty years." Yet it is to be remembered, too, that the burning wrath which has stirred in me at callous cruelty, and the prompt measures taken to stop it, form part of the lagging administration of the great Lawgiver whom we cannot see. It is the old saying, *God mend all*. It is the old reply (which surely Himself inspired), *Nay: but we must help Him to mend it*.

I do not know that any reader, seeing the track of thought into which I have got, would say that Nature has helped me much on this bright evening. Yet true it is that these black hills, and that great strath now blazing in the sinking sunshine, have made thoughts bearable which sometimes are not bearable at all. After all, the forlorn hope of humanity is but a very small minority: though this is little comfort to those who are submerged, who are beaten down. And there must be an unimaginable patience and power of looking on at hideous evil and letting it just go on, in the almighty Power which is above us all. Of a sudden, as a gleam from those ripening acres comes to one's sight, some relief comes in a way which is inexplicable. It was Arthur Helps, that wisest and kindest-hearted of men, who said that an amusing little story takes the heart away from trouble as much as anything in common experience.

I have a friend who is a singularly helpful preacher. And helpfulness is what we want now. Never in this world was good man more free from self-conceit. Yet he told me how for a moment he felt flattered, some little. He went to abide for a space at a little town by the Western sea: where the resident parson is good, but beyond words wooden. A homely elder approached him on an early day: and said, very earnestly, "Ye maun preach to us some Sunday while ye're here." My saintly and old friend was pleased. He said to himself, "Here, in this remote



"He betook himself to his young sister's grave."—p. 259.

place, my reputation has reached before me : and there is a general desire to enjoy the privilege of my excellent ministrations." But in that moment the cold splash in the face came. For the devout old elder, holding up both hands, said with an earnest sincerity not to be misinterpreted, "Oanyboaddy, oanyboaddy, rayther than Mr. Snooks !" As though he said, "You're a very poor hand : but the very poorest is better than the awful orator we hear weekly !" My dear friend felt the incident as somewhat mortifying. But being the most self-forgetting of mankind, and absolutely incapable of the arts of the Pusher, he came next Sunday and did all he knew to guide and comfort such as were needy. I know no man who can do such work better ; very few who can do it as well.

A Pusher is detestable, and contemptible. Some day I may write an accurate history, fully vouched, of certain Pushers I know. Yet it is not pushing, in any evil sense, when a human being avails himself of legitimate opportunities, honourably open to him. Surely it was so when a decent tenant-farmer, away in Cornwall, came to pay his rent. This done, refreshments were offered. "Will you have port or sherry ?" was said, in kindly tones, by as good a woman as is known to me. But the dear man was not one to miss a chance. He answered in a monosyllable, uttered in a deep voice and with a solemn aspect. The word was *Bawth* ! And he got them both : and departed apparently none the worse.

I turn to go back to where is my temporary home : recalling certain words of a forgotten or in any case unread author, to the effect that there is natural scenery so sublime that it could soothe even remorse. That of course is nonsense : rank nonsense. A sudden bursting upon the view of a scene of inexpressible awfulness might for the instant quite engross the mind, to the exclusion of everything else : but the terrible inward pang would speedily be back again. It is quite another thing to say that nature can calm away fret and worry. The stillness soothes nerves and heart : the grand beauty takes us out of ourselves. Surely it has been so since "Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide." Yet exceptions will occur. I know one who once, thirty years ago, stood for a full hour in a sheltered nook, whence he gazed on one of the grandest of the Bernese Alps. The sharp peaks cut into the blue sky : the great snow-fields were stretched out : every now and then there came the thunder of an avalanche. And these things were new and strange. Yet, all the while, the thought of a petty and sordid trouble possessed him : and the cowardly anticipation of vexation which seemed sure to come, but which in fact never came. Ah, little things are great to us little folk. And sometimes not even the Alps can get at the quick of us. I knew, in departed days, a very hard student who had gone in for certain competitions whose result then seemed as life and death. As the decisive day drew near, he was wrought into a fever of anxiety, which ceased not waking or sleep-

ing. Wherefore, hoping to be calmed, he betook himself to his young sister's grave. It was in a grand churchyard : in a quiet spot of it : and there, time after time, he tried to recall the sweet face and the last words : tried to take in how little all present anxieties would seem when he came to be laid down there : how soon that might be : and even asked her if she could hear him, to say a word up There for her poor restless brother. Sad to say, these things availed not at all : and he turned his steps towards the old quadrangles unrelieved. That was his experience. In the issue, everything went well. He got all he ever wished, or hoped. But he said he would not willingly go through the like again. And he wondered when people talked of academic quiet. It seemed to him a specially nervous and feverish life : for such as aimed at the highest rewards. Of course, these men were few. The most took things easily. For myself, when I look, most days, at the athletic and unworn frame of a famous Senior Wrangler, I always think *How anxious you must have been !* Hard enough for him : much harder for those whom he eclipsed. Yet he walks away, with a grand swing, the most unaffected of men : just as if he were nobody in particular. I suppose on most days he forgets all about it.

We do not look far on, we who have grown old : we are content with a little thing. That field of intense green can meanwhile (God be thanked) soothe eye and heart. The long slope of that great mountain (it is a mountain, and a famous one), with the setting sun over it, is enough. Far away from this place, I look continually at the top line of a green hill against the sky : I see it every day. I cannot explain how or why : but, as certain fact, it commonly suffices to somewhat cheer. Often has one looked at it when cheer was greatly needed. And on this beautiful evening of a restful day, I have of a surety been helped by gracious Nature. No doubt this gentle influence gets home, because there is nothing now to greatly worry. One has known times of great anxiety, not about things of personal concern but of public, wherein so mild an anodyne would not have sufficed. You remember how Wordsworth desired, "in hours of fear, or grovelling thought, to find a refuge" in sublime architecture. The sonnets are renowned : are classic : are quite beyond being quoted. Give us that too : though there have been days in which Westminster Abbey would not have helped : in which Winchester Cathedral did in fact leave one very perplexed and anxious. Beyond æsthetic thrill, there is something to be found in a church : there is an end now of "no praying allowed here" : though this strange help, which I have seen sought with a face that seemed near to despair, may be found under the shadow of Ben Wyvis as well as under the roof of King's College Chapel. Indeed, there is no limitation at all, either of time or place. We have supreme authority that fault will not be found though we "pray without ceasing" : though we "pray everywhere."

# PHOEBE GRAY—WITCH !

BY C. N. BARHAM.

## CHAPTER I.



“S” EE at hinder housen, by'es ; there's the owd witch agen ! Coome along, or her'll do us all a mischeff, together; surely.”

A group of urchins hurried around the corner of the village street, a peal of coarse laughter followed, and a moment later a stone struck the wall of a small cottage,

at the open door of which a girl of perhaps twenty summers was standing.

The girl looked up quickly, and a flush either of pain or anger mantled her fair cheek when she heard the unfeeling remark. Then, as she muttered a few words in an undertone to herself, the colour receded, leaving her as pale as before, and she turned and entered the house, closing the door behind her.

As she entered, a bird fluttered from off a shelf above the fireplace, and, uttering a chirp of welcome, perched confidently upon her shoulder ; while a lame dog of nondescript breed crept forward, and, thrusting its cold nose into her warm hand, looked up at her with its soft brown eyes.

The girl smoothed the bird's glossy plumage and pressed its hard yellow bill to her own rosy lips before she gently replaced it upon the shelf from whence it had flown. Then, after fondling the dog's shaggy ears, she took a dilapidated volume out of a cupboard, and sat down upon a low stool to read.

It was a strange book to be found in such a home—a book whose pages, printed in black letter, were adorned with representations of birds, beasts, fishes, trees, and flowers, none of which flourished in East Anglia or upon its coasts, and with geometrical figures—triangles, circles, and pentagons.

The dog stood for a moment ; then, with a little sigh of contentment, it lay down at the feet of the girl, who read on slowly and carefully, tracing every line with her finger, and forming and puckering her mouth whenever she came to a hard word or a sentence which she found it difficult, or even impossible, to construe—which was not seldom.

Presently she laid the book aside, and started to her feet, exclaiming, “What a head I have ! I had quite forgotten the dickey, I do declare !”

Passing through the bake-house, as the scullery was

called, the girl went out into the little back garden, which abutted upon the common.

Here she half-filled an old wicker-basket with chaff, among which she proceeded to mix a handful of bruised oats, and gave utterance to a low but prolonged cry.

As if in response to this cry, a rough head, which belonged to a tinker's donkey, was thrust over the low palings, and a pair of long ears expectantly twitched backward and forward.

The girl raised the basket, saying, “Come along, Neddy,” whereupon the donkey, whose back bore traces of the galling saddle, as well as of chronic ill-usage, contentedly began to eat.

A sparrow flew down from the eaves and perched saucily upon the fence, within a foot of where the girl was standing ; while a wasp, after buzzing about her face, quietly alighted upon her naked arm, where it was permitted to remain undisturbed.

As soon as the donkey had finished its welcome repast, the girl threw her arms around its neck, looked intently into its large sad eyes, and, with a sigh, returned to her seat and to her book.

The cottage in which the girl lived all alone, except for her pets, and which her father, old John Gray, had built for himself ten years before he died, was one of a class common in rural districts. It consisted of living-room and bake-house down-stairs, and two small bed-rooms, which were approached by means of a ladder, above. The walls were mud-daubed, and the thatch, thickly overgrown with houseleek, descended to within six feet of the ground. The furniture fitly corresponded with the surroundings. The bake-house contained the large brick oven, an open hearth with hanging hake above, a copper, washing-stool and tub, and a faggot of sticks, with the inevitable jack-towel suspended behind the door. The living-room, cleanly sanded, with a patchwork rug lying in front of the fireplace, presented a more comfortable appearance, with a snowy dresser, three rush-bottomed chairs, an eight-day clock, a triangular nest of book-shelves, and the tidy mantel-piece surmounted with a pair of china dogs, and a couple of old-fashioned brass candlesticks. In one of the rooms up-stairs stood an old trestle bed. The other room was empty.

The cottage stood at the entrance end of the village street. The boldest villager would have hesitated to pass it after nightfall : though labourers, returning late from the ale-house, used sometimes to stand at a distance to watch the flickering lights in the window, wondering what “wicked cantrips” the witch might be engaged in.

For Phoebe Gray was reputed to be a witch. She could, so it was said, transform herself, at will, into a dog or a hare, ride upon a broomstick : milk the farmers' cows at night, or blast either man or beast with a look. Besides, had not old Susannah Wilson, who had previously enjoyed the best of health for upwards of eighty years, become suddenly palsied within a week

after Phoebe Gray had smilingly wished her "Good-morning"?

It was certain that the girl sprang from a bad stock, whether these and similar allegations were true or false.

Her father, John Gray, had been, for the greater

For a time, and, indeed, always when sober, he seemed to be afraid of his wife; there was something in her manner which overawed his boorish nature. But this moral cowardice drove him oftener to the drink, and in his drunken fury he behaved more like a beast than a man.



"Sat down upon a low stool to read."—p. 260.

portion of his life, a dissolute village ruffian, a suspected poacher, and had once narrowly escaped a conviction for rick-burning through a flaw in the indictment.

Gray had always, from his boyhood upward, cared more for pleasure than for regular honest field work: while he was notorious for his self-willed disposition, and an ungovernable temper.

He married Agatha Lee, a girl who came from the other side of the county: and directly after the wedding, began to lead her a miserable life.

After the child Phoebe's birth, he became worse than before.

When the child was scarcely two years old, and just began to lisp prettily, as children of that age will do, Gray, with no other apparent object than to vex his wife, taught her to repeat blasphemous oaths and profane ribaldry, and would drug her with strong drink until she rolled helpless upon the floor.

It is impossible to say what the end of such cruelly wicked conduct might have been; for at four years of age the child suddenly disappeared, having, as was



generally supposed, been stolen by gipsies; and no trace of her whereabouts could be discovered.

After this, John Gray simply loafed and drank, as if he were resolved to loaf and drink himself into his grave. But he ceased to ill-use his wife, who, by the exercise of her superior will, had regained the mastery over him, though she was unable to check his vicious courses.

At the end of six years he died somewhat suddenly, and within a month from that event Phoebe Gray, who had grown into a tall, angular, pale-faced girl of ten, returned to her mother, who had, it was currently reported, been apprised of her whereabouts in a dream.

The widow at once took charge of her daughter's education; and, if the villagers were to be credited, nothing could have fallen out worse for the child.

Phoebe and her mother were regular in their attendance at church, and the clergyman had not a word to say against either of them. Indeed, he entertained a secret respect for the widow—who possessed knowledge far above that which was usually enjoyed by persons of her station in life—and was, in his old bachelor fashion, attached to Phoebe. But the clergyman was the only person in the village who gave the Grays a good word.

The Widow Gray, by degrees, became known far and wide as the "White Woman of Glemham," and at length was in considerable request among her neighbours.

This was not surprising, for she was possessed of an intimate acquaintance with the medicinal properties of herbs and simples; could cure the effects of adder-bites, understood the various diseases of cows and pigs better even than did the veterinary surgeon from Benhall; and, most mysterious of all in the eyes of the ignorant and superstitious rustics, was able to charm bees. It was whispered that the White Woman had more than once been instrumental in tracing and recovering stolen property, causing the thieves to disgorge their booty. This rumour was not, however, corroborated: the persons who were most deeply interested cared least to talk about such matters.

The widow died when her daughter was eighteen years old; since which time the girl had lived in the cottage alone, except for her pets.

Phoebe Gray was both feared and hated. She had, it was said and believed, inherited the worst vices of both her parents. There were not wanting those who were ready to swear that the White Woman, before she died, had taught the girl a spell, by the employment of which she would be successful in whatever she undertook.

Although the girl was shunned by her neighbours, she was not friendless. Everything that flew, ran, or crawled seemed to recognise a friend and protectress in her. The birds, from rook to linnet, would, after circling around her, alight at her feet, or even upon her shoulder: and no bee or venomous insect had ever stung the hand over which it was free to crawl at pleasure.

This familiarity with the brute creation was regarded as an additional proof of her natural wickedness of disposition, and did more than anything else to cut her off from all association with the villagers. If she

had not sold herself to the Prince of the Powers of the Air, they argued, it would have been impossible for her to have controlled such wild things by a word or look.

What bird had ever been known to alight upon the head of George Welham, noted bird-catcher and nest-finder though he was? And as for Phoebe Gray's dog, which she had rescued from the hands of Tom Sadd, who was going to drown it, while it followed the girl like a bewitched thing, would not the mere sight of Tom send it whining and sneaking away? But the most conclusive proof that Phoebe Gray was a witch was furnished by Arthur Brightwell's, the tinker's, donkey. This savage creature was the terror of children, who had teased it until it would run at them open-mouthed, and had never been known at any time to respond to its master's call; yet the girl would fondle its coarse hairy head by the hour together.

The great church clock, which gave the time to the village, had just struck twelve: and, as the last stroke died away upon the ear, Phoebe Gray arose from her lowly seat. With an air of relief she laid her book aside, spoke a word to the dog, gave the bird fresh seed and water, and putting on an old straw hat, which was fantastically trimmed with a long trailing peacock's feather—an unlucky thing to have about the house, people said—passed out through the back yard and emerged upon the common.

The broad breezy waste appeared deserted, except for the girl who hastened onward across the brown sere grass, past the purple heather and the golden gorse, until the village was lost to sight. Then, having first glanced rapidly around to assure herself that no one was within view, she sat down in the welcome shadow of a bush, and folded her hands meditatively in her lap.

Presently a chaffinch settled on a branch above her head, and commenced to sing.

At the first Phoebe did not appear to notice it, but presently other warblers assembled in the bushes, and rendered the glade vocal with their songs; whereupon she took a handful of seeds and bread-crumbs from her pocket and scattered them at her feet.

There was no response to this for a little time, then the songsters, one by one, descended to the feast, until, growing bolder as they were not disturbed, they even ventured to perch upon the recumbent form of the maiden herself.

The wild fauna of our fields and woods are constantly on the alert. Being rendered watchful by an ever-lurking fear of danger, which has been inherited from one generation to another, they quickly discover the presence and whereabouts of a possible foe.

With a simultaneous movement the birds flew away. A shadow fell upon the grass at the girl's feet.

"Phoebe Gray!"

Phoebe sprang to her feet with a startled cry, but quickly sank back into her former position.

The old clergyman stood beside her.

"So you are at your old tricks again, Phoebe Gray," he said, not unkindly.

"The birds were, sir. You saw for yourself how well they know me."





"A shadow fell upon the grass at the girl's feet."—p. 262.

"Yes; and how they trust you, my child. They are either wiser or more foolish than men and women."

"They come to me for food, and I have taught them to love me. I began, you see, when the snow was on the ground."

"It is a wonderful gift. God has endowed you with singular powers, Phoebe Gray; but they ought to be used very wisely and cautiously. Up to the present they have brought you little good, and much misfortune."

"That is true, Mr. Blissard; but it was my mother who taught me how to treat all creatures so as to gain their affection; she declared that if only I persevered all would come well in the end. She gave me a marvellous spell. I am almost afraid to use it sometimes; I don't believe that anything could resist it."

"You must not talk in such a sinful manner, Phoebe," the clergyman said gravely. "I don't like to hear you talk about either spells or charms; the best spell is a kind heart."

The girl answered, "I know it, sir."

"Yet, Phoebe Gray," Mr. Blissard continued, while the shadow of a smile hovered around his thin lips, "I am informed that you have been seen collecting thunder-bolts, which no one may do without risking a headache; and fairy loaves for your forbidden feasts with the little folks."

"But, surely, Mr. Blissard," the girl replied earnestly,

"you know that those stones are fossils, the remains of—dear me! I forget their hard names, but they lived, oh, ever so many thousands of years ago."

"Belemnites and echinæ, my child: you have done no harm. There is nothing wrong in gathering curious stones and shells, or in loving God's living creatures," he said. "If you never do worse than that, you will be an innocent girl indeed."

"Do you think so?" Phoebe asked. "If that is so, why does everyone in the village hate me?"

"Not everyone," he answered gently.

"No, because you do not. But all the others do."

"They do not understand you as I do."

"It isn't that," she replied; and for the first time there was a note of defiance in her voice. "I know things that they don't; and so they fear me. I know all the herbs on the country-side, and when to gather them. I could tell you strange things about the commonest flowers. I could indeed, sir."

"It would be better if you couldn't, Phoebe Gray: your knowledge has done you no good; but come; I will see you safe home, and you may tell me what you will."

"No, I don't want to go home yet. I want to stay, and think. Besides, if I am alone, the birds will come back again."

So the good clergyman left Phoebe Gray, who remained where she was hour after hour: and her feathered friends sang on merrily and fearlessly.

When the sun was setting, she arose to her feet, and wandered on, still in the direction farthest from the village.

The girl wandered on and on until the air was filled with a heavy odorous scent. Looking over a gate, she saw a field of beans in full bloom. Utterly regardless of the local belief that those who fall asleep in a bean-field will either have awful dreams or go crazy, Phoebe gathered great bunches of the flowers, and danced with them in her hands, and laughed and played, and spoke to them as though they were living things; and then, weary as a child, she lay down nestling among her favourites, and was soon asleep; and when the white moon rose and shone upon her pale face and upon her small white hands, her sleep looked like death.

The night grew colder, and a heavy dew lay upon the grass when Phoebe awoke. A night-owl was hooting in the adjacent wood, and that eerie sound amidst the solemn stillness might have affrighted a less unsophisticated child of nature than the witch-girl. But she was not afraid: night was her favourite time.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE girl arose to her feet, threw away the withered flowers, and started upon her journey homeward.

The air upon the common was cool and fresh, and the splayed patches of gorse looked strangely beautiful in the moonlight.

Presently Phoebe heard a measured footfall behind her, but she neither turned her head nor quickened her pace. Then something rough, hard, and cold pushed against her arm. It was the tinker's donkey.

An hour later Phoebe crept like a guilty thing into the village.

She was hastening stealthily towards her cottage when she became conscious that someone was watching her; with a movement almost as swift as that of one of the wild things she loved, she darted into the house and disappeared, closing the door behind her.

A man named Walter Hazell stepped from out of the shadow of the old church.

He murmured—

"So the witch has been walking to-night. We shall hear of something in the morning."

Walter Hazell was the village blacksmith. He was tall, dark, and saturnine in appearance, a man of irreproachable character, well-to-do, and a bachelor.

All who knew Hazell liked and respected him: from the farmers who employed him, and the labourers who hung around his glowing forge, to the women who impressed upon their daughters what a good catch he would be for some fortunate girl.

The blacksmith had a foible. He hated Phoebe Gray, believed firmly in her powers for evil, lost no possible opportunity of injuring her by word or deed, and because of her refused to attend his parish church.

"How can I go to church to hear that man Blissard?" he would exclaim, when expostulated with. "His marching orders say, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,' and yet he is hand-and-glove with Phoebe Gray. The girl has bewitched him, that's what it is."

At daybreak next morning Arthur Brightwell's donkey was found lying dead, with its throat cut, within a hundred yards of the witch's cottage, while Phoebe Gray was kneeling beside it, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Brightwell, with several of his neighbours, was soon upon the scene of the outrage. He started forward to seize the girl. As he touched her shoulder she sprang to her feet, and stood confronting him with flashing eyes.

The cowardly ruffian sprang backward in hapless terror.

"Somebody knock her down!" he howled: "she'll do us all a mischeff with them 'ere eyes o' hern, together." But not one of those present cared to run the risk of laying hands upon Phoebe Gray.

"Monster that you are!" the girl cried, in high shrill tones; "this poor unhappy creature has escaped your malice. You tortured it almost to death, though it was as much superior to you as that sun is high above the earth; but"—and she almost choked as her tearful eyes fell upon the poor dead creature—"it won't feel your blows now."

"Shut up, foul witch, and don't let us have any more of your cursing! Who killed the donkey?"

"Aye, who killed it?" she retorted, with the air of a pythoness. "You shall every one of you know who did this cruel thing. Only wait until the sun stands directly above your heads in the sky to-morrow, and the crime shall be brought home to the hand that struck the blow."

"In course she knows all about it, Brightwell: for she's the wery beggar wot did it, witch as she is," snuffed a fellow; but the tinker had disappeared. The other men, one by one, withdrew, leaving Phoebe Gray alone with the dead beast.

The same day a little group of working-men, with the aggrieved tinker, Arthur Brightwell, among them, assembled at the blacksmith's forge or smithy.

Hazell was the first to speak.

"It's time, mates," he said, "that we took and showed ourselves men, and dealt wi' this 'ere matter together, as it ought to be dealt with. There's a way o' finding out whether a body's a witch or not, and if yeu'll all stand by me, I'm of a mind to try it."

"Aye, Walter, lad," they all growled, "trust us; we'll see it through."

"Then what I have to say first is this, Ony taking this ere winter and spring, we've had our owd friend Farmer Geator's sow die; Joe Barnes's cow dropped, too; the widow Garrett's shop was broken into; the chimney at 'The Lion' caught fire; then the measles went through the willage; and now there's this outrage on Brightwell. We can't bear it; and we oughtn't to do so."

"We can't, Hazell: it ain't to be expected."

It may be observed that the smith said nothing of his having been abroad on the preceding night.

"Then, if you're all agreed," Hazell went on, "the next time anything happens, we'll put that witch-girl to the trial."

Phoebe Gray, ignorant of this decision, and careless of the hostility which she had long before learned to despise, remained for some time longer beside the

body of the animal that had loved and trusted her. Then she withdrew into the cottage, and sat for the greater portion of the day poring over the abstruse volume of old-world lore, or meditating upon the events of the night and morning.

Night fell at length.

"I am afraid I have startled you, Phœbe Gray," he said.

"Is it you, Mr. Blissard?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Yes, Phœbe. I am in a difficulty. Brightwell, the tinker—you know him—was knocked down and



"You call me witch! Fear to provoke me too far."—p. 267.

Phœbe Gray was sitting in the gloaming, when she was startled by a knock at the door.

She looked up bewildered: such a thing had never happened before. She had no visitors.

The knock was repeated.

The girl stood irresolute for an instant, then with a firm hand she withdrew the bolt.

A man stood before her.

run over by a wagon this evening. Freeman says 'there's no hope for him'—a ruined constitution, you know; he may go before morning. Now, I want a woman to sit up with him, and can't find one. What is to be done? I have come to you."

Phœbe looked at the clergyman with a strange expression as she answered—

"I will sit up with him."

"Will you, though? That was exactly what I hoped you would do, Phoebe; although I scarcely dared to ask you to do so. This is a case in which your knowledge will be peculiarly valuable. When will you be able to come, eh?"

"Now, Mr. Blissard, at once."

"Then come with me. There is no time to lose."

Brightwell lay unconscious upon a broken-down pallet-bed. Only an occasional moan announced that he was alive.

"There is your patient," the clergyman said, pointing to the sufferer. "Will you be afraid to take charge of him, do you think?"

"No, indeed—no."

"Remember, he may die, Freeman says, at any time. I suppose he is fearfully crushed internally. Don't remain alone if you have the slightest fear; I will try to find someone else to take the place."

"I saw my mother die," the girl replied simply.

"Ah! I forgot. You must make yourself as comfortable as you can, Phoebe Gray. There doesn't appear to be much available for the purpose, but do your best. It is not at all cold, and your patient is not likely to give you much trouble. If there should be any perceptible change for the worse, you had better run over for me. If not, I shall be here early in the morning. That is all, I think."

When the clergyman left, Phoebe sat down and watched the sufferer.

The hours passed slowly, wearily, and there was no change.

The sufferer continued to moan at intervals, and the watcher adjusted a bandage or applied a lotion from time to time—that was all.

A grey light was beginning to show in the east when Brightwell opened his eyes.

His gaze fell upon Phoebe Gray, and he stared at her with a frightened expression upon his grey face.

"Where am I?" he asked faintly.

"Hush!" she replied. "You must not talk."

"But where am I? and what are you doing here?"

"You must be very quiet. You are in your own house; but you have met with a bad accident, and I have come to nurse you," the girl answered, in a low firm tone.

"But you're the witch, ain't you, now? Don't kill me with that 'ere ugly look o' yours!" he wailed.

The girl winced, but she forced herself to reply—

"I am Phoebe Gray, and am not going to hurt you; but you must go to sleep if you wish to get well."

"Yes, I know: you're Phoebe Gray, the witch. I've spited you lots o' times. Keep off, I say—keep off!" And the sick man's voice rose into a shriek.

Phoebe approached the bed, and, leaning over him, uttered a few words in his ear.

Whatever they may have been, they produced a magical effect.

A look of restfulness came into his face, and he murmured—

"Yes, that's what my old mother said. Nobody ever told me that but my mother, and she's dead—only you've got her voice. Tell me it again."

She did so.

He smiled, and said—

"Tell them that the witch is an angel!"

That was Brightwell's last effort; he relapsed into unconsciousness.

Day grew apace, and Phoebe Gray shivered in the cold morning air; but she remained, sleepless and watchful, at her post.

The clergyman relieved her at six o'clock.

At ten o'clock the tinker died.

The news of his death spread quickly, and a meeting was hastily convened at the smithy.

"This is the end on 't, mates," Walter Hazell said firmly; "the gal 's killed Brightwell, for sartin. The parson wor gull enow to send her there last night, and 't worn't likely as she'd miss her chance; but it's our turn now! What do yeow sa'? Shall we do it?"

A loud and angry cry of "Yes!" burst from the throats of a score of excited men; and, led by the blacksmith, they hurried off in the direction of the girl's cottage.

Phoebe Gray saw them coming; but if she guessed their errand, she made no sign.

The men derived courage from their numbers.

Hazell opened the door, but he hesitated to cross the threshold—brave as he undoubtedly was, he felt afraid; but he had gone too far to turn back.

The girl arose and faced them, without a trace of fear that they could discover.

She asked unfalteringly—

"What do you want here?"

To which Hazell replied—

"We want you!"

Thereupon someone from behind shouted—

"Drag the witch out, and let's drown her in the pond!"

The girl took no notice of the ominous words, but, as if she had not heard them, asked again—

"What do you want with me?" Then she added boldly: "Tell me your business and go, for I have no time to waste in foolishness."

Hazell answered brutally—

"Phoebe Gray, you have been a curse to Glemham long enough; and now that you have killed Brightwell—don't deny it!" he interjected, as a look of horror crossed her face—"we mean to put an end to your devilries!"

Phoebe Gray realised the peril in which she stood, and her heart sank within her; but she replied, bravely enough—

"I have never knowingly injured anyone, Mr. Hazell; and, so far from having wilfully hurt Mr. Brightwell, I would rather have saved his life if it had been possible."

"Aye, yeow'd ha' saaved his life, saame as yeow did his owd dickey's, gal. We know yer tricks, we do!"

By this time the smith had advanced into the room.

His companions crowded in after him.

The lame dog snarled savagely, but a hasty kick sent it howling underneath the table.

This outrage upon her canine favourite roused all the passion in the girl's nature.



"Cowards and bullies!" she panted, "isn't it enough that you must break into an honest woman's house with murder in your black hearts, but you must hurt one of God's poor defenceless creatures? You call yourselves men—paugh! you are worse than brutes! Go at once!"

"Stow it, missus, or else we'll may-be cut up rough."

"Do, if you dare!" she exclaimed. "You call me witch! Fear to provoke me too far."

But the burly smith, seizing her roughly by the shoulders, said—

"It's of no use, my laady; yeow've played that game oncet too often; yeow've gotten to coome wi' us. We be desprit 'tarmined min, and aren't going to be balked neow!"

"Take her charm away fruv her, Hazell; she'll be helpless then."

"Aye, so I will!" the smith made answer, and he clutched at a thin ribbon which Phoebe Gray wore around her neck.

The ribbon broke, leaving a red weal upon the girl's neck.

"Here, we've gotten it!" Hazell cried, holding up a small silken bag which contained something thin and square.

"Give it to me, please do; it was my mother's," the girl tremblingly said; but her cry was drowned in fierce exclamations—

"We've gotten her neow; let's duck her!"

Phoebe Gray fell back. As she did so a few flecks of foam gathered upon her lips, and she gasped for breath.

"What does this mean? For shame!—you are a disgrace to the village. Make room, and let me pass."

The fellows sullenly fell back, and the clergyman entered.

"What are you doing here?—explain!" Then Mr. Blissard saw Phoebe, and he cried: "You have killed this poor child, you ruffians! Stand back—let me get to her."

He knelt down, unfastened the bosom of her dress, and laid his hand upon her heart.

"She is a witch, sir," Hazell growled sulkily.

"A witch!" the clergyman repeated, contemptuously; "then I wish she could bewitch you all, and you would be better men than you are, or ever have been."

"Look at this, sir," Hazell said, holding out the little bag, "and if that doesn't prove that she has dealings with the Evil One, I'll beg your pardon, and hers too, blamed if I don't."

"It is too late for you to beg her pardon. You have killed her, I am afraid, between you; but if you have, you shall smart for it, as surely as there is a law in this land. Go now at once. Send Dr. Freeman here immediately; and, see, meet me at the vicarage at seven o'clock this evening, everyone of you. Stay away at your peril!"

The abashed intruders slunk away like schoolboys who had been detected in a crime.

Dr. Freeman was quickly at the cottage. His practised eye immediately detected the rapid approach of death.

"It is useless to do anything, Blissard," he said; "she is going. The excitement may have hastened the end, but her heart was in a bad state."

"Will she become conscious, Freeman?"

"No. See, she is going now. There! This is the end."

Phoebe Gray heaved a deep sigh, her eyes opened, they rested upon the face of the clergyman—the only person who had understood her—and her spirit fled from the scene of earthly trial.

Hazell and his companions were punctual in their attendance at the vicarage. It was with no enviable feelings that they waited upon the clergyman, whose salutary reproofs gave evil-doers many a bad quarter of an hour from time to time.

They were shown into the study.

The vicar arose, and met them with grave sternness. He did not invite them to sit down; but proceeded at once to speak.

"You know, all of you, that Phoebe Gray is dead," he said.

There was a rustling of feet, but no reply.

He continued, "Fortunately for you, the medical man gives the cause of death as heart-disease. You may thus escape the punishment of all human law: but ask yourselves whether, before God, you do not stand guilty of that poor girl's blood?"

"She wor a witch, sir, and she kilt the tinker's Dickey, an' he too," one of the men found courage to reply.

"Even if she had done so—which she did not—you had no right to take the law into your own hands, Wheal. But the tinker admitted, before he died, that he killed the donkey himself in a passion; while you are all of you aware that if it had not been for poor Phoebe Gray, Brightwell might have died like a dog: for not a woman in the place would go near him."

Hazell, who had not yet spoken, now said, "That is all very well, sir, as far as it goes; though we've only yer word for it, do 'ee see? But, I repeat it, the gal wor a witch: an' the Bible says, 'There shall not be among you a witch.' Neow, here's her whole bag of tricks, and if yeou'll take it, I shall be glad to get quit on 't, for I don't know what rippery it may contain."

The clergyman quietly took the bag, which the smith held out, and opening it, produced a piece of cardboard, in size about five inches by four, which had been closely written upon on one side in a woman's handwriting.

"Listen, all of you," Mr. Blissard said solemnly, "to the spell which you fear so much; and he read slowly, reverently, and clearly, so that all might hear, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

"God forgive us!" Walter Hazell groaned, when the minister concluded; "but we've made a terrible mistake, together."

"Parson," Wheal said, "that gal wor better 'n eny on us; and that's a fact. I'm mortal sorry, I be."

When the men left the vicarage, they set to work honestly to clear the character of the dead girl from



the cloud which had rested upon it during her lifetime; and they did this so effectively that the cottage which drunken John Gray had built was visited as if it had been a shrine.

A head-stone, provided by subscription, to which even the poorest contributed their mite, was erected

over the grave of the witch, and contained the simple but eloquent inscription—

"Phœbe Gray, aged twenty-four; died June 14th, 1886.

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."



## HARBOURS OF REFUGE.



JESUS HOSPITAL, BRAY.

OUR title is, of course, borrowed from the beautiful "poem on canvas" which, through the generosity of Mr. William Agnew, has lately become the property of the nation, and is now one of the great centres of attraction at the National Gallery. Frederick Walker's picture of almshouse-life, entitled "The Harbour of Refuge," cannot but touch a sympathetic chord in every heart, whilst it appeals not less forcibly, by its beauty of line and colour, to the educated eye of the lover of "Art for Art's sake." The old lady, bowed beneath the weight of years and infirmities, whose tottering steps are supported by the towering strength of the younger woman, suggests the thought which is so happily expressed in the title of the picture. The quiet evening light, the dozing figure of one old man upon the commodious garden bench, and the easy and unexciting occupation of those who listen to the reading by a *confrère* of news from the outer world, with which one feels they have no longer any intimate concern: all point to the quiet enjoyment of

life's evening;  
and the lithe

young figure of the mower typifies its close. The picture arouses again within us the pathetic interest we have all felt in visiting those old-world institutions which have, in days gone by, proved veritable "harbours of refuge" to many a storm-tossed human vessel, and will, we may well hope, yet extend their friendly shelter to many generations of the deserving poor, who love not the great gaunt wards of the Union workhouse.

The buildings represented in this picture are those of the Jesus Hospital at Bray, near Maidenhead; but the artist has not followed with literal accuracy the details of that picturesque group of almshouses. He has given greater importance to his principal figures and more variety to the whole picture by substituting for the level garden and paved footpath a terraced causeway protected by a dwarf wall, and terminating in steps which descend to the level of the lawn, in the centre of which stands a statue upon a high



FORD'S HOSPITAL, COVENTRY: INTERIOR OF COURTYARD.

ceried window of late and somewhat debased perpendicular Gothic style, of which the faults will reveal themselves only to the eye of the architectural expert, whilst its picturesqueness is apparent to everyone.

The hospital—the word is used, of course, in its original sense, “a place of hospitality”—was founded by William Goddard, a member of the London Fishmongers' Company, in 1609; the buildings were commenced in 1623, and completed in 1628. It accommodates thirty-four poor persons of both sexes, selected from amongst the parishioners of Bray, and six “Company's almspeople,” who are either old and decayed freemen of the Company, or connections of such freemen; but as some of the nominees are married, the actual number of residents varies between forty-five and fifty. The allowance to parishioners is six shillings each per week if single, eight-and-sixpence if married. The Londoners—presumably to compensate for having no friends at hand to help them, and in consideration that “London poor would be less able to assist themselves by their labour than parishioners”—are in receipt of the comfortable little income of eleven-and-

pedestal, said to have been painted from one which formerly stood in Soho Square. Yet how fitly is it introduced here, its friendly shadow reminding us of the sheltering benevolence of the founder whom it may be supposed to represent.

But the painter has retained the general character of the buildings and the chapel, with its tra-

sixpence each weekly if single, or sixteen shillings if married (for husband and wife, although residing together, cannot both become “brother” and “sister” of the charity, that right being vested in one only, although it has now become usual, in case of the death of a married “brother” or “sister,” to elect the widow or widower to the vacancy).

But, accepting the courteous aid of the resident chaplain, who is also the curate of the parish, let us see something of the inner life of the hospital. The gateway by which we have entered passes beneath the chaplain's house, a two-storeyed building, corresponding to a certain extent in height and appearance with the chapel on the opposite side of the quadrangle. On either hand are low buildings of one storey, but with “dormer” windows pleasantly varying the lines of the tiled roofs, as do also the chimneys which peep up behind. As a rule, each doorway has a window on either side of it, and, in fact, opens upon two inner doors, leading to two separate apartments. Each brother, sister, or married couple has but one such apartment to serve as bed-room and living-room; but it is of fair size, with a window at either end, a fire-place across one corner, and a second door, carefully screened to keep out the draught, leading into the garden behind, where each inmate has his or her own plot, usually devoted to vegetables and fruits, though not destitute of floral adornments. Up some steep steps, hardly suited, one thinks, to aged limbs, is a loft, lighted by one of the dormer windows we have already mentioned, where the fagots are stored, fuel being supplied to each person under the original indenture of foundation.



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, ABINGDON.



FORD'S HOSPITAL, COVENTRY.

Some of the apartments which we enter are marvels of neatness, cleanliness, and comfort, hung round with prints and portraits, and gay with flowers and the song of pet birds. One old lady, whose eyes are dim with age, will perhaps mention in conversation some friend whose picture "hangs somewhere on that wall, or used to"; another, with failing memory, will ascribe a fabulous antiquity to the heirlooms she displays for your gratification; but her affection for them is so genuine that her very exaggerations kindle your regard and sympathy.

These old people seem to have but little dread of the Great Leveller; they will talk with smiles upon their faces of their approaching dissolution. There are some faces here, indeed, which it is a pleasure to look upon—faces which wear a perennial smile, which eighty winters and more have not been able to rob of the colour of health, whilst they have bowed the frame and whitened the hair; and if there are others which remind us that life is full of cares and troubles, let us rejoice that in the evening of their days they have found refuge in this quiet haven, under kindly Christian care, with at least no anxieties regarding their daily food—except, indeed, the cooking of it.

Two of the almspeople act as "keepers," to open and shut the gates, ring the chapel bell, etc.; and in one corner of the quadrangle we find the tiny workshop of the tailoress, who looks after the repairs of the clothing of the inmates, each of whom receives

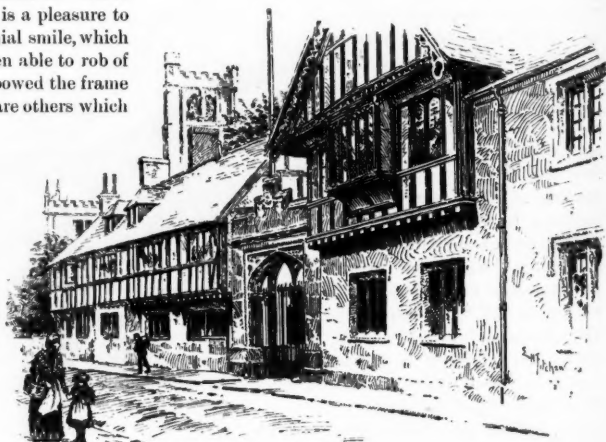
out of the funds of the charity a new garment every second year—a blue coat in the case of the men, and a blue gown in that of the women. These coats and gowns are worn on all public occasions—such as the Sunday services—each ornamented with the badge of the hospital.

The chapel is light, cheerful, and even pretty. It still contains some of the original carved woodwork in screen and pulpit.

Another Thames-side town—Abingdon—contains a very interesting almshouse, known as Christ's Hospital. This charity is of much greater antiquity than the Jesus Hospital, for we learn that it was old in 1388, having been founded by a confraternity of "Brethren of the Holy Rood"—one of the many religious communities which were suppressed by Henry VIII. The trust was revived, however, by Edward VI., and endowed with about three-fourths of the old endowments. By the Charter the governors are required to keep in repair the bridges over the rivers Thames and Ock at Abingdon, besides maintaining the almshouse and carrying out other charitable schemes. The grammar-school has, in fact, been rebuilt, and a public park laid out in recent years with funds derived from the endowments.

The ancient building, part of which is represented in our sketch, occupies one side of the churchyard of St. Helen's Church, and accommodates thirteen almspeople. It is remarkable especially for its cloister, or screened passage-way, running the whole length of the front, with a picturesque timber porch; and for the panelled central hall, in which prayers are read, with its carved and moulded pilasters between the panels, its massive old tables, and the pretty lantern in the roof. The two gables shown in the sketch,

in our sketch, occupies one side of the churchyard of St. Helen's Church, and accommodates thirteen almspeople. It is remarkable especially for its cloister, or screened passage-way, running the whole length of the front, with a picturesque timber porch; and for the panelled central hall, in which prayers are read, with its carved and moulded pilasters between the panels, its massive old tables, and the pretty lantern in the roof. The two gables shown in the sketch,



BABLAKE HOSPITAL, COVENTRY.



BABLAKE HOSPITAL, COVENTRY.

and the corresponding gable at the other end, are decorated with quaint old paintings; and the hall contains portraits of the principal benefactors; for here, as in almost all other cases, the original endowments have been largely increased by later bequests. Time and again some well-to-do man, elected to a governorship of the charity, would find his interest in it and his conviction of its usefulness growing until he would give it a place in his will; so does a close acquaintance with good works stir us up to emulate them.

Besides this building, there are two others close by—one of which occupies another side of the churchyard—of more recent date, built and maintained out of the funds, and forming part of, "Christ's Hospital." The three buildings accommodate thirty-six persons, of whom, at the date of our visit, every one was over seventy years of age, several over eighty, and one over ninety. That a pension is almost a guarantee of long life is proverbial, and the same may be said of a nomination to an almshouse—which is surely a strong argument in favour of the pension and the almshouse.

It must frequently happen amongst a community of aged persons that one and another will become bed-ridden or too feeble to do even the day's necessary duties. For such the assistance of a "nurse" must be of the highest importance; and here at Christ's Hospital we find two, one in each of the principal buildings. The allowance to the inmates is eight shillings each per week, out of which the recipients find their own food and fuel.

Abingdon has several other almshouses, one of which, indeed, occupies a third side of St. Helen's churchyard. It was built in 1707 by Charles Twitty, for three old men and three old women, inhabitants of Abingdon, and originally, like Christ's Hospital, had a central hall, which, however, is now used as a nurse's house.

Coventry is another city well provided with almshouses, two of which are of special interest, and particularly the fine timber building known as Ford's Hospital—a very perfect and beautiful example of its style, and in exceptionally good preservation. This was founded by William Ford, a citizen of Coventry, who, by his will, dated 1509, ordered that an almshouse should be built beside the Grey Friars' Gate, for five men and one woman to dwell in, each to have fivepence weekly. His executor, William Pisford, by will, dated 1517, provided funds for the maintenance of six poor men and their wives, about sixty years of age or older, in the hospital, which therefore had evidently been already built. The allowance to each couple was to be sevenpence-halfpenny; money was much scarcer in those days than in these. The original building contains twelve apartments of two rooms each, one above the other, and a large room formerly used as the chapel, but adapted as a dwelling. Accommodation is now, however, provided for seventeen or eighteen almspeople, who, strange to say (considering that the hospital was originally built for the use of poor men), are all women. About thirty non-resident almswomen receive the same pension as those in the hospital—



namely, four shillings each weekly, and a ton of coals every winter—and from these non-resident almswomen vacancies are filled up as they occur, the right of nomination to the benefits of the charity being exercised by the members of the City Council in rotation.

Bablake Hospital, in the same city, although not so fine a building, is still of great interest. It was founded by Thomas Bond, Mayor of Coventry, in 1506. There are sixty almsmen in receipt of the allowance of six shillings weekly and fuel, of whom eighteen reside in the hospital, where they have the services of two nurses. There is a common kitchen, where the food is prepared by the nurses, and a common sitting-room. In this case also the property of the charity is administered by trustees, who hand over the net proceeds, amounting to about £1,000 a year—nearly double the revenue of Ford's Hospital—to the City Council, to be applied to the purposes of the charity; and two members of the council attend each Sunday, when the roll is called over, and the almsmen parade, in their black gowns, to the adjoining church. The hospital is a long, low, two-storeyed building, backing on to the street and opening into a court-yard of very picturesque character, as our sketch shows. Two other sides of this court-yard are occupied by the buildings of Wheatley's School, founded in 1560 by Thomas Wheatley, who was also a mayor of the city. Admission is obtained to both institutions through the gateway shown in our illustration of the exterior. The fourth side of the court-yard is open to Bablake Churchyard.

Not less picturesque is Leicester's Hospital at Warwick, with its chapel of St. James built over the west, or "hongyng" gate of the town. The

eastern gate, at the other end of the High Street, has also a church, now disused, built over it. Our own visit to Leicester's Hospital was made early one spring morning—indeed, before the gates were opened, and when the air in this high position was almost intoxicating in its freshness. From the terrace surrounding the chapel we watched the morning mists clear away before the advancing sun, and a glorious landscape grow before our eyes. We were in time to see the first rasher of bacon put down in the common kitchen for the morning meal, and doubtless enjoyed our own breakfast all the better for its appetising smell. This common kitchen is itself the depository of a curious collection of old arms, brought hither by one and another of the inmates who from the great Elizabethan earl's own time have been selected principally—almost exclusively—from men who have seen military service.

The hospital was originally the hall or mansion of the United Guilds of the Holy Trinity and St. George, and after the dissolution of the religious houses was acquired by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester—the Leicester of Scott's "Kenilworth"—and by him altered and converted to its present purpose. The almsmen have always worn on public occasions the blue gown with the cognisance of the founder—a bear and ragged staff—on the left arm. Our drawing shows the stone gateway, just beyond the nearest cottages (which do not form part of the hospital),



LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL, WARWICK.





ABBOT'S HOSPITAL, GUILDFORD.

through which access is gained to the building. Near to the foot of the steps leading up to the chapel we find an arch, through which we pass into the quadrangle, with the master's house, once occupied by Thomas Cartwright, the eminent Puritan, opposite to us, and on our right a covered outside staircase leading to the first-floor rooms. Between the main building and the chapel a door opens into the Great Hall, in which, in 1617, King James I. was royally entertained by Fulke Greville, Chancellor of the Exchequer, but which is now divided by wooden partitions into a number of little closets for the storing of the almsmen's coats, and, indeed, seems fast hastening to decay. Each brother now receives an allowance of £80 a year.

The almshouse for women at Castle Rising, in Norfolk, is worthy of mention as probably the last place in England where the tall steeple hat is still worn. With the blue gown and the Howard badge (in memory of the founder), it forms part of the regulation costume for public occasions.

Curious also is the costume worn by the "Corporal" of the Coningsby Hospital at Hereford—coat, waistcoat, and tight-fitting trousers, all of military red, and a flat-crowned hat. This, again, is a hospital for old soldiers, natives of the neighbourhood, and was built by Sir Thomas Coningsby

in 1614, on the site of an earlier religious house, some portion of the ruins of which still remain, including an outdoor stone pulpit of great interest.

The very picturesque Hospital of St. Anne at Appleby recalls to our minds an interesting statement which we find in Nicholson and Burns' "History of Westmoreland." The endowment of this charity consists in part of property formerly the "Hospital of St. Nicholas." This hospital (which shared the fate of other religious houses at the time of the Dissolution) was given by John de Veteripont to the Abbey of Shap; and the donation was confirmed by the Bishop of Carlisle on condition that maintenance should be given to three lepers for ever. Fortunately for us, such a condition is entirely obsolete.

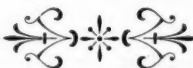
The Hospital of St. Anne, which we have just mentioned, was founded by Anne, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, in 1654; and the same deed provided for the yearly distribution of £4 to the poor of Brougham, at the Sundial, which had then been lately erected, "in memory that the said Countess and her dear mother Margaret, late Countess of Cumberland, did there last part, and took their last farewell of each other."

As an example of the more imposing class of building which we occasionally find devoted to the

purposes of charity, we give an illustration of Archbishop Abbot's Hospital at Guildford. This hospital was founded in 1619, and appears to have been a pet scheme of the good archbishop's, who frequently lodged here himself in the master's house, which occupies the south-east corner of the quadrangle, and is celebrated for its fine oak staircase. The hospital, which stands in the High Street, a little above the picturesque town hall, is entered by a gateway beneath a fine brick tower which reminds us of Hampton Court, and which possesses a pair of exceptionally fine wrought-iron gates. The second floor of this gate-tower is the "strong room," in which the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth was lodged, on his way to London after his disastrous defeat at Sedgemoor. From the roof above a fine view of the town and surrounding country can be obtained. The west side of the quadrangle affords accommodation for twelve brethren, and the east side for eight sisters, all of whom are over sixty years of age. There is a chapel, a wainscoted hall of great interest, with the original massive oak dining-tables of enormous weight, and above the hall a board-room, with a fine carved oak fireplace and over-mantel. The spandrels over the doors are filled with fan-shaped flutings of very delicate workmanship.

But perhaps the most interesting institution of the kind in all England is the Hospital of St. Cross at Sparkbrook, near Winchester, founded by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, in 1132, for the main-

tenance of thirteen poor and aged men, and to provide dinner for one hundred other poor men "of modest behaviour." Tradition, indeed, says that a religious house existed here long before that date. The guardianship was vested in the Master and Brethren of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, but transferred by Henry II. to the Bishop of Winchester, Cardinal Beaufort, in 1444, greatly enlarged the buildings, providing accommodation for two priests, thirty-five brethren, and three sisters in lodgings which he termed "The Almshouse for Noble Poverty." The Beaufort Tower and the great hall, with its Minstrel Gallery, its timber roof and open fireplace, date from this period. The "wayfarers' dole" of bread and beer is still freely given to all comers at the gate—at least, until the day's supply is exhausted. The brethren receive a weekly allowance of five shillings, besides dinner, which is provided in the common hall, but usually taken by each to his private apartments. There are certain "gaudy days," when the brethren may truly be said to "fare sumptuously." They dine together in the hall, in their black gowns with silver badges, with extra allowances of meat and beer, and such delicacies as "mince pies and plum broth." The scene is a picturesque one, and carries the mind back to the "ages" whence the custom is derived, and which, however "dark" they may have been, did not ignore the moral influence of a hearty meal. The present age seems to be returning to a similar practice.



## TOUCHING THE KETTLE.

BY THE REV. JOHN TELFORD, B.A.



JOHN RUSKIN'S *Præterita* has given the world many a pleasant glimpse into the homes of his boyhood, at Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, in the heart of London; and then at Herne Hill, where, under his mother's patient training, he learned the great lessons of his life—"peace, obedience, faith—these three for chief good; next to these, the habit of fixed attention with both eyes and mind." We see the little fellow plodding through that notable feat—committing to memory the 119th Psalm—afterwards to become of all parts of the Psalter the most precious to him "in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the law of God." The tasks set to the boy were not always easy, but he long ago recognised what a debt he owed "to that discipline—patient, accurate and resolute," which his mother brought to bear on his early training. John Ruskin was an only child, but that fact was not allowed to become an excuse for indulgence and foolish blindness to faults of temper or disposition. His mother

lavished all her care upon her little son; she sometimes seemed too rigid a disciplinarian in the eyes of her friends, but she had caught the spirit of the great maxim, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Her very fear of spoiling her boy made Mrs. Ruskin sometimes hide her love under a seeming show of severity. "It seems that she did not consider her child as a toy, but as a trust; to be taught by experience, or when that failed, to be punished into obedience, and into something like her own self-control. When he tumbled down-stairs she whipped him that he might learn to be more careful; and he certainly acquired an adroitness and presence of mind which have often surprised his companions in mountain-climbing. When he came in to dessert, or played among the fruit-trees, she drew the line at one currant; and there are few men of his artistic and poetical sort who are less tempted to self-indulgence in anything. When an affectionate aunt sent him a gaudy Punch and Judy, they were put away, and he was thrown on his own resources for amusement."\*

\* Collingwood's "Life and Work of John Ruskin," I., p. 16.

This seems to our more modern notions rather harsh training. There is no doubt that it lacked tenderness, and gave the boy, who had neither brother nor sister, nothing to love. But it had its compensations; it taught the art critic of the future to use his imagination and his eyes, to invent games for himself, and turn a sort of microscopic gaze on fruit and flower and tree which invested them all with an unfailling charm in the eyes of the boy observer. We see one of the delights of that cloistered boyhood in a touching little reminiscence. "For many and many a year to come—until, indeed, the whole of life became autumn to me—my chief prayer for the kindness of heaven, in its flowering seasons, was that the frost might not touch the almond blossom."

One story of Mrs. Ruskin's home training sets the reader musing. It is said that as her baby was specially charmed by the bright tea-kettle and cried to handle it, his mother forced the nurse to let him touch it and dismissed him screaming. It is rather a grim bit of baby biography, but its lesson is needed in many a home to-day. A mother must be something of a Spartan who could let the tiny fingers touch the bright kettle filled with boiling water. We may be sure that a very gentle touch was all that was allowed, and that there was little damage to the small fingers, but the child was taught the first lesson of experience: things are not always what they seem. Some dim notion crept into the little brain that there might be danger lurking where it appeared as though there was nothing but brightness and smoothness to draw the eye and tempt the touch. The child began to see that it is not always well to have what we wish. Surely that is a lesson worth learning, even at the cost of some little tingling of the fingers! A few early lessons of such sort sometimes save a life from shipwreck. Old Roger Ascham, who was tutor to Queen Elizabeth, has some wise words in his famous "Schoolmaster" on the place of experience and of instruction in the formation of character. "Surely long experience doth profit much, but most need only to him (if we mean honest affairs) that is diligently before instructed with precepts of well-doing; for good precepts of learning be the eyes of the mind, to look wisely before a man, which way to go right and which not. Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely, when experience maketh more miserable than wise. He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience. An unhappy master is he that is made cunning by many shipwrecks; a miserable merchant, that is neither rich nor wise but after some bankrupts. It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience." Thus speaks the famous master of his day. There is no doubt that he is right; shipwreck and bankruptcy are too high a price to pay for our experience. But many a man has had to thank God that he touched the kettle when he was a boy; some small smart warned him off from the road to ruin.

Seventy years ago there was a draper's apprentice in the little town of Wigton, in Cumberland, who was fast going astray. He had left his home at Mealsgate because he could not bring himself to hang about half idle with only the prospect of being little better than

a farm-labourer before him. At thirteen he began the battle of life for himself in the neighbouring town. It was arranged that he should sleep in his master's house, but take his meals at a neighbouring public-house. There he saw nothing but wickedness and drinking; his master had given way to drinking, so that there was no better influence to save the boy from sin. When he became head apprentice, he had to give a glass of spirits and water to all the good customers; even if a man bought a five-shilling waistcoat he had to be treated at the public-house. The boy now began to play at cards; he soon played every night at the inn for high stakes. Sometimes he stayed at the card-table till daybreak. Gambling was fast becoming a passion with the draper's apprentice.

He used to leave a lower window in his master's house unfastened so that he could raise the sash and push back the shutters. Then he crept silently up-stairs to his bed in the attic. The draper heard of his apprentice's bad ways, and one night nailed down this window. At five o'clock next morning—the day before Christmas—George tried vainly to get in. He was not to be beaten. He ran down the lane and climbed to the ridge of the lowest house. Then he crept along the intervening dwellings till he reached the top of his master's shop. He slipped down the slates, clung to the waterspout, and thus hanging over the street got his feet on the window-sill and managed to push up the window with his left foot. The boy was scarcely in bed before his master came into the room. He pretended to be asleep, but heard Messenger threaten to turn his apprentice adrift in the morning. Even those threats did not bring the boy to a better mind. It was only when the "waits" came round singing their Christmas carols that the lad awoke to a sense of his wrong-doing. He thought of the grief his conduct would bring to his father, and resolved to give up card-playing and gambling for ever.

He lay in bed almost without moving for twenty-four hours. Then his landlady got two friends to intercede with George's master. The apprentice was forgiven, and by God's grace kept his good resolution. All the world knows the lad's history. George Moore became one of the merchant princes of London; one of the noblest philanthropists of the world. The marble tablet to his memory in Carlisle Cathedral pays him a well-deserved tribute.

"A MAN OF RARE STRENGTH AND SIMPLICITY OF CHARACTER,  
OF ACTIVE BENEVOLENCE AND WIDE INFLUENCE,  
A YEOMAN'S SON,  
HE WAS NOT BORN TO WEALTH,  
BUT BY ABILITY AND INDUSTRY HE GAINED IT,  
AND HE EVER USED IT,  
AS A STEWARD OF GOD AND A DISCIPLE OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST  
FOR THE FURTHERANCE OF ALL GOOD WORKS."

On a beautiful window in the church at Wigton he is represented as the Good Samaritan ministering to the sufferer on the highway. Who would have dreamed that the gambling apprentice would have won such a memorial! The turning point of George Moore's life on that Christmas Eve when by God's grace he shook himself free from the vice which was

leading him fast to ruin, may be described in a single phrase—

HE TOUCHED THE KETTLE WHEN HE WAS A BOY.

Many a life has been ruined because it had not passed through some such crisis. In mistaken kindness, friends and kinsfolk screened the boy or girl from the consequences of their sin or folly, so that they never learned to loathe wrongdoing. They became self-indulgent, and ran farther into evil ways. A sharp experience like George Moore's might have opened their eyes, but they never were allowed to know the bitter truth. Lives that might have been a blessing to others have thus lost all high purpose and sunk down into something almost beneath contempt. I never see such a life without saying, "What a pity he did not touch the kettle when he was a boy!" A stinging lesson like that is worth more than tongue can tell if it but burns into our hearts the fear of sin and makes us shun the road that leads to death.

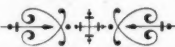
"Did you let him touch the kettle?" would not be a bad question to put sometimes. When a father

tells of evil habits into which his children have fallen, one might say, "Did you let them taste the shame and misery due to their untruthfulness or carelessness?" When the master speaks of the bright young scholar who has become idle and listless, one might ask, "Has he learned to feel ashamed of himself at last?" God is always teaching men by such means. You cannot touch the nettle by the wayside without getting a lesson in caution. Nature does not forgive. If a man touches the kettle his fingers are burnt. Many a minor sting and smart opens our eyes to such facts, and saves us from great calamities. So it is in the moral world. He is blest whose earliest wrongdoing comes home soon to roost.

"That penalty's the best to bear  
Which follows soonest on the sin;  
And guilt's a game where losers fare  
Better than those who seem to win."\*

The penalty is not always light to bear, but it leaves a blessing behind it in that horror of evil ways which is one of God's great safeguards against sin.

\* Patmore's "Angel in the House."



## POOR PRIDE.

BY ISABEL BELLERBY.

### CHAPTER XII.



THE astonishment of that section of Winchmore society likely to be interested in the event when Miss Foster's companion returned from her brief Christmas holiday as Mrs. George Harrison was something worth witnessing.

One incident immediately preceding that return is worth relating. Mr. Maver was aware his friend contemplated taking a second wife—Mr. Harrison had so far confided in him—and when Mr. Maver, like the rest of the world, took it for granted that Miss Foster was the lady alluded to, Mr. Harri-

son did not contradict him, but listened to all he had to say—rocking gently the while in anticipation of future amusement when the truth should become known.

Mr. Harrison went away for Christmas—to visit friends, it was supposed; no one in any way connecting his absence with that of Lillian Paule.

On Christmas Day, after making a good dinner and demolishing an enormous quantity of hardbake, Mr. Maver dressed himself with more than his usual care, and sallied forth to make a call.

His destination proved to be No. 31, South Terrace, he and Miss Fraser having soon made up their quarrel. Twist welcomed him noisily, and Scott—

who prolonged his visit indefinitely in preference to returning to his rightful home—rubbed against his trousers as he was being shown to the drawing-room.

Miss Fraser was enjoying a nap when he called, and was not very amiable at being disturbed; but Mr. Maver, wrapped in deepest thought, failed to notice the stormy expression of her eyes as she asked—

"To what do I owe the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Maver on Christmas Day, of all days in the year? I thought folks were supposed to stay at home on Christmas Day and eat more than is good for them and go to sleep afterwards—a rule I have been carrying out in full to-day."

"I ate as much as I could," began Mr. Maver absent-mindedly, twirling his watch-chain in his fingers, and gazing reflectively at Miss Fraser's moustache.

"Oh, you did? Well, I don't see that it's a thing to boast about. May I ask—I feel interested in getting a reply—may I ask why you did not go to sleep afterwards, instead of coming and disturbing me?"

"Did I disturb you?" he asked softly. "I never thought of that; it never occurred to me you would be asleep, though of course you would—it stands to reason you would be asleep. How thoughtless of me not to have known you would be asleep! But it shall not occur again, Miss Fraser: I will remember not to disturb you again."

"Thank you, sir."

Miss Fraser may be pardoned for suspecting that



Mr. Maver had not only eaten as much as he could, but had also put a considerable quantity of wine down his throat quite recently.

"I was lonely!" he said musingly. "I was realising how much I shall miss George Harrison when he marries Miss Foster. No doubt you, Miss

"Well—what have you to propose, Mr. Maver?"

"What have I to propose? To be sure, I have never done it before; but I always understood it was sufficient—all-sufficient to—propose."

"No doubt."

Miss Fraser eyed him carefully, mentally wondering



"'Won't you shake hands?'"—p. 278.

Fraser, have thought now and then that you will miss her when she marries my friend? We shall be mutual losers by the event."

"I don't see that—their door will not be shut against either of us, that I am aware of. And if it should be, I rather think I could exist without Amelia Foster's friendship."

"Not so me," replied Mr. Maver, with speculative vagueness. "I enjoy cheerful society; hitherto I have always found it in George Harrison's company. If I lose him—and Miss Foster does not favour me, I know—I lose all that makes life pleasant. Therefore I have come to-day to propose to you, Miss Fraser."

how many glasses he had had to reduce him to his present condition of serious imbecility.

"A proposal is a proposal," resumed Mr. Maver, "and now, having proposed, I await your answer, Miss Fraser—dear Miss Fraser—or, may I venture to say, dear Betty?"

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Miss Fraser, as the truth suddenly dawned upon her. "Do you mean, Thomas Maver, that you have been proposing to me?"

He looked around the room to see if there was anyone else to whom his proposal might have been addressed.



"To you, of course, dear Betty."

"Be quiet, man, or I'll set Twist at you! To come here proposing to me—*me* of all people! A woman of *my* sense! And on Christmas Day of all days! Isn't it enough for George Harrison and Amelia Foster to be thinking of making fools of themselves, without you and me following their example? I'm really ashamed of you, Thomas Maver—a man of your years! But, there, it's what might be expected of a man who chews pops, even though he has had the sense to keep single so far. Don't glare at me like that! Stop twiddling your watch-chain, and ring the bell; my nerves require tea after such a shock as you have given 'em."

"If," began Mr. Maver, meekly doing as he was bid and ringing the bell—"if it is that my former business is against me—"

"But it isn't! There's nothing against you—except that you are a man."

"In that case, I—I think I had better go home. You—you will shake hands and not think any the worse of me? I won't do it again—ever."

"I should hope you wouldn't."

"I won't; I don't like it well enough. Won't you shake hands?"

"What for? Just sit down, will you? What will my servant think if she comes in and finds you standing there looking so ridiculous? You're going to have some tea with me, and then we'll have a game of chess. You owned you were lonely, and so am I; but I hope it isn't necessary for people of our age to get married before we play a game of chess together. Well—if you will—there's my hand. Now sit down and don't talk any more nonsense. I've liked you uncommonly ever since we quarrelled; but as to *marrying* you—"

The servant entered with tea, and thus put an end to the personal nature of the conversation.

Mr. Maver unconsciously slipped a bit of hard-bake into his mouth, after which he began to feel himself once more, realising that he was more relieved than he could say at the way his proposal had been received.

That was the beginning of many similarly cosy evenings, and if Winchmore talked—which it did—neither Miss Fraser nor Mr. Maver minded one little bit, so there was no harm done.

At Long Reach Christmas Day passed slowly. Margery had had a long letter from Stuart Fergusson in the morning, which gave her very real pleasure, the only drawback being that she could not share it with Drusy, Fergusson's name being amongst those tabooed between them, he having been a party to the deception practised on Drusy.

Phil was more indignant with her sister than remorseful for the part she herself had taken in the matter.

"She can't really care for him, you know, Theo, or she would not behave so ridiculously," she said again and again.

And Theo would shrug his shoulders and reply that there was no understanding a woman, and that Drusy, in spite of her fragile appearance and clinging, dependent way, was as much a Weston as either

of them for pride and obstinacy. At which Phil would pretend to take offence, and then would follow the pleasure of speedy reconciliation.

Mrs. George Harrison's joy at astonishing Winchmore was considerably dashed by the discovery that things had gone wrong with Reginald Warre's courtship.

A ten minutes' call on Miss Foster, to inform her that another new companion—of Mrs. Harrison's choosing—would arrive on the morrow, acquainted the bride with that fact.

"I don't quite understand the rights of it," said Miss Foster; "but, you know, Sarah's sister is kitchen-maid at St. Ouans, and all the servants there are saying that Captain Warre went away for Christmas, and a week afterwards came back quite suddenly, called at Long Reach, and then went home; since when he has shut himself up and seen no one except his father. Clara Fagan nods her head and looks knowing about it, but she doesn't say anything."

"Are you *sure* he is at St. Ouans?" asked Mrs. Harrison, looking very grave.

"Quite sure. Sarah has seen him in the grounds twice this last week, walking about with his head bent like an old man, she says."

"Are the Westons back yet, Miss Foster?"

"They haven't been away—they changed their plans at the last moment."

"Not been away!"

Then surely there was something very wrong indeed!

Mrs. Harrison went home with a very sober expression on her face; but she left Miss Foster happy by intimating to her that she might publish the marriage now as soon as she liked.

George Harrison saw there was something wrong when his wife returned from her visit to Miss Foster.

"What is the matter, Lilian?"

"A great deal. Will you mind if I write to Captain Warre, and ask you not to see the letter? It is a stiff thing to ask you, I know; but you promised to trust me, didn't you?"

"I did, my dear. And I'm not the man to go from my word. Write to anyone you like."

"Thank you: you are very good to me. I will tell you about it as soon as I feel free to do so."

When the reply came to her letter Mrs. Harrison was in a position to judge exactly how things stood, and how they had been brought to pass. She put on her bonnet in great wrath and called at No. 32, South Terrace.

Mrs. Pearson was treating Miss Fagan to an afternoon call—it was the four o'clock post which brought Captain Warre's letter—and at sight of her Mrs. Harrison's eyes expressed inward satisfaction. She shook hands in silence, totally disregarding Mrs. Pearson's laboured congratulations, intended to be vastly patronising, on her changed position.

"I am glad to find you here, Mrs. Pearson. I was coming to see you when I had talked to Miss Fagan. I want to know which of you wrote *that*?"

"That" being the letter Drusy Weston had received, signed by Scott and Twist.

At sight of it both ladies looked a trifle blank and queer about eyes and mouth, though Miss Fagan said, more promptly than grammatically, "Not me!"

"I—er—fail to understand the—er—motive——" began Mrs. Pearson.

"I will soon make my motive apparent," interrupted Mrs. Harrison coolly. "This letter alludes to me in a way my husband considers damaging to my reputation; and he and I are agreed that, unless an apology is immediately forthcoming from the writer, an action for libel will be established."

It was a bold stroke; but it went straight home.

"And—er—supposing the apology is—er—made?" Mrs. Pearson's hesitation was, for once, quite natural under the influence of fright.

"Oh, then we shall say no more about it. I remember the conversation mentioned here well enough; but Messrs. Twist and Scott did not hear aright—in fact, they got sadly mixed. Miss Weston never met Mr. Eden in her life: the letter went quite to the wrong person. Now, which of you wrote it?"

"Miss Fagan—er——"

"I didn't!" snapped Clara Fagan.

"I was not about to say you did!" Mrs. Pearson spoke with dignity, and, in her anxiety to get the thing over and done with, she pocketed her "ers" and said plainly enough: "Miss Fagan told me of your frequent meetings with Captain Warre, and I overheard the scrap of conversation in question. We both agreed that—considering the Captain was paying ardent attention all the time to Miss Weston—she ought to be made aware of his flirtation with you and his allusions to herself. I didn't wish to harm *you*, Mrs. Harrison—in fact, I thought you might be engaged to Captain Warre. I apologise for having joined your name to his, and for having written what annoys you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Pearson. I may now tell you for your satisfaction—both of you—that if you wished to make mischief between Miss Weston and Captain Warre you have failed."

She marched out of the house, holding her head very high, though saying mentally: "Another fib! But I'd tell a dozen if I could remedy the mischief those spiteful cats have done by their prying, and eaves-dropping, and interference. That poor fellow! And he has been so good to me! Well, Lilian Harrison, you've got to right it somehow, if you perish in the attempt!"

The baffled conspirators watched her out of sight; and then Miss Fagan said in a thin voice—

"Seems to me you're making the place rather warm for you, Mrs. Pearson. First the Westons cut you, then Betty Fraser, and now Mrs. George Harrison, who, if I mistake not, will become a power in Winchmore."

"And—er——" Mrs. Pearson raised a gold-rimmed eyeglass, through which to examine her hostess, "you were about to say—er—Clara Fagan no longer desires—er—the pleasure of your acquaintance? Because, if not, I—er—decline the further pleasure of Miss Fagan's acquaintance."

She departed in triumph, leaving Clara Fagan open-

mouthed with surprise and chagrin; and thus ended the alliance between those two.

From that day it was observed that new lines appeared in Mr. Pearson's forehead, and that old ones became deeper. People said it was because he could no longer go to Mr. Harrison's snug smoking-room: not but what he would have been welcomed always; but Mrs. Pearson forbade him to enter the house. And the chances were that if he looked in at Mr. Maver's, in passing, that gentleman would be absent—possibly at No. 31, South Terrace, where no objection was taken to his munching hardbake during a lengthy game of chess, on condition that he offered none to Twist.

A very keen observer, such as Margery, for instance, might have noticed the advent of a faint line or two on Drusy's forehead during those weeks after Christmas when the New Year was establishing its right to an ever-increasing share of the past. And Margery sighed as she noticed, for Drusy would not speak of the pain she suffered day and night.

The girl's heart longed for the love her pride kept from her. Under the sharp tutelage of suffering she learnt that Reginald Warre had always been dear to her; it was only his qualities of mind and heart having been made apparent while he was known to her as Rex Eden which had caused her to believe she loved a mythical personage. She could not at first realise that it was one man, not two, she had known; but when she did realise it, she knew she had given that one the best love of her life—all that her heart was capable of feeling for any man.

Yet, though she felt she could forgive him now—for what will true love not forgive?—pride still kept her silent. She did not know but what he might have forgotten her by this time; and if not, he was still a Warre of St. Ouans, and it should not be said that a Weston sought to obtain by marriage what belonged to them by moral right.

So she continued to nurse her pain, and Margery looked on helpless to say or do anything, and feeling that she was horribly selfish to be anticipating happiness for herself when Drusy had, apparently, said good-bye to it for ever.

The three months were nearly up; her "probation" would soon be over. Not once had she wavered in her allegiance to Stuart Fergusson; and there was certainly no intimation of his having changed in the undertone of tenderness which had of late crept into his letters. Possibly he allowed it to appear on purpose, that she might know his love was as great as ever.

"Have you read many of Browning's poems?" he had asked in his last letter. "I fought shy of him in my young days, and, since, there has been so little time to take up a new 'subject'—if I may call him such; and he wants a deal of thinking about, does Robert Browning. I am not alluding to his longer works: they are beyond me entirely until my second period of leisure arrives—I mean when I retire from active service in the world. But I came across a little volume of his 'Selections' the other day, and I was struck by the generous way he has of flinging his thoughts about. In a short piece called 'Cristina'



"Mrs. Pearson raised a gold-rimmed eye-glass."—p. 279.

there is an immense amount of 'thinking : ' in three consecutive verses you get as many ideas thrown to you.

" 'Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows !  
But not quite so sunk that moments,  
Sure tho' seldom, are denied us,  
When the spirit's true endowments  
Stand out plainly from its false ones,  
And apprise it if pursuing  
Or the right way or the wrong way,  
To its triumph or undoing.

'There are flashes struck from midnights,  
There are fire-flames noondays kindle,  
Whereby piled-up honours perish,  
Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle,  
While just this or that poor impulse,  
Which for once had play unstifled,  
Seems the sole work of a lifetime  
That away the rest have trifled.

'Doubt you if, in some such moment,  
As she fixed me, she felt clearly,  
Ages past the soul existed,  
Here an age 't is resting merely,  
And hence fleets again for ages,  
While the true end, sole and single,  
It stops here for is, this love-way,  
With some other soul to mingle ?'

"I like that last thought, don't you ? Further on comes—

" . . . . . the secret's mine now !  
She has lost me, I have gained her ;  
Her soul's mine."

"Poor old Rex could say that : I think I'll copy the entire poem, head it 'Drusilla' instead of 'Cristina,' and send her a copy—it would apply from beginning to end. On second thoughts I'll post you the book to-morrow : I want to send you a valentine ; are you

old-fashioned enough to care for valentines? And if so, will you accept one from me? Then you can give Drusy the poem to read. Really, if I didn't know Browning had written it, I should have said Warre was the author.

"Buttons has just arrived with a note from partner; I must go.—Always your sincere friend,

"STUART FERGUSSON."

### CHAPTER XIII.

"WILL you accept one from me?" Margery could not get the words out of her head; she knew so well that by that simple question he meant her to understand that he was unchanged.

The day was fast approaching when she would be able to take herself and her life and give both to him. Only one more letter would she receive from him before she was to write the words that would tell him she was all his own.

The little volume of Browning's "Selections" arrived on the morning of the fourteenth—Sunday. She sent a little note of thanks that evening, and smiled to herself as she wrote—"Dear Dr. Fergusson."

"Will he remember that it is the last time I shall address him so stiffly? I know he will. I can't help the letter being short to-day: it is next to impossible to write of the weather, and so on, when I am just longing to tell him that I love him—I love him!"

She went out to post her letter, and when she got back she found Drusy had got hold of Browning; but she was not reading just then—her eyes were gazing into the fire, and they were full of unshed tears.

Curiously enough she had opened the book at "Cristina." Perhaps Fergusson had bent back the covers on purpose for the leaves to fall apart just there. And Drusy had read:—

"She should never have looked at me  
If she meant I should not love her!  
There are plenty . . . men, you call such,  
I suppose . . . she may discover  
All her soul to, if she pleases,  
And yet leave much as she found them:  
But I'm not so, and she knew it  
When she fixed me, glancing round them."

She felt somewhat as Stuart Fergusson had felt—that Reginald Warre might have written it, especially when she came to the words—

"But this life's end and this love-bliss  
Have been lost here. Doubt you whether  
This she felt as, looking at me,  
Mine and her souls rushed together?"

"Oh, observe! Of course, next moment,  
The world's honours, in derision,  
Trampled out the light for ever:  
Never fear but there's provision  
Of the devil's to quench knowledge,  
Lest we walk the earth in rapture!  
—Making those who catch God's secret  
Just so much more prize their capture!"

"Such am I: the secret's mine now!  
She has lost me, I have gained her;  
Her soul's mine: and thus, grown perfect,  
I shall pass my life's remainder."

Life will just hold out the proving  
Both our powers, alone and blended;  
And then, come next life quickly!  
This world's use will have been ended."

"The world's honours," thought Drusy, "the world's pride! Where's the difference? It has served to part us. I have lost him—for ever."

She had not told Margery, but she had met him two days before: he was walking slowly on the other side of the road, and he had passed without so much as a bow.

"I cannot stay here now he is always at St. Ouans," she said to herself, with those unshed tears still in her eyes as she looked into the fire, which looked blurred and dull and very large through the tears. "I must go away where I shall never see him. Some day he will marry; then I can come back. Why did I let that wicked letter make me so angry? It said what was not true about him and Miss Paule. She is Mrs. Harrison now, as he said she would be. Why was I so cold and hard? Ought I not to have loved him all the more, even if he did wrong for love of me? It was all done for love of me, and there was no great wrong in it. There was no treachery to me—only to my abominable pride, which I have nourished as a friend, and now it has ruined my life. You were right, my darling; I have already learned to repent that I let my pride conquer my love. But it was only for a time, Rex—only for a time, though the effect must last for ever!"

Margery watched her a moment; then, when the tears welled up at last and ran down her cheeks, the door opened and closed softly, and she was left alone with her penitence and her grief.

The week passed uneventfully until Friday, which was the nineteenth—the day Margery was to write the words that would seal her fate. She went about looking grave but very happy, and, for once, she failed to take much notice of what was going on around her.

After dinner she shut herself into her own room, saying she had an important letter to write; by-and-by, when it was posted, she would tell Drusy all about it. The weather was quite warm for February—a genial foretaste of spring—and as she felt able to sit in her room without a fire, so Drusy, down in the breakfast-room—with fire and sun to warm it—decided that it would be pleasanter to wander into the orchard and pass the afternoon on the stile, with her thoughts for sole company. She wanted to summon up courage to tell Margery of her determination to leave home—for a time. If Margery did not take kindly to the thought of a long absence from Winchmore, she would have to go alone; but her sensitive spirit shrank from the prospect of loneliness and independence.

She was going up-stairs to fetch her hat and cloak when the hall-door bell rang and she heard a voice inquiring if Miss Weston was at home.

The visitor was shown into the drawing-room, and the card the servant handed her bore the inscription—

"MRS. GEORGE HARRISON."

What could Mrs. Harrison possibly want with her? Drusy stiffened herself mentally and physically as she remembered it had been at this woman's instigation



that Reginald Warre had "masqueraded" as Rex Eden. Lilian's heart sank as she noticed the expression of Drusy's face. How was she to know that, underneath that granite-like exterior, was a softness produced by keen regret and Robert Browning!

"You are no doubt surprised to receive a visit from me, Miss Weston; but it has come to my knowledge that I have unwittingly worked harm to someone who has been a true friend to me, so I have ventured to call to see if I could—if there is anything I can say to—to undo that harm."

This was not at all what she had intended to say. It was not likely that she had waited nearly two months to blunder in this style; but all diplomacy was knocked out of her head by that look of seeming icy indifference and cold hauteur in Drusy's face.

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Harrison!" said a voice as cold as the face.

The plunge was taken and diplomacy drowned, and all that remained was for Lilian Harrison to swim to shore as speedily as might be.

"I don't suppose you do, Miss Weston; I expressed myself very clumsily. But I am talking of Captain Warre. He loves you as a man can only love one woman in his life; and I have separated you, when my great hope was to bring you together."

"Really, Mrs. Harrison—"

"You must hear me out, please, and forgive me for performing my task in so rough-and-ready a way; it is a task I have set myself. Captain Warre stood my friend when I was in sore trouble. I vowed to myself in my gratitude that if ever an opportunity arose to help him in return I would do so. Circumstances combined to bring me to Winchmore as Miss Foster's companion. Bearing my resolution in mind, you will not wonder that I kept eyes and ears wide open to learn all I could about Captain Warre. I soon discovered his love for you; and the history of how your branch of the family came to lose St. Ouans, which was told me almost on my arrival here, taught me to understand why you would not let yourself listen to him. I forced his confidence, and suggested that, as it seemed unlikely he would ever win you as Reginald Warre, he should at least try his fate under another name. Should he meet with success, my advice was that he should immediately confess the truth and cast himself on your mercy. He chose to continue the deception long after you confessed to caring for him, though, as you have since learnt, his disguise was only partial. He did not wish his father to know that it was necessary for him to wear glasses, and I think that influenced him a little."

"Necessary? What do you mean?" Drusy looked startled; she thawed several degrees.

After a quick look at her, Lilian Harrison began to recover her native diplomacy.

"You need not hesitate to speak freely to me, Miss Weston; he mentioned it to me as soon as he became convinced of the truth himself."

"What truth?"

"About his sight, of course. Why pretend you don't understand? But it has turned out much worse than was anticipated. That is why I have come to you to-day, to see if there is at least a little pity in

your heart. Love there cannot be. I understood at once that you did not really love him when you refused to forgive him for what you considered his deception, because, all along, the oculists have said that every annoyance—ever so small—must be carefully kept from him; and yet you, knowing this, could strike such a terrible blow—"

"Stop! For pity's sake stop! I never knew—he never told me—oh! it cannot be true! Tell me quickly, I implore, is—is he—?"

"Blind? Not quite, I think, but very near it; and total blindness is bound to come." And then Mrs. Harrison stopped in some dismay, for Drusy looked as if she was going to faint.

"Rather overdid it that time! Go it easy now, Lilian!" So said the visitor to herself, as she opened the nearest window and loosened Drusy's dress at the throat.

But love conquered the faintness; and the girl sat up.

"I am all right: never mind me. Tell me about him. I give you my word I did not know anything ailed his sight."

"If I'd known that, I'd have told my tale differently," was Mrs. Harrison's mendacious reply. "I just came to see if pity wouldn't make you pretend to some feeling for him. How was I to guess he had kept you in ignorance? Maybe, if you'd known he was going blind up at St. Ouans all these weeks you'd have done something before now. But he has kept it close, I'll own; he didn't want people about here to know. Fancy his never saying a word to you, though!"

"Does he?"—Drusy was dying to ask the question—"does he know you have come here—to me?"

"My gracious, no! He's every bit as proud as you are. If you think of seeing him, I can tell you you'll have your work cut out to conceal from him that 'tis only pity makes you go to him. Well, you'll want to think it over, no doubt; so I'll say good-afternoon. I hope you'll excuse my having taken the liberty to speak out. You see, it seemed so hard-hearted for you to go and do just what you knew would injure him. I felt quite wild when I got to know all about it. Say you'll excuse me, Miss Weston!"

"Excuse you! I shall be grateful to you all my life! I only hope you will forgive me for receiving you so disagreeably. You see, I—I have known him—Captain Warre—ever since—" her voice quavered and broke, and she burst into tears.

Lilian took her in her arms and soothed her, with full comprehension of what she was suffering, and a heart full of pity.

"You needn't mind me, Miss Weston; there's no shame in loving a man like that. And I know what love is: he died years ago."

With which abrupt announcement she disappeared, and walked home with a lump in her throat, in spite of a feeling of thankfulness that she had righted things at last.

And Drusy sped through the orchard, across a field, and into the woods in order to reach St. Ouans by a side-entrance she knew of. Never had she entered the grounds before; but all nervousness was swallowed



'n the feeling that she was going to Rex, and that Rex was blind and helpless—rendered so by her cruelty.

Boldly she opened the door through which he had gone in and out so often ; but, once inside, she paused in ignorance as to which path she ought to take. There was one to the right and one to the left, both disappearing around the belt of trees that faced her. She chose to turn to the right ; and, before she had gone a hundred yards, she stopped and drew her breath sharply. In front of her was Rex himself, walking slowly with bent head, just as she had seen him two days before, when she had thought he wished to cut her.

He stood still, listening a moment.

"Is anyone there ?" he asked.

Her heart throbbed at the sound of his voice, but she could not speak.

Presently he resumed his walk, and she followed him. Evidently he was making for the house, and she told herself she must speak to him before he reached it. But no words would come, and she knew nothing of the distance, so it was not surprising that they were close to the house before she had summoned courage to so much as utter his name. One end of the old manor was in view—a recently added wing, with

a covered terrace running along outside the French windows, two of which stood open.

Guiding himself a little with his stick, and intimate with every step of the way, Reginald made for one of these windows. Drusy hesitated, and stood a moment under the trees, fearing to be seen by anyone in the house ; but some impulse bade her follow, and by the time he had passed through the open window and, throwing off his cap, had made his way to an arm-chair, she stood on the terrace.

"Is that you, father ?" he asked, hearing the step.

Seeing that he was alone, and unable any longer to refrain from making her presence known, Drusy entered the room, went close to him, and touched his hand.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

His fingers closed over hers, and she could feel him tremble as he peered into her face with his poor dim eyes, and passed his other hand over her sleeve.

"Is my dream come true at last, or am I only sleeping now ? Drusy, my heart's darling, have you come to me at last ?"

Then the power of speech returned to her ; she knelt at his feet and drew his arms about her, as she said in broken, imploring tones—



"I can see that you are kneeling at my feet."—p. 284.

"Oh, Rex, forgive me dear! Forgive my wicked pride! I never knew till just now about your poor, poor eyes! Oh, tell me it is not *all* my doing! Say you forgive me, Rex!"

But he could say nothing just then for the sudden need he felt of taking all the kisses he had been starving for the last two months; and they told her she was forgiven before he uttered a syllable.

"My little darling! My own dear girl! I knew you would come to me some day. The time has been so long—so long, Drusy."

"Say you forgive me, Rex!" That was all her prayer.

"Why, of course I do, dear. You have forgiven me, haven't you? And you have had more to pardon than I had."

"Nay! You never destroyed my sight with your cruelty."

"Well, and whose sight have you destroyed? What notion have you got into that little head?"

"She told me—Mrs. Harrison—that it was my doing—that my cruelty had made you blind."

"So Madam Lilian has a finger in this pie, has she? She vowed she'd reconcile us sooner or later—bless her warm heart! But she told you a fib, dear. The blindness was coming; and I knew it would have to come before any operation could be performed. What has happened hastened it a bit, that is all. By this time next year I hope to see as well as ever; whereas, by the natural order of things, I should have been years going blind."

"But to think that I have done it, my Rex! And that I have not been with you to guide your footsteps! Rex, you ought not to go out alone. You must not again, do you hear? I met you on Wednesday, and I thought you wouldn't see me. If I had only known! Why did not someone tell me?"

"No one knows, dear, except my father and my own man. I can see a little yet, you know. I can see that you are kneeling at my feet, though I should not have known it was you if my heart had not told me it was so. Get up, my Drusy; I cannot have you kneel to me. Oh, heart's dearest, how madly happy you have made me! This is worth going blind for."

"But what has caused it, Rex?"

"The eyes have been getting weak for some time, dear; but I hoped it would pass. When I figured as Rex Eden I was downright glad of the glasses, and I found the difference when I left them off. That was what made me consult an oculist. I went to the best in town just before I settled myself at Norwood. He examined my eyes, called the weakness some long name which I can't remember, and told me I should go quite blind—that I must, in fact, before anything could be done. He advised my not worrying about things, and said I was to take life easily, and not use my eyes more than I could help. That rather knocked my literature scheme on the head, and I was a bit vexed, because I had made a good start. Ever since that miserable day when you refused to have anything more to say to me, my sight has been going rapidly. Had it not been for that we intended turning out and handing St. Ouans over to you and your sisters; but I would not agree to my father

roughing it, so I told him he must wait a year or two until I could go to work again. He wanted to let you know how things were, but I made him promise not to say a word to anyone. I didn't want you to pity where you would not, or could not, love."

"You know I loved you all the time, Rex. It served me right to be punished; but it isn't fair that you should suffer."

"I shan't suffer much, dear, now I can look forward to passing my life with you. You will marry me directly the operation is over, won't you, Drusy?"

"Before that, Rex!" she whispered, pressing a hot cheek against his. "I am going to marry you at once—just as soon as a licence can be obtained. No, don't speak! If you are so terribly shocked at my forwardness that you would rather not marry me, give me a little push; and if you are not—"

She never got to the end of her sentence, for he kissed her until she panted for breath, while he called her every endearing name he could think of.

A clock somewhere struck five.

"Margery will think I am lost. She doesn't know—anything. Not even that Mrs. Harrison called to see me."

"Suppose we go and explain? Will you invite me to tea, Drusy? But I must leave a message for my father."

"Won't he think it strange—my being here? And the servants—?"

"Never mind what my father thinks; the servants are a different matter. There are writing materials somewhere about, aren't there? Put a sheet of paper in front of me, dear, and see how cleverly I can write without looking to see what I am about."

He felt in his pocket for a pencil, and scribbled these words—

"Drusy has come to fetch me to Long Reach for tea. Please send a carriage, or, better still, come and fetch me at half-past six.—R."

"There; now put it into an envelope. Stay, though; suppose you write, 'The servants don't know I am here,' and sign your initials. . . . Done it? That's right. Seal it up, and I'll address it. He's sure to come here to look for me. Now, dear, your arm, please, and we shall be at Long Reach in less than a quarter of an hour. A new experience for you, my Drusy, to have someone to take care of! We will reverse all that some day, won't we?"

The clock striking five had startled Margery a little; most of her afternoon had been spent in happy dreaming and a wonder of what she should say in her letter. The beginning was easy enough—

"My dear Stuart!"

And she thought the words looked very nice; but oughtn't she to add something to them?

Yet, here was five o'clock, and not another word written; and, what was worse, she could not think of anything else to say except, "I love you! I love you!" and she was not going to *write* that. At last in sheer desperation she decided to let those three words stand alone—he would understand. She looked at them once more, pressed her lips to them with a sudden swift blush, and signed her name,

"Margery," that was all: surely the briefest love-letter that was ever written!

As she dropped her letter into the red box in the wall not far from the house, she opened her eyes in amazement, for there, coming down the hill arm-in-arm, were her sister Drusy and Reginald Warre.

What joy there was at that small tea-party! No sooner was Rex in the house, and Margery understood something of the truth, than she took his face between her hands, gazed tearfully into the dim eyes, and kissed him on the brow, saying as she turned to hug Drusy—

"Oh, how thankful—how very thankful I am!"

Then, before they had finished tea, old Mr. Warre came in, full of excitement, to know what had happened, and how it had happened, and who had brought it to pass; and, as he gave Drusy a fatherly embrace and shook his son's hand warmly and continuously, he made a little speech.

"Ever since I came into the property I have felt I had no right to it; it came upon me with a kind of revelation that the man who was farming these acres was the real master and owner of St. Ouans, and not myself. But I had married, and it was not fair to my wife to make any change without her cordial consent; so I held my peace, and said not a word even to her. Then my son was born: that was a fresh temptation to keep silent. But, in time, my wife was taken from me, and no other children had been given me, and I began to think I was being punished for keeping what was not rightly mine—even as my father had been punished before me. Yet the means of restitution was there: I could, after the death of my wife, have made over the property to you at any moment, and have brought up my son to work for his living. But the devil tempted me. My neighbour Weston had daughters born to him, and I said to myself: 'My son shall marry one of them, and right things that way. It is not fair to him to make him give up what is, after all, legally his. If one of Weston's daughters reigns at St. Ouans, all will be well.' At times Reginald has said to me: 'I shall never be master here; I have brains, and I will work; and when the property comes to me I shall hand it over to the Westons; no blessing will rest on us as long as we keep it.' But now my dream has come true: Weston's eldest daughter should, by rights, be mistress of St. Ouans. We will put it to her. If she wishes to take possession, well and good; if not—"

"I will write to her to-night!" interrupted Margery impulsively. "I know what her answer will be, dear old Phil! Theo would never leave his beloved work, and she would never leave him. So three cheers for Queen Drusilla! Three times three for Rex and Regina of St. Ouans!"



"But I can't spare you, Bob."—p. 287.

They all caught the infection of her gaiety, though neither guessed what extra cause she had for feeling so superlatively happy. But it was enough for Drusy and Rex to know that all was well, at last, between them. As for old Mr. Warre, he was ready to shout for joy.

He carried them off to St. Ouans for dinner, not knowing how to make enough of his future daughter-in-law; and before they were allowed to return to Long Reach every servant in the house knew that Captain Warre would be married almost immediately to Miss Drusy Weston.

He spent nearly the whole of Saturday at Long Reach, and when Margery, with a great pretence at primness, told him that it was not becoming of him to quarter himself on two unmarried ladies with no chaperon to countenance such a proceeding, he said coolly—

"Very well. Then we'll go to town on Monday,

and I'll 'quarter myself' on Phil. I bet any amount you'll be pleased enough to see Fergusson again. Meanwhile, Drusy, let us spend our afternoon in the woods, and leave Miss Propriety the whole of the house to feel prim in."

So it happened that Margery was alone when she heard a familiar footstep coming up the garden path straight to the lower door, as if its owner had known the house all his life.

One peep into the hall satisfied her that neither of the servants was in sight, and that the kitchen door was shut. Then, before bell could be rung or knocker knocked, she opened the front door and stood face to face with Stuart Fergusson.

Taken by sweetest surprise he looked at her for five seconds with all the love of his heart shining in his eyes; then he caught her in his arms and carried her into the breakfast-room.

After half an hour or so they began to talk coherently, and Fergusson produced from his pocket the envelope containing the nearly blank sheet of paper he had that morning received from her.

"Did man ever have such a love-letter before?" he asked. "Just examine it, Miss Margery Weston, and tell me if the writer ought not to feel ashamed of herself for sending such a mean, niggardly scrap to the man she knew was thirsting to be told she loved him?"

"I couldn't help it," she declared. "It took me all the afternoon to write it. Don't scold, Stuart; I am sure I have made up for all my shortcomings now."

"Scold, sweetheart? I shall never get a letter more to my liking if I live to be a hundred. It is so thoroughly Margeryesque! I wondered again and again what you would write—whether you would inform your 'dear Stuart' that, on thinking it over, you had come to the conclusion that you didn't mind giving him a trial, or whether you would discuss the weather and the crops. But when it came I seemed to have known all along that this was just what you would say—this, and nothing more. And I came off as soon as ever I had been to Doctors' Commons and got the licence for Rex."

"What licence?"

"Ah! Now I've let the cat out of the bag! But never mind: you won't tell, I know. I went to Wollaston when I had had your letter, to let Kershaw know he must do without me for a day or two; and there I found them in great excitement over the news you had written to Phil, which had been followed this morning by a telegram from Warre asking Kershaw to procure a marriage licence for Reginald Warre and Drusilla Weston, and either post or bring it at once. So I thought I had better get it and bring it along; it is in my pocket at this moment."

"Drusy told me she meant to marry him very soon, as she considered he wanted someone to take care of him; but I fancy she will open her eyes at such despatch."

Which was just what she did; though she only hesitated one little moment when Rex said imploringly, turning his almost sightless eyes on her—

"Dear, you promised to come to me at once. You will marry me on Monday, Drusy?"

And after that brief pause she put her hand in his, and said—

"Yes, I will, Rex."

Somehow the news got abroad, and the church was full when Rex entered, holding Fergusson's arm—Stuart had offered his services as best man.

Drusy did not keep them waiting long. She had put on her prettiest dress—a soft cream cashmere with a lot of lace about it, and a veil her mother had worn at her own wedding, with the self-same orange blossoms.

Old Mr. Warre gave her away with beaming face, and Margery was sole bridesmaid; though old Nurse waddled up the chancel with the wedding-party, determined to make one of them.

It was very pathetic to see the bride guiding her young husband down the church when the ceremony was at an end. Directly they reached the porch a ringing cheer was raised by the crowd assembled outside the church; and many a hearty wish was offered for the happiness of the young squire and his wife.

Then back to Long Reach for lunch, and time to change the cream cashmere for a blue serge, and by two o'clock Captain and Mrs. Reginald Warre had started for a month's honeymooning in Cornwall, down among the fisher-folk.

An hour later Mr. Warre, Margery, and Fergusson left for London—Mr. Warre to visit Lady Vanborough again, and Margery to stay at Wollaston until she considered she was ready to move permanently to Ellesmere—at least, so Stuart said.

It was doubtful what they would do with Long Reach; for the present Nurse was in charge, and content to remain so as long as they liked.

Mr. and Mrs. George Harrison received cordial invitations to St. Ouans, when—the operation being successfully accomplished—Rex and Drusy established themselves there, Phil having cheerfully given up the honour of reigning at the old house to her sister.

Miss Fraser was a frequent visitor, and even Miss Foster—now in possession of a companion as old as herself—was made welcome. Twist and Scott—the latter had never returned to his first mistress—paid occasional Saturday-to-Monday visits, trotting through the grounds side by side in a friendly and most comical fashion.

Mr. Maver, also, might be seen there occasionally, growing so intimate as time went on that he even ventured to scrunch hardbake at Mrs. Reginald Warre's musical "At Homes"—perchance sitting stiffly the while in a rocking-chair which was generally spoken of as "Mr. Harrison's." It had been shifted thither from No. 30, South Terrace, at Miss Foster's earnest request; she said the sight of the rockers made her present companion feel queer.

Only Miss Fagan and the Pearsons were left out in the cold—Mr. Pearson by choice and by desire of his wife.

Clara Fagan revenged herself by saying spiteful things of the Warres to people who didn't know them: no one who knew them would listen to her.



Mrs. Pearson revenged herself by drawing fresh lines in her husband's forehead, and by making life a burden to all who had much to do with her.

Not long since Bob sought his master's presence one day and begged to give notice.

"But I can't spare you, Bob! What is the meaning of it, man?" said Mr. Pearson, looking sadly harassed at the thought of losing an old and valuable servant.

"If you please, sir, it's not as *Bob* that I wishes to leave, only as Robert. I'd like to stay on with you as Bob as long as you'll keep me, but Robert can't stand the missus's tantrums not no longer."

Mr. Pearson looked relieved. Bob was retained; and an ambitious youth from the stable, owning the elegant cognomen of Hardaway was promoted to drive Mrs. Pearson, who, in the new circle of acquaintances she had entered as a Triton amongst the minnows, was much given to say that—

"Hardaway—er—is simply invaluable as—er—a coachman."

In spite of her clerical descent, Mrs. Pearson has turned Radical: for the Warres have always been Conservatives; and it is understood that Captain Warre has decided to stand for Winchmore at the next election.

THE END.

## THE TWO CROWNS.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

"Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower."—ISAIAH xxviii. 1.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life."—JAMES I. 12.



THESE two texts are set over the one against the other. The one speaks of a crown of pride that fades, and the other of a crown of life that endures. The crown of pride is worn by those who are overcome by their lust; the crown of life is given to the man who triumphs over temptation. A deep woe, a *væ victis* indeed, is pronounced against

the conquered; an immortal blessedness is promised to the conqueror.

Let us look first at the crown of pride worn by the drunkards of Ephraim. The image is very appropriate. Ephraim for a long time was the grandest of all the tribes of Israel. The right hand of Jacob had conveyed to its founder an ampler blessing than to the others; and this larger blessing was realised in the history of his descendants. To Ephraim belonged the great hero of the nation, the leader of the whole people. And in consequence Joshua's tribe inherited the finest portion of the Land of Promise. For centuries the chief sanctuary of the nation, the Tabernacle of Shiloh, was within its boundaries. And after the revolt from Judah in the reign of Rehoboam, the tribe of Ephraim became virtually the whole kingdom of Israel. The capital and chief city was Samaria, situated like a diadem on the top of a circular hill, surrounded by a very fertile valley filled with vineyards and orchards, and encompassed with a ring of green hills. The prophet could therefore speak appropriately of the crown of pride of

Ephraim. It was a royal tribe. It wore the crown of supremacy over all the other tribes: it prided itself upon the greatness of its power and the grandeur of its history.

But the culminating point of the glory of this haughty and exclusive tribe was by this time past, and a period of decadence had begun. All its physical advantages turned out to be moral disadvantages to it. Owing to its political separation from Judah, it was shut out from the temple services at Jerusalem, and from all the national feasts connected with the worship of the living and true God. It therefore set up a religion and a shrine of its own, and established first at Bethel, and then at Samaria, the old idolatrous calf-worship of Egypt. With this dark nature-worship came in the profligate pastimes that were usually associated with it. And the people, unrestrained by the fear of God, lost all control over themselves, and gave way to the full indulgence of their lusts and passions. The tribe of Ephraim, possessing the finest vineyards in the whole country, became notorious for its intemperance. Its chief men lived only for the gratification of their depraved appetites. The writings of the later prophets abound in denunciations of their luxury and profligacy. Isaiah was especially severe. In scathing language he exposed their mingled pride and degradation, their loss of all manliness and patriotism. They were in a situation of peculiar danger between two formidable foes longing to possess their heritage—Assyria on the one hand and Egypt on the other. And they were unconsciously playing into the hands of these foes, weakening their strength and impoverishing their resources by their vicious indulgences. They could



not defend their territory when assailed, and the enemy would gain an easy victory over them. And then their crown of pride would be trampled in the dust, and that which they thought was their glory would prove a burning shame to them.

It was a common custom both in the Eastern and Western world for the guests at a religious feast to crown their brows with chaplets of green leaves.

made of this material upon his brow, and he prided himself upon his gallant appearance.

And we must acknowledge that there was a singular suitableness in the nature of the chaplet. There could not, indeed, be a more appropriate crown for these effeminate sensualists in their revelries. The ivy is remarkable for its greenness and freshness. It never seems to wither like other plants, or to change with the changing seasons. It flourishes when other plants decay, and seems at all times full of life.



"A Ruin."

The worshippers of Bacchus, the god of wine, put upon their heads wreaths of ivy, because that plant was sacred to the god, having according to the legend sheltered him from the fierce heat of the sun when he was born. Wherever this god was worshipped in Egypt and Palestine, as well as in Greece and Rome—for his worship extended everywhere—chaplets of ivy were worn in his honour at feasts. Formerly an ivy-bush was a common tavern sign, and gave rise to the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush." The crown of pride, which Isaiah says the drunkards of Ephraim wore at their bacchanalian entertainments, was composed of ivy-leaves in conformity with this custom. Each person at these idolatrous orgies had a crown

For these reasons the revellers wove its leaves into a garland for their brows when life for them, owing to the excitement of the festival, seemed at its highest point. It represented their own vigour and joy, the freshness of their feelings and the strength of their hopes. By the intoxicating cup they were lifted above all the sordid cares and ills of life. The troubles that vexed other men had no existence for them. The primeval promise of the Tempter was fulfilled in their experience: "Ye shall be as gods." They seemed to breathe a diviner air. The horizon expanded around them, their pulses were quickened, and all possibilities of joy were within their reach. Crowned with

the ivy-wreath of pride they seemed the sceptred sovereigns of their destiny.

But all is not flourishing that looks green and vigorous. The glory of the crown of pride is only on the surface, only in appearance. Look beneath the ivy, and what do you see, hidden by it—a ruin! Fresh and full of life as the ivy looks, it grows on decay. It loves the mouldering pile. Its clasp is fatal to the object to which it clings. It disintegrates by its roots the wall that supports it. The mortar crumbles and the stones fall out. It brings damp and moisture to complete the work of destruction, until at last the noble old castle or venerable abbey becomes a rude heap. Or, if it clings to a tree, it chokes it by its luxurious growth; it shuts out the vital air and sunshine and showers from the trunk and branches. And so the tree, to which the ivy imparts an appearance of extraordinary verdure and vitality, gradually withers and dies in its fatal embrace; and you see leafless boughs, like gigantic antlers, rising above the masses of glossy green foliage. And is it not appropriate that a plant, with such a power of producing decay and death in the object to which it clings, should be used to crown the head of foolish revellers? Like the ivy, the vice that seems to adorn and enrich the life saps the foundations of it. The temple of the body is turned into a ruin by this fatal crown of pride. It becomes physically worse; the spring of its vigour is dried up; the organs by which it can hold communion with the world of sense and with the higher world of soul are stifled and wasted. The very capacity of enjoyment is paralysed. Truly, to be carnally minded is death; truly to live in pleasure is to be dead while so living. Truly, the "owl in an ivy bush" of the familiar proverb, denoting the union of wisdom with conviviality, is a sad contradiction in fact!

Then, too, how full of suggestion is the creeping habit of the ivy! It cannot grow upright like other plants, or unfold itself without support. Strong and vigorous as it looks, it is in reality feeble and grovelling. It would fall helplessly to the ground if it found no object against which to lean. You notice that every part of its stem that comes in contact with a wall or tree, or other supporting object to which it can cling, sends out from one side of it a fringe of white fibres, which are not, properly speaking, roots, but holdfasts. With these myriads of feet it creeps slowly on the stones or over the trunk of the tree, making sure of its footing at every step. And does not the spray of the creeping ivy, twined into a garland for the reveller, betoken the feebleness and dependency to which his vice reduces him? It takes away all the manly, self-respecting, self-supporting elements out of him. It reduces him to poverty and dependence upon others. He loses all sense of his own degradation, and sorns upon others for the indulgence of his lust. A drunkard is the weakest, most helpless of God's creatures; and if he wears a crown of ivy at his miserable feast, it only symbolises his parasitical habits. Like the ivy, his

seeming strength is weakness; and his life of self-indulgence is neither profitable to God nor man.

Thus the crown of pride with which all who yield to temptation adorn themselves is a mockery. They are deluded by their sin into mistaking shame for pride, degradation for glory. They imagine that they are happier than others while the glamour of their indulgence lasts. But afterwards comes the bitter reaction of dreariness and despair. Satan tempts all his victims to sin with a crown of pride. The sin will crown the life, make it grander and fuller, give it more freedom and enlargement. He offers the ivy-wreath to all whom he can influence as the reward of their allegiance. But there is no sadder heart in the world, no lonelier and more miserable life than that which is thus garlanded with the false semblance of pleasure. The crown of ivy is the symbol of an utterly enfeebled will that is led captive by the devil; and underneath the fair flourishing exterior are the ruins of a wrecked and desecrated life.

Such, then, is the woe that comes to the crown of pride, the miserable end of yielding to temptation. Let us now look at the other picture—the blessedness connected with the crown of life which rewards the overcoming of temptation. The Apostle Paul tells us that those who gave in their names as competitors in the public games of Greece and Rome subjected themselves beforehand to a severe course of training. They abstained from everything that would be likely to enfeeble their frame or exhaust their energy. Luxuries of all kinds were carefully avoided; only the plainest food was partaken of, and that in small and fixed quantities at regular intervals. They mortified the flesh, and lived the lives of ascetics, in the most impressionable period of life, when temptation has such a fascinating power over youthful appetite. And all this to win a corruptible crown, a mere wreath of fading laurel, put upon the head of the successful candidate, amid the applause of the spectators at the amphitheatre! But the Apostle James tells us of a far higher reward held out to the man who overcomes temptation; a reward worth going through far more trouble and self-denial than were involved in the preparation for, and in the actual struggle of, the Olympic games. The successful competitor in this case is crowned with the crown of life.

The crown of ivy does not belong to the tree to which it clings. It is not part of its life. It is an outside, separate thing—a different plant altogether. It has roots of its own. It crowns the tree with a crown of leaves that have not been nourished by its sap, and are therefore a hindrance and not a help to it, choking it instead of enabling it, as its own leaves would do, to grow and enlarge. The garland of the amphitheatre had no conformity with the nature of the contest in which the victor had been engaged. It was a mere arbitrary symbol, which with equal appropriateness might have been anything else.

There was no true relation between the enjoyment of the bacchanalian, while he made merry at his feast of wine, and the insensible ivy-wreath that crowned his head. But my text tells us that the crown with which the victor over temptation is crowned is not an arbitrary symbol, something external, but a part of himself. The overcoming of the temptation itself makes the crown. It is with his own life made nobler, richer, fuller, freer, by the conquest of temptation, that the conqueror is crowned. The substance, the essence of his crown, is a larger and more blessed life than he enjoyed before. Such a man emphatically "lives."

Look at a plant. It grows up and struggles with the adverse circumstances in which it is placed; with the beating winds and rains, with the frost and sun, and at last it produces a beautiful blossom on the top of its stalk. That blossom is its own growth, the product of its own life. It unfolds at the top of the stem, to show that in spite of every hostile condition it has fulfilled the end of its existence. That blossom is its crown of life, its living reward for all its brave life-work. It is

not something external put upon it, but the result of its own development. It is formed of its own substance, it is moulded after its own pattern; for the flower is only a metamorphosed leaf, changed in shape and hue by the circumstances of its growth to suit its new requirements. It is the very life that has toiled and struggled that is crowned and made to show what hidden beauty and sweetness were in it, waiting the struggle of life to make them manifest. And so your life, too, flowers in the same way when you overcome the temptations that are opposed to your growth and well-being. Through the struggle your life puts forth its highest powers and unfolds its brightest qualities; and when you have gained the victory you are crowned with the blossom and fruit of your own achievement. It is not an extraneous reward, but a vital product. It is not put on you—you have wrought it out yourself. God gives the crown, but it is at the same time the natural spontaneous outcome of character, just as the sun gives the plant its flowery crown, but it is the growth of the plant itself.

Our fathers believed that every plant was created just as it is; that it has never changed in a single line or hue from the beginning. It was put in the soil at the very first a complete and perfect object as it is now; and during all these intervening ages, it has mechanically grown from seed to flower and fruit within the same rigid mould, monotonously repeating all its parts without

a single variation. The modern scientific idea, on the contrary, is that every plant owes its present shape and colour and adaptation to a long struggle with its circumstances; that it has grown slowly and gradually to what it is, by an arduous vital process of conquering the difficulties of its situation, and accommodating itself to its environments. There is not a tint or a curve on leaf or flower but can be traced to this struggle, and is the permanent crown of its victory. How much grander is this conception, of the way in which the forms of life which we see around us have come into existence, than the old idea! Of course it will be understood that this process of adaptation involves the creative and protective act of God, and simply indicates to us His method of working.

And similarly, a too prevalent idea of Christian recompense gives us a mechanical ready-made heaven, to which we are transferred



IVY-CLAD.

after death, as a pebble might be transferred mechanically to a cabinet. There is no affinity between the state and the character. What correspondence is there between wearing a crown of gold, and overcoming temptation? Such a reward would yield no true or lasting happiness, owing to this want of congruity and adaptation. There is much more of the true philosophy of religion in the old savage idea, that when the flesh of a brave man or of a ferocious tiger is eaten by the slayer, the spirit of the man or the tiger passes into the conqueror, and he is made bolder and more courageous by it. This superstition implies at least that there is a relation of kind between the conqueror's act and his reward. And it is true, as a matter of fact, that when we, by Divine grace, successfully overcome temptation, the power of the temptation changes sides; it becomes weaker and we become stronger. We speak of virtue being its own reward. It is so, because the ennobling of our own life by it is a better reward than any mere external gift, however valuable, could possibly be. Supposing that you were offered a money-payment for some generous act, would the possession of that money yield anything like the joy which the exalting of your own life through the performance of that generous act produces? And would you not refuse the money-reward as altogether unsuitable? It is evident, then, that the only heaven that can satisfy beings like us must be one to which our nature has become adapted, to which we have been harmonised by a long course of heavenly-mindedness.

All the promises made to the seven churches of Asia are connected with some special sin, and are in exact accordance with the nature of the overcoming. And the larger promise of heaven must be the carrying-out of this principle in the most perfect manner. Whatever may be the actual conditions and circumstances of the heavenly world, it is obvious that there must be a close vital correspondence between that world and the world in which we live now. The framework of this world is indeed but the rough draft of the finished heaven; and if in this world there is an effort more or less successful to balance character and circumstance, and to adapt them to one another, we cannot but suppose that heaven will be the perfect harmony of character with environment. This is what is implied in the words of the angel to the mortal regarding the inhabitants of heaven; "These are they that have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple."

God rewards not as man does. Man can only reward by outward things. The world rewards its heroes and great men with its wealth and honours; but that reward is a mere material crown which is not co-natural with the man who enjoys it. The workman is paid wages or salary, but this so-called

price of or equivalent for his services has no correspondence with the labour which he has expended, the waste of bodily tissue, the exhaustion of muscle and nerve, and the consumption of precious life. Wages are given to him merely to purchase the necessities of life in order to sustain and prolong life; the reward of his work is the satisfaction which he has in it, the moral discipline of his own nature, and the good which his work does in the world. But God crowns you with the crown of life, gives you no arbitrary reward from without, but the fruit of what you yourselves have sown and cultivated. He gives you not a dead material crown of gold, but a living crown of spiritual blessedness—the crown of your own life enriched and ennobled. Overcoming temptation, not in mere outward act only, but in heart and life, your own living victory will be a crown of joy and rejoicing to you. You will have in you the strength of your own convictions, the blessedness of your own purity. Doing good, you will be crowned with increased power and opportunity of doing good. Loving God and your fellow-men, you will be crowned with greater capacity of loving and greater enjoyment in it. God always *pays in kind*. His crown for spirituality is more spirituality; for purity, increased purity; for godliness, higher degrees of godliness; for faithfulness, more power of being faithful. The crown of Christ Himself is the salvation of the souls for whom He died. Paul, addressing the Thessalonian saints, said, "For what is our hope or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye?" The disciples are the crown of the teacher. He is crowned with the living crown of his own work. And so, too, the mark and the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus our Lord are the same; the mark is likeness to Christ, and the prize is the enjoyment of this likeness; for to be like Christ as well as to be with Him is the most blessed heaven that man can know.

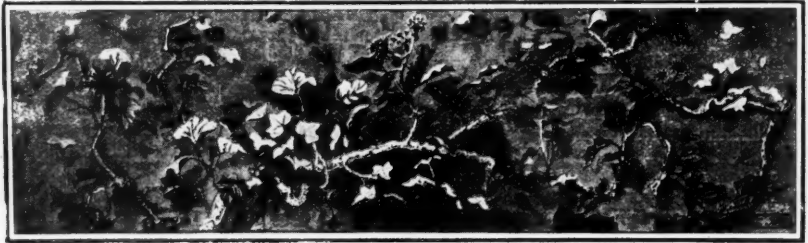
The crown of life emphasises the great distinction between joy and happiness, which we are continually confounding. Happiness is what happens to us, what comes to us from without, from the favourable conditions and good chances of the world; whereas joy is the rich experience of our own heart—the welling-up of a bright sweet fountain of gladness within—created by its own right and good condition—filled with the transforming love of Christ. It is joy and not happiness, therefore, that the Word of God always promises—that the overcoming of temptation gives. The overcoming may not in every case lead to happiness; it may be against our temporal interests to overcome certain temptations to worldly compliance that are presented to us. But in the absence of outward happiness and success, we can have this joy of the Lord as our strength. We can be satisfied from ourselves. And judging in this way, how many crowned ones are there of whom the world is ignorant—obscure men and women who overcome



temptation in the humble spheres in which God has placed them, and are getting in their own souls the richness of their own experience! On the head of those who have perhaps failed to win any of what the world calls the prizes of life is set the crown of life. Their defeat is greater than victory. Their failure involves a higher success. They are rich in faith, strong in hope, blessed above all worldly blessedness in the exceeding sense of inner spiritual glory, which can raise and transfigure them above all the sufferings and privations of earth. Those who thus suffer with Christ reign with Him; they are made kings unto God, and need no external crown to show it.

You get this reward all along your life. You have not to wait till after death, and you reach heaven, to enjoy it. It will be yours every time that you overcome temptation here, and now. Every day that, by the grace of God, you are vic-

torious over some besetting sin in yourself or some temptation in the world, will be a coronation-day. The strength that you take from the temptation which Jesus enables you to overcome will become your own, and will enrich and ennoble your life. You will be the lord of your circumstances, and not the slave. You will be made more than conqueror through Him that loved you, and triumph over all temptation—more than conqueror, for Christ has already overcome the world, and your faith in Him is the victory that overcometh the world; more than conqueror, for all your losses will turn to gains, and you will carry the fruit of your victories through the grave, and they will follow you up to glory. Your crown of life you will take with you to heaven, to be crowned there with a richer, fuller life in the land of perfect adaptations. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."



### DEBBIE: A MISTAKE.



HY, Jim, you must be cranky! Fancy me a-sitting down and writing all that, and answering the shop-bell every minute or two." But it was no use talking. Jim, he wouldn't take no for an answer, like most of the men, and he declared I must try and

do my best. So what with his worriting, and the children teasing me, I got 'Ria to come and mind shop to-day while I've come right away up-stairs to write the old story. I'd a deal rather be in the shop, and I did say summat to Jim about getting some author chap that might be wanting a day's work, to come and do the writing for me. Jim says there's lots of them as are always ready for a job, but he wouldn't hear of it.

"Tell your own story, missis, plain and simple. If you give it to one of them fellows they'd varnish it up till you couldn't tell what was truth and what wasn't," he said. So that settled it, and here I am, looking out of the window on the chimney-tops and wondering how to begin. Dearie me, it was thirty year ago, on a lovely summer morning just like this, that I looked out of another window, and something come up in my throat and nearly choked me; and if poor Debbie hadn't been so ill, I should have given

way to my feelings. There! I meant to begin quite different, and not blurted it out like that, for I made up my mind that I ought to tell my story as if no one had ever heard it before; but I never was one to pretend, and I don't know how to manage that way now. Well I must begin again from the very beginning, and try to think that I am writing to folks who are quite strangers to me, and not my own children and grandchildren at all.

The fact is, Debbie and me was orphans, and though we wasn't relatives, we lived together in one room and worked in the same factory, and was very fond of one another, and wasn't often seen apart. I was strong and healthy, but Debbie, she was a poor delicate ailing thing. Many a time I've watched her through the night, when her attacks came on, and then gone to the factory the next morning without a wink of sleep, but it never hurt me. Lots of the girls there was very wild, and got into no end of trouble, but somehow Debbie and me didn't see any fun in playing up like most of them. We had to stand a lot of chaff, and they called us the steady twins; but we didn't care, for somehow it seemed to pay to be steady. We did enjoy our holidays, when we mostly went to the Forest, or 'Ampstead 'Eath, or some other such place. And the next day we weren't knocked up, or, worse still, locked up, like some of the girls who had





"Well," he said presently, "I must say good-night to the best woman in the world."—p. 291.

been enjoying themselves in their way. We used to save a trifle every week: not so much, though, as I now spend in postage-stamps to write to my boys in foreign parts. After living together like this for two or three years, we had one shocking hard winter and a very late spring. Then Debbie fell ill, and what with getting medicine and tempting things for her to eat, all our savings went, and we didn't know which way to turn. Just about that time, too, something happened which sometimes made me miserable and sometimes made me happy. I never spoke of it to Debbie, and she never guessed it, I'm certain. There was a very nice young fellow who lived round the corner. His father was a costermonger, and he used to go his rounds with him. He got to know me through me buying fish off his barrow for Debbie, and he was that civil and obliging, and when he found out I was buying for a sick friend he picked out the nicest fish he had. Then he began to look out for me and ask after Debbie, and one night he came to the street door and gave me a lovely eel and a bunch of primroses.

"The eel is for Debbie and the flowers are for you," he said, rushing away before I had time to say a word of thanks. I don't know how I felt, but I just went up-stairs to Debbie with the fish and the flowers, and somehow I couldn't tell her that the flowers had been given to me. I said, "Look what he's brought us." I believe Debbie liked the flowers even better than the eel, for she kept hanging over them and touching them with her bits of fingers until I felt—no, I won't say that, for I never did feel jealous about Debbie.

One thing followed another after that, and he and me grew quite like old friends. Sometimes he brought flowers for me and something else for Debbie, but I never told her that the flowers were for me, but let her keep them in a mug by her side all the time. One day he said to me, "I do want to see that friend of yours. Seems to me that she must be something out of the common, your thinking such a lot of her and being so good to her."

"Debbie is something out of the common, as you'll say when you see her," I said. As for Debbie, she just loved him before she saw him; but then she was always

so loving and clinging. All the time I was telling myself that I knew just how it would be when once he did see her, for she was such a pretty little thing, and had such nice gentle ways. He kept hinting and hinting that he would like to see her, and at last one evening when Debbie was able to go out for a breath of fresh air in the Park, he offered to go with us. I saw him look and look at Debbie as if he was struck, and he might well be, for she was just like a lily, with a bit of rose-colour on her cheek from the excitement of seeing him. By-and-bye he offered her his arm, and she took it, and then said, "Oh, Mr. Grant, thank you ever so much for the lovely things you've sent. The fish and fruit's done me so much good; but I think the flowers have been best of all."

He looked across at me quite sharp, and I looked back at him, and shook my head, and he took the hint, and only said, "I'm glad you liked 'em all." Somehow, I hadn't the heart to say much that evening; I couldn't help seeing that them two was made for each other. I didn't want to be a selfish wretch and make trouble for them, but while Debbie was sleeping quietly by my side that night, I lay wide awake saying over and over again that I could never love anyone else as I loved him. Debbie very quickly got well then, and was soon back to work, and things went on as they used to do, except that he took us out every evening for a walk. Sometimes I'd pretend as I didn't want to go, and then he would look so surprised, and say, "We can't do without her, can we, Debbie?" And Debbie would take my arm and say, "What nonsense! of course we can't." Sometimes when he saw me alone he would talk about Debbie, and say how delicate she was, and how he wished she hadn't to work so hard; and once he said, "I wouldn't have her at that old factory one more day if I could help it, would you, Sissie?" Of course I said no, but I did think it strange that he should talk to me like that before he had said anything to Debbie about their getting settled. But he didn't seem to be in a bit of hurry, though I was always contriving to give him a chance to speak. As for Debbie, she was as happy as a bird, and trusted and loved him with all her heart.

Well, we three just went on in the same way until there was going to be a general holiday, and he said he'd take us both to the Forest. Debbie got wild with excitement, and I made sure he'd speak plain to her that very day, and I was glad to think it would soon be settled, for I felt I couldn't go on that way much longer. The worst of it was that we was both very badly off in the matter of dress. We'd only got a trifle saved, as we'd had such a bad winter. It was just enough to get a cheap new dress for one of us, but it wouldn't do no more. So I made up my mind that Debbie should have it, and I bought some stuff and made it up for her, and trimmed up her old hat, and declared that she should look nice on that day. She made a great fuss, and said it was a shame, but things should be different some day; and if she didn't go and tell him all about it the evening before! He just gave me one look out of his big eyes, and I felt glad that I had made Debbie have that dress. Debbie went to bed early to get a long night's rest before the

excitement of the next day, and he and I stood chatting at the door.

"Well," he said presently, "I must say good-night to the best woman in the world," and he squeezed my hand and looked into my eyes till I pulled my hand away and ran up-stairs. I stood outside our room choking down the sobs, and then I went in and saw Debbie's dress all laid out, and she in bed looking so pretty and happy, and I said to myself, "Bless her, she shan't ever know that he said that to me, for he couldn't quite have meant it." In the dead of the night, when all was quiet, I lay and thought it all over; what I'd do when they were married; how I'd go into some situation and get right away from them; and I only got to sleep as the clocks were striking five. I'd slept about an hour, when I was woke by a choking sound, and I jumped up to find Debbie gurgling and gasping, and the blood coming thick and fast from her lips. I knew what had happened then, for it wasn't the first time she had broke a blood-vessel. I did what I could, and sent a lodger for the doctor, and he told me to keep her quiet and give her ice and everything I hadn't got. So I took her new dress and pawned it, though it went to my heart to do it. When I got back with the ice and things, Debbie opened her eyes and whispered, "Did you tell him?"

"No," I said, "he'll be coming round and then I can tell him."

"I must see him myself; I'll get up if you don't let me," said Debbie.

"Don't say a word more, and I'll bring him up-stairs," I said, for I was terribly afraid she would bring on the bleeding if she talked. She closed her eyes, and when I heard his knock I went down-stairs and told him the news. He turned quite white, and caught my hand, and would you believe it, he said, "Oh, my poor Sissie, this is hard for you."

"It's worse for you," I said, quite astonished.

"No, it isn't indeed, for I've seen it coming on long enough; but I did hope that we'd all have one more happy time together." I didn't understand him in the least, and I took him up-stairs, and only said, "Don't let her talk," just outside the door. Debbie must have heard, for she said, "But I must talk; and, Sissie, you just go over to the window, and don't listen, there's a dear." I went to the window, but not before I'd seen him bending over her as loving as a mother. I didn't want to look, after that. I grew dizzy and sick, and had to catch hold of a chair to keep myself from falling. By-and-bye he called me in a husky queer sort of a voice.

"Sissie, you're wanted here."

So I crossed the room, and there was Debbie as white as death, with her eyes closed.

"Do you know, Sissie, Debbie says she isn't going to get over this, and she wants you and me to promise that we'll be all the world to each other before she leaves us, and she says she won't die happy unless we do. I'm ready to promise; won't you?" I looked down at his honest face, with its loving eyes, and then at the face near to his, and felt so dazed that I couldn't say a word. Debbie dying, and Jim—yes, it was Jim, of course, you know—talking like that to me.

"Say yes, quickly, Sissie," whispered Debbie faintly.

"But, darling, Jim doesn't care for me, and I can't say yes like he can, even to please you."

"Tell her, Jim."

"I do love you, Sissie, with all my heart, if you'll only believe it."

"You'll be so happy, and I'll be happy too, perhaps happier than you." Debbie's face looked like an angel's as she talked, and I slipped away from Jim and knelt down beside her.

"If you'll only live Debbie, we'll be all happy together," I sobbed.

"Don't cry, dear; there's nothing to cry for. I might have known I was dying by inches, but I did want to live," and she laid her hand on Jim's head, for he had knelt down by the other side of the bed. "I don't want to live now, for I'd always be delicate and a fine handful for you, but I'll be quite well soon, and I'll never forget you." Debbie's blue eyes rested once more on me and then on Jim, and she whispered, "Kiss me." We both kissed her, and then she just put one hand in mine and one in Jim's and slept her life away.

I was ill myself afterwards, and Jim fetched his good old mother to come round to nurse me, and he came and sat with me every evening. One evening, when I was mending and able to talk, he told me all about it. We had been talking of Debbie, and he told

me how the grass was beginning to look fresh and green on her grave. So I asked him if he hadn't ever cared for Debbie more than me. He said No, he had always loved me best from the first, though he only sometimes fancied that I cared for him. He knew that Debbie loved him, and so he wouldn't speak to me, for he knew all along that she was dying fast, and he couldn't bear to give her any pain; and sometimes he thought that I guessed what he meant, and was pleased that he should wait a while, and sometimes he didn't know what to think. Only he felt all the time that it was kinder to Debbie to let things go on; for though he loved me, she was just like a sister to him.

Just as soon as I could be moved, his mother took me to her home, and then when her husband died, the dear old soul came to live with Jim and me. My 'Ria remembers her well enough.

Jim has got on ever so well since that time, being so steady and hardworking, and he's had a shop of his own for these many years.

Now I think that's all I've got to tell, and I'm right glad that my writing's over. It's took me all day, and it's about the hardest day's work that ever I did, and I don't envy them writing fellows one bit if this is how they feel after their day's work.

ANNIE F. PERRAM.

## "FOR ME."

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.



THE world is full of sad and disappointed ones; and their sadness and disappointment have come to them by many different paths.

To some has come the loss of money, and all the dreams of possessing what money can procure have vanished.

To some has come the loss of position, and their place as regards honour knoweth them no more.

Some have loved and lost, and life's banquet has been snatched from their lips; and others who hoped that some day such a banquet would be spread for them have outlived that hope, yet none the less do they remember it as a hope, and grieve, it may be with bitterness, it may be only with chastened sorrow, that it has not been fulfilled.

Here is a man who has toiled, and toiled, and never could make a fortune, while this one and that, with perhaps less cleverness than his, have prospered in all that they have touched, and that with very little toil.

Here is a girl with a heart full of capacities for love, with great yearnings for love; she sees this one and that chosen, and herself passed by—none wanting her heart, none her suitor, to beg for her as his very own.

Here is one whose gifts entitle him to position, to honour, and to all that they can confer, but he sees very cripples in comparison with himself pass him on the road of life, hobbling along with some crutches, which he does not need, and the use of which he would despise.

One has a childless home—another no personal attraction that she should be desired—another no longed-for retreat from the worry and bustle of life; and all these, and many similarly circumstanced, are longing for what they have not got—and cannot get, and never perhaps will get—but as yet they have no peace. They have not realised—"This or that (whatever it may be) is not FOR ME."

I should like to speak a word in season to him that is weary, to bind up the broken-hearted, to strengthen the feeble knees, to draw some of the way-worn ones under the shadow of a rock in a weary land.

The one great Rock casting the only true restful shadow over the burning sands is Christ. In Him, and in Him only, can the soul's rest—the heart's rest, life's rest—be found; but, bearing this in mind, there are some thoughts which may be helpful to us in all these disappointments and sorrows, and upon one of these I wish to dwell now.

The thought is a very simple one; it is comprised in those three little words—and especially the last of them: Not for ME.

Now, first of all, let me dwell for a moment on this little word *me*. Indeed, all that I have to say depends upon the emphasis you lay upon this little word—upon the power of isolation that you give it—upon its being able to separate you from all the world beside, while you are considering your sorrow, or trouble, or loss, whatever it may be that is the cause of your depression or grief.

There are two great mistakes which we are liable to make when we think of ourselves; and, as is so often curiously the case, they are in diametrically opposite directions.

The first mistake is that we are likely to make ourselves *everybody*, the second is that we are likely to make ourselves out to be *nobody*.

The first comes from pride and inordinate self-esteem—the second from a mistaken humility, and from our not having that proper measure of self-estimation without which we can never take our place aright in the great family of man, and in the varied circumstances which fall to his lot.

Each of these mistakes has its own proper class of evils.

The man who makes himself everybody is generally an arbitrary man—he is his own standard, and he wants to impose that standard on everyone else—and this is always offensive; for he is looked upon as wanting to impose *himself*.

Moreover, such a man is sure to be more or less short-sighted—he can never see far away from *himself*, he can seldom grasp a question in its relation to others: he cannot look all round it.

And so he is a man of judgments, and, as is generally the case under such circumstances, a man of misjudgments too.

And there is yet another evil. This undue estimate recoils upon the man himself. Making as much of himself as he does, he thinks that nothing is too good for him—often that nothing is good enough—and, as the world will not take him at his own estimate, he is sure to be continually thwarted, and disappointed, and humiliated; and so, no end of mortifications lie before him in life.

If your trouble, good reader, has come to you by this road, perhaps you will get rid of it altogether, or at any rate of much of it, by lowering your estimate of yourself.

But there are others who make a mistake in quite another direction: they make themselves out to be, as it were, *nobody*. This cannot be. Somebody each one is—himself, and no one else—and somebody he must continue evermore. No one can take your place in creation, nor can you take that of anyone else. You have your own position in the eyes of God, and no one else can fill it.

Now, this mistake, of making oneself out to be nobody has some very bad effects.

One of these is false humility. There is a humility which is a tower of strength, there is one also which is a source of weakness. It is one thing to have a true humility which would prevent us from taking the highest room; it is another to have a false humility which would make us stay away from the feast altogether, as unworthy to accept the invitation received.

Moreover, if we do not count ourselves as individually somebody, we lose ourselves in the mass; and with the loss of individuality very often goes the loss of the sense of responsibility.

And this is why men will do as corporations, societies, churches, nations, what they never would do as individuals, as those with personal responsibilities.

There is a common saying, true, though somewhat coarse, which exactly expresses this state of things. It is said of corporations that they have neither souls to be saved, nor bodies to be kicked.

In corporations and large bodies of which a man is a unit—an individual member—all that may be left to him, is the liberty to protest; but if he is to recognise the responsibility of his individuality, this he must do—everyone must give an account of himself to God.

We must take up the standing of our individuality. We must realise the *I*, the *ego*, the *sum* (I am), and that, "as I have an existence connected with others, so also have I one confined exclusively to myself."

Now, in order to do this, we must see that there is a positive and a negative side to our individuality. We shall never have a due estimate of what concerns ourselves personally until we do this. There is a "to be" and a "not to be" connected with each of us as regards himself, and himself alone. Immense good will come to each of us from realising this; and it is in order that we may get this good that I write these lines.

We pray for a "right judgment in all things," and one is as precious here as in some of the most important affairs and relationships of life; indeed, much of the peace and power of our spiritual and our temporal life may come by our knowing the meaning of these words "For *me*," or "Not for *me*," as the case may be.

What it is to realise this, and the good which will flow practically from it, is what I would offer to the reader now. I am quite sure that by a right understanding here, he can be greatly helped.

I look, then, first at the negative side of my individuality. I can see that it has limitations and privations. I—I myself—am under limitations: I am in ways in which perhaps others are not. I may have simply limitations, which may not be privations; or I may have those which are both.

Perhaps I am circumscribed in my powers of thought, or in those powers as acting in any given direction. I may have no talent for mathematics which another man has, or for music, or for art. I may be greatly limited in attaining proficiency in what I enjoy: I may not be able to preach, to write, to paint as this one or that; I feel I am limited. I have not the powers, the gifts that this one and that has. If I am called upon to have to do with any of these things, I must do my best as regards each of them—that is my duty—but I must do them, whether I like it or not, under the law of limitation, so far as I am concerned. In other words, it is "not for *me*" to excel in this or that.

I am not the least afraid of making you idle or



faint-hearted by getting you to recognise what are the limits under which you are to work; on the other hand, I am sure I am being helpful to you, as I hope you will presently see. Do your best in all positions in which you are placed—in everything which it is given to your hand to do—but when you honestly perceive the limitations within which *you* are to act, then accept them; and, believe me, it will wonderfully help you to know your true position in life, to adapt yourself to it, and enable you to do what you can do, and not lose your time, energy, and patience in trying to do what you cannot do.

I know that there are lazy people who would pervert what I am saying, and make it an excuse for doing nothing, or doing what little they do ill; but everything is liable to be abused.

For each one of us there are unquestionably limitations, and many of us are liable to think ourselves aggrieved thereby. But let us consider for a moment. All nature, all life, is full of this law of limitation. The lofty oak has its limitation, as well as the humble lichen; the one as much as the other, if it could speak, would have to say the words, "Not for *me*." Voice! sight! strength! limitation meets us in them all—our wisdom is to see where the limit touches us, in mind, body, or estate; and to accept it, as far as we individually are concerned—what is, is; and is so for *me*.

No doubt this may meet us in the way of privation, and it does, too. In fact, limitation often involves privation. Well, if it do, we must accept it, none the less.

If I have but one leg, I am certainly a limited individual in many respects. Unquestionably I cannot hop well, neither can I dance, nor run; moreover, I cannot go the excursions which others do: that privation is for *me*. It is not for others (except my companions in wooden legs), but it is for *me*. My wooden leg and I are inseparables. I have no business with other people's legs. It is their lot to have two; it is mine to have only one, and I have to do with myself. A two-legged life is "not for *ME*."

I have nothing to do now with the question why it should not be; I am only concerned with what is. If you want to go into the question why it should not be, you are forgoing into depths where I cannot follow you. I confess I am unable to go into the depths of Divine providences and arrangements. I am puzzled continually with the differences which I see in human lots. If I had not a belief in Divine sovereignty and providences—in the wisdom, and goodness, and justice of God—all to be vindicated in the long run, I do not know what I should do. I have to do with what is, and not with what might be, or might have been.

But there is a positive as well as a negative side to this "for *me*." If there is that which is "not for *me*," there is also that which *is* "for *me*." Each one has his own peculiar gift or gifts—each one has his own peculiar alleviation. These are *his*, for him as a single person—an individual—himself and no one else before God, and in the world.

No one is passed by, no one is entirely unendowed—of those possessed with reason—of those for whom I

write. The individuality of those who are not possessed of reason I leave with God. He knows the mystery of their being; and we may safely leave all connected with it with Him. Thank God, we are not called upon to solve the mysteries in creation.

I have to do with myself in this matter—what have I—what is given to me, to comfort me, to compensate me, to give me a place and position and power in the world? If there be a great deal which is not for me, surely there is something that is for me, which is mine—my very own. It is "for *me*."

Now, the effect of this realisation will be very useful upon both our outward and our inner life.

It will make us take a conscious place in outer life. The world is made up of individuals, and I am an individual. I am a part of the world, therefore I have to play my part in the world.

No one should allow himself or herself to be shelved—put aside, unless absolute retirement is for him the plain providence of God. If it should be so, then in that retirement he will be taught, if he wish to learn, what is, and what is not, for him.

"Me" involves in it a sphere of some kind in which your individuality is to manifest itself; and that will save you from the depressing feeling of being *nobody*. In one sense, and a very important sense, you have no right to consider yourself "nobody." There is something for you to do, and be, and you should do and be it.

This is one benefit that will accrue in outer life from your recognising yourself. There is another which I should mention, before I speak of the great blessings which accrue to the inner life.

You will be kept from wanting to take a place in life for which you are not perhaps fitted, for which you were never designed, or for which, however well fitted naturally, you are not destined in the providence of God.

You will be kept from jostling other people; you will pursue your own path; and you will be saved—who can tell how much loss of time and strength, how much failure, vexation, and sorrow?

But what I want to dwell upon chiefly is the immense benefit which will come to us hereby in our inner life.

To be able to say, "This or that is 'not for *ME*,'" is to have a very calming and sustaining influence operating on the mind. It will make us feel *settled*. The matter is decided, so far as I am concerned. A calm often follows the settlement of a matter, even though that settlement has not taken exactly the form which we should have chosen. We are something like David: when the child was alive, and there was a possibility of its recovery, he fasted and wept; but when it was dead, he rose up and ate and drank—he accepted the inevitable. While things are in doubt, and we do not know which way they will turn, we are often agitated, unsettled—nothing is accepted—and this can only be met by our putting ourselves into the hands of God, determined each one to accept what is or is not to be for him ("for *me*," or "not for *me*").

And when, as is many times the case, we are not to have what we wish to have, and it may be another

gets it, we shall bring God and ourselves together in one thought, and say, "It is not for *me*."

And that will sustain us. We need keeping up at these times; and this holy philosophy will stand to us in our hour of need. We shall say "ME! I am existing before God in this matter."

This will save us also from making many mistakes in action. We sometimes want to go into spheres and embark in enterprises which are not for us at all. They are for others, but not for us. It does not follow that because a thing is good, it is good for *me*—that because another is called to do it, I am called also.

Sometimes a Christian admires such and such a work, and he thinks that, because it is good in the abstract, he must go into it, and he does so, and finds out his mistake by his failure. It was not for *him* at all.

At times a man makes foolish imitations—innocently enough, but foolishly—and if only he knew how to use the words "Not for *me*," he would be saved from much of the annoyance and ridicule and absurdity which flow from his folly.

I can imagine a man being fired with the eloquence of some great preacher, and, with no gifts at all similar to his, endeavouring to follow him. He has a certain measure of power in his own sphere, he certainly has that which God meant him to have. He has none in the other man's sphere—it was not for him; he may at first say so with a sigh, but there are "gifts differing," and these words will bring him back to the use of his own. He will travel far and well in his own little shoes; he would only have tumbled and floundered about in another man's seven-leagued boots.

When a man has learned to say, "This and that are not for *me*," he is helped much also in the way of concentration. Concentration is power, and the lopping-off of extraneous diversions gathers a man in upon what he himself is really to do or be. That sphere, that work, is not for *me*, therefore I dismiss it from my thoughts as a sphere of action, I gather in my mind upon that which *I* have to do.

Contentment also travels by this road. We often half-fret ourselves away by discontent. We thrust our personality into other people's affairs and positions, and are vexed because they are not ours. But I myself have really nothing to do with such and such a man's honours, or riches, or whatever it may be that is envied; my discomfort arises from trying to fit together what are not meant to be fitted. "Not for *me*," rightly said, would get rid of it all.

And this would ennoble us. Peace would come into our hearts, pettiness would depart from them. We should seek for power in our own sphere, and to be what we can be in it. We should be our own real selves; and no man can be otherwise than weak when he is anything else. We shall live our individuality, our "*me*" before God, and we shall feel the conscious relationship between Him and us.

Yes! this will give us a nearer personal life with God. We shall be living in the consciousness and the acceptance of His will; we shall not be striving

with Him because of our limitations, whether of mind, body, or estate; we shall have learned, like the apostle, in whatever state we are, therewith to be content. The fret which is so disturbing to the divine life we shall be free from, and our peace will be that of the accepted will of God.

Our individuality will be a balanced one. "*Me*" will be put in its right place, and power and peace will flow therefrom. We shall know what is our business, and do it; we shall know what is our sphere, and fill it; we shall recognise what is outside our appointed circle, and leave it.

And we shall be kept from judging others unduly, and often wrongly.

Sometimes we blame them because they do not plough with our heifer, because they do not embark in this and that in which we are embarked, because they do not see things exactly as we do.

How do we know but that these various things are not for *them*? We perhaps are forcing them into a sphere which is not theirs at all. Their own Master has appointed them their own work and place, and to Him they stand or fall. Attend to what is manifestly appointed for *you*, and I am sure that in most cases this will be enough for *you*.

There were two clergymen talking one day, and one of them said to the other that, owing to health, he found great difficulty in attending certain services in the church. The other did not denounce him as some rigorous clerics might have done, but said to him, with the sweetest of Christian smiles on his face: "Then those are not God's means of grace for *you*." Ah! how much more charitable, how much more discriminating, should we be, if we remembered that there are weak and strong in body, and in mind, in the Church of God. There are Boanerges and Barnabas, there are those who are weak and cannot eat all sorts of meat, and there are strong ones who can eat anything, and each stands by himself before God.

It was not for Moses to enter the Promised Land, though he was to lead the children of Israel up to it. It was not for David to build the Temple, although he made preparation for it. It was not for the ancient prophets to see the day of Christ, though they earnestly desired it. "Not for *me*" is a voice not of to-day, or yesterday, but of the far-off ages which have past.

One word more. The dispensations for the individual, the "*ME*," may be different at different times, but the individual is ever to be kept in view. What may be for *ME* to-day may not be for *ME* to-morrow. And yet there is no inconsistency in the dealings of God. Evil came to those who had no changes. Ephraim was a cake not turned, and therefore worthless.

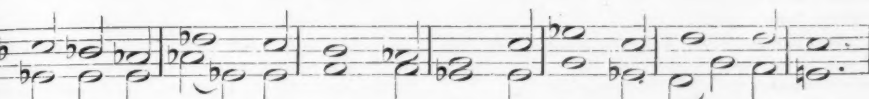
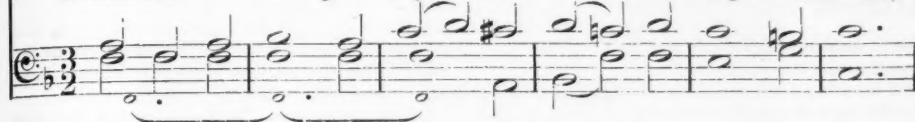
The one great thing is this: to be certain, each one of us, that he lives before God as an individual, that he is himself, and can be only himself before Him; that for him it is ordered what he is to have, and be, and what he is not to have, or be. That will be his strength and peace, and, perhaps, enable him to say with a smile what he otherwise could not have said, save with a sigh—"NOT FOR *ME*."

# Soldiers of Christ, Arise!

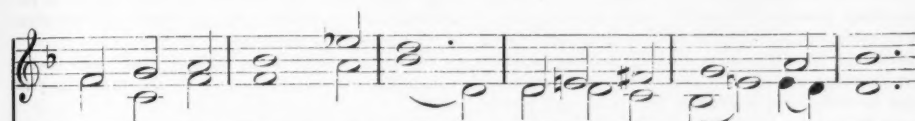
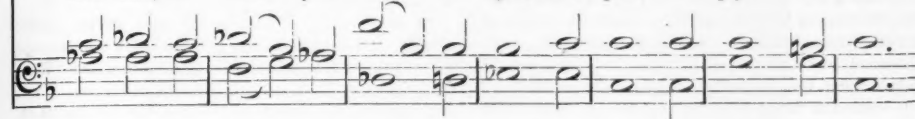
Words by the REV. CHARLES WESLEY. Music by JACOB BRADFORD, Mus.D., Oxon., L.Mus., T.C.L.



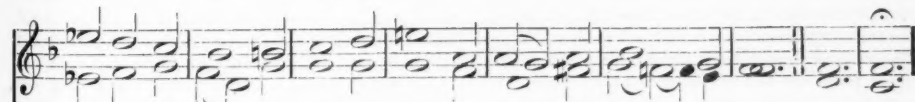
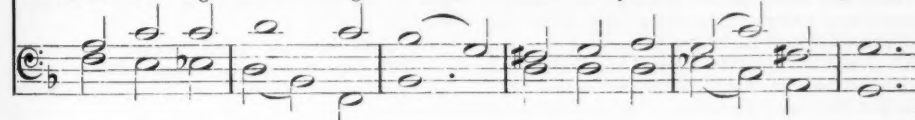
1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mour on;  
2. Stand then in His great night, With all His strength in - dued,



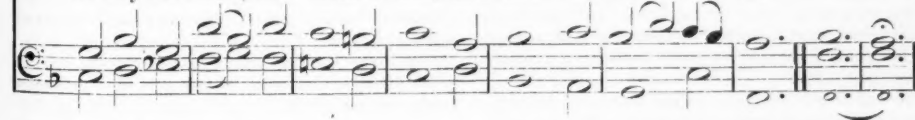
Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Thro' His e - ter - nal Son:  
But take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God:



Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His migh - ty power,  
That hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts passed,



Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Is more than con - quer - or. A - men.  
Ye may o'er - come, thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.



3. Stand then against your foes,  
In close and firm array:  
Legions of wily fiends oppose  
Throughout the evil day.  
But meet the sons of night,  
But mock their vain design,  
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,  
Of righteousness divine.

4. Leave no unguarded place,  
No weakness of the soul;  
Take every virtue, every grace,  
And fortify the whole.  
Indissolubly joined,  
To battle all proceed;  
But arm yourselves with all the mind  
That was in Christ, your Hea<sup>d</sup>.

## BROTHER JOHN.

BY MARY BRADFORD-WHITING.



ETTIE, just look here! I've cut a fearful hole in my tennis shoes."

The speaker was a good-looking young man, clad in flannels, who had just come up to the hammock in which his sister was lying.

"Put on another pair," said Hettie, scarcely opening her eyes as she lazily rocked herself to and fro.

"I haven't got another pair. You might as well sit up and try and suggest something. I shan't be able to take you to the Stamfords' party, that's all!"

"Take John's," said Hettie.

"Good thought! John will never know, or, any way, he will never care;" and Gerald strode off across the lawn to ransack his brother's possessions.

John Douglas was the eldest of a large family, and Gerald and Hettie were the two youngest, consequently there was a gap of more than ten years between them. The intervening brothers and sisters had either married or settled abroad, and when the father and mother died, it seemed to be the natural thing that John should make a home for the two who still needed protection.

It seemed as much a matter of course to John as to anyone else, and giving up his hopes of a London consulting practice, he looked about for a country partnership, and took his brother and sister to live with him. John was hard-working and dependable, and his value was speedily felt by all with whom he came in contact, so that when Dr. Hamilton's health began to fail, he had no hesitation in leaving the practice to the care of his partner.

Hettie and Gerald had never known what poverty meant; they trusted implicitly to their brother, and never troubled their heads with the cares of every-day life. Gerald had passed from school to college, in fulfilment of the wish that his father had expressed for him, and Hettie gave herself up to her own enjoyment.

She was always daintily dressed and tenderly cared for, and it seemed to her that these things were no more than her right.

She got up slowly from her hammock as Gerald entered the house, and prepared to follow him. The two were much alike in appearance, with fair hair and complexions, and a grace of manner that made them very attractive to all with whom they came in contact. They were much alike in mind also, and shared all their pleasures and sorrows, while they seemed to take it for granted that John had little interest in their concerns.

It was Gerald's vacation now, and he and Hettie were about together through all the long summer days, boating, picnicking, and playing tennis. They were going this afternoon to a garden-party at the house of some people who had only recently come to the place; and finding that it was later than she thought, Hettie hurried through the hall on her way up-stairs.

"Hettie!"

A voice called her as she ran up the staircase, and she stopped impatiently, and answered, "What is it?" in no very gracious tone.

"I want you here for a minute."

It was John's voice, and receiving no answer, he came out of his study.

Hettie made a pretty picture as she leaned over the old oak balustrade, resting her cheek against her hands, while the sunlight from the window above her glittered on her hair.

"What do you want?" she asked, with a little pout as she looked down at him.

John Douglas was totally unlike his brother and sister; he was a plain man, with heavily-cut features, of middle height and stalwart build, the intelligence of his eyes and the kindness of his smile alone redeeming him from ugliness.

"Where are you going?" he asked, as he looked up at the bright face above him.

"I told you at lunch-time," said Hettie, rather crossly; "Gerald and I are going to play tennis at the Stamfords'. I really haven't a minute to spare. What did you want?" she added, as he turned away.

"I have had a sudden call to a house nine miles off, and I shall not be back till late. I wanted you to put up some sandwiches for me, and to write a letter while I get the things I must take."

"Well, I'm very sorry I can't stop," said Hettie. "Jane can get the sandwiches if you just ring your bell."

"Yes; but Jane can't write my letter," said John, with a touch of vexation in his voice that was lost upon Hettie, who was already at the top of the staircase.

The whole thing had passed from her mind almost before she reached her room. John was always wanting something or other: it was impossible to bother about him.

John was just getting into his dog-cart when she and Gerald came out of the front door. They looked like an incarnation of summer in their brightness and gaiety, and it hardly occurred to them that John was of the same order of being as themselves as they saw him drive away with what Hettie called his "medical face" on.

"I should hate fagging like that!" said Gerald, swinging Hettie's tennis shoes round and round as he spoke.

"Oh, John likes it," said Hettie carelessly. "Don't break my shoe-laces, you bad boy, or I shall make you trudge back to the house to fetch me another pair."

"You have not brought your brother, then?" said Mrs. Stamford, when they arrived at last in the cool shady garden of Westfield Lodge, and sank down to rest on the chairs that stood under the trees.

Hettie looked rather puzzled. "Gerald is with me," she said.

"Oh yes; but I meant Dr. Douglas. I hoped that he would have come too."





"What do you want! she asked"—p. 300.

"He never goes out," said Hettie; "he is always much too busy to think of anything of the kind. I did not mention your invitation to him, for I knew it was no use."

Mrs. Stamford looked surprised, and perhaps a little displeased; but Hettie scarcely noticed it, for Nora Stamford came up at the moment to ask her to join in a set of tennis, and she thought no more about it.

The afternoon wore pleasantly away; and when Gerald and Hettie returned home they still talked over their new acquaintances as they strolled about the garden, until they heard the returning wheels of the dog-cart.

"There's John at last," said Gerald.

"Yes," said Hettie. "I believe Jane has kept something hot for him."

She led the way towards the dining-room window; and while John ate his meal his brother and sister leaned on the sill outside, and narrated their experiences.

"Colonel Stamford is a charming man!" said Hettie. "I didn't care for Mrs. Stamford so much: she has rather a snappish manner; she seemed quite vexed that you did not come with us."

"I wasn't asked," said John.

"Oh yes, you were," said Hettie; "but I quite forgot to tell you, and of course you wouldn't have gone, any way."

John said nothing, and went on with his dinner, while Gerald took up the tale.

"We had some capital tennis: Nora Stamford is one of the nicest girls I've met for a long time. That was an awfully pretty dress she had on, Hettie."

"It didn't fit well," said Hettie.

"Rubbish!" said Gerald. "That's the kind of thing girls always say about one another. Come along, and let us walk round the garden again."

They sauntered away, leaving John to finish his solitary meal and to write the letter that he had had no time for before he went out.

Two or three days passed away, and nothing more was said about the Stamfords. Hettie thought that John had forgotten all about them, but she was mistaken. She had just asked Gerald at lunch one day if he would call at Westfield Lodge with her, when John, who sometimes heard what was said when he seemed to be most absorbed, turned towards her, and electrified her by saying, "Are you going to call on the Stamfords? I will go with you."

"You!" exclaimed Hettie, in utter astonishment, while Gerald looked up from his plate with eyes of wonder.

"Yes," said John. "You say that Mrs. Stamford included me in her invitation, and therefore it is only right that I should call upon her."

"But Gerald is going," objected Hettie, who had no fancy for making calls with her plain and silent elder brother.

"Gerald can go too, if he likes," said John quietly. "No, thank you!" said Hettie. "It's impossible for a whole tribe to go making calls together."

"Well, I mean to go, anyhow," said Gerald. "I like the Stamfords, and I want them to ask me to tennis again. If John is so keen on making a call, he can go and see old Mrs. Wilson."

John rose from the table without taking any notice of this remark, but as he left the room he turned towards Hettie, and said, "I shall be ready at half-past three."

"What on earth has come to John now?" said Gerald, stretching himself, with a yawn, as the door closed on his brother.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Hettie crossly.

She always felt that if she expressed a wish it ought to be attended to directly; and John was generally so willing to gratify her that it made it all the more vexatious when he showed any will of his own.

Both she and Gerald looked rather sulky as they met John in the hall at half-past three; but he did not appear to notice it, and talked pleasantly to them as they walked towards Westfield Lodge. Mrs. Stamford and her daughter were sitting on the lawn, while a thin and long-legged boy lay on the grass beside them.

Hettie had a fixed idea that John did not know how to behave in society; but though he had not her ease of manner, he had a frank straightforwardness that some people liked even better. He began at once to talk to Mrs. Stamford, while Gerald seized the opportunity of securing the vacant seat by Nora's side.

He was not left long in peace, however: Mrs. Stamford was a fond mother, and she saw the look of boredom that had settled on the face of her only and beloved boy. "Mr. Douglas," she said, "I am going to ask you a favour. Will you be so kind as to have a game of tennis with Dick? He is going up to Oxford next term, and he would be glad if you would talk to him a little about it."

Gerald looked up with a dismayed expression. "I should be delighted," he said; "but I have no shoes."

"I can lend you some shoes," said Dick eagerly; "and there are heaps of rackets and things."

He bore off his captive in triumph, much to Hettie's amusement, for she knew the utter despair that Gerald must be feeling. She was so taken up with watching

them that she paid no heed to what was going on at her side until she was roused by the sound of approaching tea-cups. They must have been there an hour at least; and she wondered what John could have found to talk about.

He was speaking with such animation that she felt constrained to listen to find out what it was all about, but she nearly laughed when she caught the words—"Old-Age Pensions" and "Outdoor Relief."

"You must be quite worn-out with listening to my brother's ponderous wisdom!" she said, turning towards Nora. "He means well, but he goes so little into society that he does not understand the art of conversation. Gerald and I get fearfully bored sometimes."

"I have been very much interested in what Dr. Douglas has been telling us," said Nora, with some coldness in her voice.

"I don't see why you admire Miss Stamford, Gerald," said Hettie, as she walked home between her brothers. "She has just the same snappish way that her mother has."

"She struck me as a very sensible girl," said John. "Oh! You would think anyone sensible who pretended to take an interest in old women and sick babies!" said Hettie flippantly.

"I don't care whether she is sensible or not," said Gerald; "I only know that she has lovely eyes, and that she looks very pretty when she smiles."

Hettie laughed rather scornfully, but she made no reply, and, as John said nothing either, the conversation died a natural death.

Unless John was absolutely obliged to do so, he never talked about his patients, and therefore it came as a surprise to both Gerald and Hettie when a garden party at Westfield Lodge was postponed on account of Colonel Stamford's illness. It was only one of his accustomed attacks of gout; but it was a severe one, and John was obliged to visit him every day. He was coming down-stairs on the afternoon on which the party was to have taken place, when he saw Nora going through the hall with a basket on her arm.

"It is a hot day for a walk," he said, as he caught her up.

"Yes, it is," said Nora; "but I am going to the workhouse, and I do not like to disappoint the people if I can help it."

"You are not going to walk all that way!" exclaimed John, looking down at the slender figure at his side, and then out into the glowing heat.

"The horse has gone lame, so I cannot have the carriage," said Nora. "I have often walked to the workhouse and back before, and I can manage it quite easily."

"I wish I had my dog-cart here, and I would drive you over," said John, with a tone in his voice that brought a deeper colour into Nora's cheeks.

"I really do not mind walking in the least," she said; "but I think I had better start now, for I want to be back by six o'clock."

She moved away as she spoke, and John stood looking after her, with a feeling in his heart that he had never experienced before. He wished that he

had insisted on walking with her; he wished that he had made her wait while he went to fetch the dog-cart; he wished a hundred things which filled him with a strange restlessness.

All of a sudden, however, a new and happy thought came into his mind: he had a patient not far from the workhouse, whom he had intended to visit on the next day; he would go there this afternoon instead, and if he happened to pass Nora on the road—

The rest of the sentence was not put into words, but the light came back to his face, and he hurried off to his own house.

"William!" he called, as he entered the yard; and there was an impatience in his tone that was seldom heard there.

William was a taciturn man, of slow and impassive manner; but as he came out of the stable with a fork in his hand and a piece of straw in his mouth, he looked at his master with some curiosity.

"Put Dandy in the dog-cart as quickly as you can," said John, "and bring him round to the door."

William gave his straw another turn in his mouth, and made no answer.

"Bring the cart round as quickly as you can," repeated John, as he turned to go into the house.

"Can't do it!" said William.

"What do you mean?" asked John sharply.

"Mr. Gerald's taken it," said William.

"Taken the dog-cart?" asked John, in a tone that made William's "backbone creep," as he told the cook afterwards.

"Yes, sir. He come out here about half-past two, and said he was going to drive over to Ryelands, and I was to put Dandy in at once. I asked him what you was going to do, and he said if you wanted to go out you could ride Bullfinch."

A more hasty-tempered man than John would have given vent to his anger in no measured terms, but though his brow was knitted and his lips closely pressed together, he uttered no word but a brief "No" when William asked him if he should saddle the horse; and no one could have told by his manner during the rest of the afternoon that there was anything going on beneath his calm exterior.

Gerald certainly had no idea of it when he met his brother at dinner.

"How's the Colonel to-day?" he asked. "He might just as well have put off being ill until after the party. Hettie and I had nothing on earth to do, so I drove her over to the Ryelands flower-show; it was rather slow, but still, it was better than nothing."

"I found you had gone," said John, in a significant tone.

"Oh! did you want the dog-cart?" said Gerald easily. "I told William to tell you I had taken it."

John sat silent, wondering what he should say to make Gerald understand that he was displeased. His brother and sister were so accustomed to go their own way and put him entirely on one side, that it was difficult to explain his objection; besides, he did not fully know himself why it was that he had felt so angry. He was summoned to a patient before he had come to any conclusion, and by the time he

returned Hettie and Gerald seemed to have forgotten all about the matter.

It was not long, however, before John discovered the reason of his new feelings. Colonel Stamford's prolonged illness kept him in constant attendance at the house, and the more he saw of Nora the more her image haunted him by day and night. But though he soon knew what it was that he wanted, there were difficulties in the way. Hettie and Gerald were so entirely dependent on him that he had never allowed himself to think of marriage, and he knew how the mere idea would excite their amazement and disapproval.

His brother and sister, meanwhile, were entirely ignorant of all that was going on, for it was not likely to strike them as even possible that John could put anyone before them in his consideration.

"I want to speak to you for a minute," said Gerald, going to the study door one evening.

"Come in," said John, looking up from his writing.

"I want to talk to you about my allowance," said Gerald, as he paced the room with his hands in his pockets. "It's quite impossible that I should go on without an increase. I've never been able to make ends meet since I went up, and it would be much better to allow me more than to oblige me to run up bills."

"Who obliges you to run up bills?" asked John.

The question was rather an awkward one to answer, and Gerald chafed under it.

"There's no help for it," he said. "A man can't live without things; and if he can't pay for them he must wait till he can."

"What do you mean by 'things'?" asked John.

"Why, I mean the things that make life worth living," said Gerald: "not mere necessities, which are all that you care for, I know, but the things that are the charm and finish of existence!"

John looked at his brother while he spoke, and pushing back his chair suddenly, he rose and stood in front of him.

"Gerald," he said, "I have treated you as a boy too long; just listen to me for a moment. You say that I only care for the necessities of life, and you have often cast the same taunt at me before; but what do you think would have become of you and Hettie if I had not shut my eyes to everything but the duty of providing a home for you? You know that I do not grudge you anything; but I think that instead of asking to have your allowance increased, you ought to be thinking how soon you can take your affairs upon your own shoulders."

Gerald listened to this speech in undisguised astonishment. He had been so accustomed to receive everything from his brother, that he had come at last to look upon him almost as a piece of machinery, whose sole office was to provide for his wants. It was very disagreeable to have the illusion so rudely dispelled, and, like most people who feel that they are in the wrong, he tried to shift the blame upon somebody else.

"I think you might as well have told me before," he said. "I hate people making martyrs of

themselves like that. Of course, if I had known all this I should have acted very differently."

"How did you think you were provided for, then?" asked John. "You knew perfectly well in what state my father's affairs were left. However, I do not wish to discuss it with you, and I must finish these letters for the post."

He sat down at his writing-table as he spoke, and after looking at him discontentedly for a minute or two, Gerald went to the drawing-room to look for Hettie.

"John is in a most tearing temper to-night!" he said, lounging up to the window where she was sitting with her book.

"Is he?" asked Hettie, in a tone of surprise, for she could not remember that she had ever seen John in a temper in her life. "What have you been saying to him?"

"Only asking him to increase my allowance."

"Oh! Of course that explains it; people always get cross if they are asked for money. But I wish that you had not upset him just now, for I wanted to ask him to give me something extra this quarter. If we accept Ethel Cardale's invitation, I must have some new dresses."

"He'll soon cool down again," said Gerald. "Just wait a day or two, and he'll give you anything. It would be a pity to refuse the Cardales: we are sure to have lots of fun."

Hettie determined to follow his advice and wait, but after breakfast on the next morning John called her into the study.

"I want you to send out invitations for a garden party," he said. "I have been meaning to give one for some time, and now that the weather is so fine it will be a good opportunity."

"We can't have a party now," said Hettie. "Gerald and I are going to the Cardales', and I daresay we shall stay with them some weeks."

"This is the first I have heard of it," said John.

He spoke with his usual quietude, but his face was stern. Gerald's question of the night before had led him to review his position, and he had come to the conclusion that as soon as his brother was off his hands he would be justified in marrying. He had set his heart on asking Nora Stamford to the house, and Hettie's absence would upset all his plans.

"I must ask you to put off your visit for the present," he said. "I have made up my mind to give this party, and you and Gerald must be at home."

"I don't mean to give up the Cardales," said Hettie, "and so I tell you. If you must give your party, September will do every bit as well."

"September will not do at all," said John. He did not choose to say that he thought the Stamfords



"Why, that is surely one of the plants."—p. 305.



might be away, so he fell back upon a plain command. "I very seldom interfere with your plans, but it will not suit me for you to go away now, so you must pay your visit at another time."

He went out of the room without another word, and Hettie was left to swallow her wrath as best she could.

"I can't imagine why he wants to give a party," she said to Gerald. "He never did such a thing before."

"I believe he is in love with Nora Stamford," said Gerald.

He uttered the words thoughtlessly, but he was quite unprepared for their effect.

A flash of anger lit up Hettie's face. "How dare he think of such a thing?" she exclaimed.

"Well, really, Hettie, I don't quite see that!" said Gerald. "I suppose John has as good a right to think of it as anybody else."

"I don't believe he ever thought of it at all!" exclaimed Hettie, with a sudden change of ground. "It is all her doing, of course; but I will save John yet."

Gerald made no answer; he was angry with John himself, but somehow Hettie's remarks jarred upon him, and he walked off, leaving her to recover her temper alone.

Lazy and pleasure-loving as Gerald was, there were yet some sparks of good in his nature. For the first time he fully realised the sacrifices that his brother had made for him, and a healthy feeling of shame began to stir within his heart; he kept out of Hettie's way as much as he could during the day, but when his brother came home he went at once to find him.

"I've been thinking over what you said to me last night," he began; "and I'm going to ask you a favour. You told me that you would pay for a tutor for me this vacation, but I would not agree. If you are in the same mind still, I shall gratefully accept, and will pay back the money as soon as I can. I have made up my mind to look for a mastership in a school, and of course it is important that I should take a good degree."

No one could have called John plain who saw the light in his face at these words. He did not say much, but Gerald understood him, and the two brothers were drawn nearer together that night than they had ever been before.

"Do you see that, Hettie?" said Gerald, half an hour later, as he held an envelope towards his sister, so that she could read the address.

"Hugh Mowbray, Esq.? Why, that is the tutor John wanted you to read with."

"Yes, I am going to him next week."

"Gerald!" cried Hettie indignantly. "You promised me not to go! You don't mean to say that John has over-persuaded you?"

"John has said nothing more about it. It is my own doing. I think that I have been a burden on him quite long enough, and I mean to turn over a new leaf."

"John is the most ungenerous person I ever knew!" cried Hettie passionately. "Of course he wants to

throw us off now that wretched girl has got hold of him."

"I really think you go too far, Hettie," said Gerald. "I wish I had never made that remark; but if it should be true, you ought to be glad, and not go on in this kind of way."

"Nobody thinks anything of me," said Hettie, with a burst of tears that sent her brother out of the room.

Like all selfish people, she was quite incapable of looking at the matter from any point of view other than her own, and it seemed to her very unjust that she should not have the first place with everybody. She determined to do all in her power to hinder Gerald's idea from ever coming to pass, justifying it to herself by saying that she was acting for John's real welfare. She made an early opportunity to go and call at Westfield Lodge, that she might find out how things were going.

Nora was alone in the drawing-room when she arrived, and the first thing that caught Hettie's eye was a rare plant that stood on the table.

"Why, that is surely one of the plants from our greenhouse?" she said.

"Yes, it is," said Nora. "I have often wished to have one, and when Dr. Douglas heard me say so he kindly brought me this."

Hettie's face grew dark; John was so choice over these particular plants that she needed no further evidence that there was some truth in Gerald's suggestion, and she resolved to lose no time.

"My brother is very fond of flowers," she began. "It is almost the only amusement he has, for he is completely wrapped up in his practice. However, he is most anxious to get away now for a little while; he has a very strong attraction in London just now, and I think even his work will hardly keep him away."

She ended with a little laugh and a meaning look, and seeing from Nora's face that she understood what she intended to convey, she changed the subject, and after talking for a little while on indifferent topics, took her leave.

She felt triumphant, but a little guilty, as she walked home. She had said nothing more than the truth, but she had omitted to add that the "attraction" in question was a brother-doctor on leave of absence from a foreign appointment. Her conscience was not at ease, and she was relieved to find that John would not be home to dinner.

It was late before he came in, and she ran up-stairs as soon as she heard him, but before she had time to shut her bedroom door he followed her up the stairs and came into her room.

"I saw you going up, Hettie," he said. "I want to speak to you."

"What is it?" asked Hettie sullenly.

"I want, first of all, to tell you of my engagement to Nora Stamford," said John. "It is your doing that it has come about so quickly, and in that way I am grateful to you. But you must give me an explanation of the extraordinary statements that you have made."

"I don't know what you mean," said Hettie.

"Yes, you do. I went to Westfield Lodge this



"She entered the room and saw John's grave, stern face."—p. 307.

evening, and finding that Nora's manner had utterly changed since the last time I saw her, I told her that I must know why. It was a long while before I could get at the truth, but at last she told me what you said to her this afternoon; and when I had proved to her that it was all a fabrication, I asked her to be my wife, and she consented."

John's words were matter-of-fact, but he drew a deep breath of happiness as he ended, and stood for a minute absorbed in a reverie that made him oblivious to all else.

An impatient sound from Hettie recalled him to himself.

"What explanation have you to give me?" he asked.

"I only said what was true," said Hettie. "If Nora chose to put her own construction on it, it has nothing to do with me."

"You may not have said an untruth, but you implied it," said John sternly. "It is very hard to

forgive you, Hettie; I could not do it if I were not so happy."

"I don't want you to forgive me," said Hettie; and seeing that nothing could be done with her in her present mood, John left the room and went downstairs, sorely missing the sisterly sympathy that would have made his joy complete.

Left to herself, Hettie indulged in a passion of self-commiseration.

"Nobody cares for me!" she exclaimed. "I will never stay here to let that girl triumph over me! I will go away and earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, and then, perhaps, John will be sorry for what he has done."

The more she thought of it, the more the plan pleased her. She would go now; the Cardales would be delighted to have her, and John deserved a fright for a punishment.

She set to work at once to choose out a few things that she could carry conveniently, and as soon as

morning began to dawn she stole quietly down-stairs, and, unlocking a side door, slipped out of the house. It was a long walk to the station, but her excitement kept her from feeling any fatigue, and she reached it in time to get something to eat before she started on her journey.

It was late in the afternoon when she arrived at the town of Lockhurst, and a short walk brought her to the well-known gate, with its pretty avenue of trees. Two figures were visible at the other end, and as Hettie came quickly up the drive she recognised Ethel. She was walking with a lady who was a stranger to Hettie, but, without pausing to think, she sprang forward with an eager gesture, crying, "Ethel! Ethel!"

"Is it you, Hettie?" said Ethel, in amazement.

"Yes, it is," said Hettie, with a sob. "I have come to you for shelter and protection."

"Will you excuse me for a moment?" said Ethel, turning to her companion, who had considerably walked away a few steps; then, taking Hettie by the arm, she led her into the house and up to her own room.

"What is the matter?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, Ethel! I think my heart will break," sobbed Hettie. "John has been so unkind to me that I could not stay in the house. He is going to marry a designing girl, and bring her in over my head, and he will not listen to a word I say!"

Ethel began to look grave, and Hettie was not slow to divine her feeling.

"How cruel you are!" she cried. "If you were in trouble, I should care for nothing except to help you."

"I am quite ready to help you if you are in trouble," said Ethel; "but I really cannot stay to talk about it now, for we have a large garden-party going on, and I must not be longer away. I will send you up some tea, and you can have a rest; and I will come back as soon as I can."

Hettie made no answer; this was not at all the kind of reception that she had expected. She had imagined that the whole family of Cardales would cry over her, and listen unwearyingly to the outpouring of her woes.

But Ethel had already gone, and as there was no one to hear her grievances, she was obliged to bear them as best she could.

Ethel, for her part, was very glad to escape. She knew Hettie's nature well, and she was quite prepared to find that her troubles were all of her own making. She felt that she must consult her mother before she took the responsibility of giving advice, and as soon as the guests were gone, she asked her to come and see their unexpected guest.

Hettie did her best to make out a case for herself, but Mrs. Cardale felt as strongly as her daughter had done that it was she, and not her brother, who was in the wrong.

"You can stay here for a few days, of course," she said; "but my husband must write to Dr. Douglas to-night; and if you take my advice, you will go home as soon as possible, and ask his forgiveness."

Hettie was more angry than she had words to ex-

press, and though she received Mrs. Cardale's admonition in silence, she made up her mind that she would not submit to another.

Ethel was obliged to go out on the next morning, but directly she returned she went to find Hettie.

Her room was empty, and Ethel was just going to seek her in the garden when a piece of paper caught her eye, on which a few words were written:—

"I see that you do not want me here. Do not attempt to find me, for you will never succeed."

Ever since John had discovered his sister's departure, he had been in a state of the utmost uneasiness. Mr. Cardale's letter had relieved his mind for a time, but the telegram that told of her disappearance realised his worst fears.

There was nothing for it now but to tell Nora, though he had hoped to be able to spare her the knowledge of a fact which must be so painful to her. Many and anxious were the consultations that they held, but no clue to Hettie's hiding-place could be discovered; and as John could not possibly leave his patients, he sent Gerald up to London to pursue the search.

Hettie had very little strength of purpose, but she had a great deal of obstinacy of character, which, under some circumstances, answers the same end. She engaged a room in a small house in one of the outlying districts of London, and tried her best to procure something to do. It was a long time before she was successful, for she had no idea of submitting to anything that she did not like; but at last starvation began to stare her in the face, and she was obliged to humble herself by teaching the children of a neighbouring shopkeeper.

But Hettie had never been trained to work, and the daily bondage chafed her so much that she began to think whether there was any way by which she could communicate with John without sacrificing her pride; for she felt certain that he would take her back without a word if only he knew where she was. At last she determined to write to Gerald; he would be sure to send the news to John at once, and then John would come and ask her forgiveness and take her home.

She waited in a tremor of anticipation after her letter had been despatched, and when, in a few days' time, she was told by the landlady that a gentleman was in the parlour, she knew that she had not hoped in vain. But when she entered the room and saw John's grave, stern face, she suddenly began to tremble with alarm.

"Hettie," he said, "Gerald has sent me the letter that you wrote to him, and I have come to tell you that I cannot receive you into my house again—at present, at any rate. I have been to see your cousin Anna to-day, and she is willing to have you with her for a time."

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Hettie. "You are very unkind to me, John; but of course I know that it is not your doing."

"You are quite mistaken. Nora tried hard to persuade me to have you home, but I cannot feel that it would be right. You must show me that you are

sorry for what you have done before I can trust you again."

"Very well," said Hettie; "I will stay here and earn my living; and if I kill myself over it, it will be nothing to you."

"You are very unjust," said John sadly; "but we will not dispute about that. I shall continue your allowance, and if at any time you wish to write to me I shall be very glad to hear from you. Nora would not fix a day for our marriage until we knew where you were, but it will be very soon now."

The first part of his speech had softened Hettie's heart, but the last words hardened it again, and she made an ungracious assent. John still lingered, trying to win her into a better frame of mind; but seeing that it was of no use, he at last took his leave, giving the landlady his address as he left the house, that she might be able to communicate with him in case of need.

Whenever Hettie felt inclined to give way during the weary weeks that followed, she kept up her resolution by thinking of Nora's treachery; and even when the unwonted strain began to tell upon her, she would not allow herself to flag, till at last a day came when she could not leave her bed, and the doctor whom the frightened landlady summoned shook his head, and said that she was in for a bad attack of rheumatic fever.

It was a dull December afternoon, and a thick fog filled the air, and penetrated even into the room where Hettie lay. She had been in a kind of stupor all day, only moaning piteously when anyone touched the bed, and she did not open her eyes when the door opened; but when a cool hand was laid upon her forehead, she looked up with a start of surprise.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"It is I, dear: your sister," said a voice that she did not recognise, for her senses were dulled with weakness and pain.

She made no attempt to question further, but gave herself up to the enjoyment of being tenderly cared for.

Mrs. Clay, the landlady, was very kind-hearted, but she was as rough a specimen of womanhood as could well be found, and her ministrations were agonising.

Hettie soon knew who her gentle nurse was, but she felt miserable in her presence, for her shame and remorse were almost more than she could bear.

"Nora," she said one day, "where is John?"

"He has gone home, dear; he was here when you were so very ill, but you did not know him. Do you want to see him?"

"I should like to ask him to forgive me. I don't wish to get well. I have behaved so badly that no one can ever love me again."

Nora bent down and kissed her gently. "We all love you," she said; "and as soon as you can be moved we are going home together. I hope it will not be long now, for John is all alone."

"How long have you been married?"

"Nearly two months."

"Two months!" exclaimed Hettie; "and you have given up all this time to me? Oh, Nora! why did you do it?"

"Because you are my sister," said Nora. She did not add how she had urged John to let her go in the place of the nurse that he was sending, feeling that if she missed the chance of reconciliation now, it might never come again. The sacrifice was great, but she saw how the estrangement from Hettie grieved him, and for his sake she could have endured anything.

Hettie was glad when the meeting with John was over, and she had received his kiss of pardon; her proud spirit had been subdued by all she had gone through, and her selfishness was checked by Nora's example. It was a sore trial to her to go home and meet the curious looks and comments of their friends and neighbours, but she took it meekly, as part of her punishment, and was only anxious to make amends for all her bad behaviour.

Hettie has never fully recovered from the effects of her long and terrible illness; she will always be more or less of an invalid, and the old days of brilliant health and spirits are gone for ever. But she is far more happy now than she was when she lived for self alone; and she and Gerald have long since agreed that the best and kindest thing their brother ever did for them was when he gave them their sister Nora!



## BLIND.

**B**LIND Ignorance still gropes its painful way  
Through the thick darkness of our earth-born  
mist,

Whilst distant Knowledge strives to send a ray

Of torchlight guidance to direct, assist

Its tottering steps towards the distant goal.

Such light is but a mockery to the blind;

Through darkened orbs it reacheth not the soul;

Unconsciously it leaves this guide behind.

But in that hour of dangers manifold,

When many perils gather thickly round,

When o'er the snow-clad streets, smooth, soft, and  
cold,

Vast Traffic passeth with a muffled sound,

Fair Sympathy, arrayed in woman's guise,

Draws near, and takes the wanderer by the hand,

And at the kindly touch, with glad surprise,

He feels no more deserted in the land:



Trusting this guidance, gentle, true, and pure,  
 Darkness itself seems once more full of light;  
 By Hope inspiréd and in Love secure,  
 He walks henceforth by faith, and not by sight.

When Christ doth ope those sightless orbs above.  
 Far more than others they will drink delight  
 From lustrous scenes of mountains, groves, fields,  
 streams,



Deer seems the fate of blindness on this earth,  
 And eagerly we strive to bring it light;  
 Yet, till the hour of death that heralds birth,  
 We *all* must walk by faith, and not by sight.

For those doomed ne'er to see this world so fair  
 It may be that our Father's gracious love  
 Reserves a joy intense, ecstatic, rare,

And lovely brilliant cities robed in white,  
 Sparkling with gems, as visioned in our  
 dreams.

In that blest hour all earth-born chafe and fret,  
 All faithless, hopeless weakness, and despair,  
 All dull despondency and vain regret  
 Will vanish utterly in Heaven's air.

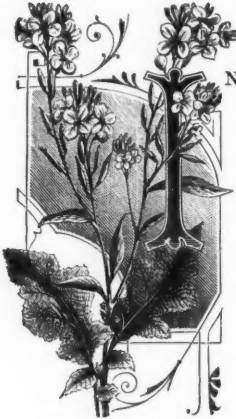
WM. A. GIBBS.

## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

## INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

## LESSONS ON OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.

FEBRUARY 18TH. GOD'S JUDGMENT ON SODOM.



To read—*Gen. xviii. 20—33.*  
Golden Text—*Ver. 25.*

**INTRODUCTION.** Remind how Abraham and his family were living in the South of Canaan. Had not sufficient pastures for their very numerous herds—obliged to separate. Lot, Abraham's nephew, chose the fertile plains of Sodom, but, leaving his flocks to herdsmen, lived with his wife and daughters in the city of Sodom, where the people were very wicked. To-day's lesson tells of the threatened

destruction of the city, and Abraham's prayer.

**I. SODOM CONDEMNED.** (20—22.) Why?

Because of the great sins done there. (*Ezek. xvi. 49.*)

Pride, luxury, sloth, oppression of the poor.

Besides many sins of which it is shame to speak.

God will Himself inquire into the matter.

If they have not repented, He will punish.

This punishment would be earnest of future judgment on whole world. Used as such for a warning by Christ. (*St. Luke xvi. 30.*)

**LESSON.** Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.

**II. SODOM PRAYED FOR.** (23—33.) By whom?

Abraham, the righteous man, friend of God.

Uncle to Lot, living with his family in the city.

Perhaps hoped Sodom might be spared when the other cities were destroyed.

Lot much pained by their wickedness. (*2 Pet. ii. 8.*)

Therefore Abraham interceded with the Lord.

He stood to plead, as Moses for Israel. (*Ps. cvi. 23.*)

He drew near to pray—i.e., realised God's presence. (*James iv. 8.*)

Notice these points about his prayer :—

*It was humble.* Calls himself "dust and ashes."

Recognises God as righteous Judge of all.

Submits implicitly to His decision.

*It was pleading.* Will God destroy the righteous?

Noah and his family were saved in the ark.

Surely some means will be found to save Lot?

All God's ways are perfectly just and equal.

Therefore righteous and wicked cannot be treated alike.

*It was persevering.* Abraham prays again and again.

Keeps reducing number six times—from fifty to ten.

Ten about the number of Lot's family.

So Jacob wrestled in prayer till daybreak. (*Gen. xxxii. 24.*)

Christ prayed the same prayer three times.

*It was earnest.* He must do all he can for Lot.

He will even risk God's being angry at his importunate prayer. (30, 32.)

*It was typical* of Christ's constant intercessions. (*Heb. vii. 25.*)

**LESSONS.** 1. The power of prayer. Abraham was heard and answered in God's way. Lot was saved.

2. The manner of prayer. "Fervent prayer availeth." Still, "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

FEBRUARY 25TH. TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

To read—*Gen. xxii. 1—12.* Golden Text—*Heb. xi. 17.*

**INTRODUCTION.** Abraham still living in South of Palestine, journeying from place to place. Isaac, the promised son, has been born, and Ishmael, Hagar's son, been turned away with his mother. The little family of three living in happiness at Beersheba are to receive a great shock. Isaac is to be slain.

**I. ABRAHAM'S TRIAL.** (1, 2.) What does "tempt" mean?

Either, To entice to sin—as Satan did Christ (*St. Matt. iv. 1*); or, To try, or prove—as God did the Israelites (*Dent. viii. 16*).

As Queen of Sheba to Solomon with questions (*1 Kings x. 1*), so God tried Abraham to test his faith and obedience.

See the greatness of Abraham's trial as follows :—

(a) To offer his son—only son—not a sheep or ox.

(b) That son specially loved—"Isaac," child of joy.

(c) To slay with his own hands—without delay.

(d) To offer up as whole burnt offering—nothing to remain of the corpse for burial.

(e) To do so on a distant mountain far from home.

**II. ABRAHAM'S OBEDIENCE.** (3—12.) How shown?

By answering not a word, but just obeying.

By starting at once—early the very next day.

By taking all things necessary for the sacrifice.

By doing all things told him to the last moment.

See how his great faith appeared in all :—

He believed that he and Isaac would return safely.

Accounting that God could raise him from death.

(*Heb. xi. 19.*)

Shown by what he said to the servants. (*Ver. 5.*)

He believed that God would provide a victim.

Whether his son or some animal he knew not.

Shown by what he said to Isaac.

Anyhow, he trusted himself and Isaac entirely to God.

**LESSON.** Without faith it is impossible to please God.

### III. ISAAC A TYPE OF CHRIST. How?

Christ was the beloved, only Son of God. (St. John iii. 16.)

He was willing to suffer and to die. (Is. liii. 6.)  
Christ carried the wooden cross on which He died.  
Both suffered on the same place, Mount Moriah.  
Isaac was "as good as dead," but Christ died.  
The ram was slain instead of Isaac, and Christ died for sinful men.

#### IV. THE NATURE OF SACRIFICE. It must be—

*Willing*—the whole heart given up to God.  
*Costly*—something not valueless but prized.  
*Whole*—keeping nothing back as did Ananias.  
*Acceptable*—such as God appoints.

LESSONS. What sacrifice can we give?

1. An offering of a free-will heart will I give Thee.
2. Whoso offereth Me praise, he honoureth Me.
3. Present your bodies a living sacrifice.
4. He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.

#### MARCH 4TH. SELLING THE BIRTHRIGHT.

To read—Gen. xxv. 27—34. Golden Text—St. Luke xii. 23.

INTRODUCTION. Not long after Isaac's sacrifice, Sarah, his aged mother, died. He then married his cousin Rebekah, brought from Abraham's old home by his faithful steward, Eliezer. Twenty years passed before they had any children. Then God gave them twin sons, Esau and Jacob—a few minutes only separating their birth. It is of them we read to-day.

#### I. THE SIN. (27—34.) Notice these points:

Isaac was sixty years old when his sons were born.  
Esau was a hunter, bold and full of strength.  
Jacob was meek and peaceable, staying at home.  
The father loved Esau, because of his game.  
The mother loved Jacob, the more domestic son.  
She had been told that the younger should rule over the elder. (Ver. 23.)

Esau, the rough hunter, forgot God.

Jacob feared God, and was loved by Him. (Rom. ix. 13.)

What was Esau's sin? Describe the scene.

Jacob "sod pottage"—i.e., was boiling herb soup.

Esau, faint with hunger, asks for some.

Jacob bargains for the birthright in exchange.

Esau parts with it for present gratification.

What did the birthright include?

1. A double portion of patrimony. (Deut. xxi. 17.)
2. The privilege of the priesthood. (Num. iii. 13.)
3. Authority over his brethren. (Gen. xxvii. 29.)
4. His father's special blessing. (Gen. xxvii. 28.)
5. The being ancestor of the Messiah.

All this Esau ignored, despised, and gave up.

#### II. THE PUNISHMENT. All the family suffered.

The *parents*—for their having favourites—each lost sight of their favourite son.

*Esau*—for his profanity and forgetting God, lost worldly and spiritual blessings.

*Jacob*—for his craftiness to his brother, lost his friendship and lived many years in exile.

III. THE WARNING. Esau never regained his great loss. Is held up to all as a warning. (Heb. xii. 16.)

He is a warning against many sins—e.g.:

*Gluttony*—in his greediness for the pottage.

*Pride*—in profanely despising his birthright.

*Sloth*—in his indifference to God's blessing.

Thus he put his bodily appetites before his soul's good. (Golden text.)

LESSON. What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

#### MARCH 11TH. JACOB AT BETHEL.

To read—Gen. xxviii. 10—22. Golden Text—Gen. xxviii. 15.

INTRODUCTION. Isaac, old and infirm, desires to bless his sons before his death. Forgetful of God's design that the best blessing should be given to Jacob, the younger of the twins, he intends to give it to Esau. But his intention is defeated by the scheming of Rebekah on behalf of Jacob, her favourite. The latter dresses up as Esau, and obtains the eldest son's blessing. Esau in anger threatens his life. Isaac sends Jacob away to Abraham's old home, and bids him take a wife from there. Jacob leaves home with his father's blessing upon him.

#### I. JACOB'S JOURNEY. (10, 11.) Notice:

He was leaving home for the first time.

He was leaving father, mother, and friends.

He was estranged from his only brother.

But he set out with his father's prayers.

He had promise of earthly and spiritual good.

He was going to his mother's old home.

So his feelings must have been very mingled.

Lonely, desolate, home-sick, and a wanderer.

But cheered by hope, faith, and promise.

LESSON. The blessings of a good home.

It is *happy*, because of presence of loved ones.

It should be *holy*—sin should not enter.

It should be *heavenly*—with God's blessing.

#### II. JACOB'S VISION. (11—19.) What was it?

A ladder reaching from earth to heaven.

Angels passing up and down between God and man.

The Lord standing above to renew His promise.

What did Jacob think when he awoke?

God had been near him; he is full of awe.

This is God's House—he must honour Him.

So he sets up his pillow-stone as a pillar.

He dedicates it with oil as a memorial.

He calls the place "Bethel," the House of God.

LESSONS. 1. God is near us—be sober and reverent.

#### III. JACOB'S VOW. (20—22.) Three things:

He will always acknowledge and serve God.

The place shall always be holy to the Lord.

He will devote a tenth of his substance to God.

IV. THE TYPES. The ladder—Jesus the Way to heaven. (St. John xiv. 6.)

Christ, like Jacob, on earth had no resting-place.

LESSONS. 1. Fear not, for I am with you.

2. Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.

## ART AND EAST-ENDERS.

A TALK WITH CANON AND MRS. BARNETT.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWATT.



THE GREAT HALL OF TOYNBEE HALL.

**S**T. JUDE'S Church, its vicarage, and the closely adjoining Toynbee Hall, of which Canon Barnett is the Warden, form a veritable oasis in the midst of a howling wilderness of bricks and mortar, squalor and poverty, noise and restlessness. Here in the church is hushed repose and grateful silence; in the vicarage gentle sympathy and cordial welcome are offered to all comers; and in Toynbee Hall there is culture, reasonableness, strong principle, and manly activity.

To stroll into that quiet church, how sweet it is, and how perfect the contrast within to that which is without! We stood for a moment—my hostess and I—in front of Roscoe Mullins' beautiful and touching group—Eau at his father's feet, that bitter wail of his almost expressed in the cold stone itself, "Wilt thou not bless me, even me, oh, my father?"

"Is not that the parable of the East End in stone?" remarked Mrs. Barnett, as we slowly passed from the church and its beautiful lessons in sculpture and on canvas.

We returned to the vicarage drawing-room—a large, lofty, and artistic room to which the parishioners are ever welcome, and from which no poor and destitute

one is ever turned away because of his poverty—and settled down for a chat.

"What our hearts are bent upon now," said Mrs. Barnett, as I took my seat, "is the building and establishing of a real Art Exhibition where people from this neighbourhood can come, and not only look at the pictures, but where they can have quiet rooms in which to study works of art, and be taught about beauty of form, colour, and handicraft. You do not know how much art power lies hidden in White-chapel, and which only needs help and encouragement to bring it out. For instance," continued my hostess, as she placed in my hand a very beautiful specimen of beaten copper work, "this was done by a poor man here who would have been a porter to this day had we not happened to see some pictures from the *Illustrated London News* which he had coloured, and which showed wonderful appreciation of art and its principles. Our people have a great deal of natural imagination, which, though it is beaten down—"

"Yet"—continued Canon Barnett—"it shows itself in their love of funerals, in their delight in tales of travel, in the willingness with which they yield



themselves to the charm of rhetoric rather than to cold reasoning. But it is difficult to guide and control this imaginative faculty, these aspirations after something which lies outside their wretched every-day surroundings.

"Our hope, therefore," he continued—"and you can help us by making it known—is to secure a large hall in this neighbourhood (in which a large number of penny and twopenny fares converge, and which is the great centre of East London), and to hold in this hall, thrice every year, a picture-show which shall extend over six weeks or two months each time. Round this hall we would group art—distinctly art—schools, where the students could be constantly refreshed with photographs and engravings from the old masters and from the great artists of our day, and where art-lovers would come and talk to them and take real interest in their work. Do you know that already we have 1,247 students on the Toynbee weekly roll? There is a certain amount of art taste going to waste here for the want of a few people who could draw it out. Now, if this hall could be established and artists could come here, they would soon find out what the people *think*, what is in their hearts; they would give a voice to the dumb. They would draw out art-power from the people, and it is impossible to say what new art, or rather what new expression of art, might not be forthcoming from them."

"Don't you think," I ventured to remark, "that it is possible to attach too much importance to art? Are there not social questions, religious questions; is not, indeed, the great labour problem of the day more pressing, infinitely more vital?"

"I don't think," said Canon Barnett, "that it is easy to attach too much importance to art. Its good influence shows itself in many ways. Girls, for instance, who care for pretty things never become quite so degraded as those who care nothing for beauty and refinement. I believe that many a poor fellow gets drunk so that he may for a brief moment lose sight and consciousness of the squalor and ugliness by which he is surrounded. If only artists would *live* down here! they would get much nearer the Life of the people, which, I can assure them, is not wholly ugly; they would find beauty in it: and how much good they might do! Well, if this hall can be built, if someone, or some body of people, will give £10,000 or £12,000 for the building, some of these things may be accomplished, and a useful thing will be done!"

"People here don't want bread so much as that which man needs more than bread. And yet a distinguished philanthropist condemned a poor woman for buying a picture while her children wanted comforts!"

"But surely, Canon Barnett, he was right to condemn a woman who would think of art before her children's wants?" I urged, in absolute astonishment.

"I do not see it," was the reply. "Art is an educational influence. It is because philanthropists, labour leaders, and clergymen have hitherto persisted in looking on art merely as a means of relaxation, as offering other interests, but never considering that it has a close relation to poverty, progress, or religion, that East London is left to put up with a lower standard of life. Once let it be proved that the knowledge of art will tend to improve the material condition of the people, and we shall soon see a welcome change in the public attitude towards this question. Real art is the servant of religion. 'The artist keeps up open roads between the seen and the Unseen; art is the witness of what is behind the thing seen.' I hold, you know, Mr. Blathwayt, that art is the expression of truth, and we have Divine authority for saying that it is the truth and the truth alone that will make us free. Now the best expression of the truth is by the aid of art; but the whole question of the relation existing between art and truth has yet to be fairly faced by the people."

"Oh, but, Canon Barnett," said I, "surely both



THE FRESCO ON THE EXTERIOR OF ST. JUDE'S CHURCH.

spiritual and temporal needs require something more pressing, more direct than mere pictures and statues and music, good as they undoubtedly are; both John Burns and General Booth would tell you that, I am sure."

"As I said some few months back," replied the Vicar, "so I say again: the mass of the people will go on misunderstanding the Bible and religion until they realise the relation of literature to dogma, and learn how to think of things unseen. The difficulty of the moment lies in misunderstanding; rich and poor, masters and miners, do not understand one another. It is misunderstanding which divides men, which often makes legislation futile and mocks the efforts of leaders; all this while art—which is perfect expression, which is the only means by which men on earth will ever express their highest—is neglected."

"Am I wrong, therefore, in my longing to supply the people of this awful district with what I in my conscience believe to be the one thing needful?"

"Of course," interpolated Mrs. Barnett, "neither my husband nor I would for a moment say that pictures can do everything: they will not save souls, for 'it takes a Life to save a life;' but what we do urge is, that art can colour and influence life and help to make it a high and holy thing. The people want life, the fullness of life, and ought we to deny it to them? Art may do much to keep alive a nation's higher life when other influences fail adequately to nourish it; and how shall we neglect it in these times of spiritual starvation?"

"You do not realise, perhaps," continued Canon Barnett, turning to me, "for few people do realise, how art helps in the teaching of religion. The people to-day, as in Christ's day, learn religion by allegory; it helps to give them a consciousness of God and the unknown. It is to many a fresh light by which they see anew old truths. A great many poor people come to this room for one reason or another—quiet chats, religious meetings, and evening parties, and they appreciate more than you would believe that beautiful picture, 'The Angelus,' by Millet," and as he spoke the Canon pointed to the well-known depiction of two French peasants to whom in a twilight field there comes the sound, borne upon the evening breeze, of the Angelus bell, and who at once uncover and bend in prayer. "That picture speaks much to people of all classes and creeds."

"And then," added Mrs. Barnett, "such a picture as Richmond's 'Sleep and Death,' which depicts the strong, pale warrior borne on the shoulders of Sleep, while being gently lifted into the arms of Death, simple in colour, pure in idea, rich in suggestion, is good for the poor to see. Death amongst them is robbed of none of its terrors by the coarse familiarity with which it is

treated; with them funerals are too often a time of rowdiness and debauch. But death thus shown to them is a new idea, which may produce, perhaps, more modesty about the great mystery of our existence."

A moment of silence followed the last words, broken at length by the voice of the Canon.

"But we must be practical; our object now is to build this hall. We propose to try to get the parochial authorities, under the Public Libraries and Museums Act, to take charge of such a building and keep it up out of the rates, using it indeed for other purposes if necessary. It might be a glorified Town Hall, for instance; and, so if the Art Exhibition is attached to the living, visible body, it would run no chance of being stranded as long as local people worked it and were strongly interested in it."

"Ah! but I want it to be only for art," struck in the lady; "we don't want party politics to be mixed up with it."

Her husband smiled.

"Anyhow, we must first try and make the world see that the Exhibition will have a distinct educational influence, and not only in East London."

"Isn't there just a possibility of art being responsible for the manufacture of a good many East End prigs?" I asked.

"And what would that matter?" cheerily replied Canon Barnett; "priggishness, after all, is only a phase, and not always an unuseful one either; they'll come through on the other side in the end all right. Prigs often turn out thorough good fellows. As a matter of fact, however, I think art makes them humble. We must not confuse means and ends," continued the Canon, more earnestly. "The end in view is the raising of man to his calling in Jesus Christ, the development of the Divine in the human. For this purpose art has a greater part to play than is often imagined, but it will be a great mistake if it is thought that a little more beauty in surroundings, or a familiarity with good pictures, or even a greater power of expressing ideas, will meet the needs of East London. There is only one thing which is absolutely needful, and that is the knowledge of God, which is in the reach of the simplest, and opens to his vision the things which are not seen and are eternal."

As I passed down the long, unlovely street, hideous with noise and unsightly in its squalor, I felt there was great truth in what the Canon and his wife had just been saying; and all of those who seek to do good—and what a daily increasing army is theirs!—will continue to bid Canon and Mrs. Barnett "God-speed," both in East London and in that no less important sphere of labour to which they have so recently been called.



## SHORT ARROWS.

## NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

## A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.



O demand nothing," says a French writer, "and to complain of no one, is an excellent recipe for happiness." This recipe may be too negative, too stoical, and too little Christian, but it deserves attention. Some of us are like children sighing for the moon. We expect too much from life, and think that we have a right to happiness which we have not. Then when we make mistakes we put the blame upon others, and this encourages the fault-finding, unhappy disposition.

## MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

Two friends of ours, when on a holiday trip this summer, came to a place which was so pretty that they wished to stay a little time at it. They got rooms, but the house and all its arrangements were so uncomfortable that they determined to leave at once. There was, however, one who saved the credit of the establishment, and induced our friends to remain for a week or two in it. This was a young sister of the two ladies who kept the lodging-house. She was sweet-tempered, obliging, and full of fun in spite of her hard work, and it was "a positive pleasure to be in the house with her." Florrie (for that was her name) was not yet twenty, but she had well learned the art of making

things easy for others. Spoons and forks were a minus quantity. Toast-rack? there was none. The crockery was broken, the carpets were worn, the beds hard, but Florrie was always "so sorry" and so sympathetic, and did all she possibly could to smooth down difficulties. Are we all strenuously trying, as did Florrie, to make the best and not the worst of our surroundings, and of those of other people? Are we trying to make the little corner of the world in which we have been placed better and brighter than it was before we came into it?

## VENERABLE TREES.

When we see a very old tree, we try to imagine the scenes it has looked upon, so to speak, since it was a sapling. Generations of men have gone, and it has remained. Lovers have whispered and rivals have quarrelled beneath its shade. And yet we cannot properly speak of a tree's experience, or say that it grows in wisdom. Trees do not think and reflect. Do we? If we do not, why should we boast of our experience, or think ourselves wiser than those who are very young?

"It is not growing like a tree,  
In bulk, doth make man better be;  
Or standing like an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last—dry, bald, and sere."

## REAL BEAUTY.

Bacon says that "the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express;" and if Bacon had



VENERABLE TREES.

lived in these photographic days he would have said this still more emphatically if he could; for beauty does not by any means always consist in regularity of feature, or in the colour of the lip, or cheek, or hair, or eye. The attractiveness of the countenance comes in many an instance from its giving an outer indication of the soul within. Men have been able to discern beauty in faces in which there was not a single beautiful feature. This is the beauty which the photograph cannot always copy—which, indeed, in its perfection no artist has ever been able to portray. There is a story told of an artist who determined to paint as beautiful a picture as could be produced; and so he took the loveliest eyes from one model, the nose from another, the mouth from a third, with, as a result, the production of an ugly, inharmonious picture. We cannot, any of us, make ourselves beautiful in feature, but we can with God's help acquire that beauty of which Bacon speaks—that best part which cannot be painted. The goodness that beams in the eye, the loving-kindness and cheerfulness which play around the mouth—no painter can fully represent these, and these may be ours.

#### DWARFS.

There are dwarfs in mind as well as body. A man requires nourishment and exercise to grow in his mind as well as in his body. Stanley and Schweinfurth, the African travellers, tell us that the inhabitants of the great forest in the heart of Africa are dwarfs and not men because they have not sunshine, good food, or hard work. "The mind's," as the poet says, "the measure of the man;" and according to this standard, some are very small indeed. Nowadays, anyhow, there is plenty of nourishment to be had for the mind, and hard work in all directions, if only men will do it.

#### SOME NEW BOOKS.

To readers of THE QUIVER few names are better known than that of Professor W. Garden Blaikie. Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons send us a volume from his pen entitled "Heroes of Israel," the object of which is to give a series of Bible biographies, illustrated from the historical and topographical materials which modern research has supplied. Needless to say the work is thoroughly done, and the volume is one which should afford a wealth of suggestive illustration for teacher or preacher, while it is so pleasantly written that the general reader will find it at once interesting and profitable.—Messrs. Cassell are issuing a series of "Bible Biographies" in handy little volumes which are well worth the attention of all readers. First among them we take up Dr. J. R. Macduff's "The Story of Jesus" in verse, dealing, of course, with only the leading incidents in the great story, but telling them in a manner which will, perhaps, appeal to readers who would not take up a new recital of the Divine story in prose. The Rev. J. W. Gedge deals with "The Story of the Judges, and its Lessons for To-

day," the Rev. George Bainton is responsible for a similar treatment of "The Story of Joseph," and "The Story of David" falls to the Rev. John Wilde. The series is one we can heartily commend, and one which we are sure our readers will appreciate.—A voice now silenced by death is that of the Rev. Aubrey L. Moore, and more than usual interest is thus given to a volume of sermons from his pen, entitled "God is Love, and Other Sermons," published by Messrs. Nisbet, and claiming the attention of readers of every denomination as the work of a thoughtful, earnest man.—Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Clarendon Press, sends us copies of what he says are "the smallest Bible and Reference Bible ever published." When we say that the Reference Bible, bound in limp morocco, weighs only three and a half ounces, and is very little more than half an inch thick, although it contains over twelve hundred pages, we have said enough to show that the work is a marvel of print and paper. For portability nothing could be better than these tiny editions, in which, although the type is necessarily small, it is yet very clear.—Under the title of "The Key of the Grave" (Hodder and Stoughton), Dr. Robertson Nicoll has written a most beautiful book intended to carry comfort to those who are bearing the burden of a present sorrow. To thoroughly appreciate a work of this kind one should, of course, be among those for whom it was intended, but, so far as we can judge, it is admirably calculated to fulfil the purpose with which it was written, and certainly points most clearly the lessons which Scripture has for those who "sorrow not as others which have no hope." From the same publishers we have received a tasteful little volume, entitled "Lux Diurna," in which, to quote its title-page, is to be found "light for the day, gathered from the words of Holy Scripture and other writings, ancient and modern, with appropriate collects." The book is prefaced by an appropriate introductory chapter by the Bishop of Winchester.—Messrs. Cassell have just issued the first part of "The Family Prayer-Book," containing morning and evening prayers for every day in the year, together with an indication of appropriate Scripture readings and special forms of prayer for use on special occasions. The introduction is by the Dean of Canterbury.

#### "MANY PEOPLE IN TOWN?"

Some persons whose clothes are better than their Christianity, however they may profess religion, speak of "the masses," and "the common people," as if they did not belong to the same animal kingdom as themselves. Or they ignore the "dim millions" altogether, and do not recognise their existence, about which, by an unpardonable mistake, they had never been consulted. An undergraduate was entertaining some working men who had come to Oxford from London on a Whit Monday. He had been told to talk to them "quite naturally, as you would to men





*George Meade*

SOME FAMOUS ORGANISTS.—II.

Dr Martin  
at the Organ.  
St. Paul's Cathedral

of your own class." At first he was a little shy, but he at last ventured on the following remark to his neighbour: "Ahem! many people in town just now?" The workman looked at him for a moment with pity, and replied, "About five millions!"

#### THE RECOMPENSE OF CHARITY.

Although charity is not to be done for the sake of reward (and, indeed, if it were done with no other motive, it would not be charity at all), still, no good deed is left of God unrecompensed, and what He graciously promises we may thankfully look forward to. It may be that He will reward in this world, it may be in the next, but we may leave all that—the time, the measure, the way—with Him. A soldier one day called at the shop of a hairdresser, and asked for relief, saying that he had outstayed his leave of absence; and that unless he could get on the coach, fatigue and severe punishment awaited him. The hairdresser gave him a guinea. "Sir," exclaimed the soldier, astonished at the amount, "how can I repay you? I have nothing in the world but this" (pulling out a dirty piece of paper from his pocket): "it is a recipe for making blacking. It is the best that ever was seen. Many a half-guinea I have had for it from the officers. May you be able to get something for it to repay you for your kindness to a poor soldier." That dirty piece of paper proved worth half a million of money to the hairdresser. It was

no less than the recipe for Day and Martin's blacking, the hairdresser being Mr. Day. Though charity be not done for the sake of reward, let us be sure that reward in some form will come—sometimes in very unexpected ways. God has His own ways of rewarding. His resources are infinite; and often from quarters altogether beyond the beat of our ordinary sources of enrichment, He can restore us an hundred- and a thousandfold into our bosom.

#### PRIZES FOR POLITENESS.

The other day the writer was shown with great pride, by a poor woman whom he was visiting, a prize which her son had won at school "for politeness." This is an excellent premium to give children; for though all cannot be clever, all may be good and polite. Then we all know the connection that exists between genuine politeness and true religion. Certainly its absence in professing Christians may well astonish those who become acquainted with these unpolite Christians (is not this a contradiction in terms?) for the first time. The Honourable Madame A.

Hok, who visited this country upwards of two years ago, was one of the first Chinese ladies of high position (with the exception of the wives of Chinese ambassadors) who came to the United Kingdom. During her voyage over she was constantly struck by some of the passengers not being as kind and polite as they might have been. "Is it possible," she said, "that they are Christians, and can do so and so? Why, I thought that they all believed in the God of love." We had better offer more prizes in our schools for politeness. It would help the missionary cause.

#### HE REMEMBERED IT.

If only we remembered the consequences of past sins, we would thereby very often be enabled to resist present temptations. If the drunkard would remember his headaches, his having made a fool of himself—perhaps some worse evils—as the consequence of his drink, he would perhaps keep from what is now offered so temptingly to his lips. And so with all sin, and, indeed, folly of every kind. There was a man who, not content with getting drunk himself, one day took it into his head that he would make his dog drunk. So he poured liquor down the dog's throat, and made him very drunk indeed. Their way home lay over a wooden bridge which crossed a stream, and the poor dog, not being able to keep his feet, fell over and was very nearly drowned. Next

day, when they were both sober, the man and his companion started together for the public-house. When they got there, however, Pincher sat himself down at a very respectable distance from the entrance, and not all the whistling or coaxing of his master could induce him to take another drop. Pincher's memory, and Pincher's action on his memory, would do us a great deal of good. Alas! instead of keeping a "respectable distance" from the place of evil, how often have we gone deliberately into evil: we have sometimes pursued sin, instead of sin's pursuing us. The proverb that the burned child dreads the fire was truer with poor Pincher than with us.

#### "THE QUIVER" WAIFS.

We have received the following letters about our two waifs, which we are sure our readers will be glad to see. Dr. Barnardo, in whose care Sydney Lawrence is, writes:—"I very gladly and gratefully acknowledge your renewed contribution towards the support of Sydney Lawrence, 'the QUIVER Waif,' and beg to enclose you our customary official receipt with a cordial 'thank you.' Sydney is still boarded-out at Tetbury, Gloucester, and my latest report about him states that his health is 'much improved,' and that he is getting on satisfactorily both at his home and in the school. He is now in the third standard. I hope he will do credit to all friends who are so actively interested in his welfare." And on behalf of Miss Sharman, the following acknowledgment of our payment from the "QUIVER Waifs Fund," for Susie Lank's maintenance for another year, was sent to us:—"I am requested by Miss Sharman to enclose the receipt, with her sincere and very grateful thanks to yourself and the readers of THE QUIVER, for your kind subscription on behalf of little Susie Lank. The dear child is quite well, and seems very happy. She is a bright little girl, and of a very affectionate disposition. She really does beautiful needlework for so small a child, and takes great interest in her lessons." We acknowledge further subscriptions on page 320, and shall be glad to receive any new ones, addressed to the Editor of THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

#### NO GOSSIP GIVEN.

A friend of ours asked an acquaintance to whom he was writing to send him some gossip from a place where he had been living. The reply he received in reference to this request is worth quoting:—"I know no M—— gossip, and if I knew any would not tell you, because I wish you well, and in my opinion it does people no good to tell them gossip. It is hardly ever true, and even if true it is better buried." At the entrance of many exhibitions and places of amusement may be read the notice—"No change given." Let us as plainly inform our friends that no gossip is given, and after awhile, instead of considering us stupid and unentertaining, they will respect us for it. We should talk of things rather than of

persons; of whatsoever is good, true, and beautiful rather than of whatsoever petty personality enters an idle and shallow brain-pan.

#### "DON'T MARRY TO BE UNKIND!"

"Yes, I know I was unkind to you when I first married," we heard a man (he is called a gentleman!) say one day to his wife, the mother of their only child, who had just been taken from them by death. "But I did not like you, or marriage; I hated to be tied, and I hated you because I was tied to you!" The woman answered nothing, but I think the angels, downward bending, saw and photographed the look of wounded anguish that passed over her face, and carried it up to God. If it were possible for the poor lonely heart to feel its grief more bitterly, surely it was such a remark as that coming from one who should have helped her to bear it. Theirs had been a love-match—so the world said. But the husband allowed his relations to come between him and his wife and child. It is so, too often. Some day he will recognise his error, and he may vainly sigh for the love he threw away. "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." Young man! don't marry unless you are determined, with God's help, to make your wife happy; unless she and your children are to be your first care. Don't marry to be cruel! Marry your profession, or marry your relations, if you like. But don't marry a *woman*, unless you mean to love and cherish her!

#### SOME MORE NEW BOOKS.

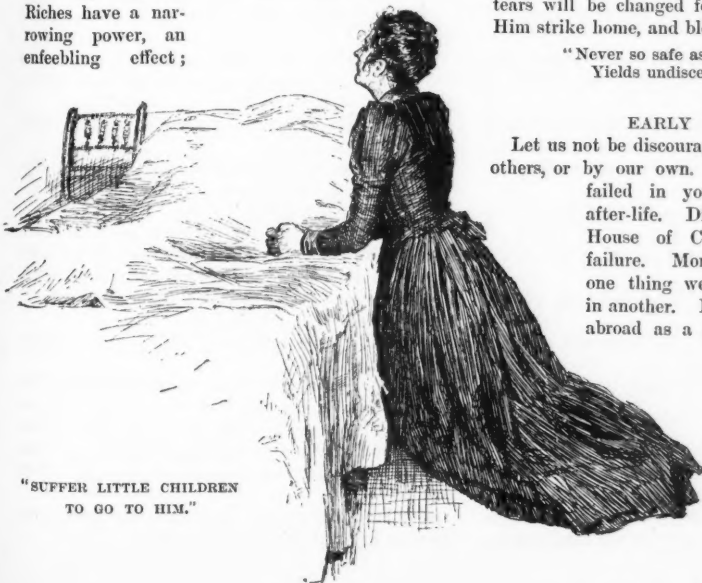
The substance of a short series of lectures delivered by the Rev. Dr. Pierson in the Pastors' College will be found in a useful little booklet published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster under the title of "The Reading of the Word of God in Public." Such a work was badly needed, and is well carried out in this instance.—Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton send us two more volumes of their "Silent Times" series; first Dr. J. R. Miller's "Week-day Religion," and secondly Dr. Theodore Cuyler's admirable "Christianity in the Home." Both works are beautiful alike in tone and in the manner in which they are presented. From the same publishers we have also to acknowledge a copy of "The Diary and Letters of the late Dr. Andrew Bonar," a man of singular beauty of character and exaltation of spirit. Many a reader will be grateful for the glimpses which this volume gives into the life and work of a really good and devout man. Dr. Maclaren carries on his "Bible Class Expositions" (Hodder and Stoughton) in a volume devoted to the Gospel of St. Mark, in a series of chapters addressed in the first place to teachers, but appealing to all thoughtful readers by their force and originality. Two stories are before us as we write. One (from the same publishers as the last-mentioned book) is "Philip and Gerald," by Edward Irenæus Stevenson, an American writer who has been known to us hitherto simply as an occasional writer of

verse, but who proves in this volume that he can write a story decidedly acceptable to boys. The other story is "A Threefold Mystery," a tale of Monte Carlo, written by Miss Constance Serjeant and published by Mr. Elliot Stock—a well-written tale, not too long. Mr. Elliot Stock is also the publisher of an admirable little manual, beautifully printed and carefully compiled, in which, under the title of "The Master's Guide for His Disciples," all the recorded sayings of our Lord are carefully classified and arranged for easy consultation and systematic reading.—We have also to acknowledge the receipt of "Be Perfect," a series of meditations for a month by the Rev. Andrew Murray, and "The Christ-Controlled Life; or, the Secret of Sanctity," by the Rev. E. W. Moore, both published by Messrs. Nisbet and Co.; "A Book of The Heavenly Birthdays" (Elliot Stock); "Union and Communion," being thoughts on the Song of Solomon, by the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor (Morgan and Scott); "Trees Planted by the River," by Frances A. Bevan (Nisbet and Co.); "The Baptist Handbook for 1894," which is the eighty-second year of its publication (Veale, Chifferiel and Co.); and the annual volumes of *Biblewomen and Nurses* (Cassell and Co.) and the ever-popular *Mother's Friend* (Hodder and Stoughton), which well deserves its title.

#### RICHES AND VIRTUE.

We make too much of riches both in our thought and in our life. Many and many a man would have probably been great or good, or perhaps great and good, if he had not been hindered, either by wealth that he possessed, or wealth that he desired. Riches have a narrowing power, an enfeebling effect;

Suffer  
little children  
to come unto me



"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN  
TO GO TO HIM."

they can prevent a man's soul from rising, they can pull it down when it has risen. We once heard a man say that if he were left a fortune the first thing he would do would be to consecrate a substantial portion of it in perpetuity to doing good—not, said he, as a religious act at all, but simply as an insurance against his heart becoming hardened by money. Lord Bacon said that "he could not call riches better than the baggage of virtue—the Roman word is better—*impedimenta*; for as the baggage is to an army, so are riches to virtue; it cannot be spared or left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory."

#### SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO GO TO HIM.

God's love is shown alike in what He gives and what He denies. In our days of health and prosperity we do not realise this; but when sorrow and death come to us, and instead of the beloved presence of our children we weep alone in the empty room, and kneel in our soul's agony beside the little bed where once we used to waken our darling with morning kisses, then, in the stillness of the silent chamber, we hear the voice of Jesus: "It is I, be not afraid. My peace I give to you." The same loving Father who sustained Catharine Tait as she saw the "five little sisters" all snatched from her in five terrible weeks, watches by every weeping mother. Our children are only gone up-stairs to a brighter room, to enjoy far more love and care than we could have bestowed on them. We must try and meet them again by growing worthier of them, and by keeping near them as they grow in Paradise. It is a noble aim in our lives that is set us by God, to reach those happy saints for ever blest. Let us take up our cross and go on rejoicing, not mourning. Soon our tears will be changed for songs of triumph. Let Him strike home, and bless the rod—

"Never so safe as when our will  
Yields undiscerned by all but God."

#### EARLY FAILURES.

Let us not be discouraged by the early failures of others, or by our own. Many who have signally failed in youth have done much in after-life. Disraeli's first speech in the House of Commons was a complete failure. Moreover, though we fail in one thing we may succeed wonderfully in another. Before Dr. Livingstone went abroad as a missionary he placed him-

self for a time under the tuition of the Rev. R. Cecil, of Ongar, Essex. The Congregational minister of Stamford Rivers being taken suddenly ill, he could not take the evening service, and applied

to Mr. Cecil for help, who at once sent young Livingstone. The young Scotchman soon surprised the congregation beyond measure; for, having taken his text, he became bewildered, and could not utter a word. Then, without any apology, or remark of any kind, he snatched up his hat, and made his way to Ongar, leaving the congregation to think what they chose. This was the man who was afterwards not afraid of men, nor of lions. The ranks of great men are full of those who were early failures; but they were not content to remain always failures, and continuous effort meant with them eventual success.

#### A "CHEAP" BARGAIN.

It was once proposed to the Duke of Wellington to purchase a farm in the neighbourhood of Strathfieldsaye, which lay near to his estate and was therefore valuable. The Duke agreed. When the purchase was completed, his steward congratulated him on having made such a bargain, as the seller was in difficulties and forced to part with it. "What do you mean by a bargain?" said the Duke. The other replied, "It was valued at £1,100; and we

have got it for £800." "In that case," said the Duke, "you will please carry the extra £300 to the late owner, and never talk to me of cheap land again."

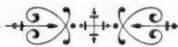
#### "THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

List of contributions received from November 28th, 1893, up to and including December 22nd, 1893. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*:" *Waifs Fund*: A Glasgow Mother (41th donation), 1s.; Mrs. Travers, Altringham, 10s.; C. Embleton, Piccadilly, 10s. 6d.; M. H. R., Hampstead, 41; A. M., Braemar, 41; J. J. E., Govan, 5s.; and a packet of Christmas Cards sent anonymously.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: Mrs. W., Falkirk, 5s. Dr. Barnardo also asks us to acknowledge the receipt of the following amounts: Anti-Jesuit, 10s.; Eliza, 5s.; R. C. R. H., 41; A Lover of Children, 4s. 6d.

\* \* \* *The Editor will be glad to receive, and to forward to the institutions concerned, the contributions of any of his readers who desire to help external movements referred to in the pages of this magazine. Amounts of 5s. and upwards will be acknowledged in THE QUIVER when desired.*



#### "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

(A NEW SERIES OF QUESTIONS, BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

##### QUESTIONS.

37. Why did Abraham and Lot separate from each other in their journeyings?
38. Why did God destroy Sodom, where Lot dwelt?
39. What is remarkable in the history of Sodom as shown by the prayer of Abraham?
40. In what way is Abraham's prayer a pattern to us?
41. What passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews has reference to Abraham's reception of the Angels at Mamre?
42. In what way is Isaac said to be a type of Christ?
43. Under what special circumstances was Eliezer, the steward of Abraham, sent into the country of Mesopotamia?
44. In what way could it be said that Rebekah was of the kindred of Abraham?
45. Why were the descendants of Esau called Edomites?
46. For what purposes did Isaac send away his son Jacob to Padan-aram?
47. What act of worship did Jacob perform after his vision of the Ladder and Angels?
48. What custom seems to have originated with this act of Jacob?

##### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 240.

25. Because Abel offered his sacrifice in faith that God would accept it. (Heb. xi. 4.)
26. In the Epistle of St. James, who says, "The hire of the labourers, . . . which is of you kept back by

fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." (Gen. iv. 10; James v. 4.)

27. The earth was not to yield her wonted fruit at his tillage, and he was to be shut out from all social intercourse with his fellow-men. (Gen. iv. 12.)

28. That everyone was seeking to kill him. (Gen. iv. 14.)

29. God made all the brute creation to fear man, that thus his dominion over them might be secure. (Gen. ix. 2.)

30. To Noah was given permission to eat flesh. (Gen. i. 29; ix. 3.)

31. They were idolaters, and most probably fire-worshippers, as the name "Ur" signifies "fire." (Gen. xi. 31; Joshua xxiv. 2.)

32. Because God gave him two commands to do so; first Abram had to leave Ur, which he did with his father and went to Haran; secondly he was bidden to leave Haran and go to Canaan. (Gen. xi. 31; xv. 7; Acts vii. 2-4; Gen. xii. 1-5.)

33. At Luz, afterwards called Bethel. (Gen. xii. 8; xiii. 3; xxviii. 19.)

34. That God would judge the nation which held them in bondage, and that then they should come out with great substance. (Gen. xv. 13, 14; Ex. xii. 36.)

35. God changed his name from Abram to Abraham, and instituted the holy rite of circumcision. (Gen. xvii. 5-10.)

36. "From the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates." (Gen. xv. 18.)







[From a Drawing by PERCY TARRANT.]

THE SWEET SPRING-TIME.

## HOW GOD DELIVERS IN TIMES OF NEED.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. GARDEN BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., EDINBURGH.



BISHOP BURNET AND WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

**T**HE Ninety-first Psalm is one of the most beautiful in the Psalter. The conception is beautiful—a man overshadowed by the Almighty carrying a charmed life, and passing through a very thicket of deathly agencies as unhurt as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. And the working-out of the conception is beautiful; the words could hardly be cast in a finer poetical mould: "thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day." It is interesting, too, to observe how the speaker changes, as if the several parts had been designed to be sung by various bodies of singers, until at the very end God comes in, and personally ratifies the whole, crowning it with a sublime promise, "With long life will I satisfy him, and I will show him my salvation."

Yet few persons read the psalm with unqualified satisfaction. The thought cannot but press in on them, Is all this verified by fact? Do those who live near to God really escape all dangers and mortal diseases as the psalm represents? Does not the Book

of Job, next neighbour to the Psalms, show the very opposite? Did not our Lord, in His reference to the tower of Siloam, expressly warn us against supposing that earthly calamities are determined by men's character? The Apostle James seems to have been as good a man as Peter, yet Herod was allowed to slay the one while the angel of God rescued the other. We know, too, what befell John Williams at Erromango, Bishop Patteson at Santa Cruz, and Bishop Hannington in Uganda. What became of Captain Gardiner and his companions in Tierra del Fuego, and of the countless missionaries who have perished on the Congo? When we think how good and bad seem to suffer promiscuously in public calamities, are we not reminded of the words in Ecclesiastes—"time and chance happeneth to them all"?

But this, of course, is but a transitory impression. All devout persons, we believe, will be able to read the Ninety-first Psalm with unqualified satisfaction if they take a right view of its structure and design. To us it seems an allegorical psalm. In allegories, we use the external to denote the internal, the sensible to portray the spiritual, the visible to suggest the invisible. Under the material image of a man shielded by God and His angels from every form of material evil, there is conveyed in this psalm the idea of the

godly man protected from all that would hurt his soul, from all that would do him real harm, all that would interfere with the gracious process whereby he is becoming meet for the everlasting inheritance. In its allegorical structure, we class this psalm with the "Faëry Queen" and the "Pilgrim's Progress." You must look through the allegorical veil to get its real meaning. And that real meaning is very glorious: if you live near to God, He is just as careful of your best and highest welfare—the only welfare that will count in the eternal world—as if He shielded you literally and completely from every danger and trial.

But besides this, there have been times when it has been manifestly God's design to show, outwardly and visibly, that His servants in this world are under His special protection and care. Although God works usually by general laws, there may be exceptional cases where special influences are brought into play. These special influences may bear on the history either of communities or individuals. The case of Israel was one of these special cases, for Israel was God's peculiar charge, and the history of Israel was an allegorical or sacramental history, designed to teach by outward signs God's method of dealing with His people inwardly. The deliverance from Egypt, the deliverance from the Midianites under Gideon, and from Assyria under Sennacherib, were great outstanding instances of Divine interference in moments of critical and apparently desperate peril. It pleased God at these times to come out of His place, to make bare His holy arm in the sight of the nations, and proclaim far and wide, in a voice of thunder, Israel is My son! The majority of men are insensible to spiritual truth; and when God had a great lesson to teach the whole world, He taught it in a language that the whole world could comprehend; He answered the prayers of His people by terrible things in righteousness, and calling to Him the mighty forces of nature, said to the enemies of Israel, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm!"

The lesson has been repeated in a similar way at various periods of history. May we not count the fate of the Spanish Armada an instance of Divine interposition, not unlike those of Hebrew history? Historians seem at one in holding that never were the interests of British freedom and Protestantism in greater peril than they were towards the end of the sixteenth century. Spain, so low and feeble to-day, was then at the height of its pomp and power. Philip II., ambitious for himself and ambitious for the church of which he was so devoted and unscrupulous a son, felt that all his schemes, and especially his designs in South America and in the Low Countries, depended on the subjugation of England. Never were the Jesuits more active, and never did the public aspect of things seem to promise better for their success. In the Low Countries the Prince of Parma, on behalf of Philip, seemed to be fast gaining back the revolted provinces. In France the Catholic party had entered into a league to prevent the Protestant Henry of Navarre from succeeding to the throne of that country, and were hand-a-d-glove with Philip for this end. In Holland the Prince of Orange had been got rid of by

assassination. The hope was cherished that in Scotland James might become a Catholic and thus secure for himself not only the undisturbed possession of the Scotch throne, but the succession to that of England. It was believed by the friends of Philip that even in England itself the Catholic party and many Protestants were so shocked at the treatment of the Catholic priests, and at the death of Queen Mary of Scotland, that, as soon as a foreign force landed in the country, they would rally to the standard of the Spaniard. Never were the clouds thicker and darker over England than in the beginning of 1588.

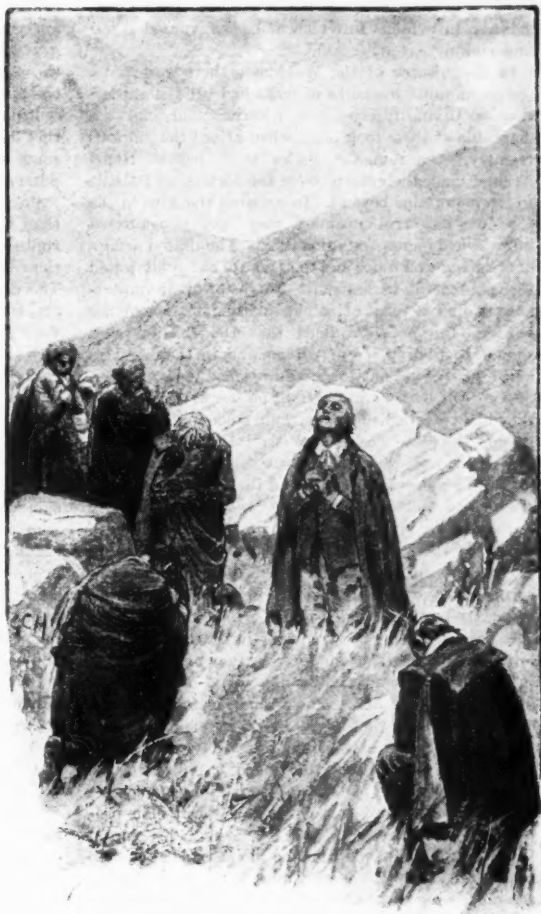
Years had been spent in the preparation of the Invincible Armada, that was to invade the shores of England and land a foreign force on her soil. At length, in the end of May, it started after much delay from Lisbon. Its first experience was a disastrous gale in the proverbial Bay of Biscay. Two months more had elapsed, when its sails were descried from the Lizard, and the beacon-fires of England spread the alarm along its coasts. The effect was to send a thrill of patriotism and a determined purpose to resist through every English heart. Was the soil of England, forsooth, to be trodden by the Spaniard, and the people of England manacled with Spanish handcuffs? Never! Who does not yet follow with a beating heart the brave little English fleet, that, far inferior in naval force, made up for the difference in bravery and seamanship, and in indomitable purpose? Who can help rejoicing in the work of that week, when, favoured by the wind, the English vessels kept up a skirmishing attack on the huge ships of the Armada, dealing staggering blows to them on every side? At length the English admiral, his ammunition being nearly exhausted, resolved to face an engagement. Hard though it was, it was not decisive. The bulk of the Spanish vessels still remained, and even to a brave seaman like Drake seemed "wonderful great and strong." A bold dash by the Spaniards against the English vessels might have so crippled or scattered them that the object of the Armada would have been gained. But the Spaniards had had enough of fighting. They resolved to retreat to Spain by the only course open to them—that of a circuit round the north of Scotland. Drake and others followed in pursuit, but were obliged to give up the chase through failure of supplies. But a mightier foe completed the work of destruction. The fugitive ships were caught on the north of Scotland with such furious storms as to become little better than helpless wrecks. "In October," says one of our historians, "fifty ships reached Corunna, bearing ten thousand men stricken with pestilence and death. Of the rest some were sunk, some dashed to pieces against the Irish cliffs. Eight thousand Spaniards perished between the Giant's Causeway and the Blaskets. On a strand near Sligo, an English captain numbered eleven hundred corpses that had been cast up by the sea." The sense of Divine interposition was so strong in Great Britain that "the pride of the conquerors was hushed before the sense of a mighty deliverance." When the news came, the feelings of our people could be compared only to those of the Israelites surveying the remains of the Egyptian host washed up on the shores of the Red Sea, or to



those of their descendants in a later age, looking on the corpses of the Assyrians.

Passing over, on account of limited space, the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, we note the remarkable circumstances under which, in 1688, William of Orange effected his landing on the shores of England. The wind, that had proved so adverse to the Spaniard, was singularly propitious to the Dutchman. It was a very serious crisis for England. Under James II. liberty and Protestantism seemed as nearly doomed as they would have been had the enterprise of the Armada succeeded. One can hardly realise the intensity of feeling under which the friends of liberty invited William to come to the rescue and William himself agreed to come. In the case of both it was at the risk of life, and all that was dear to them personally, and, what must have been far more serious, at the risk of ruining the public cause to which they were so much attached. But William was prepared to run all risks, and he found his people favourable to the enterprise. When he bade the States-General farewell, the scene was very touching. He thanked them for all their kindnesses to himself personally, and especially he thanked them for the assistance which they had granted him towards his perilous enterprise, which he assured them that he undertook for the defence of the reformed religion and the independence of Europe. If he should never return, if he should fall in this expedition, he commended his beloved wife to their care. There was hardly a dry eye in that grave assembly, and when he went to his yacht public prayers were offered for him in all the churches of the Hague.

Like the Armada, his fleet was doomed to encounter a preliminary storm that drove them back to the shores of Holland. In a few days it was again at sea, and on the 1st of November an east wind bore it rapidly along. On Saturday, the 3rd, it had reached the Straits, and William, in the *Brill*, followed by six hundred sail, passed rapidly along, intending to land at Torbay. Sunday, the 4th, the anniversary both of his birth and his marriage, found him opposite the Isle of Wight. Monday morning was hazy, and the pilot, unable to see the landmark, carried the fleet too far to the west. It seemed a fatal mistake. It was impossible to return in the face of the wind. Plymouth was the next port, but there a strong garrison was placed, and the landing might have been successfully opposed. Besides, the royal fleet was now in pursuit, and every hour was precious. Some of William's friends looked on the venture as lost, and there is no telling what William's own feelings were. "At that



PEDEN AND THE COVENANTERS.

moment," says Macaulay, "the wind changed; a soft breeze sprang up from the south, the mist dispersed, the sun shone forth, and under the mild light of an autumnal noon the fleet turned back, passed round the lofty cape of Berry Head, and rode safe in the harbour of Torbay." The disembarkation had hardly been effected when the wind rose again and swelled into a fierce gale from the west. The royal fleet that followed the Dutch had but caught sight of the Dutch topmasts when the gale struck them and drove them to Portsmouth for shelter.

There is a story that Bishop Burnet, who was an ardent Protestant, hastened to congratulate William, and that he put a question to him regarding his plans. The Calvinist prince cleverly turned the subject of conversation by asking the Arminian doctor what he thought of predestination now? Everything seemed so clearly to betoken a Divine purpose and plan.

Burnet replied that he should never forget the signal manner in which Providence had favoured their undertaking.

In the history of the Waldenses there were not a few memorable instances of what had all the appearance of Divine interposition. Perhaps the most remarkable of these took place when after "the glorious re-entry," the remnant, under their pastor, Henri Arnaud, made their escape from the fortress of Balsille to the mountains beyond. In crossing the Alps in the face of powerful enemies they had encountered incredible dangers and difficulties. The united armies of the King of France and the Duke of Savoy subjected them to fearful harassment. It was of great importance to find a place of safety in which to spend the winter. It was determined that the Balsille rock should be their place of refuge, and in the darkness of night they set out for it, and reached it before day-break. On looking in daylight at the path by which they had travelled their very hair stood on end. But though the place was comparatively safe, they had no provisions, and the ground was covered with snow. To their great relief, they found that the crops of the season had not been reaped, so that their heavenly Father provided for them a table in the wilderness. Every day their Captain-Pastor Arnaud called them to prayer, and on Sundays he preached to them. When spring returned, the French-Italian army, amounting to twenty-two thousand, began to renew their attacks, the Vaudois being but a few hundred. Planting heavy artillery against the fortress, they made a breach in the entrenchments. Next day would complete the demolition of the fort. The French commander was so sure of victory that he published a proclamation in the town of Pignerolo, that next day the entire Waldensian army would be hanged two by two. A large supply of rope had been provided for the purpose, and waggons to convey the prisoners. But man proposes, God disposes.

The Vaudois resolved to make their escape; but how could it be done? Their enemies, in view of such an attempt being contemplated, had kindled watch-fires all along, turning night into day, and were ready to fall upon them should they stir from their fort. But the mercy of God frustrated the devices of the foe. When the case seemed desperate, a thick mist began to fall, the watch-fires were shrouded in its folds, and the brave Vaudois set out along a fearful road on the edge of a precipice. "Groping," says one of their historians, "with bare hands and feet, sometimes crawling on all-fours, they silently follow their experienced leader. At their first outset a slight accident had nearly betrayed them. As they were passing close to one of the enemy's sentinels, a kettle carried by one of the fugitives escaped from his hand and rolled on the ground. 'Qui vive?' cried the

soldier. 'Fortunately,' says Arnaud, 'with a peasantry which we should not have expected from the grave commandant, the kettle, not being one of those which the poets tell us uttered oracles in the forests of Dodona, made no reply, and the sentinel did not repeat the challenge.'" At dawn, they descended the precipitous Guigne-vert in deep snow which revealed their line of flight to their pursuers.

Possibly their last estate would have proved worse than the first, but for a most unexpected event. A rupture took place between the Duke of Savoy and the King of France—their alliance was dissolved. The duke saw that these brave Vaudois would be of great use to him. He made them most friendly offers: their old inheritances were restored, and for a time—but, alas! only for a time—they enjoyed the free exercise of their religion.

This was not the only occasion on which a cloud proved the means of Divine protection to the Vaudois. Once when a handful of them were pursued by their enemies, and it seemed impossible for them to escape, they lifted up their hearts to God, when a thick cloud came between them and their pursuers, so that they were enabled to escape to the rocks unseen. So in like manner it is told of Peden, the Scotch Covenanter, that once, in an extremity of peril, when he and his friends were utterly exhausted, but closely pursued, he besought the Lord to let down "a lap of His cloak upon them," and sure enough the mist came down and covered them from their foes.

Often, too, the wind has proved the means of deliverance. About the end of last century, encouraged by the French and the Americans, a daring pirate of the name of Paul Jones used to sail about the coasts of Scotland, inspiring no little terror, and committing no small ravage wherever he had the chance. On one occasion, at the head of a little fleet, he sent a summons to the wealthy seaport of Leith, demanding a subsidy of £2,000, else he would come and help himself. A favourable east wind bore his vessels swiftly up the Firth, and as he passed Kirkcaldy, he was within a mile of the shore. The people there knew well that when he had plundered Leith it would be their turn next; a multitude was gathered on the beach, watching the turn of events. A venerable Seceder minister, of the name of Shirra, proverbial for his strong faith and lofty spirit, summoned them to pray. Very earnestly he wrestled with the Lord to deliver them. As they were praying the wind changed to the west, and it was at once apparent that the pirate's opportunity was gone. Before another west wind came the threatened seaports had time to defend themselves, and the rebel commodore came no more. For many a long year it was felt deeply that the deliverance had come direct from the hand of God.

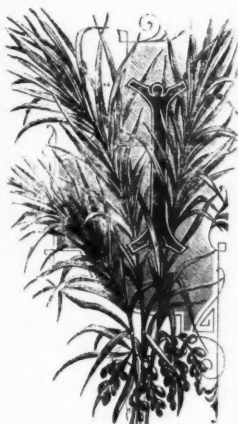


## MISS GAYLE OF LESCOUGH.

BY E. S. CURRY.

## CHAPTER I.

## LESCOUGH ABBEY.



"Are not such  
Used to be tended, flower-like,  
every feature  
As if one's breath would fray  
the lily of a creature?"

"It is a curious thing."

"What, father?"

"That plant in the  
Salt-marsh pastures. I  
met Hardy at the Ses-  
sions to-day. His cattle  
have suffered too. He  
has sent it to experts  
in London, and has had  
them down to Deepfen.  
They can only advise that  
all that reclaimed land  
should be ploughed."  
The speaker sighed. "It  
seems futile either way."

The father and daughter were sitting in the long low drawing-room at Lescough Abbey. Rowan's tea-table was drawn near the fire, and she had just laid down her book on her father's entrance.

The two were as much alike as a man of nearly sixty and a girl of twenty can be. But Rowan's years did not warrant the calm quietude of her attitude and gestures. Living much by herself, and, since her return from her German school two years ago, entirely without the companionship of girls of her own rank, in that out-of-the-world country where were no comparisons and no emulations, she had unconsciously adopted some of the old-world dignity of the dead forbears who looked down on her from the walls of Lescough.

Just above the broad deep sofa on which she now sat there shone out of a large canvas the three-quarter figure of a woman in a soft white dress, the head slightly turned towards the long windows opposite, the grey eyes fixed on the garden scene without. If Romney could have walked into that old-fashioned room on this April afternoon, he would have beheld the great-great-granddaughter of the woman he had painted just a century before, reproducing in life her ancestress's every trick of feature and attitude.

It was partly for this reason that people in Lescough did not think Rowan pretty. There was something old-world, aloof, and old-fashioned about her which did not altogether please them. No one likes to have their ordinariness made manifest; and other people somehow looked very ordinary when Rowan was near.

Just now her face was perturbed.

"That land troubles you a good deal, father. Couldn't you sell it?"

"Sell it?—that?—never!" Mr. Gayle's eyes flashed sombrely. "Why, Rowan, that land was contested

almost inch by inch—not only with the sea, but with the Hardys. Your grandfather would turn in his grave if he heard you! And, besides, Hardy would buy it; that wedge would be useless to anyone else."

"And why not?" the girl said softly, smiling. "Could you wish him a worse bargain? And there will be no one to mind, father, after you go—no one but me," she added gently.

Mr. Gayle turned from his position in front of the fire, and looked down at his daughter's upraised face.

The western sun shining in through the big bay which formed the further end of the long room gleamed over her hair, touching the little outstanding tendrils with glints of gold. The cooler light entering through the long narrow windows which pierced the wall opposite the fireplace revealed a rather pale face, in which the great grey-blue eyes, shadowed by almost black lashes, looked out, so far, rather uninterestedly on life. They were beautiful eyes, revealing possibilities in a nature which hitherto neither passion nor suffering had touched.

What Mr. Gayle thought as he looked down at her was perhaps faintly expressed in what he suddenly said.

"I must take you to town, Rowan, in a few weeks. Your aunt says you are wasted down here."

A delicate flush stole into the girl's cheeks.

The hint of marriage, which had been more than once suggested, was displeasing to her, and she had followed her father's thought sufficiently to read that she was to be taken to London to be seen, and perhaps married.

The thought was an unwelcome one. She had beautiful old world dreams of what love and marriage should be, utterly out of harmony with what appear to be the beliefs and hopes of her class in these days. Sacrifices and self-denials for love's sake were what she dreamt of—not a convenient marriage.

"Your aunt," went on Mr. Gayle, misunderstanding the delicate flush, and deeming it a sign of pleasure, "is very anxious that you should be presented. Eh? How would you like it?"

"I should think it out of place and unnecessary for me. I have to live my life down here, father," she answered, considering in her deliberate way. "I do not think I care for such dissipations much."

"Turn your head and look at the other Rowan," said her father. "See! she is smiling at your degeneracy."

Rowan turned and lifted her eyes to the portrait above her.

A gleam of the declining sun had found its way along the room, and was now shining on the pictured face. The pretty piquant mouth, with its slightly parted lips, seemed to be quivering with suppressed amusement, and into the blue eyes had crept a gleam of lifelike mischief.

The expression was so vivid and startling that involuntarily Rowan's eyes turned towards the windows opening on to the garden, expecting to see she knew not what, to cause that amused arrested look. And just then—just when the sunset gleam was on the picture, and the light of expectancy on the living face below it—the door opened, there was the announcement of a name at the other end of the room, and slowly towards the fireside group advanced the figure of a man.

Both father and daughter had been so much occupied with their conversation that the quiet opening of the door and the servant's announcement had not been heard. Now, however, at her father's slight exclamation, Rowan turned, with the interested expectant look still lighting up her face, to meet the arrested glance of the most brilliant eyes which had ever before looked into hers.

At the same moment Mr. Gayle advanced to meet the visitor, to whom he gave a greeting of an almost exaggerated courtesy, even from one so old-fashioned as himself; and no surprise manifested itself in Rowan's face when her father ceremoniously introduced to her—

"Mr. Hardy."

She had instantly guessed that this must be the man about whom she had heard so much lately from the elaboration of her father's welcome. It is not on one's friends and intimates now-a-days that one expends the flowers of courtesy. They are kept for the folk we dislike or fear, or whom we consider beneath us.

The man, whose vivid eyes were meanwhile quietly searching the room and his companions' faces, seeing everything while apparently looking at nothing, was a remarkable-looking one. He was very tall—some six foot two in height—and, though still young, broad nearly in proportion. His thick dark beard and moustache shading here and there to copper and gold, were dressed Tudor fashion, in a deep point, his hair cut closely and squarely after the mode of some of Elizabeth's *élégants*. This and his vivid eyes added to the foreign air which he undoubtedly possessed, and which was perhaps accentuated by his carriage and movements, which were perfect. Although so big, he was absolutely graceful, his size only giving him an appearance of perfect health and strength. He was dressed for riding, in a red-brown tweed which harmonised accurately with his colouring.

He had asked for Mr. Gayle; indeed, he had never given a thought to Mr. Gayle's belongings. And he was as surprised as he was pleased, when he realised that the picture on the wall which had dazzled his quick glance as he advanced to the fireplace, with the reddening sun shining full into his eyes, was reproduced by the delicate pale face of the living picture below it on the sofa.

"I called for my letters on my way out," he explained, straightening himself from his bow to Rowan, turning to Mr. Gayle and handing him a letter; "and I thought you might like to see what the learned in London say about the plant."

"Thank you; I am much obliged to you."

Mr. Gayle answered a little uneasily. He felt oppressed by this big presence of his enemy in his own

drawing-room. He forgot even to ask him to sit down.

"This seems to settle it," he went on, after reading the letter, looking over his spectacles at the young man, who was just taking a cup of tea from Rowan's hand. "If this creeping ranunculus, or whatever it is, spreads—and I see they say it is most rapidly growing—it will do away with any chance of pasture-land there or near, eh?"

"Oh, I gave that up last year," said Mr. Hardy; and Rowan, listening, detected a certain triumph in his voice. "I ploughed it all up, all those Lessdyke pastures, where I lost some bullocks before I discovered the weed. And the corn is springing, and looks well. They ought to be fine yields."

"Corn!"—in an accent of profound disapprobation—"corn! in that wet land?"

"It need not be wet. It is not wet now;" and again the note of triumph sounded to Rowan's finely attuned ear, though her father did not detect it.

"Drained—already?" he asked.

"And a pump or two at work when necessary."

Mr. Gayle's expression changed, and a satirical smile crossed his handsome old face as he turned to his daughter.

"This gentleman, my dear, is the amateur engineer you may have heard us talking about lately, and—pardon me—disbelieving in"—with a courteous gesture to Mr. Hardy—"who wishes to plant the Salt-marsh with pumps!"

Rowan glanced up at Mr. Hardy sympathetically. She knew her father's moods, and was aware that on occasion his tongue could lash.

"Well, father, why not? You cut it up with drains."

"The drains are not of much use in getting rid of the water there," said Mr. Hardy quietly, "though they may collect it."

"And what would you do more?" the old man asked, rather hotly. "What can you or anyone do with land below the sea-level, and under water every time the tide's a bit high? Even if you plant your pumps, where's the water to go to?"

"Back into the sea. Heighten and widen the dykes, as I've been urging on the Commissioners till I'm tired, and the pump will do the rest."

The exclamation that followed sounded very much like "Bosh!" before Mr. Gayle remembered that it was his enemy who was a guest in his house, eating his tea-cakes. He pulled himself up with an effort, and said, smiling—

"You young people are ready to re-make the world, and have no respect for your fathers. I believe the curse of those who add land to land is on all who meddle with that Salt-marsh. You are admiring our cedars?" he added, observing the direction of Mr. Hardy's eyes as he gazed through one of the windows garden-wards, and wishing to turn the conversation. "Of course, you have never seen them? We will show you the gardens.—Rowan, get your hat."

"I was admiring this room, too—the proportions are so fine," the young man said, as Rowan obediently rose, and he returned from opening the door for her. "I did not expect to find so fine a room down here. And



the low ceiling is such an added charm! How homely and cosy you have made it."

He looked around admiringly.

"That is my daughter's doing. She would have it restored to its old appearance—to what she thought was its old appearance, at least. You young ones are trained in art matters now-a-days."

And he smiled affectionately at Rowan as she entered the room and crossed to an open window.

They stepped out upon a raised terrace which ran the length of the house. It had a pierced balustrade about a foot in height, with, at intervals, the usual vases, brilliant now with sweet spring flowers. The dining-room, as well as the drawing-room and other windows, looked out upon this terrace, which, at the west end, curved round the bay of the drawing-room. The walls and red-brick gables were clothed with ivy, wistaria, and magnolia, and the gardens were worthy of the house.

Below the terrace, fronting the long and rather narrow windows of the living-rooms, were lawns of the softest, smoothest, most velvet green, respecting which might have been said what was said to an American inquirer by a Cambridge college gardener:—

"Lay them down, and roll and mow and water for three hundred years. Then you'll match these lawns."

And that was what had been done here. And with what a result! Walking on them was a delight, a liberal education in the value of things o'd.

The lawns were bounded by a narrow moat-like lake, and beyond that, again, groves of elm-trees, where the rooks were busy in the evening light.

But the chief feature of the gardens lay in the long green alleys stretching away to the right, between hedges of cedar and cypress of an immense thickness and height. These had been originally cut at the top into quaint forms of bird and beast; but Rowan's taste had led her to implore a careful neglect in this respect; and the forms were now all vague, and harmonious, and massive. The green alleys between, both straight and winding, led to a sheltered rose-garden, which was now sweet with violets; and the whole garden was enclosed in a coped and buttressed red-brick wall of great thickness and height.

It was a lovely home to discerning eyes—one too which quite observed Bacon's maxim of what a home should be, "built to Live in and not to Looke on": a picture of another time, when the world went slowly, and men had leisure to live and admire.

As Mr. Hardy paced by Mr. Gayle's side, putting quick appreciative questions or listening to his host's remarks, his eyes sometimes sought the quiet face of the girl who walked on her father's other side. It had for him an unspeakable charm. The clear-cut delicate features were presented to him cameo-wise against the sombre cypress background.

Once, in answer to his remark, she leant forward and looked at him across her father, with the setting sun lighting up her bronze hair, and the grey eyes luminous with the thought he had presented to her, and then suddenly there came to him an inspiration.

His dark eyes unconsciously arrested and held hers for the brief space of his sudden thought—it might have been a moment, it might have been an hour, for all he knew—and the red flush which surged across his face as he caught his breath seemed to him to be faintly reflected on hers. The wishes that thronged tumultuously kept him silent and unalert till they reached a gate in the wall leading to the stable-yard. Then he recovered himself.

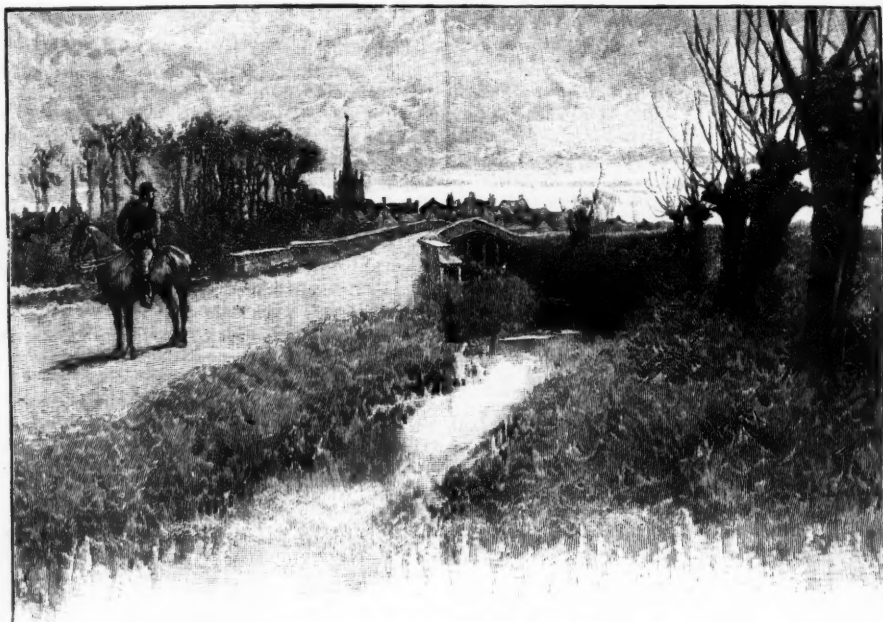
"I am very much obliged to you," he said; "this is lovely. I had no idea—I shall never forget this picture." The brilliant eyes included Rowan in the glance which feasted on the spring-time beauty. "I shall find my horse this way, I think."

And his hand was on the gate, busy with the latch.

"Oh, we will see you off," Mr. Gayle said hospitably: "our walk often ends at the stables."



"This seems to settle it."—p. 325.



"He turned now to glance back."—p. 331.

They passed into a large courtyard flagged with cobble-stones, with a bowling-green in the centre, and surrounded by more buttressed age-toned walls clothed with greenery. A groom was leading a big bay horse up and down, at sight of which Rowan gave an exclamation of pleasure.

Mr. Hardy glanced at her quickly.

"You are fond of horses? I have some young thorough-breds"—he turned to Mr. Gayle. "Will you ride over some afternoon, and let me show you some two-year-olds? I think they will be fit for an emperor. And my old nurse will give Miss Gayle some tea."

An indescribable expression crossed Mr. Gayle's face. His daughter, noticing his frown and indecision, feared that a rough negative was hurrying from his lips; but the answer came at last, stammeringly, hesitatingly, as though the speaker were held back from saying what he really wished to say.

"Thank you—I will think of it. I have not been"—and he stopped, as if by some over-mastering thought, turning a questioning gaze full of meaning into the dark eyes looking somewhat wonderingly into his.

What could this emotion mean? Mr. Hardy thought.

And then to his mind vague recollections presented themselves, accounting perhaps for Mr. Gayle's hesitation.

He said hastily—

"I have been so much away until lately that I had forgotten. Think no more of it, if you would rather not. Perhaps I ought not to have come here."

He took off his hat, and was in the saddle before Mr. Gayle's unready tongue could do more than call after his receding figure—

"No, no—glad—come again."

As the clatter of his horse's hoofs died away, Rowan turned her thoughtful eyes to her father.

"What did he mean, father?" she asked, as they turned to walk together across the cobble-stones back to the gate in the wall, through which the setting sun was shining redly.

But her father was buried in thought—not of too pleasant a nature, to judge by his face—and he did not answer her question.

## CHAPTER II.

### AN OLD STORY.

"My soft skies shine above,  
And on all seas the colours of a dove,  
And on all fields a flash of silver greys."

It was an old and forgotten story—half a century old now—that of which the details came gradually into Amyot Hardy's mind as he rode homewards. He only knew them vaguely, as romantic recollections of his boyhood; and the pictures of people of that time, and faint reminiscences of conversations probably not meant for him to hear or understand, returned to him now across the fifteen years of his absence.

Foremost among the old memories was the figure of his grandfather, another Amyot Hardy, dark and big and foreign-looking, like himself, about whose wildness and prowess—chiefly in smuggling—in the days of his youth stories without end had been eagerly listened

to by Amyot. The little grandson—paying his long summer visits with, and sometimes without, his pretty young mother, to his father's birthplace—had admired and wondered at the fierce old man about whom such romances could be told. Thinking over them now, Amyot settled that they must have been fables, with perhaps a spice of truth in them to beget them.

A son—older than his own young father, who had been killed fighting in India—had succeeded to the estate, and his isolated life had been spent in such a way as to hand on the evil report of the family for yet another generation. It was easy for fables to arise and for stories to linger in that thinly populated district, whose flats and marshes, reclaimed from the sea, tempted no new settlements, and made unusual deeds traditional among its inhabitants.

Amyot knew that the origin of his own family there was enveloped in a mystery which could never be solved. Stories of a masterful and fierce bandit-like man of immense size and strength, possessed of fabulous wealth, who had landed from a ship with servants and luggage, and had gradually bought or annexed all the seaboard land he could lay his hands on, had filled his young mind with delight. Who was he? None knew. Amyot le Hardi: that was the name that first figured in any deeds of which he had ever heard. Many suggestions as to his birth had been made. The one most believed was that he was a French robber of high, if not the highest, birth, exiled for evil deeds. Certainly his evil deeds followed him to his new home, if all the tales were true, and his posterity kept up his character.

Amyot, musing as he rode homewards, was for some unrecognised reason suddenly profoundly dissatisfied with the ancestry from which he sprang: until he recollected his mother—dead ten years ago. Ah! yes: she certainly was the equal of a Gayle, and yet had married a Hardy, which was the strange way that the thought of her presented itself just then to him. His disquietude passed. He raised his head, urged on his horse, and let his eyes wander over the smiling landscape, with renewed admiration of its possibilities both to the farmer and the engineer. He was riding along a firm white road edged with soft grass, bounded on either side by a wide ditch, or, in the language of the country, "drain," into which the drainage of this flat and lonely land was gathered. Meadows, intersected by hedges now and then, and lines of pollard willows along the banks of these sleepily flowing water-courses, extended far and wide on either side, before him and behind. It was a land of green, the fresh, beautiful, young green of spring, with the redness of the dying sun gleaming over it and warming it like a blush.

Amyot was riding nearly eastward towards the coast, so that the sun was behind him. He turned now to glance back.

In the near distance shone the red roofs of the little market-town he had left, enclosed in the elm-trees which as yet only showed the tenderest colour. Slender, graceful steeples rose here and there into the sky, with wide distances between, and stood out dark against the sunset. No one who has not seen

either a sunset at sea—which is the nearest approach to its beauty—or in these wide desolate fens, can appreciate what a sunset can show. Nowhere else does the wide dome of sky stretch itself into such infinite distances as it does there. Nowhere else do the clouds gather into such majestic masses, or the cloudless blue appear so wide and far.

Amyot, with a sigh of sympathy—feeling the desolation of the wide landscape through every fibre and thrill of nerve—turned again and faced eastwards, —leaving the glory and the companionship behind him—to the grey and dim distances, where a small dark shadow breaking the horizon-line showed to his practised eye the grove of tall elm-trees which guarded his home.

And then, as he rode on, a dim recollection came of that other story, the thought of which had prompted his last words to Mr. Gayle; and almost like a presence before him rose up the tall, slight figure of a woman—grey-haired, with mournful, introspective eyes, as he had once seen her standing at her door by the sea. He could see her now, and he could remember what had been told him of her, though he could not recall who had been the speaker. She had been Miss Gayle of Lescough, and she had run away and married a wild outcast Hardy, whom the fierce old man, Amyot remembered, had disowned and disinherited. And darker things were said of her. She had found the bonds she had entered too unendurable, and the outcast husband had died. There had been a time of suspense, and suspicion, and disgrace, but nothing was proved; and she had settled down in that cottage on the sea-bank, at whose door one day Amyot had seen her standing alone. As memory came back, Amyot caught his breath. That sad woman was Mr. Gayle's sister, and must therefore be Miss Gayle's aunt. That reckless Hardy was his own uncle, his father's elder brother.

Where had his thoughts gone to, when he recalled them from musing that what had been once, might be again? But this miserable marriage had only strengthened the feud between the families. Amyot's passing visit to-day had been a sudden and unwitting break in the inimical relations of years.

Memories came back as he slowly rode along the quiet lanes. He understood, now, numerous little episodes and allusions which had gone unnoticed hitherto, in his absence of interest in the Gayle household. He never remembered seeing a Gayle at Deepfen, and, so far as he knew, his visit to-day at the Abbey was his first. The indifference and lack of hospitality with which he himself had been received in the district, when he had appeared a year and a half ago to take possession of an inheritance he had never expected, had never struck him so much as now. He had put down lack of callers to lack of people, and to the unsavoury life of his predecessor. But he had been too busy hitherto, to care for society of any kind. His engineering education, part of it pursued abroad, added energy and zest to the peculiar situation and circumstances in which he now found himself. Study, scientific farming, and a hand-to-hand fight with the sea which he anticipated

with delight, filled his time and thoughts. And London, which was within two hours by rail, had given him all the outside interests he needed.

But to-day life had changed. The eyes and delicate face of a girl had come between him and his dearest pursuits. A picture shut out his landscape.

He rode along through a hamlet or two, where the women stood at their doors gossiping and knitting, and the children stopped in their play to gaze as he went by. And soon, after passing through a larger village, with an old church standing in its midst, he turned off the firm high road into a lane, where the tread of his horse's footsteps was muffled in the soft silt of which it was composed.

Still he rode on—past outlying cottages, where the doors began to be shut, and the lights to twinkle, and the mothers to call the children in to bed; until, after curving round a largish sheet of water, he was stopped by a white gate leading into a field.

It was just a field, large and wide and long, like everything in the landscape, but the white gate opened on to a gravelled road which intersected it, and was bounded on one side by a low wire railing painted white, and on the other by a hedge of rose-briar and blackthorn. White sheep, taking their evening meal, were dotted over the meadow; the occasional low "baa" of a mother was heard, calling to an errant child, with the answering "baa" and frisking return of the little one; the rooks were cawing wildly in the elm-trees on the left, and a light or two were beginning to shine dimly from the lonely house which Amyot called home.

It was a largish house, originally a mere farmhouse, but added to and partly modernised by its successive masters; it stood in the midst of its own pastures, with no road near. Another white-painted gate shut out the approach to the house.

As Amyot passed through it, and his horse's steps crunched the loose beach gravel of the drive, there was a loud barking of many dogs near at hand, and echoing barks from more distant kennels. A bell rang out, and a groom ran round the house simultaneously with the opening of the hall door, through which shone a welcoming rosy light.

The sweet strong scent of hyacinths greeted his nostrils as he mounted the white steps, which now in the gathering dusk gave their immaculate evidence of care and much scrubbing. Amyot turned with a grateful sense of welcome to the flower-beds under the windows on either side, where the hyacinths were blooming. In an instant he was carried back to the terrace at the Abbey, and the sunshine was gleaming on a girl who stood beside him.

His whole being thrilled. Would she ever stand beside him here? His imagination ran riot; he felt her soft hand upon his arm, her breath upon his cheek, saw the luminous eyes lifted shyly.

His eyes gazed over the wide landscape across which he had ridden with an indescribable yearning and sudden sense of loneliness. Almost he thought he could see the glimmer of the Lescough lights—the shadow in the horizon line which would mark the Lescough elms and spires: six miles away, as the crow would fly. Was ever man so foolish? He almost

laughed aloud at himself. But at any rate these same stars glimmering through the blue, one by one, would be looking down on her too—no space could distance them. And—what was more than distance—no caste, no evil ancestry, no misdeeds and sins could come between their soft radiance and Rowan Gayle.

"Rowan Gayle." He said the words with catching breath: the sound was in his ears like a soft wind in June.

Then he turned and entered his home.

"Ask Nurse to bring my coffee, Peter," Mr. Hardy said, an hour later, to the man who had been ministering to him through dinner. "I will have it in the study. She had better bring her knitting. I feel lonely," and he smiled into the man's face.

Perhaps it was the smile, perhaps it was a certain wistful look now and then in the brilliant eyes, which appealed to his servants' hearts, and bound them to him. Peter, leaving his tray of gleaming glass and silver, hastened up-stairs to a pleasant fire-lighted room, where the woman who now ruled at Deepfen was busy.

"The Master wants you in the study, Nurse—you and your knitting. I'll bring the coffee to the door for you." Then Peter went on anxiously: "I think he seems a bit put out about something—thoughtful-like, you know. He's been thinkin' hard instead of readin' all through dinner, and never said a word that the things was good: but they was, never you fear," as an interested questioning look crossed the woman's face: "everything done to a turn and hot; only somehow"—and he hesitated—"do ye think as he'll go the way o' the others? Is the curse on him?"

"Curse, Peter? you're a fool!" was the quiet reply; but the old woman's eyes sent forth an angry flash. "You go and wash up your dinner-things, and leave curses to your betters!" Nurse said it simply: indeed, to her, familiar from her babyhood with the ways and words of the Hardys, curses were but the natural accompaniments to betters. Certainly none of her own class could have used them with more force and frequency; the old house, if it could have spoken, would have rung with them.

Nurse smoothed her white hair, and tied a clean cap over it, and, with her knitting in her hand, descended to the study. Outside stood the reprov'd Peter, carrying a little silver tray with the coffee; Nurse took it in, and setting it down on a small table by Amyot's elbow, on which were arranged a reading-lamp and a pile of newspapers and magazines, crossed over to the opposite side of the fireplace, and quietly sat down. She was often summoned in this way: generally when Amyot was too tired with a day out of doors to read or work, or when he wanted information, being singularly ignorant of his family history, or when, as her quick instinct gathered to-night, he was perplexed or troubled.

At first, although he had sent for her, he took no notice of her; then, as gradually her soothing presence fitted in to his thoughts, he lifted his eyes and let them rest on the quiet upright figure sitting there in a certain assurance of being wanted and welcome. With her soft white hair nearly covered by her close



net cap, and her swiftly moving fingers, she made of the cosy study a home and place of rest.

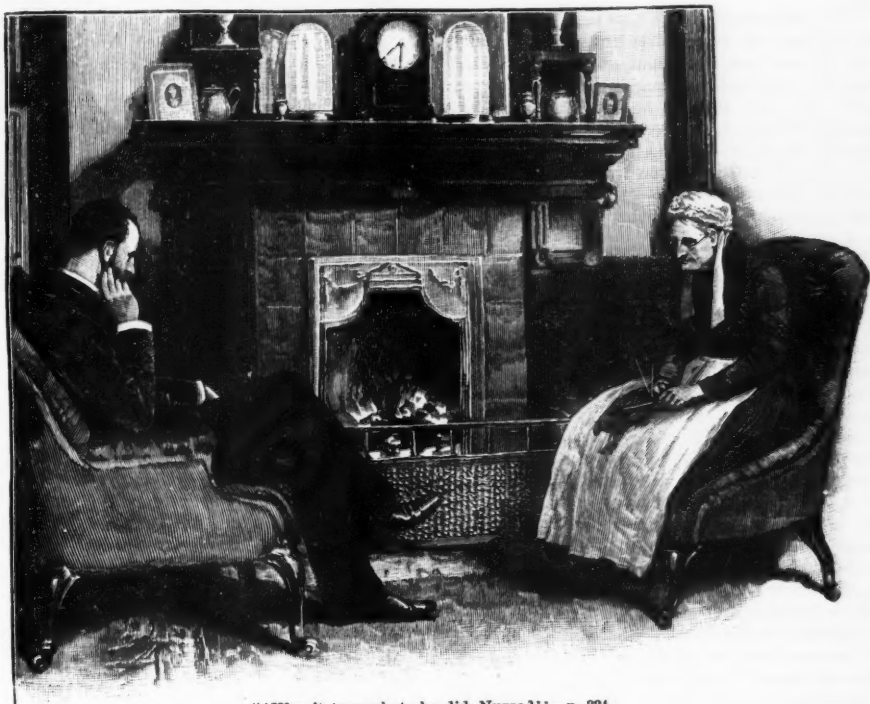
"How quickly you knit, Nurse," Amyot said at last, smiling, as, after one or two furtively observant glances on Nurse's part, their eyes met. "Are those stockings for me?"

"Yes, sir." The answering smile came a little wistfully as she met his glance. "I must set you up

asked. "It seems to me there are very few about here."

"About here, yes!" was the answer, in a contemptuous tone. "But the Hardys don't need to wed from here. Your father found a bride, Mr. Amyot, from the South; she was a pretty creature."

"But my father was a soldier, and ladies do not care to come and live on out-of-the-way farms?"



"Was it true what she did, Nurse?"—p. 334.

against the time when I hope you'll bring a lady here. We want one sadly."

The dark eyes turned to the fire, and a frown gathered on Amyot's face.

"Do you think this a place to bring a lady to, Nurse? Wouldn't she pine away with loneliness?" he asked presently.

"No, sir," she answered sturdily. "She needn't be lonely: the house is big enough; and her little children"—the old woman's voice grew soft and pleading—"would soon be company for her when you was out."

A dark flush leapt into Amyot's face at the picture conjured up; he stirred uneasily as his imagination followed Nurse's words. What would it be like to see a slender figure flitting up and down the wide stairs? to hear children's voices through the silences around? He grew restive as he thought of his own loneliness: it oppressed him.

"And what lady am I to bring, Nurse?" he

"Your mother loved being here, sir," Nurse answered quickly: "she often said so; and she used to ride about, and I never heard her say she felt lonely. Your grandfather thought a lot of her; it was for her that the young horses were trained and the new carriages bought. She made the place respectable again, as it used to be, and as it will be again, I hope, sir."

"How old are you, Nurse?" Amyot asked suddenly.

"Nearly eighty-three, sir, and I have lived in this house since I were sixteen, except for the three years when I married my husband; he were coachman here, and went to a grand place in London, but it wasn't grand for me; and then, when he died, I came back. I had learnt a lot, and seen a lot of wickedness; and first I was old Madam's maid—she used always to be called Madam—and after she died I was nurse and housekeeper; and a time I had to keep things straight!"

"And you know all the family histories? Tell me some of the stories, Nurse."

The old woman looked at him, her eyes travelling up the big, half-recumbent figure to the dark eyes seeking hers.

"Nay, I wouldn't bother myself about the stories, sir: let 'em be bygones; no good in taking up old faults."

"But I want to hear. I want to know about my father and his brothers."

A thoughtful look came across the old woman's face.

"Your father went from school to a tutor and into the army, and was scarcely ever here from a boy; only when he came back from India—I think he was stationed at York, and had married—he brought your mother here, and she was like sunshine. She got round the old master, and she heartened up everybody; the maids would fly round to please her, and she took no heed to the talk; she even tried to befriend that poor daft body at Lessdyke"—Nurse stopped suddenly as she came to an intricate point in the stocking she was knitting.

Amyot's eyes followed her every movement closely, but a look of keen interest crossed his face at Nurse's last words.

"And then your father went out to India again, and was killed, and after that she came often, bringing you with her; but when the old master died and Mr. Albert came home, she did not come; and then she, too, died. And Mr. Albert's wife had gone—it was a dreadful time—but I kept the household straight, in spite of his wickedness"—the old woman's voice was triumphant. "We kept up all the old ways, and many's the man and maid I've sent on to fine places from here. Why, I sent one footman to the Prince of Wales himself, and he was always wanting me to go to London and see how grand he was, and how he'd got on. Poor fellow, he'd got no mother!"

Nurse had rambled on, pretending not to be alive to the interest that had awaked in her hearer's face when she had mentioned the "body" at Lessdyke; but now, when she stopped, Amyot asked—

"And the lady at Lessdyke, Nurse? I remember her quite well; but, oddly enough, I never thought about her all these years until to-day. What about her?"

"And what, may I be so bold as to ask, sir, made you think about her to-day?" Nurse questioned back, stopping her rapid knitting to look keenly at him.

"I can't tell; suddenly she came into my head when I was talking to Mr. Gayle. I asked him to come over here."

Nurse's hands fell on to her knee; her face was full of interest.

"You did, sir? And what did he say? The Gayles are a proud family."

Amyot did not follow her thought.

"But are we not as good as they?" he asked, surprised.

"As good? As old, and perhaps older: no one knows." Her voice was triumphant. "And I can remember when the Hardys were a much grander family. But there was always a quarrel; they said it was about the land at Salt-marsh, and the disgrace made it worse; the families never spoke nor met."

Amyot smiled.

"Well, Nurse, I went there to-day. I did not know things were as bad as that between us; I daresay I should have gone, anyhow; it all seems to me old rubbish. But Mr. Gayle seemed troubled when I asked him to come here—and then I remembered that story: she is his sister, isn't she?"

"Yes. I haven't heard that she's dead, sir?" Nurse spoke questioningly.

"I know nothing about her; but it seems rather cruel to have left her in that lonely place, and for no one to go near her. Was it true what she did, Nurse?"

"People said so," responded Nurse cautiously. "Anyhow, she was a beautiful young creature, and he—he was worse than a brute!"

"But she would have done better to have gone away. If he were so cruel, no one could have blamed her for that."

"She was proud. She wouldn't own that she'd done wrong or made a mistake. It was an awful time. And I always thought she didn't know what she was doing. I went to see her for Madam once, when she'd heard the way things were going, and that he'd beaten her to get hold of some money she were holding back. Poor thing! Poor thing! What she had to bear! And it was all true. I saw her beautiful arms myself black and blue from his grippings—and the wrist broken. It was cruel!"

Nurse's voice sank away.

Amyot sprang up, the passion of his race suddenly leaping through his blood overmasteringly.

"Stop, Nurse! don't tell me any more. I was a fool indeed to-day!"

He walked to the window hurriedly, pulled back the curtain, and looked out. The wide skies and level earth had always so great a charm for him, that he had ordered that the shutters were never to be closed. Now, like a cooling hand laid upon a fevered head, the soft radiance of the spring night, revealing the wide expanses of sky and land, soothed his heated blood.

But oh, what a story! A woman—a lady—to be so treated by one of his kin!

With a hasty "Good-night, Nurse—I shan't want anything more. I will shut up here," he opened the French window, and went out into the night.

A woman—a gentle, delicate, softly nurtured woman—to be treated thus! Amyot grew sick with physical sickness as Nurse's graphic story went on ringing through his brain. He went back into the past, and beat his memory for recollection of her. But Rowan's quiet face replaced the one memory tried to conjure up, and the mournful eyes which looked into his were luminous and grey. Why did Rowan's face so persistently haunt him? he wondered.

It was a perfect spring night. The full moon, riding high in the heavens, lighted up as in a cold daylight, devoid of the warmth of sun, the features of the landscape—if, indeed, such a landscape can be described as having features. Amyot, leaving the drive in front of the house, crossed the stable-yard into the home field beyond; and without any special intention in his mind, started off at a swinging pace along the firm cart-road which led to his farm buildings, about three miles away.

Over level pastures and arable land, where the corn

was already springing, by large potato and mustard fields, the firm white road lay naked and open in its uncurving length. The wide "drain" beside his path reflected the intense sapphire of the sky; here and there a fringe of willow withes or a tuft of rushes made a black shadow in the still waters. Everything was intensely still. There was no sound but the tread of his own feet, and now and then the faint sighing of the wind blowing in little cold gusts from the sea.

Presently a wide bank—the dyke raised by the Romans to resist the sea's encroachments—crossed his path. The road ascended it, and a path at the top, with palings placed for some yards along its summit to prevent the cattle straying, checked his rapid progress. He paused, with his arms along the top bar of the gate, and looked ahead.

Straight onward lay the road, with its border of shining water. Far ahead, some two miles away, a little to the left, lay a patch of shadow, marking his farm buildings and the trees which sheltered them. His land, level after level, stretched to the coast—now some six miles away, though the dyke on whose elevation he was standing had once marked the sea's limit. He was looking over highly cultivated and fertile land, where centuries before the sea had flowed.

As he looked, a sudden thought came into his mind.

Changing his course, he turned to the right, and started off again along the summit of the dyke. His blood was still hot, but the rapid bodily exercise was restoring his mental equilibrium. He was thinking coherently, instead of in a confused struggle with an oppressive fact. The picture which Nurse's few words had presented to him was burnt in indeed upon his brain; but surrounding it now were all kinds of misty issues—vague shadows thronging one over the other, clouding and suppressing its cruel outlines.

But through all, the one question clamoured. This woman, who had been so cruelly used by one so near to him in blood, his father's brother, was of the blood that flowed in Rowan's veins—was near, as near to her. Were they two, he and she, henceforth to walk apart—separated by a cruelty, and possibly a crime?

He had no very clear intention in his mind as he strode along, but some impulse urged him to go on, and look with his bodily eyes on the scene which surrounded the woman whose image was so present to his mental vision. As he walked on and on—sometimes descending a little, to avoid the inequalities and irregularities of the wonderfully built bank—sometimes leaping over the intersecting gullies which had been cut in more modern days to let out the inland waters—his emotion gradually cooled down, and he began to wonder at himself for having been so moved by an old-world history. He made some calculations of dates and ages, and concluded that if she were still alive, the unhappy woman must be nearing seventy years of age.

"But she may be dead," he thought, "otherwise I should have heard something of her—so much as I have been about there lately."

As he neared the sea, the air grew colder and stronger, and even the rapid pace at which he was travelling scarcely availed to keep warmth in his body. He was without an overcoat, in a smoking-jacket and

the evening clothes to which he had changed before dinner. How lonely it was! In what lifeless solitude the great fen lay round him, its surface only broken by an aspen or a willow here and there, standing like silent sentinels in the cold moonlight.

At last a glimmering line lay before him, the silver line which marked the estuary of the Less, and he leapt down from the bank on to a firm white high-road, and paused to think about his next proceedings.

### CHAPTER III.

#### LESSDYKE—A MEETING.

"The miserable have no medicine,  
But only Hope."

AT Lessdyke, a bridge as old as the Roman occupation connected the two banks of the Less, and the road thenceforward curved more inland, bringing the scattered farms of the district into communication with their fellows. Eastward of Lessdyke, the river gradually widened into an estuary of the Wash, an estuary which every fifty years or so had been perceptibly diminishing in area. As the sea receded, the land had been drained and included in their cultivated fields by the two chief land-owners of the district. The Hardys, with the family boldness which their name betokened, had not been behindhand in annexation, and had continued the construction of the big dyke which the Romans had initiated. This was necessary if the reclaimed land was to be cultivated, as an unusually high tide coinciding with a strong east wind would flood the country, and perhaps make the labour of the year a swamp and a desolation.

The dykes were wonderfully constructed of piles and stones and fagots, with a surface of silt and sand planted with bent-grass, which, when firmly established, bound the whole closely together, and under ordinary circumstances defied wind and sea. But it was needful to watch them carefully and to repair immediately, as the smallest leakage might endanger the whole. The bed of the river for many miles down, as far as the tide ascended, was dredged and deepened, and its banks strengthened after the same fashion. This was done under the direction of an old-established Drainage Commission, with which body Amyot Hardy was beginning to come into collision. Mr. Gayle was its chairman, and he—after the first prejudices attaching to Amyot's name had been got over—was much attracted by the clever schemes and energy of his neighbour.

It had been hitherto the custom for the reclaimed land to be added to the already large pastures which distinguish this district, still bearing the name of the Marsh from its condition in old days, though that appellation is now a misnomer. For the last year or two, however, before Amyot's succession, the mysterious and unaccountable death of cattle in those distant outlying fields, had led to their being disused and neglected. Amyot, after a year of scientific observation and trial, had strengthened his dykes, enlarged his drains, and had converted his pastures into arable land. He was now anxiously observing the result of his audacity, against which many things had been prophesied by local wisdom.

"Do you think that what has been must always be?" Amyot had questioned, at the conclusion of a stormy meeting, when, amongst other business, he had pointed out, and proved, serious mistaken deductions on the part of the Commissioners' engineer. "When I was in Holland, I went thoroughly into this matter. You will find I am right. I don't say that corn is my ideal crop for those lands. It isn't. They would work most profitably in *petite culture*. But in existing circumstances I shall make it answer—as it is out of the question now for pasture. And I will prove to you," he finished sternly, his dark eyes glancing round, "that what has been shall no longer be."

Many of the obtuse bucolic intellects listening to him heard a threat in his words which they considered almost blasphemous. Others of the more enlightened took them with a far different meaning. Amongst these was Mr. Gayle, who that day, for the first time, sought out Amyot afterwards, and talked friendly with him, as in some measure a fellow-sufferer and a neighbour and equal. No one had dared to speak to Amyot about the relations which had till then existed between the families, though he had been quick-sighted enough to feel the embarrassed nature of the overtures which had been made to him by the farmers dwelling round. He knew enough, however, of the later history of his uncle's life not to be surprised or resentful at this. He realised that he had to lift his name out of a slough: a not particularly pleasant inheritance for a proud, quick-tempered man.

On this night, when emotion had raised him above physical discomfort, and the heat of his mind had triumphed over the cold of his body, as Amyot neared Lessdyke, the thoughts that had possessed him, insensibly merged into reflections on the other interests connected with his immediate surroundings. He loved this outlying part of his land—this prodigal snatched from destruction, and yet returning kindness with ingratitude and harm—as he loved no other fields on his estate. As he hurried rapidly along the firm road, his foreshortened shadow rushing in a stunted and distorted fashion ahead, his eyes glanced interestedly over the dark ploughed land between himself and the sea. In the moonlight, bright though it was, no tender green betokened the springing crops. What though the green had vanished in this sunless light? He knew that it was there, and his mind's eye saw the marshalled lines of narrow blades balancing gently in the breeze. Far to the right this dark ploughed land extended; and bounding it, and now also his vision seawards, as he neared it, was the broad dyke he had helped to construct. In a few minutes he stood upon the bridge, and looked over the water.

How beautiful it was! Far away it was gleaming in silver brightness; here, between the river-banks, it was rippling along in tiny dark waves. The tide was coming in, as he had already guessed from the freshening of the breeze, and the fresh salt scent was grateful to his senses. Several little boats and canoes were drawn up high on the sloping banks and chained to their moorings.

Probably no one besides himself was about, or even awake, in this lonely land, over which he could see for miles all round him. He turned round to look

over the bridge, and along the road to the north, which he could see like a white ribbon curving inland; and his eyes rested curiously on a cottage standing by itself, above the other cottages of the little hamlet beyond, on the raised bank of the river.

It looked shut up and still, with its white blinds drawn down, as over sightless eyes. As memory came back to him, he believed that this was the cottage where used to live the unhappy woman he could just remember to have seen that once, whose personality must have made a very strong impression, for one so young to remember her at all. Somewhere near the bridge he knew it was—and this looked like it.

His mind returning to this track, he fell to wondering who could have been his companion that day in his childhood, who had touched upon this miserable part of his family history. Could it have been his mother? He did not think so; he remembered no special emotion or pity in the words conveyed to him, and he felt sure his mother must have felt both. Nurse had said that she had tried to befriend her. His companion must have been a servant—a groom, perhaps, with whom he was riding. But he remembered her mournful eyes, and the look they had fixed upon himself as he passed. What had that look meant? She could have no cause for any feeling but hatred to one of his name and family.

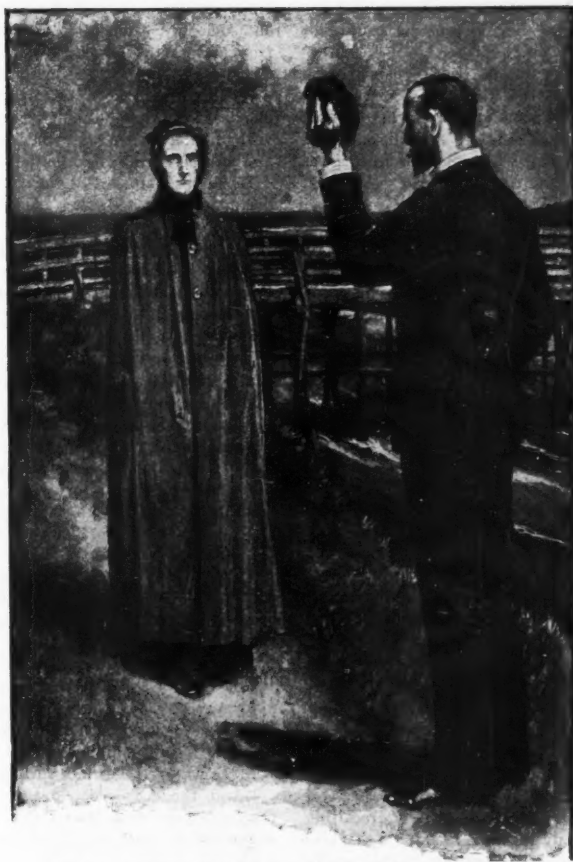
Amyot felt inclined to think very leniently of her, even if she had been guilty of the crime she was suspected of; for her provocation must have been intense. He thought of it rather as a tragic story, than as a real passage in the human life of an accountable and responsible person. And had she not been punished? Amyot flinched as he reflected what her life must have been since her marriage. What misery the thirty, even forty years of exile—he was vague about dates, and resolved to get accurate details from Nurse—passed in this lonely flat must have meant! What made her remain here? Who knew anything about her? Whence did she subsist?

Of one thing he somehow felt quite certain: that the girl at Lesscough was completely ignorant of her existence. Vague thoughts and hopes rushed into his mind that this might be a bond between them: that when she knew of the connection which united them, she would accept him as a friend and intimate. But would she ever know? He could not be the one to tell her, if her father wished her to remain in ignorance. But others might. Somehow, Amyot hoped they would.

Thinking thus, he slowly traversed the bridge and the narrow footpath turning from it along the river's bank; and almost without volition of his own, he found himself in front of the cottage. He walked round it, and saw that it was larger than he had supposed: consisting probably of five or six rooms. At the back was a small garden enclosed in a high privet hedge. All was dark and still.

The keenness of the easterly wind was not favourable to sauntering, and he was turning to walk back towards the bridge, when suddenly he saw a woman's tall dark figure hastily cross the bridge and advance along the pathway towards him. The moonlight shone full upon her face, whilst his own was naturally





He was conscious that she was observing him closely, keenly.

in shadow. He saw her pause for a second as she caught sight of his advancing figure, and then come on more slowly, with slightly hesitating footsteps. A thrill of expectation filled him. She was not dead, then. Here was the answer to his desire for knowledge, in flesh and blood before him.

As she neared him, he saw that she was dressed in a long grey gown of some homespun material, and that a close-fitting bonnet of a bygone style framed her face. He involuntarily stopped as she approached, and moved aside to make room for her to pass along the narrow path. She came on quickly, her eyes fixed on his, which, now that he had turned, were also in the full moonlight. He looked a rather striking figure in that hour under the cold light. His dark velvet jacket was buttoned tightly, and the foreign air which characterised him was further emphasised by the little cap above his hair.

"What do you want?" the woman asked quickly, stopping as she reached him.

Her voice sounded almost as if there were expectation in it, and Amyot noticed also—the moment's

pause during which he allowed himself to think—what looked certainly like a gleam of hope shining in the sorrowful eyes; for they were sorrowful. He had remembered correctly.

He felt ashamed and sorry that he had been thus caught prowling round her dwelling at this late hour. But what did she expect or hope? he wondered.

"Pardon me," he said—and at the words he saw her start slightly, and her face grow cold and hard—"I had been much moved to-night at hearing a story; and—I came here without thinking or meaning anything. I am sorry to have intruded."

As he spoke, he removed his cap, and he was conscious that she was observing him closely, keenly, with eyes which now glittered with some other feeling than hope, or sorrow, or regret.

"A story?" she asked quickly. "What story? Whose?"

"Yours," he answered gently; "at least, I think so. You are Mrs. Hardy?"

He saw a quiver cross her face, and her lips move as if to speak, but no words came. She stood as if

turned to stone—spell-bound; her eyes searching his, with what meaning in their depths he could not fathom.

It was intensely still; except for the gusts of wind and the little ripple of the waves now coming fast into the river, there was not a sound anywhere. What a strange meeting, Amyot thought. And, his dark eyes arrested almost against his will by her absorbed gaze, he was silent as if waiting for her answer. At last it came.

"Hardy?" she said, her breath catching the voice and changing it to a whisper; "you are a Hardy. No doubt about that—none!" Her voice gained strength as she went on passionately: "I knew you when you began to ride about here a year or two ago, and I heard you shouting at the men." She waved her hand towards the dark flat beyond the sea-bank, then she went on rapidly, her passion increasing: "You Hardys, you think God's earth and sky and sea were made for you alone! Ay, and God's men and women too! And you take the land, and you bound the sea, and you break women's hearts; you die, even, accusing and deceiving! But as there is a God above"—and she flung up her right hand high above her head—"your punishment is coming! I can see it; I often see it now! Destruction and a storm, and waves surging round!"

She paused a moment, and turned to gaze seaward, her voice dropping as if she were relating something she had actually seen.

"Once it came—I have read of it—and it will come again, 'over the smiling land, the level pastures, and the quivering grain': you have made that possible now;" turning her head and flashing a glance of triumph at Amyot's still face. "I wondered how it was to happen. But God will bring all your counsel to naught!" her voice sank, and she trembled.

Amyot had listened at first pityingly, recalling Nurse's "poor, daft body"; then, in spite of his cool reason, he had shivered slightly at her graphic words. Now he stood impressed against his will by her prophecy, his dark eyes gazing over the black fen. Presently she turned her eyes again on his troubled face, and began in softer tones—

"I had expected a message; I thought it was come when I saw you. Had you nothing to bring me?"

There was intense pathos in her question, and her gaze lingered scrutinisingly on his face. It flashed across Amyot that she was hoping for some reconciliation with her own people, and as he saw her slight figure and grey hair, and remembered the desolation of her life, he felt roused to intense pity for the cruelty with which she had been treated. A sudden resolve flushed his face, and he impulsively held out his hand.

"I will bring you a message—trust me, I will bring you one. Not just yet, perhaps," he said, cool reflection convincing him of the difficulty of what he was promising; "but it shall come. There is a girl—" he stopped. Was it cruel to raise hopes he might not be able to gratify? But, no. He thought he had read aright a gentle nature in that girl's sweet face; and at least this lonely woman might like to hear about her. He went on softly: "There is a girl in your old

home at Lescough, and she looks sweet and gentle; and some day, when I can, I will bring you a message from her. Will that do, at first?"—he asked, as the face he was looking at slowly changed, and the expression of keen hope and expectation gave way to one of cold disappointment—"only at first? And she will tell her father that you are longing to see him, and will perhaps bring him here, or —"

He stopped, amazed at the change in her face from disappointment to anger, suspicion, even jealousy. Was he reading it aright?

"Here!" she exclaimed, scornfully. "Do you think he will condescend—a Gayle—to come on to your land? No; as long as I remain here I shall never see him!" her voice grew mournful; "but I thought he would some day send a message."

Then her mood changed.

"A girl?" she questioned quickly; "what girl is there at Lescough?"

"Mr. Gayle's daughter. I saw her this afternoon," he went on, as he noticed the unmistakable astonishment with which his news was received. How was it possible that she, living within ten miles or so of Lescough, should not know all about her people there?

"You saw her there? you went to the Abbey?" she asked slowly.

"Yes, I did," he said, smiling slightly, amused at her tone. "Was it a very dreadful thing to do?"

"Dreadful? It was a very—unusual thing to do." She had hesitated for a word.

"Oh, but unusual things seem to me usual here!" he said lightly. "Why should you not go to see her—your niece, too? I think she would be a comfort to you," he went on, disregarding her gesture of dissent; "she looks gentle, and good, and pretty."

As he watched, her face softened.

"And the Abbey is lovely. They were in the drawing-room, and Miss Gayle looks like a picture there—on the wall by the fireplace—do you remember it?"

Her eyes gave an assenting look, though she said nothing; and she seemed to be listening eagerly for more. How he pitied her, this sad, lonely woman, who, if she had done wrong, had been wronged far more bitterly; who had spent her life among clods awry from her kind; after, as he guessed, a terrible experience of ill-usage and suffering. Well, he at least would try to make the rest of it more endurable.

"Do you never hear or see anything of them?" he asked, with tender deference.

The answer came slowly—coldly.

"I? I never ask," she said quietly. "They are nothing to me."

"Pardon me. They are your brother, and your brother's child, and your old home."

He saw the keen eyes grow misty—the firm, thin lips quiver.

"I left it all," she said softly, as if speaking to herself; "home, and mother, and father, and sisters—all; and I found—a demon!" She turned her head away with a gesture of passion. In spite of the strong words and the long isolation in which she had lived, Amyot could not help remarking the delicacy and refinement of the intonation and enunciation of

her speech. There was in it no echo even of provincialism: every word was as purely articulated as those of her niece.

"But you will let me come and see you now, won't you?" he pleaded. "I should often be glad to look in for a rest, when I am in the Fen all day. And I am lonely, too," he went on, with a cunning worthy of a woman. "Will you not come and see me? I will bring a carriage for you whenever you feel able to come."

She shook her head, and gazed at him blankly. But he was battering down all her strongholds by his daring, and she was evidently considering his novel proposition.

"This girl?" she questioned presently; "you have not told me her name: what is her name?"

He wondered if she had not understood.

"Her name? She is Mr. Gayle's daughter!" he answered, "and her father calls her Rowan—a strange name, isn't it? Rowan Gayle." His voice lingered on the soft syllables.

"Rowan Gayle!" she said, whispering the words to herself. "Rowan Gayle! I am Rowan Gayle!"

And without a farewell or another glance, she turned away, and went swiftly along the path to her cottage.

(To be continued.)



## AN OLD NORWEGIAN CHURCH.



THE BELFRY.

**I**T stands in a quiet Norwegian valley, this old church of Borgund. Not so utterly out of the world to-day as it once was, however; for a great highway, connecting Christiania with the western fiords, has opened up this lonely region, and every passing traveller pauses to wonder at and examine the strange old building. But, among these mountain solitudes, what are a few travellers? They go their way, and the silence and loneliness are but the more impressive.

We were on the last stage of the long drive from Christiania to LaerdalsØren when we reached Borgund.

The snow-peaks of the Jotunheim were far behind, and we had entered a beautiful valley—one of those valleys so peculiar to Norway, which stretch long arms from the breezy fiords to the very heart of the mountains, where the only sound is the chatter of a mountain stream, the thunder of a distant waterfall, or the musical tinkle of a cowbell on the nearer slopes. In such a quiet spot, close to the high-road, and on the banks of the river, stands a new church, fresh and bright, and beside it is a small, strange, black object, which, though difficult to realise, is the famous church of Borgund. Beside



THE PORCH.

the freshly painted walls of its modern neighbour, it looks almost uncanny. Yet it is a precious relic; it dates from the twelfth century, and is now the carefully preserved property of the Antiquarian Society of Christiania.

A fantastic object it certainly is, with its black wooden walls and roofs, its many gables, its dragon-heads (the old Norse safeguard against evil spirits), its outside gallery and its carved doorways, with their ancient Runic inscriptions. Windows there are none, and the interior is quite dark, save for the dim light which comes through the opened doors. In the twilight within may still be seen the old stone pulpit, the font, the communion-table, and a primitive money-box, made out of a log of wood. To liken cathedral pillars to the trees of a stately forest is a favourite comparison, but here the pillars are actually trees, tall red pines, unpainted and unpolished.

Altogether, the whole appearance of this strange old church suggests rather a Chinese pagoda, or a heathen temple in some far-off island of the southern seas, than the work of a sober people like the Norwegians.

Yet many memories cling about it. Through all these centuries it has stood here, alone in this quiet valley, untouched and unmoved by the changes taking place around. Peaceful peasants, living their simple lives in this lonely region, and unconscious of the progress of the great world beyond their hills, have answered, year after year, the summons of the bell in the old belfry close by, to come here from their scattered homes, and gather within those blackened walls. The thought of the generations that have held here their simple earnest worship, of the wedding and baptismal services that have taken place in its dark gloomy interior, of the graves of many a household in the quiet churchyard outside,

gives a real and pathetic interest to the weather-beaten little building.

We lingered an hour to satisfy our curiosity, and then forgot for a while this quiet valley in the wonders and dangers of the journey which lies between it and the western sea. A more terrible and desolate region than this can hardly be imagined.

Through a gorge where the cliffs press so closely on each other that to pass seems impossible, the road makes its way, winding down and down, in many a twist and curve, while the rocks rise sheer above, in some places overhanging the road; and the river, now a thundering torrent, rushes along, boiling and foaming in cauldron-like depths, a hundred feet below.

Not till the cliffs were left behind could we breathe freely again; between their jagged walls a sense of suffocation oppressed us, and with a feeling of relief we at length emerged from their grim shade into the broad light of a wider valley. As we drove along mile after mile, this, too, seemed a dreary place, though with signs of life and movement in its wayside huts, its barley-fields, and its busy peasants. Behind these towering hills the sun soon sinks, and it was in the long northern gloaming that we turned the last corner of the winding road, and saw before us the twinkling lights of the little town of Laesdalsören.

But though the traveller of to-day passes on so quickly in search of new scenes and fresh adventures, the old church, and the solemn mountains, and the tumbling river, still remain, to tell their tale afresh—not noisily, but silently and appealingly, to those who have the ear of sympathy to hear. L. M.



BORGUND CHURCH.



## THE BOOK OF RUTH.—II.

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.



HERE are moments which we may call the seed-moments of life. In them the future lies enclosed. Such a moment was that when the men of Athens resolved to fight at Marathon, and so preserved the civilisation of Europe; such a moment was that when

Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, or when William of Orange resolved upon the war with Spain. At times like these the future of an empire or the freedom of peoples was at stake. These were the seed-moments of history. They determined issues which touched the interests of coming generations. In the narrower sphere of individual life there are such moments of crisis, which seem to determine our career. Such a moment came to Ruth when Naomi resolved to return to her own land; to her came that tide in her affairs which led, not merely to fortune, but to what was nobler than fortune—a development of character.

It would be interesting if we could note the exact spot where this decision was taken, for we love to identify the places in which the great scenes or decisive actions of human history took place. It may have been on the banks of the Arnon, or close to the Jordan, or perhaps more probably on the long range of hills which terminate the tableland of Moab, and which look across the Dead Sea towards the land of Israel, that the words of Ruth's decision were spoken. The land of Moab was fading out of sight, and the heights of Judæa were coming into view. On the hills opposite, Lot had made his famous choice, selfishly preferring the rich plains of Sodom and leaving to Abraham the less fertile ranges of the Judean uplands. To the right, on the edge of the Jordan, in later years the people who gathered at the preaching of the Baptist made their great decision in a baptism. At a place, then, which recalled the evil choice of Lot, and which was destined to witness the nobler choice of those who resolved for the baptism of repentance, the decision of Ruth was given. On the one side there was her own country, with its pleasant, easy-going, and prosperous inhabitants, her old acquaintances and friends, and the natural prospects of re-establishment in domestic life. On the other side there was exile, an exile associated with the scornful glances of a narrow-minded and prejudiced people, with little hope of any companionship save that of her mother-in-law, and but scant probability of shelter or protection when the elder woman was dead. Naomi saw the issue clearly, and in the fact that she stated it distinctly to her

daughters-in-law we see her unselfish and noble-minded character. Few people, when they reach an age of weakness and prospective solitude, are able to forget themselves or to identify themselves with the aspirations and the needs of the young life. It is hard to grow old gracefully; it is harder still to keep the heart fresh and sympathy ready when the frame grows weary, the mind inelastic, and the sense of physical weakness tempts us to selfishness of habit. But Naomi could remember her youth. Her attitude is a favourable contrast to the narrow churlishness of an old age oblivious of its prime. What she says amounts to this. "Remember, that in coming with me you have no prospect for yourselves. In your own country you may meet with friends—in all probability, restoration to domestic happiness in a household of your own; but if you come with me, you can hardly expect this. It is not likely that any in the land of Judah will seek the hand of a Moabitess in marriage. If, therefore, you, young as you are, wish to have rest" (by which she seems to mean the protection and peace which a home of her own affords to a woman), "seek it not in Israel, but in Moab."

We must remember that in Oriental life and in olden days the happiness and occupation for a woman's energy lay chiefly in a domestic career. The enlightened wisdom and the enlarged spheres of interest which Christianity has opened to women were then unknown and unthought of. The only future which a woman in Naomi's position could contemplate for Ruth and for Orpah was to be found in a second marriage. When the issue was so plainly put, it worked different results in the minds of the two women who heard her. Stated in its plain and uninteresting truthfulness, it determined Orpah to return. She still had a certain fondness for Naomi, but when the issue was so clearly put she could not endure the test, and, like those whose goodness is as the early dew and whose life cannot stand the strain of an unselfish heroism, like the grass which grows on the housetop and withers before it be grown up, Orpah's better impulse died away. She kissed her mother-in-law and returned.

Her action made the decision of Ruth all the more difficult, but it also threw brighter colour over Ruth's resolve. She clung to Naomi; she decided, and her decision has won the heart of the hard world, not only because of her noble unselfishness, but because of the eloquent words in which she clothed her resolution. How sweetly she combats every petition of Naomi with the answer of unswerving fidelity and love! Does Naomi, seeking to dissuade her, tell her there is no home to welcome her in Israel, while there are many in Moab, Ruth answers, "Whither thou goest, I will go." Does she urge

that Ruth is venturing among an alien people, her answer is, "Thy people shall be my people." Does she hint that it is better for her to return with her sister to her gods, she answers, "Thy God shall be my God." And when Naomi pleads that her life can be only a dark and sunless one, "Be it so," Ruth seems to say, "be it so, yet will I follow thee to the very darkest land, to the very gate of death. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried."

It was a noble resolve. Poets, musicians, and painters have striven to give it varied beauty of expression. Even to this day, though thousands of years have rolled by since the words were spoken, they still cause a thrill in all true human hearts.

But great words do not always mean great deeds. Sometimes our emotions enable us to be eloquent when our conduct, perhaps, may prove to be prosaic. Were the words of Ruth pitched in too high a key? Did feeling at the moment outrun the power of consistent action? The test is soon to come; we shall soon know whether the heroism of the lip will outstrip the heroism of the life; but for this we must enter upon a second act of the drama.

The scene is Bethlehem. The gossips of the place have all expressed their wonder and their superficial compassion at the return of Naomi. There is a pleasant babble of excitement in the place for the time, and the news is shouted by shrill voices upon the housetops that Naomi is come back, and that Naomi is come back in a state of comparative destitution. It is always pleasant to talk of one's neighbour's misfortune, and it affords in dull times an interesting subject of conversation. But such excitement soon fades away. The people return to their normal condition, and they forget all about Naomi. The eager gossip of the neighbourhood has brought no help, and the two women are left to their own devices. Fortunately, the season of the year is promising, for they have come to Judah at the beginning of barley harvest. The stern and sorrowful days of famine are at an end. The Lord hath blessed His people, and the harvest is rich in the fields. It is not the richness of the harvest which is to their advantage alone. It is the humane law of Moses which is ready to help them; for had it not been for the generous provision which that law afforded to the poor, the lot of Ruth and Naomi had been hard indeed. In that noble law, falsely accused, by those who do not understand it and do not read it, of being cruel and harsh in its provisions, there is made an especial provision for the poor, the widow and the fatherless. "Thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest." "When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless and the widow: that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands." "When thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go

over the boughs again: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless and for the widow." "And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger: I am the Lord your God." "And thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in the land of Egypt, therefore I command thee to do this thing."

It was this beneficent law which gave the opportunity of a subsistence to Ruth and Naomi. The old law rather than the hearts of the people was, then, the protection of these two women; for there were none, it seems, amongst the kinsfolk of Naomi, the daughters of Israel, in whose veins flowed the same blood, to succour her in her poverty. Thus it came about that Ruth, an alien in blood, "less of kin, but more than kind," took upon herself the care of Naomi, and by her toil found a subsistence for her mother-in-law and herself. She is ready to take the first fair opportunity for honest work. But it was not an easy task for her. She had been accustomed to easy circumstances, to the ready service of others. But now she must school herself to be a tolerated gleaner, snatching at the loose ears of corn as they fell, or dragging up the overlooked stalks. It was an unaccustomed toil, and unaccustomed toil is ever hard; but it was toil also which was carried on in the presence of those who probably resented her action. We all know how amongst all classes the idea of some prescriptive right makes them hard upon new-comers. The crossing-sweeper feels that he has a right to a particular crossing, and no doubt the gleaners of old who were *habitués* of the place felt that they had a right of perquisite in certain fields. The presence of any new-comers would seem to interfere with their rights, and would naturally be resented. But what was worse, in the case of Ruth the new-comer was a foreigner; and though the laws of Moses were strongly in favour of the stranger, the habitual attitude of the people was scarcely generous or welcoming; her nationality would expose her to contempt, and perhaps, even more than her foreign blood, her unquestioned beauty would provoke the jealous animosity of some. It was a hard lot, bitter with unkindness and exhausting through its unwonted toil. Certainly there must have been moments at such a time when she began to doubt the wisdom of her choice. Her imagination and her memory might travel back to her sister-in-law's lot in Moab. She could see Orpah in her native land. She might picture the rich farmers and graziers of Moab, laughing and chaffing with the young widow whose prospects of settlement appeared very near. But Ruth's lot was that of a friendless woman in a strange land, with a responsibility of toil upon her, and limited to the society of a sad-hearted, broken-spirited, and rapidly ageing woman. But though in outward circumstances her choice may have seemed a mistake, when we lift the veil and look beneath the surface we know how greatly she gained. No

person acts nobly without gaining morally, and the heroism of Ruth's choice proved a real gain to her character. She has stepped, moreover, into a higher moral atmosphere. She has left behind the low levels of selfishness where the miasma of evil desires rises to cloud the brain and to enervate the heart. She has reached the clearer heights of self-sacrifice, where the vision of nobler things is not only possible but certain. She has gained even more. Unknown to herself, the courage of her conduct and the simplicity of her actions has begun to wear off the rough edge of prejudice, and the hearts of those who disliked the alien are slowly disarmed of their prejudice. Doubtless we must not attribute too much to the kind words which are used of her in the fourth chapter, for at that time her success was complete: and amongst those who congratulate the successful, complimentary language is not wholly sincere; but still the recognition of her noble conduct was honest on the part of many, for it could not fail to excite the admiration of all who were true-hearted. Their sympathy responded when they saw this young thing leaving all, her home and her kindred, for the sake of an old woman who had no claim of blood upon her, and working for her with more devotion and more industry than her own sons could have done. Such conduct certainly justified the panegyric which was pronounced later by those who said to Naomi, "She is better to thee than seven sons." Further, she is upon the road which leads to great things; she is not destined to be a mere cipher in the world's history, but Ruth the fair is to be the ancestress of David; the mother of kings, the sharer in the great Messianic purpose of God's providence, she is to be much more than a gleaner in life's field—she is to be a responsible worker in the great development of a nation's life.

From the story, so far, we may deduce three conclusions. First, the dignity of all honest work. It is well to remind ourselves of this in an age which is often ashamed of work. There are people who cultivate flabbiness. They are happy if only they can pass themselves off as genteel and above the suspicion of work. In society they ignore the factory or the shop. They are ashamed of their trade. It is a bad thing for society when men or women shrink from acknowledging the glory and necessity of work. But in a time when wealth is the only idol, it is not to be wondered at that work should be thought of in shamefaced fashion, for the necessity of work hints the possibility of poverty; and where wealth is worshipped poverty is an unpardonable sin. But this genteel affectation of idleness is not a mere modern vice. It was rife in Solomon's day, and the wise king satirised it in words which are full of delicate and suggestive irony: "Better is he that worketh and hath a servant than he that honoureth himself and hath no bread." There are many who would be glad to meet Ruth, honoured as she is in every age, the

ancestress of David and the ancestress of Christ, but who, if they had met her in the harvest field with her arms full of the new corn, would have been ashamed, probably, to claim her acquaintance. Yet what made her great was not the providence which made her the wife of Boaz, but the grand heroism which made her worthy to be named in the roll of the Messiah's ancestors. Her greatness lay in her character, in her sublime devotion, in the high-souled chivalry which did not scorn for love's sake to touch the soil, and led her to expose herself to the companionship of the rude harvest folk. It lay in the spirit which found the rough fare of those laborious days more tolerable than the genteel selfishness which might leave Naomi to starve, or than that disdainful indolence which contributes nothing to the sum-total of human happiness. Idleness ought to be intolerable to any human being who has a high sense of duty or of the splendid purposes for which God has created us. But how many and how feeble are the excuses under which idleness veils itself! "I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed." Self-respect pleads that it cannot work. But what self-respect is that which honours idleness and despises honourable toil, and which bows down to fashion, or to the opinion of the world? Our actions will never be heroic if we wait for the good word of the world. Noah, Moses, Joshua and Samson and St. Paul, our Lord Himself, and a host more who, through faith, followed Him, were of that spirit which, in conviction of what was right, went against the opinion of the world. But idleness has another plea. She pleads that there is something due to our position in society. It is perfectly true our responsibilities are measured by this; we have certainly no right to act in any way which may diminish the sphere of our usefulness. It is right enough that we should undertake that work which belongs to the legitimate station to which the providence of God has called us; but the kind of work is one thing, the duty of work is another. Toil, however humble, is always better than idleness. There are always ways of utilising the waste material of human life and of employing human energy for the good of the world. This is true of women as well as men. In our own day we realise that toil is neither unfitting nor undignified in womanhood. To educate those who need education is not degrading but ennobling work; to nurse the sick, to diffuse the knowledge of fresh discoveries in science, to spread various useful information concerning health and household happiness amongst the masses of mankind, is work which, while it elevates the world, elevates those who have the courage to devote themselves to it; and those women who have given themselves to such work are leading the advance guard of a nobler and a happier age. Obstinate prejudice and superficial gentility, uneasy about its own claims to respectability, may sneer, but meanwhile the workers do their work, and these gleaners in the harvest-fields

of the world will yet return with joy, bringing their sheaves with them; but no reaper will pause to gather the empty grass which has grown up upon the housetops of genteel selfishness.

Secondly, I infer from the story the power of life's discipline to call forth latent nobleness of character. In her own earlier life Ruth might have been like many other young women—empty, frivolous, pleasure-loving, capricious, sillily exacting; but however this may have been, it is generally in the sharp winter of adverse fortune that people show if they have the right stuff in them. In Ruth's story it is in the days of adversity that she develops a heroism which was probably little suspected before. The history of the world is full of similarly noble examples. It is in the hour of supreme trial that Lady Russell, seated beneath her husband, proves herself a heroine. Marie Antoinette, frivolous and extravagant in her days of prosperity, is twice a queen in the prison cell; the cold, phlegmatic Dutch grow grand in unswerving courage when, in the hour of their adversity, they fight for their land and freedom of faith against Philip, Alva, and the sea. There are hundreds upon whose characters there comes a divine irradiation as they descend from the bright heights of prosperity into the low levels of adversity. There are many to whom the higher power has only come in the sorrowful and in the trying hours. Souls have grown noble through trouble. They are those to whom the Divine Voice has often said, "I have known thy soul in adversity."

Thirdly, I gather that the summons to higher illumination often lies in the path of simple and obvious duty. Who can doubt that the story of Ruth is the story of the way in which God drew a stranger to Himself? But how was she drawn? We read of no exalted revelation given to Ruth in the land of Moab. There seems to have been little, if any, manifestation of the God of Israel as wonderful and gracious in the early days of her life. No dream came to her in her sleeping hours which filled her with ecstasy through some splendid vision of things Divine. The revelation did not reach her in this fashion, but rather through the one simple appeal which the lonely lot of Naomi made to her heart. That which claimed her was a solitary woman's great need, and her heart responded. It was ready to fulfil the simple though hard duty of human love; and in this she showed that her nature was the fitting soil for the sowing of some heavenly seed. It was in simply doing the duty which her human love prompted her to do that she found the shelter of that God of Israel under whose wings she learned to trust. It is perfectly true, indeed, that love of man has as its foundation the love of God. There can be no human love but through and because of Divine love, and yet the discovery of that great fountain of universal love is made by many through the instrumentality of their own

human love. It is not given to us to find the fountain first and the stream afterwards, but it is given to most of us to find the stream, and then to slowly track it to its source and find that its source is God. If Divine love is the source of human love, human love is often the means of discovering Divine love. There is one illustration of this in the Acts of the Apostles. Cornelius knows little of the great strength and the varied outpourings of Divine love, but he is a devout man who thinks kindly and provides generously for the needy who are round about him. His prayers and his alms—that is to say, his aspirations after what was good—and his loving tenderness to the needs of men were, in a sense, the preparation for the discovery of God's great love. He followed the tender and kindly instincts of human love, and he was the one to whom St. Peter was sent to declare that God was no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feared God and worked righteousness was accepted of Him.

In the Old Testament we find the same. The widow of Zarephath had a kindly heart, and with much self-denial supplied the needs of the stranger-prophet. To the woman who at much cost had followed the instinct of humanity, the revelation of a Divine love was given when her heart was gladdened by that power which gave her dead son back to life to her bosom.

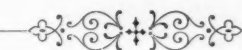
And Christ sanctions the same. The Syro-Phœnician woman is guided to the feet of Christ through the yearning of the mother's heart which longs to see her daughter restored to life again. In following the promptings of human love she came face to face with that Divine love which called all men children, and did not refuse the crumbs of His mercy to the neediest and the most unworthy. The obvious duties of humanity and the natural stirrings of love, if traced to their source, cannot fail to lead us to Him who is their author and their life. It follows, then, that the best path in Christian life is not to be found in seeking out new and great ways, or in discovering, as we imagine, very spiritual duties for us to do; but it lies rather in doing simply, lovingly, and intelligently the plain and perhaps commonplace duties which are set before our hands. "Let them," says St. Paul, with a little touch of scorn, but with much good sense—"let them learn to show piety at home." He saw that there were people in his day who were anxious, restlessly anxious, for great spiritual things to do. But the mood to him was intolerable, because restless dissatisfaction is not one with the noble discontent which aspires to better things. It was rather self-pleasing eagerness and weak curiosity. It was the egotism which closes the eye to the venerable divinity of little things and to the heavenly light which shines upon the humblest duties. There are in the world many unknown heroes; there are hundreds of lives which are being lived with unrecognised courage in obscure corners. There are



many who, like Ruth, are content to toil where duty has called them, satisfied in the humble task of working and winning bread for some loved one, or little comforts for the feeble and infirm. The world knows nothing of these, but these are they upon whose path the light of God shines more and more from day to day. These are they who will be known as heroes only when the perfect day of God dawns and puts out the petty lights of earth. That brighter day will show us that the sham jewels which dazzled with their brilliancy in the artificial light of conventional imagination cannot stand the test of the light of God. In that day only that which is true and real will stand in the light which

will enable us to see God as He is, men as they are, and things as they are. We shall then learn that the things which abide are simple love, simple faith, simple truth, and simple duty faithfully done; for these things outlast all the glittering rubbish which mammon has been heaping up.

Thus from the story of Ruth we may learn that universal lesson that it is so easy to feel is true, but which it is so hard to make true in our lives—that the least thing may, after all, be the great thing; that a small duty may possess marvellous significance; that the cup of cold water to thirsty lips may carry refreshment which will last through eternity.



# "THY CLOKE ALSO."

BY ALBERT E. HOOPER, AUTHOR OF "IN THE FAR COUNTRY," "CALEB ARMSTRONG, BLACKSMITH," ETC.

"Christes love, and His apostles twelve,  
He taught but first He folwed it himselfe."—CHAUCER.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE CURATE MAKES A DISCOVERY.



HE Rev. Sydney Clare laid down his pen, pushed his manuscript from him, and leant back in his elbow-chair, waiting for his visitor to speak.

He was not kept waiting long.

"Is it permitted that the sheep speak their mind to the shepherd? Can the parson hear a sermon?"

Young Godfrey spoke in a loud, clear voice, and his eyes twinkled as he flicked with

his riding-whip the booted leg which he had carelessly flung across its fellow.

The curate nodded, and smiled good-humouredly.

"Fire away, Austen," he said. "You will listen to me to-morrow, so you had better take your turn to-day."

The week-day preacher sprang from his seat, and planted himself upon the hearthrug. Fair and blue-eyed, with his handsome head flung back, and his figure drawn to its full height, Austen Godfrey was a specimen of young English manhood well worth looking at; and in his scarlet racing jacket he was seen at his best. It would have been hard to find a greater

contrast than existed between him and his friend the curate. Clare was pale and narrow of chest, and there was already a stoop in his shoulders; indeed, he would have looked altogether commonplace but for his eyes. They were small, and dark, and deep-set, and, though they possessed none of Austen's frank open brightness, they burned with a strange inward fire which marked him out as an enthusiast.

The preacher from the hearthrug flourished his whip and began—

"For the maintenance of a sound mind, a man requires a sound body. The remark is not original, but I believe it is beyond dispute. My dear Sydney, why were you not on the course this morning?"

"Too busy."

"Nobody ought to be too busy to give his brain an airing; and a parson has less excuse than anybody else. We had a splendid run."

"Well, you see, I get my exercise in another way—the parish is tolerably wide. Besides, you know, I have views about horse-racing which we won't enter upon. They are as contemptible to you as—as—well, to be frank, Austen, as contemptible as yours are to me. It's a question of mind and morals. You think the one weak in me, I think the other weak in you, and we are not likely to agree."

Godfrey begged the question.

"The vicar was there," he said, "and so was Miss Nelly—looked charming, I assure you. What an uncomfortable thing a man's religion must be when it brings him to loggerheads with his own vicar and with his wife—who-is-to-be."

A look of pain passed across Clare's pale face.

"Nelly is very young," he said, "and I don't quarrel either with you or the vicar for not agreeing with me. If I did, I should have to quarrel with my two best friends."

"You're a good fellow, Clare!" cried Austen. "I only wish you could be a little more practical."



"Can the parson bear a sermon?"—p. 345.

"Explain yourself," said the curate. "Tell me why you think me unpractical."

"If I wanted an illustration, I don't expect I should have to look far," said Godfrey. "I expect that sermon of yours would furnish an example. What is it all about?"

Clare coloured painfully. He knew his friend far too well to feel any offence at his freedom of speech; but he was a shy man, and it was his habit to keep his "office" as much in the background as possible when he was not in the pulpit. Godfrey mistook his hesitation, and hastened to apologise.

"No, no, Austen," cried Clare, "I wouldn't have you think that I mind being criticised. You may see the text I have chosen."

He turned over the pages of his manuscript, and Godfrey, looking over his shoulders, read the words written at the top of the first sheet:—

"Whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man would go to law with thee, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain. Give to him that

asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

Godfrey whistled softly to himself—a long, meditative whistle—and returned to his place on the hearthrug.

"Do you mean to say that you are actually going to preach from that text?" he asked.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Well, I grant that the proceeding is practical enough in one sense. If you believe it, you must preach it; but how can you believe it? The saying itself is about the most unpractical that was ever uttered."

"I am going to preach about it because I hope to prove the contrary," said Clare.

"Oh, yes—preaching and proving!" cried Godfrey, with a slight accent of scorn in his tones. "Anybody can preach and prove anything. The question is—Can it be *done*?"

"He did it."

"Who? Oh!—well, yes, I suppose He did; and we all know what came of it. Much the same thing would happen to anybody who followed His advice to-day."

"Well?" said Clare.

"Well?" repeated Godfrey, half-angrily. "The world can't afford to lose its heroes."

"I quite agree with you," answered the curate; "but the world never really has its heroes until it has crucified them."

Austen Godfrey did not answer, but he looked at his friend as a strong man may look at a delicate woman. Several times his lips parted as if about to speak, but he checked himself. He had a strangely tender affection for his old college friend, and it was seldom that he argued with him. Indeed, what good could come of opposing enthusiasm with logic? Just now it seemed as if it would be a little brutal. So Godfrey was silent.

He strolled to the window, and looked down into the vicarage garden.

"See here, Clare!" he cried. "While we are talking, the vicar is still airing his brain. And there is Miss Nelly among her flowers. If you properly appreciated your privileges, you would be down there with her. See! she is looking up here after you—the sunniest, brightest flower of them all."

The curate rose from his chair and approached the window. Over Godfrey's shoulder he caught sight of Nelly Chester's smiling face. She was still dressed in her riding habit, and, looking up from her flowers, she gaily waved her little gauntleted hand to the man in the racing jacket.

Godfrey made way for Clare, and the curate's black coat became visible at the window, side by side with the scarlet. Then Clare felt a great pain at his heart, as if it had been seized and suddenly compressed in a hand of iron; for, looking out of the window, he saw the light of gladness ebb from Nelly's face.

The two men turned and looked at each other, and each was troubled by what he saw. The curate saw an expression in Godfrey's eyes which he could not mistake, and Godfrey saw that his friend was pale with pain.

Godfrey's cheeks flamed scarlet as he met Clare's earnest gaze.

"I must be going, Sydney," he said, holding out his hand.

The curate took it in silence, and in silence he followed his friend down the stairs. A boy was leading a handsome hunter up and down before the door, and, as the two men appeared, he brought the animal to the steps.

Godfrey flung himself into the saddle, and, nodding to Clare, without another word rode away.

The curate watched him until his scarlet coat vanished like a flame of fire round the bend of the road; and then, with the same dull pain at his heart, he made his way round to the garden at the back of the vicarage.

## CHAPTER II.

### IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

THE Rev. Adolphus Chester was walking up and down his trimly kept garden-path with his hands clasped behind his back. The vicar's hair was white

as frosted silver; but his cheeks were pink, his blue eyes were full and clear, and he did not look an old man. His figure was portly and his step firm; and, as he greeted his pale, narrow-chested curate, he looked the picture of good health and good humour.

"Ah, Clare, my boy!" he cried heartily. "So your conscience wouldn't let you come on the course this morning? If you'll take my word for it, that conscience of yours has been quarrelling with your liver, and it's out of temper. Give the liver a judicious course of dumb-bells, and I'll answer for the conscience being more reasonable. Why, bless my soul, boy! I made a better sermon in the saddle this morning than I ever made at my desk."

Clare smiled. In spite of their disagreements and their varying dispositions—perhaps because of them—he and the vicar were fast friends. But just now Clare did not feel inclined to continue the argument he had begun with Godfrey. The vicar saw him glance in Nelly's direction, and his blue eyes twinkled.

"Go and make your peace with the little girl," he said. "I can tell you she's mightily offended because you were not out to see her ride to-day. Young Austen said she was the best horsewoman on the course, and he wasn't far wrong. There, go away; you needn't mind me—I'm going in to dot down the heads of my sermon before I forget them."

Mr. Chester turned away, and when he had gone into the house Clare walked on down the path towards Nelly.

She came to meet him, and she held in her hand a single rose. It was a perfect bloom—a "Maiden's Blush"—exquisite in form and colouring, and she held it out for him to take; but she released her hold on the flower before his fingers had closed on it, and it fell. Clare snatched at it and caught it before it reached the ground; but he was too hasty, and he only grasped the stalk—the delicate petals fell in a fragrant shower upon the path at his feet.

"I'm so sorry!" he blurted out in his distress; and he swiftly concealed his hand behind his back.

He had torn it with the thorns upon the rose-stalk, and he feared Nelly might see that it was bleeding.

"How could you be so clumsy?" she cried petulantly.

"I don't know," he answered rather absently, and, looking into her face, which Austen had called "the sunniest and brightest" flower, he added, as if talking to himself, "It seems a pity to destroy anything so lovely."

"Of course, it does," answered Nelly. "What are you talking about, Sydney? Why do you look at me so strangely?"

"I want to talk to you, Nelly," he said. "Can you spare me a few minutes now?"

"I suppose so; but I hope you're not going to be dreadfully serious. It's not about the race, is it? I've had such a beautiful morning, and it will be very unkind of you if you spoil it all by telling me dreadful tales about gambling."

Nelly's face was flushed, and she spoke quickly.

"It isn't about the race," said Clare. "Let us go into the summer-house; it is rather hot out here."

Now for the first time Nelly looked up into his pale face, and what she saw there made her open her eyes wider and feel a little frightened.

dry tongue refused to obey his will. At the third trial the words came; but it seemed to him that his own voice sounded far away, hard and mechanical, as if it belonged to somebody else in whom he was not in the least interested.

"I want to tell you about a discovery I have made,



"The delicate petals fell in a fragrant shower."—p. 347.

"You are not ill, are you, Sydney?" she asked anxiously, laying her hand on his arm.

"Oh no, not at all; only a little troubled, Nelly. Will you come with me?"

Without another word she followed him down the pathway. When they reached the summer-house, he stood aside to let her pass in, and, motioning her to sit down on the little rustic seat, he took up his position against one of the door-posts.

She obeyed his sign, and her colour came and went painfully as she noticed the growing gravity of his expression.

Sydney Clare folded his arms tightly across his breast, trying to deaden the bitter pain at his heart. Twice he cleared his throat to speak, and twice his

Nelly," he said. "It is something you may not know yet, but you will believe it when I tell you. If it has ever crossed your mind, you have put it away at once, because you have meant to be quite true and faithful to me. But it will not do, Nelly dear, to stifle the inner voices which try to tell what is going on within us. They can never be silenced for long, and if they speak too late their voices are very loud and full of terror."

"Sydney, tell me what you mean?" whispered Nelly, clasping her hands tightly and beginning to tremble.

"Nelly, we have both made a great, a terrible, mistake," said Clare; "we ought never to have promised to marry each other."



"Do you mean that you don't love me any longer?" she asked.

"No; I don't mean that. Think, Nelly, and you will know what I mean."

"You mean? Oh, Sydney! how can you think I don't love you? You are so good—so noble—so wise!"

"God forgive me, Nelly, for liking to know you believe what isn't true. I am neither good, nor noble, nor wise. Such things may well belong to a curate—or a brother, Nelly; but I am talking about a husband. There are husbands who are not noble and good, even very foolish men, and their wives have loved them better than you could ever love me, Nelly."

"Are you angry with me? Have I done anything to vex you?" she asked.

"No, dear; there is no room for anger. Don't you see it is all a miserable mistake? It is just like that beautiful rose. I did not mean to crush it, but I took hold of it wrongly and it was spoilt; and in the same way your fair, beautiful young life would be spoilt if I had it in my keeping—I see it all now. Try not to feel too sad about it. Let us resolve to put our mistake right before it is too late."

Nelly was weeping quietly to herself. Every word the curate spoke roused in her heart an echo of its truth. A sudden revelation broke upon her, and in its light she saw the meaning of the strange discontent which had lately oppressed her. In the midst of her genuine grief a great load seemed to be lifted from her heart, and she began to feel for Sydney Clare a love deeper and altogether different from anything she had ever felt for him before. Good, wise, noble!—yes, he was all that; but how glad she was that he would never be her husband; and yet how cruel and heartless it was to be glad when she was causing his true heart such pain. For something told Nelly that the mistake had been all on her side, and none of it on his. She knew that he would never cease to love her. The battle of conflicting feelings going on within her kept her from speaking. One instant the joy of her recovered liberty surged up in her heart, and it seemed that she was about to begin a new life full of sunshine and delight. Then she remembered the depth of the emotion she had caused in Sydney Clare on that day when she had promised to be his wife—an emotion she had never comprehended until now. She thought of the dull and lonely life he would live without her, and she was almost impelled to say the words which would bind her to him for ever.

But, before she could speak, Clare's voice broke the silence.

"Don't think me unkind, Nelly, if I say one thing more. It is on my heart, and I must say it."

He paused a moment, and then continued:

"Some day the right man will come to you—"

"Oh, Sydney! don't—please don't speak of such a thing!" cried Nelly, raising her head and looking at him with tearful eyes.

"I must say it—the right man will surely come—I don't think it will be very long."

The hot blood burned in Nelly's cheeks; she knew

what he meant, and a second revelation flashed upon her, dazzling her with its brightness. The pressure at Clare's heart grew tighter; but he went on quite calmly—

"Don't let the remembrance of our mistake close your heart against the right man when he comes. He will be a good man, Nelly; listen to me, and remember my words as if they were the words of a brother who loves you. He will be a better son to your father than ever I could have been."

Nelly's burning face was buried in her hands, but she heard every word Clare said. When she looked up once more he was gone. She started to her feet to call him back, but checked herself when she caught the sound of his footsteps dying away down the garden path. She listened until she could hear them no more, and then she began to cry again—not bitter, passionate, or painful tears, but tears which flowed gently and comforted her heart, as warm summer showers refresh the thirsty earth.

### CHAPTER III.

#### "*THY CLOKE ALSO.*"

THE vicar ate his luncheon in solitary state that day. Nelly sent down word that she was resting in her own room, and she did not wish to be disturbed; and the servant who was sent in search of Clare returned with the report that he was nowhere to be found—that he had last been seen walking away from the vicarage in the direction of the common.

"Breezes!" whispered the Rev. Adolphus Chester to himself, as he half buried his smiling face in a foaming tankard. Then he carved himself a liberal supply of cold beef, propped the morning paper at a convenient angle against the cruet-stand, and began to read.

The vicar never allowed himself to be worried; it was bad for the digestion—and in this case there was no cause for worry. Breezes are good for the land—why not for lovers? Professionally, the vicar would have contented himself with the reflection that Abraham and Sarah had breezes. Practically, he would have remembered he and the late Mrs. Chester had had breezes, and were never the worse, as far as he knew. If Nelly and Clare were finding the atmosphere a little fresh just now, they must get acclimatised as their betters had done before them.

While the vicar read his paper and ate his lunch, his curate was walking swiftly away over the common. The day was hot, but the curate shivered; it seemed that he had stripped from his soul its warmest garment, and, as yet, he had not grown accustomed to the feeling of nakedness. Nay, just now, it seemed more than the chill of nakedness; the "lordly pleasure-house" which he had built for his soul's delight was in ruins, and, though his own hands had wrought the destruction, the sense of homelessness almost terrified him. Doubtless the Ark still sailed in safety somewhere upon the Flood; but there was a mist over the face of the waters, and he could not see it.

Sydney Clare walked on across the common,

oblivious of the blinding glare of the sun, heedless of everything in his desire to get away. Nelly and the vicarage were soon left far behind; but, swiftly as he walked, he could not get away from him self. Like a man frantically endeavouring to jump off his own shadow, he again and again increased his pace; but with every fresh step he took, his mind was invaded by a new thought more bitter than the last. It is bracing to the nerves to watch the man of rock who stands squarely upon his feet, defying "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" to shake him from his solid base; but Clare, curate and religious enthusiast though he was, was of a very different nature. The capacity for a higher rapture always contains within itself the possibility of a deeper gloom. Well for him that at the sudden outburst of the unexpected storm, his heart had answered to the helm, and he had been able to play the part of a true man. Now, he was bearing the anguish of a weak one; but the mystical peace of the saint was not yet.

Leaving the common at length, the curate wandered along the bank of the stream which flowed through Squire Godfrey's meadows; and presently he entered the little belt of wood which divided the meadow-land from the park. It was when he reached the edge of this wood, and, looking across the stretch of velvety turf, caught the glimmer of the White House in the distance, that Clare at last paused. He leaned upon the park railings, and allowed his eyes to wander lingeringly over the green expanse, the swelling outline of foliage which marked the avenue, and upon the shining windows of the White House itself. It looked a lovely picture as it lay in the warm golden sunshine; the gilded vanes on the outbuildings twinkled brightly, the pigeons flew round and round in shining circles, and there was a cheery note in the stable clock as it chimed the hour.

This, then, was to be Nelly's home. Clare remembered the fancy-picture he had so often painted of the tiny vicarage where she was to reign as queen—a queen in a print dress, perhaps, but a queen crowned, sceptred, and enthroned by love. But it was not to be: the little vicarage would never know its queen. She was to be the proud mistress of the White House—Mrs. Austen Godfrey. Clare said the words audibly to himself, and, as he did so, his brain ceased to throb; his blood seemed drawn suddenly back into his heart and frozen there; and, with the eye of his mind turned inwards, Clare saw for a moment a darkness black as the mouth of the Pit. Then he withdrew from the open spaces and the sunshine, took one step backward into the wood, and, allowing the foliage to close like a screen around him, he fell upon his knees.

Not only for one brief moment did he kneel in the shadow; not only to utter a word or two of passionate ejaculation did his lips move in prayer. The voice of Science, preaching its sermon of inviolable law, was well known to him, and his mind appreciated its message; but there was something within him which still sent out a cry into the vast Unseen; and from the vast Unseen "a sound of

gentle stillness" seemed to fall upon his spirit like the morning dew. In time, around the craters of extinct volcanoes the flowers bloom again; and slowly the fire died down in the curate's heart, and gave place to a holy calm, out of which new thoughts arose—the blossoming of heart's-ease. The stable clock chimed four quarters, and Sydney Clare still knelt and prayed.

When at last he was aroused, it was by the sound of a voice speaking close beside him. To fall suddenly, and without warning, from empyrean heights to the earth, is always a shock; but at the sound of that voice it seemed to Clare that he had not fallen upon the green earth of this little wood, but into the mud.

"Business is business, Mr. Austen Godfrey," said the voice; "and I don't mean to wait for my money much longer."

It was a hard and bitter voice, but the curate recognised it at once, although he had not heard it since his college days. Many a time had he pleaded against its hardness and bitterness for mercy to his friends; and he had always pleaded in vain. It was the voice of Mr. Isaacson, a rich Jew, who did much business at the universities. An hour ago the knowledge that Austen Godfrey was in Isaacson's clutches might have roused a demon in the heart of the curate; but now, the strength of old friendship had asserted itself, and the discovery came upon him with a shock of distress. Then came the thought, What should he do? The slightest movement would betray his presence to the speakers; he could not force his way through the thick undergrowth, and escape unseen into the wood; and if he stepped out into the pathway Austen must know that his secret had been overheard. While he was debating with himself what to do, young Godfrey spoke; and the curate remained in his concealment, with tingling cheeks, a shamefaced listener to the conversation.

"Why can't you wait till I come of age?" said Austen. "My uncle will increase my allowance, and I shall be able to settle up."

"It's rather too risky," returned Isaacson. "If there is any truth in reports, the old gentleman is thinking better of it, and means to bring a young wife to the White House."

"Nonsense!" cried Austen sharply. "My uncle hasn't the least thought of being married."

"Maybe no, maybe yes. Stranger things have happened, young sir; and I can't risk my money on the chances of Mr. Godfrey keeping single. If I go to him now, and tell him the whole story, he'll be feeling a bit soft about the disappointment he has in store for you. If I go later, when the deed's done, he'll be harder, and I may whistle for my money. It's my business to study character, and I don't want anybody to tell me when the iron's hot, or how soon it'll get cold. Of course, if you like to manage the business yourself, I'm willing to settle things comfortably. Bring me the thousand pounds in a month's time, or——"

"I tell you, I can't ask my uncle for fifty pounds, let alone a thousand," said Austen. "He made me a liberal allowance when I was at college, and if he

finds I exceeded it, I may as well say good-bye to the White House. He has always vowed that he will never leave the place to a spendthrift; and I could never persuade him that I did not spend the money on my own pleasure."

"No, I desay not," returned Isaacson, with a sneer. "Men of the world find it hard to believe that youngsters help their unlucky friends to the tune of a thousand pounds, and go in debt for it, into the bargain. The yarn's too tall for a man of business, my boy."

"Keep a civil tongue unless you wish me to knock you down," said Austen quietly; and Clare could hear that his voice was shaking with passion. Then he added: "Get out of my sight before I am tempted to kick you. You shall have the money within a month."

"I thought I should teach you business, Mr. Austen. Be punctual, or——"

The hard, bitter voice of the money-lender ceased, and the sound of hasty footsteps fell upon Clare's ears. The curate peered cautiously over the bushes, just in time to see the fat figure of Mr. Isaacson in full flight down the pathway, and Austen Godfrey, shaking with laughter, following leisurely behind.

When they had both disappeared, Sydney Clare rose from his knees and returned to his old place at the park palings. The bright and sunny landscape remained unchanged; the restless rooks flapped their steady way across the blue, filling the air with their complaining cries; but the curate was blind and deaf to everything around him. His mind was troubled by what he had heard; and the more he thought about it, the more his anxiety increased. Squire Godfrey was old-fashioned; Austen was proud; Isaacson was merciless. The knowledge of these three facts oppressed the curate with a sense of impending trouble. He knew that it was impossible for Austen to raise a thousand pounds without applying to his uncle; and he knew that Austen was right in saying that such an application would mean "good-bye to the White House." The Squire would pay the debt for the sake of the family honour, and then, deaf to all explanations, he would point his nephew to the door.

"Give him thy cloke also!"

The curate started as if a voice had spoken close to his ear.

It was only a clause of the text he had chosen for to-morrow's sermon, which, by some freak of memory, had forced itself into a front place in his consciousness.

Such things happen every day to all of us; and we forthwith dismiss them, annoyed by their intrusion, and continue our interrupted lines of thought. Not so the mystic. Sydney Clare believed that a means of communication was open between him and the Unseen; and the voice he heard was authoritative. And not only were the words explicit, but their meaning—which might have been obscure to some men—was to him quite plain and unmistakable.

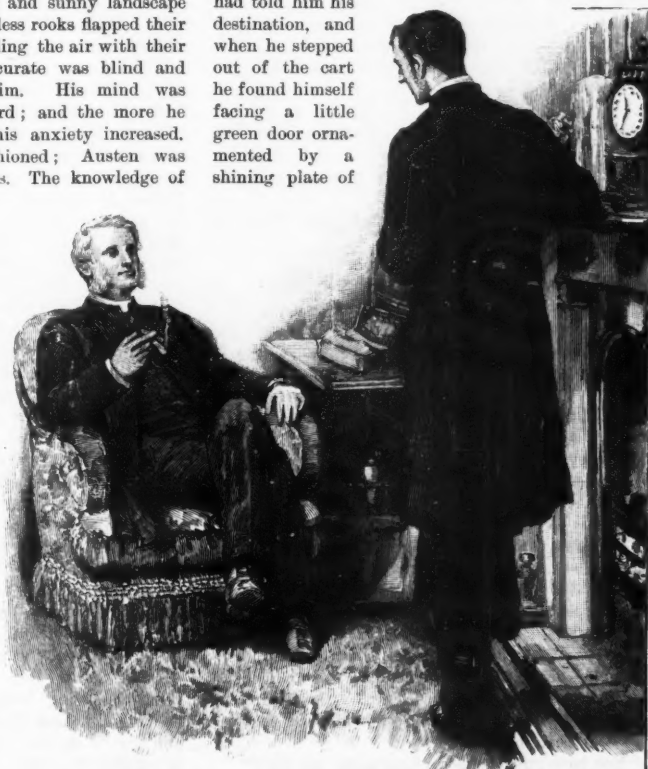
Instantly the whole man became transfigured. His face flushed, and his eyes brightened; his stooping shoulders grew straight; and, turning on his heel, the curate walked with a firm tread and a swinging pace through the wood and out into the high-road. Leaving the vicarage still behind him, he had not walked far before he was overtaken by a farmer in a light cart. The farmer drew rein.

"Are you going to Newborough, Mr. Clare?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the curate.

"Will you let me drive you in? It's hot walking in the sun."

In a moment Clare was sitting by the farmer's side, and the cart was bowling on its way; and half an hour later the curate, cheered and refreshed, was set down in the little market-town. The farmer had insisted upon taking him to the end of the journey; so Clare had told him his destination, and when he stepped out of the cart he found himself facing a little green door ornamented by a shining plate of



"It was about Nelly I came to speak to you."—p. 354.

brass, bearing the name of "*Jasper Greed, Solicitor*."

In answer to Clare's ring, the door was opened by a grey-headed old gentleman with a firm mouth and a pair of kindly blue eyes.

"Ha, Sydney, my boy, I'm glad to see you! Another minute, and I should have been gone—we close early on Saturday. Come in, come in!"

Grasping the curate cordially by the hand, the old man drew him into a dusty little office, and pushed him into a seat.

"I won't keep you more than a few minutes, Mr. Greed," said Clare. "I have to get back to the vicarage as soon as possible, for I haven't finished to-morrow's sermon yet. I have come about a little matter of business."

The lawyer sat down in his own chair, and prepared himself to listen.

"You won't like what I am going to say," continued Clare; "so it will save time to tell you that I have quite made up my mind."

"You mean," said Mr. Greed, "that if I won't do your business for you, you will find somebody else who will?"

"Forgive me—yes," answered Clare. "It is important; and you must take my word for it that I have considered the matter well."

"Go on, sir; go on," said the lawyer in grim displeasure. "I suppose you wish to make over your money to a missionary society—pray don't think I'm surprised!—give your orders, Mr. Clare; and I will obey them."

Clare laughed uneasily.

"No," he said, "it's not that. I want to lend some money."

"May I ask if the securities are good—as a matter of curiosity, I mean?"

"Well, yes, they are good enough for me. They are moral securities."

The old lawyer sniffed.

"And the amount of the loan?" he asked.

"A thousand pounds."

"Just about the amount your shares will sell out at. You mean to depend entirely upon your curacy in future."

"Yes."

"And you are going to be married, I believe?"

"No, I am not," answered Clare quickly. "I want this money paid over to a Mr. Isaacson in the name of Mr. Austen Godfrey. Tell me, Mr. Greed, is it possible for you to arrange matters so that Austen does not know who has paid the money?"

The lawyer leant back in his chair, speechless. Seeing that some explanation was necessary before the legal mind would get into working order again, Clare gave the old man a brief account of the discovery he had made in the wood. While he listened, the lawyer's face became the scene of a curious battle. The firmness of his mouth fought desperately to overcome the kindly expression of his eyes; but by the time Clare had finished, the tight lips had relaxed, and the blue eyes were beaming mild victory.

"You have quite made up your mind, my boy?"

"Quite."

"Then I will settle the matter for you."

The old man's eyes glistened; but to cover their weakness, his mouth suddenly snapped like a steel trap.

"When you want to join the Mormons, or indulge in any other little freak of enthusiasm, I hope you will come to me," he said. "I assure you it's quite impossible for you to surprise me."

Clare rose laughing, and grasped the lawyer's hand.

The sun had sunk by the time the curate reached the vicarage; and, finding his way unnoticed up to his study, he sat late into the night writing his sermon.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE SERMON—AND AFTER.

It was Sunday evening; the last notes of the hymn still echoed in the roof of the church, and the Rev. Sydney Clare stood in the pulpit facing his congregation. From the sea of heads beneath him, several faces seemed to start out into greater prominence than usual to-night as he glanced round. There was Nelly's face in the vicarage pew, pale and strained with an unnatural eagerness; and at a little distance the old Squire and Austen Godfrey sat side by side; while far down towards the back appeared the face of Jasper Greed, critical yet kindly. They were all actors—two of them unconscious actors—in the little drama of the Hidden Life, for which Clare's soul supplied the stage.

The curate read his text, and stretched out his hand towards the sermon-case which lay on the desk before him. Then a strange thing happened. A sudden and uncontrollable impulse made him push the sermon case aside unopened; and, for the first time in his life, he began to preach without his manuscript. A fire burned in his heart, and words, unsought, rushed to his unready lips. All hesitation, diffidence, and fear vanished from his mind; a Voice—the same Voice which had spoken to him yesterday—whispered in his ear, "*Would that all the Lord's people were prophets,*" and, forthwith, a great calm fell upon his spirit.

"*Whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.*" Practical maxims fly farthest when they are winged with hyperbole." Clare began by showing that the essence of his text was a doctrine so well known and generally approved that it has become a neglected truism. Never retaliate; be generous, having a disposition to exceed the most exacting demands; kill evil with goodness; drive away darkness with light. Such simple maxims as these, which no moralist can safely gainsay, are mere restatements of the text—a text which, perhaps more than any other, has received condemnation as a piece of impossible enthusiasm. To-day, whether consciously or not, the Sermon on the Mount is being ratified by the signature of Science. Clare here gave a graphic description of the working of the Elmira Reformatory of New York. Here criminals, who have for years been borrowing from society, robbing society, and smiting the cheek of society, are receiving larger loans and the "*cloke also*" at the hands of society: society is turning the other cheek to the smiter; and the criminals, treated carefully as moral invalids, are



becoming honest men. Then, having painted his picture upon the imaginations of his hearers, Clare left the object-lesson, and began to call the long muster-roll of the world's heroes, bidding them one by one stand forth and attest the truth of his text. "The true kings of the world march through all history in royal progress—a procession of heavy-laden men bearing their own crosses; and the Lord Christ walks at their

Sydney Clare ceased; and he knew that he had preached his last sermon in Mr. Chester's church.

As the vicar sat in his cosy study, smoking his after-supper cigar that night, there came a knock at his door.

"Come in," said Mr. Chester rousing himself from his lazy contemplation of the smoke spirals which floated above his head; and Clare entered.



"At the sound of footsteps the dying man opened his eyes."—p. 355.

head. The throne of humanity is set for evermore in the Place of the Skull. Job clinging fast to his righteousness on his dung-heap, Prometheus defying tyranny from the iron crags of Caucasus, are but poetical foregleams of Calvary; and from the light of Calvary the beacon-fires of sacrifice have been flashing along the hill-tops of all succeeding time, giving notice that the high-embattled walls of Selfishness have fallen." With a few earnest words of personal application, hinting at the Gethsemane and the Calvary which await every true soul, and calling his hearers to accept at once the law of sacrifice under which, be it soon or late, all the children of men must bow,

"Sit down, Sydney, sit down!" cried the vicar heartily. "Why didn't you come in to supper? A bit knocked up after preaching, eh? I didn't know you were coming out as an orator; that was a remarkable sermon of yours, my boy—perhaps a trifle too exalted, if I may say so—most of us are commonplace people, dwelling in the flats, and we can't bear too much mountain-air, you know; but you can preach, Sydney, you can preach. I can tell you, I felt proud of you to-night, my boy; and Nelly was proud of you too—the excitement has quite upset her, poor child!"

Clare knew from experience that it was useless to interrupt the vicar, so he stood leaning against the

chimney-piece, while the old man rambled on. At the first pause he said:—

"It was about Nelly I came to speak to you."

"You have been having a difference of opinion, I suppose?" broke in the vicar. "What of that? Differences! why, sir, Mrs. Chester and I always had differences of opinion, and they did us good, and prevented either of us from getting too conceited."

"This is a difference which cannot be easily settled," said Clare gravely; "and Nelly and I have decided that our engagement had better come to an end."

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Chester, his rosy cheeks suddenly deepening into purple. "You will settle matters comfortably in a few days. I'm ashamed of you, Sydney, 'pon my word I am—a clergyman, fresh from preaching a sermon like that, how can you dare to indulge in such an unforgiving spirit? I daresay the little girl has been very foolish—it's the nature of little girls, and the sooner you find it out the better. She'll be sorry enough directly; and, if you're the man I take you for, you won't be hard on her."

"Hard on Nelly!" said Clare, with a sad smile. "Who could be hard on Nelly? But you mistake, sir: it is I who need forgiveness. Owing to my foolish haste and forgetfulness that she was so young, I allowed Nelly to engage herself to me before she properly knew her own mind. She knows it now, and she must be free to love where she can. Her choice will be a good one."

The curate bent down, and added something in a low voice.

The vicar started.

"Austen!" he exclaimed. "Are you sure of what you say, Sydney?"

"Quite; I could not be mistaken. You have only to wait a few months, and all will be well. No man could make Nelly a better husband; she will be very happy."

"And you, Sydney?"

"I have thought about the matter carefully; and I must go away. It will be better for us all. I shall be glad of your advice, for I do not wish to take another curacy. I have decided to go to Africa."

"As a missionary!"

"Yes," said Clare; "and I want your influence in the right quarter, so that I can go soon."

For once the talkative vicar was at a loss for words. It cannot be said that the prospect of Austen Godfrey for a son-in-law was an unpleasant one to him; and the thought of Nelly as the future mistress of the White House was, on the whole, most satisfactory; but Mr. Chester felt decidedly uncomfortable. The presence of this grave young curate, with the pale face and deep, bright eyes, was a rebuke to all his thoughts of worldly advantage. Several times during the evening sermon the vicar had shifted uneasily on his seat; but now he felt that the sermon had taken bodily form before him, and he could no longer laugh off its effect, or talk about rhetoric and youthful enthusiasm. This man was not only giving up his wife, but the snug living as well; for the living was in Mr. Chester's gift; and only a week ago he had told his curate to prepare for its acceptance on his wedding-day.

"Look here, Sydney!" he cried. "Why can't you make up your mind to stay here?—I mean to retire, and the living's yours if you'll take it. You mustn't let this mistake ruin your life."

"I won't!" said Clare. "Men are needed in Africa, and you will easily find somebody to take my place here—somebody to whom Nelly can listen without pain."

"Nothing that I can say will alter your resolve?" said Mr. Chester.

"No, I think not. That you will add to your past kindness by helping me to get away soon is all I ask."

"That's easily managed," returned the vicar gloomily. "They always want money as well as men; and, as I suppose you mean to embark your money in the scheme, they will naturally give you advantages. I daresay you may pretty well name your own locality and your time for starting."

"I think we must leave the money out of the question," said Clare.

The vicar glanced at him sharply, but did not question him.

After this the two men began to talk over the details of the arrangement; and an hour slipped away before Clare rose to go.

Mr. Chester followed him to the door, and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"My boy," he said, "you should have stayed with us longer. We shall not know what we have lost until you are gone."

To Clare the words were more than mere words of kindness; and he passed out with the warm glow of friendship in his heart.

And the vicar returned to his seat and mechanically took up his cigar; but he laid it aside again unlighted, and sat on in deep thought.

And as he thought his eyes rested upon the picture of the thorn-crowned Man of Sorrows which hung on the opposite wall—

"ECCE HOMO."

## CHAPTER V.

### "SUNSET AND EVENING STAR."

TEN years later.

It was evening in Africa—one of those bright and glorious evenings so common in the tropics, when it seems as if the great sun itself must have burst in the western sky, spilling its golden splendour all over the world. Sky and land were one blaze of gold; the palms stood motionless, plumes of gold in the stillness; and the river lay like a plate of pure gold, burnished to a dazzling brilliancy.

In the creek of the river a little steamer was moored, and on the shore, clustering down to the water's edge, were hundreds of native huts which looked like monster bee-hives of bright gold.

In the midst of the huts there stood a large, barn-like building, with a sloping roof, surmounted by a tiny bell-tower.

There was little movement to be seen in the village, and but for the flitting to and fro of a few dark-skinned figures on the river's bank, and the slow

padding form of a man dressed in white on the steamer, it might have been a village of the dead.

But, stay! from out of the grove of palm-trees another figure stepped—the figure of a man hastening down the slope towards the creek—a magnificent-looking man, sunburnt and brown-bearded. He wore a white helmet and a shooting-coat, on his shoulder he carried a rifle, and his boots told the tale of a long and weary journey.

As he neared the river, the man on the steamer saw him, and, springing ashore, went to meet him.

A look of disappointment sprang into the traveller's blue eyes as he took the hand which was outstretched towards him.

The man in the white linen suit was young, and he scanned the stranger's face eagerly.

"Welcome, whoever you are!" he cried, and then added, with a sigh hastily checked, "It is good to see a white face."

"Thank you," returned the traveller, courteously; but there was an absent look in his eyes as he glanced swiftly in the direction of the village. "You are a missionary?"

"Yes."

"Then you can tell me if Sydney Clare is here? I was directed to this station."

A shadow fell upon the missionary's face.

"Are you a friend of Clare's?" he asked.

"Yes—is he here? Tell me—is anything wrong? You don't mean——"

"No, he is with us at present; but——"

"You mean that he is ill—dying?"

The missionary laid his hand on the stranger's arm.

"I will take you to him," he said; and then, as he led the way among the native huts, he continued: "Sir, your friend is a noble man. You will be proud of him when you know his story."

"I know—I know," answered the other. "Is it fever?"

"No," said the missionary—"it is murder! But here is the place—you would like to see him at once?"

As he spoke he lifted the mat which hung before the entrance of a large hut, and signed to his companion to enter.

The stranger obeyed, and by the light which poured in a golden stream through an opening in the roof, he saw another figure in white kneeling beside a mat couch, supporting on his arm the head of a dying man; and at a distance an old native woman sat upon the floor rocking herself backwards and forwards, moaning piteously.

At the sound of footsteps the dying man opened his eyes. He gave no start of surprise, but his bright eyes grew brighter still, and he cried—

"Austen!"

"Sydney!" exclaimed the stranger, and, pushing his rifle into his companion's hand, he swiftly crossed the floor of the hut, and fell upon his knees beside the couch.

"You will give him up to me, won't you?" he said to the kneeling missionary; and in another instant Clare's head was resting upon his shoulder.

"It was good of you to come, Austen; I am so glad you were in time."

"How could I stay away, Sydney? I started to come to you directly I knew the truth. Mr. Greed is dead, and before he died he sent for me and told me that it was you who helped me in my greatest need."

"It was nothing: I was only obeying orders: and you had brought yourself into the need by doing the same thing," said Sydney. "But don't let us talk about it now; there is no time, and I want to know about Nelly."

"She is well," said Godfrey; "and she sent her dear love to you. She would have come herself if it had not been——"

"Yes, yes," cried Clare eagerly; "you have children. Tell me about them, Austen."

"A son and a daughter," said Godfrey, with a touch of pride in his tones. "We have called our boy Sydney, and our girl is named Clare."

A deep flush of pleasure came into Clare's pale cheeks. He closed his eyes, and his lips moved; and Godfrey knew that he was praying for the children.

Presently Godfrey said, "The children hear a great deal about you, Sydney; and I came hoping that I might persuade you to come back with me. Oh, Sydney!" he cried passionately, "why have you sacrificed your life among these savages!"

"Hush!" said a deep voice beside them; and, looking up, Godfrey met the eyes of the missionary who had been kneeling beside Clare when he entered. They were eyes as bright with enthusiasm as Clare's own.

"Our friend has laid down his life that they may be savages no longer," he said; "and, by the grace of God, we believe that by his death he has opened the eyes which were too blind to see his life."

"God grant it," said Clare faintly, and Godfrey's voice was added to the solemn "Amen" of the two missionaries.

After this Clare did not speak much more. He sent his love to his friends in England, and then he lay still in Austen's arms; and, while the square of gold in the roof gradually paled, his life slowly ebbed away. When the sun sank he died.

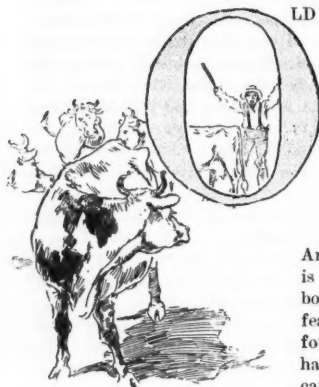
Godfrey laid his body down upon the bed, and the three men knelt beside it, the elder missionary praying aloud. With a bitter cry the old negro woman left the hut; and a moment later the wailing of a hundred voices rang through the village.

"Hark!" said the elder of the missionaries. "It is well said 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.' For nearly ten years Clare has been labouring to break the power of idolatry in this place, and by his life he only succeeded in making the people angry enough to kill him. Now he is dead they begin to know him."

Then Godfrey remembered some words of Sydney Clare's, spoken to him long ago—"The world never really has its heroes until it has crucified them." And the sudden twilight of the tropics fell upon them like the downrush of a purple curtain veiling the golden afterglow of the sunset; flashing hosts of worlds became visible in the deep spaces of the night, and the death of the day was forgotten in the glory which followed it.

## MISTRESS CRUMPLEHORN'S OPINION.

A PARABLE FROM NATURE. BY ALFRED J. BAMFORD.



LD Mrs. Crumplehorn was about as wise a cow as one would find in a day's journey, with a faculty of observation keen enough to have done credit to a human scientist.

And she looked it. It is true she could not boast much beauty of feature or grace of form, and would not have taken a prize at a cattle show. Indeed, it would have been

a task to decide in what class to have placed her. She was neither a Shorthorn nor a Hereford, nor a Sussex nor an Alderney, nor any other breed in particular, but a general mixture of them all. Still, if she lacked the special "points" that would be expected in a cow of any one of these special breeds, she had a robustness of constitution and sanity of mind, not to say an opinionated self-complacency, that were perhaps the results of the admixture of blood. She was good-tempered too, as long as no one crossed her purpose or contradicted her.

It was a beautiful summer day, and old Mistress Crumplehorn and a number of other cows were lying in a pleasant meadow, sheltered by a spreading oak from the heat of the sun. They were the very embodiment of contentment and comfort as they lay chewing the cud with their eyes half-closed, free from any suggestion of trouble beyond the intrusion of the flies, and these were far from being as numerous and irritating as sometimes.

Two men, on their way to their work after their mid-day hour's rest, passed through the field. Old Mistress Crumplehorn was dimly aware of their presence, rather by hearing their voices than by seeing them.

"Queer creatures, these men!"

The old cow did not address this remark to any one of the others, for converse—save of the laziest sort—does not seem fitting when cows are sleepily chewing the cud. She was rather thinking aloud than intending to initiate a conversation, thinking and speaking with herself. So she said, half-unconsciously, "Queer creatures, these men!"

But young Mistress Polehead, a sprightly and forward Norfolk heifer, promptly challenged the assertion with a "Why?" that was not so much uttered in a tone of inquiring interrogation as in that of critical scepticism.

"Why?" began Mistress Crumplehorn, repeating the question as though she meant to give a reason.

Then she hesitated at the feeling of indignation at any opinion of hers being called in question got the better of her, and, instead of explaining, she said, with a superior air of combined contempt and pity: "But a young cow without horns might as well be without brains."

Mistress Polehead was not to be so easily silenced. "If brains must correspond with horns," retorted she, "it might even be as well to go without them altogether as to have them made to match as crooked a pair as your ladyship's."

The other cows had opened their eyes by this time, and a quiet smile went round, for truly Mistress Crumplehorn most fully merited her name.

She affected not to notice the younger cow's reply, and not feeling sure that she was going to worst her in the threatened passage of wits, checked the conversation from proceeding further along that line by expressing, for the general benefit, the thoughts that, passing through her mind, had led to her exclamation.

"Think how they behave themselves! They hate good grass—the only thing worth living for. And, moreover, this is not their misfortune in never having seen it. One could understand their not appreciating the value of what they had never seen."

"But," said Mistress Mildeyes, a cow almost as old as Mistress Crumplehorn, "are you sure that they hate good grass? I admit I never saw one of them eat a mouthful in my life; but then, I feel we know so very little about them. We cannot tell what they do when they are out of our sight."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mistress Crumplehorn, a little ruffled at this question and remark, since Mistress Mildeyes never presumed on her practical equality in age, and usually deferred to her too fully to allow even a question. "Nonsense! Whatever can you mean by saying we know so little about them? Why! where have your eyes been all these years, if that be true? If you had used them you would have known a good deal about them by your time of life; as, I venture to assert, I do."

"But," interposed Mistress Mildeyes, "you know how we live day after day, either in this field or in Deep Cut Meadow, or else shut up in the shed. What chance have we of studying beings who are so much more out of our sight than in it?"

"What chance"? Why! the very things you have spoken of might supply an answer to your question. You do not need to be told that we never go from field to field, or from field to shed, except as one of these men goes with us. Here in these goings to and fro we have repeated chances of studying what men are like, surely."

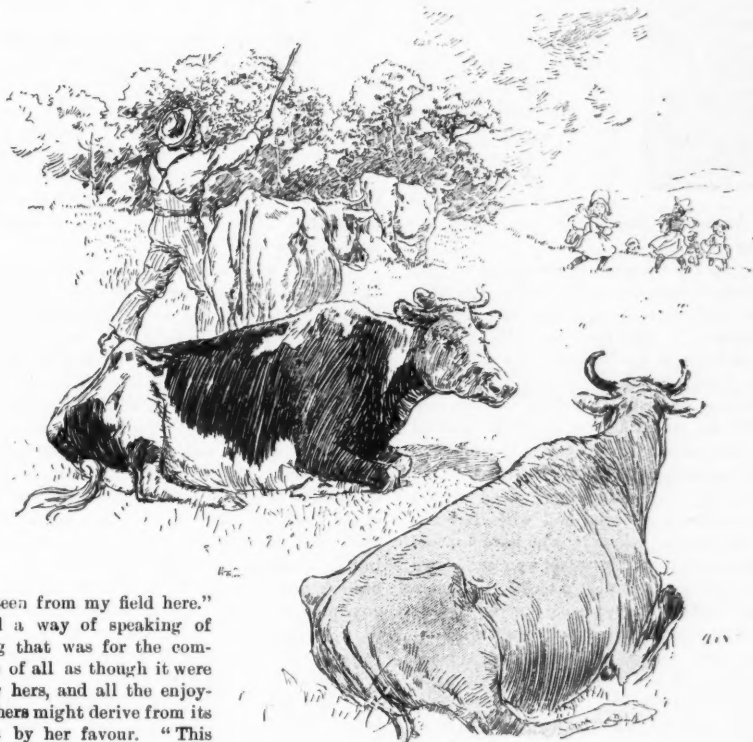
"They are poor chances for me," replied Mistress Mildeyes. "Somehow, whenever we are being driven from one place to another, I am much too nervous and perplexed to think of the tastes of our driver. Besides, though I know that he is never at such times to be



seen eating grass, what does that prove? We ourselves are not eating grass then, yet that fact certainly does not prove our dislike of it."

"Well, why cannot you study them in quiet opportunities, when your mind is calm and you are not being driven to and fro? For example, think what

children run back into the path and most likely out of the field altogether, evidently assured, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, that the grass is most dangerous and hurtful. Moreover, while they are on the grass you can notice, if you care to, that it is not the good wholesome grass itself that they are



"Shouting at them to get off the grass"

can be seen from my field here."

She had a way of speaking of anything that was for the common use of all as though it were specially hers, and all the enjoyment others might derive from its use was by her favour. "This field is covered with the most beautiful rich grass and herbage. We, knowing how good it is, remain contentedly in it. But do we see men in it? There, beyond that hedge, is a hard stony road, painful to walk on, most inconvenient, yet of those men who do come into the field scarcely any ever come off the dry, bare path.

"Yes, I acknowledge," said Mistress Mildeyes, "that I have noticed that men seldom come upon the grass, though many pass along the dusty road outside. But I have observed children come away from the path on to the grass."

"And if your observing had been a little more accurate," said Mistress Crumplehorn, taking the other up rather sharply, "you would have seen more. You would have seen the children on the grass where there was hope that their inherited feeling of objection to it would be corrected; and then you would have seen or heard one of the full-grown men shouting at them to get off the grass as excitedly as though they were in danger of being poisoned or injured in some way; and, forthwith, the

interested in, but the useless daisies and the bitter buttercups. No, I repeat that men are queer creatures, who do not know, and will not learn, what is good. And I speak after a life of careful observation. I have seen that they dislike and fear the sweet fresh grass. Poor creatures, how I pity them!"

And old Mistress Crumplehorn, in blissful ignorance of laws of trespass, and notice-boards threatening prosecution, and other conveniences or arrangements belonging to human life and conduct, proceeded to chew the cud with an air of supreme self-satisfaction. She had proved her case, had pronounced a word that was final, admitting of no reply, requiring no comment. Like the rest of us, she did not know how much she did not know. Seeing some facts so clearly, and inferring others so immediately, she was apt to overlook the distinction between the two classes, and to assert as a fact of observation what was after all but an inference. And there was not a companion cow in the meadow who could put her right.

## SOME DANGER-SIGNALS.

BY THE REV. J. HILES HITCHENS, D.D., AUTHOR OF "PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING,"  
"A MINISTERING ANGEL," ETC. ETC.



FROM the cradle to the grave there is not a moment when we are perfectly secure from peril. Physically, mentally, and spiritually, we are in jeopardy every hour. Step after step has to be taken with the utmost caution. No day dawns in which the pilgrim can, with immunity, cease his vigilance.

God has set up His warnings in the life-path. By the voice of nature, the voice of Providence, the voice of Revelation, and the voice of experience, He says to all, "Take heed!" And man has nobly followed in his Maker's steps in this respect. On all hands we find the word "Caution" largely writ. You cannot purchase a destructive medicine without considerable difficulty, and then the bottle is labelled "Poison." You cannot travel by the Metropolitan Railway without deciphering inside the carriage the words, "Wait till the train stops." You cannot enter an omnibus or a crowded hall without being told to "Beware of pickpockets." You see a tattered green flag rising out of the water as you sail down the Thames. On it is the word "Wreck." It is there to prevent any boats or barges being steered in that direction, to their injury. Here and there on all our railway lines are lamps or semaphore signals. They are constructed and cautiously worked, night and day, to preclude collisions. The mariner's chart, too, is minutely marked with indications where, in the wide ocean, are sunken rocks, sand-reefs, or dangerous currents; and no wise and careful captain will be indifferent to the warning.

I desire, in this paper, to put up danger-signals in our militant way—to point out where and what are the special perils to which every reader is exposed.

The first peril to which I refer is *indolence*. By it I mean the absence of any profitable pursuit in life: the spending of days and hours without attempting or achieving aught that can benefit self or be of permanent value to the race. A man may be without employment, so far as the profession or business in which he has been trained is concerned, and yet not be idle. Misfortune may remove him from the desk or the counter, where he has been accustomed to spend his days, and he may have to wait long before another kindred opening is procured, but all the while he may be usefully employed. On the other hand, a man may be constantly on the move, fussy and flurried from sunrise to sunset; he may travel much and talk more, and appear to others to be overwhelmed with engagements, and yet be in

reality only an idler—leading a useless, profitless, objectless life.

A clergyman, not long since, stopped at the house of a rich man, and took the opportunity of conversing with the eldest son, who was destined to be an hereditary legislator. Asking as to the character of his studies, the youth replied: "Formerly I used to study beetles and butterflies, but now I give all my mind to beetles." What was such a life but one of indolence? A mind all given to beetles was a poor preparation for the beetling rocks of difficulty so numerous in life's journey.

You will find indolence face you in many forms. It will come in the form of slumber—a temptation to indulge in sloth—an inclination to turn *in* your bed when it is time to turn *out*. Hence, when you rise, the best and brightest portion of the day is gone, and little, if anything, of value can be achieved in the remaining hours. It will come in the form of gossip—a temptation to enter a neighbour's house or office, and discuss everyone's duty but your own. It will come in the shape of fashionable lounging—a temptation to parade the business streets, or saunter in the Park, or spend the day in a series of empty visits, and the night in attending some ball or opera. But in whatever form the temptation may come, I beseech you to avoid it: it will be detrimental to your progress in life; it will weaken your character; it will ruin your happiness. As naturally as "worms" are generated in a stagnant pool, so will evil thoughts be begotten by an unoccupied mind. An "idle brain is the devil's workshop." I do not believe that it is an absolute love of vice, an inherent criminality of disposition, that prompts men to evil, gluts our galls, and crowds our convict stations. It is a love of idleness and aversion to toil, a succumbing to sloth, that throws open the gates of Mansoul to the deadly foes—falsehood, dishonesty, fraud, and debauchery. If you would be happy, be active; and if you would be successful in any walk of life, avoid indolence.

There is another peril closely allied to this: namely, *inconstancy*—a temptation to change. No feather was ever so easily blown to and fro as some men are made to change in their opinions and pursuits. Converse with them to-day, and they fully endorse your views; take a very opposite line of thought to-morrow, and they equally approve.

A man who owned a parrot taught it to say, "There's no doubt about it." One day the owner resolved to sell his bird, and for this purpose he took it to the market-place. "Who will buy my bird? only two pounds," he said. A passer-by, pleased with the appearance of the parrot, said, "Poll, are you worth so much?" "There's no doubt about it,"

said Poll. Gratiſied by the little creature's apparent intelligence, the admirer paid the two pounds and took the bird home. Some days afterwards he was standing near the cage, talking to himself aloud, when he said, "What a fool I was to give two pounds for that bird!" "There's no doubt about it," cried Poll. In like manner there are men who agree with everything you say or do. Chameleon-like, their sentiments are all colours in a few hours. Hence, they are inconstant in their pursuits. For a season they will adopt one line of business; then, wearied of it, they will change for another. For a few months they will devote themselves to science, then they will feel a special calling toward art; ultimately they are convinced that a literary life is best adapted to their qualifications. Starting in the provinces, they become imbued with the idea that they shall do better in London. After a year or two of life in the metropolis, they conceive the fancy for emigration; and when they have crossed the ocean, you hear of them roving from one place to another.

I beg you to remember that such inconstancy is fatal to all success in life. No man has ever made his mark without determined perseverance. When Edison paid a recent visit to this country, he was interviewed as to his career, when he described the prolonged toil by which he succeeded in making his phonograph reproduce the silibant sound. He stated that from eighteen to twenty-four hours a day for over seven months he worked on one single word: "Specia." Said he: "I had said into the phonograph, 'Specia, specia, specia,' but the instrument responded, 'Pecia, pecia, pecia.' It was enough to drive me mad. But I held firm, and I have succeeded." That is the spirit that conquers difficulties, and wins the crown of reward. Do not be easily diverted from the noble purposes you have before you. Remember how, after the execution of Louis XVI., Marat exclaimed, "There is no going back now; we must either prevail or perish!" Remember how Mirabeau, when mounting the tribune for a crucial effort, said to a friend, "I must come hence either in triumph or else torn in fragments." Remember how a greater than either of these said, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy." But especially remember how the Highest of the high, the Noblest of the noble, said, "I have a baptism to be baptised with, and how am I straitened till it is accomplished!" In that spirit of undaunted determination and all-conquering consecration go to your life-task—especially to your spiritual obligations and engagements—and you shall not fail.

Another peril in your course is *intemperance*. You, dear reader, have been tempted to undue indulgence, but you boast to-day that you have your appetites and passions under full control. But take heed. Self-reliance has failed thousands of times. Those who were once as decided in their denunciations of intemperance as you, have

ultimately become the willing votaries of the vice. Space fails me to tell of the talented and famous men who have fallen by intemperance—men whose barques sailed safely and honourably over the solemn main of life till they struck this ruinous rock. When Dean Swift dined with Addison and Stuart, he says: "I left them half-fuddled." After Sheridan had electrified the House of Commons by one of his eloquent speeches, he was picked up in the streets in a disgraceful state of intoxication. Robert Fergusson, the Poet-Laureate of Edinburgh, lost his reason and found an early grave by excessive indulgence. Burns drank to such an extreme that he was discovered sleeping in the open air, and death ensued in a few months. Edgar Allan Poe, on the night before he should have been married was so intoxicated that he committed a breach of the peace, and fell into the hands of the police. And what a painful tale is the "Confession of a Drunkard," by Charles Lamb! Aye, and we are familiar with the names of men now living who might have risen to undying fame, exerted an influence for good far-reaching in duration, and amassed a competency for themselves and families, but for their intemperance. There has been a recent discovery by which a certain magnifying-glass enables the holder to see clearly the sunken vessels at the bottom of the quiet deep. I cannot by any such means show you the moral and physical wrecks in the ocean of life; but I can show you the *cause* of fully two-thirds of the wrecks. I would fain put the glass of observation in your hand, in order to keep another glass out of your grasp. And I say with Longfellow, who, lamenting the early death of that German author, Hoffman—another genius destroyed by drink—says: "From the lives of such men we learn that mere pleasant sensations are not happiness; that sensual pleasures are to be drunk sparingly, and, as it were, from the palm of the hand; and that those who bow down upon their knees to drink of these bright streams that water life are not chosen of God either to overthrow or to overcome!"

There are many other perils against which I would affectionately warn you, but I cannot omit one which is too seldom referred to: I mean *insincerity*. The origin of the word "sincerity" is profoundly interesting and suggestive. When Rome flourished, when her fame was spread the world over, when the Tiber was lined with noble palaces built of choicest marbles, men vied with each other in the construction of their habitations. Skilful sculptors were in request, and immense sums of money were paid for elaborate workmanship. The workmen, however, were then guilty of practising deceitful tricks. If, for example, they accidentally chipped the edges of the marble, or if they discovered some conspicuous flaw, they would fill up the chink and supply the deficiency by means of prepared wax. For some time the deception could not be discovered; but when the weather tested the buildings, the heat or damp would disclose the

wax. At length, those who had determined on the erection of mansions introduced a binding clause into their contracts to the effect that the whole work from first to last was to be *sine cerâ*—that is, “without wax.” Thus we obtain our word *sincerity*. To be sincere is to be without any attempt on our part to mislead, misrepresent, deceive, or impose on another: to be, and appear to be, what we are: to say what we mean, and mean what we say.

Insincerity dogs the steps of every pilgrim in life in two forms: in the shape of truthlessness, lying, and exaggeration, and in the form of hypocrisy.

There are scores of ways in which men shamefully exaggerate or deliberately lie every day of the week. And such a habit grows by indulgence, till the liar finds ultimately that he is notorious for his falsehood, and cannot obtain credit even when he speaks the truth. How caustic were the few words with which Sir Henry Hawkins, the judge, dismissed a prisoner the other day. A fellow was arraigned on a charge of larceny. When he first appeared in the dock he pleaded “guilty.” Doubtless, he then told the truth. Presently, thinking in his low cunning that there might be a chance of getting acquitted, he withdrew the “guilty” and said he was “not guilty.” The case was tried, and the jury gave a verdict in the prisoner’s favour. Then Sir Henry Hawkins, in a clear, keen, scathing voice, said: “Prisoner, a few minutes ago you said you were a thief; now the jury say you are a liar. Consequently, you can depart!” How much better, by strict adherence to fact, by faithfully keeping one’s promises, and by manifest integrity, to win and preserve the confidence of friends and acquaintances. It is narrated of Petrarch, the famous Italian poet, that when once summoned as a witness in a court of justice, he prepared, according to the prevalent custom, to take the oath. But the judge, putting down the book, said: “As to you, Petrarch,

*your word is sufficient.*” We want such men in these days—men whose word is sufficient: men who employ words to unfold, not conceal, their meaning: to enlighten, not to deceive.

And insincerity is encountered in the form of hypocrisy. The age is one of shams. It is fashionable to deal in make-ups. Reality is rare. Veneer, lacquer, tinsel abound. Things are not always what they seem. Men profess to be what they are not, and to possess and feel what they do not. Frith, in his “Reminiscences,” tells how the artist Creswick always carried his sketch-book about with him, and how he was once sketching on board a Rhine steamer when a gentleman came and overlooked him, and then sauntered away to the other end of the vessel. Creswick also just then removed his position, and was near the gentleman when he joined some ladies. Creswick overheard him begin by saying: “There’s a fellow over there on the other side of the vessel drawing, but he knows no more about drawing than a baby.” Creswick returned to his former position, and continued his sketching. Presently the same gentleman came to overlook for some time, and then broke the silence by saying: “Yours is a delightful art; it must be very pleasant to have *your* gift of making charming pictures.”—“How can you say so?” replied Creswick; “why, just now I heard you tell some ladies that I had no more idea of drawing than a baby.” Such is but one instance out of thousands in which men *pose* as friends when they are enemies, and impress onlookers with the idea that they are very past-masters of an art of which in reality they are veriest tyros. Yes, it is possible to act a lie as well as speak or write one. Reader, be *thorough*! Never attempt to deceive either by speech or conduct. Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay. Thereby you will grow to be esteemed, respected, beloved, and relied upon.

## THAT PEACEFUL TIME.

BY THE VERY REV. A. K. H. BOYD, D.D., LL.D., AUTHOR OF “THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON.”

### CHAPTER II.

#### GROWING OLD.



HE was a big man, of stately and formal manner; and he had by several years over-passed the three-score and ten. But he was well and cheery; and under that pleasant inspiration he of a sudden said to a cynical friend, who was commonly ill and depressed—

“I feel I am growing younger every day!”

“No doubt of it,” was the unpleasing answer; “you will soon be in your second childhood!”

Sour old soul! He disliked people and things in general; and he steadily depreciated all merit save his own. It was he who told me that the vilest preacher he ever heard was a man named Caird.

“After he had preached for five minutes, I should not have been surprised if he had cursed and sworn in the pulpit.”

Even such were the gracious man’s words. Even such was the pervading tone of all his criticism of every mortal but himself. When he had gone through life in this benign spirit, he died. A devoted friend preached a sermon on the occasion, and



published it under the suitable title, "*Heaven the Believer's Home*," I spare all comment. Not dukes and princes alone have their toadies.

Twice before now has the present writer discoursed of *Growing Old*, each time with entire sincerity. But there are human beings who feel the approach of

good deal of being Half-Way; and he did not understand things as he understands things now. Then, after thirteen years, he recurred to the subject: giving the result of lengthening experience. The first essay attained a remarkable popularity: possibly (as a kind friend suggested) because it did not deserve it.



"You will soon be in your second childhood."—p. 360.

winter too soon. The extremest case was that of John Foster, who, coming in from a walk, would say—

"I have seen a fearful sight to-day: I have seen a buttercup."

Premature, surely; as the awfully cautious man replied, when somebody congratulated him on being made a Bishop: he having the Prime Minister's letter in his pocket at the moment. Of course, that did not make the event absolutely certain. In precisely similar circumstances, I know one who wrote: "If all goes well, I shall be" such a thing. But when this writer produced his earliest chapter *Concerning Growing Old* (most of it was dictated, not written, because he could not write), he wanted a

The second found favour too, and brought many letters from unknown friends. Now twenty years more have passed over: and he takes this subject for the last time. I note that my old friend, the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, has rather wearied people by too frequent references to his advancing age; though (be sure) he never has said the hundredth part of what he has felt. And there are those to whom the rapid lapse of time is not a pleasant subject. The writer has a very accurate memory (for some things); and it has somehow been borne in upon him, of late, that when a young woman has remarked that it is long since we last met, and I have answered, "Yes, it was just this time thirty-four years"; a certain disapproval appeared on the

pleasant face. For a good and kindly face will be pleasant to look upon for far more than thirty-four years.

We drop things we used to do : meaning that this shall be only for a little ; thinking that after a rest we shall begin again. Ah, no ! the pleasant old way, which seemed an essential part of our life, is gone for evermore. We begin to go to bed early, just till we get over this weariness. But we are not to get over this weariness here. It is indeed giving up ; but we fancy it is not, and so comfort ourselves. It is not as with the idle lad, who wrote home that he felt "a growing indisposition to every kind of exertion." It is not that : the will to work is here. We work all we can, and many times far beyond our strength. I do not want to be selfish : and I know well that it is a sore trial to any man when he begins to feel his work beyond his strength. But it appears to me that it is specially trying to the preacher when that comes to be. Things are so much the same ; you get into the robes, which possibly tend to be somewhat shabby. You ascend to the accustomed place easily enough ; it is not as when the good Dean Hook, who thought aloud, not knowing it at all, said in a loud voice as he went up the pulpit stairs in Chichester Cathedral—

"I shall never get up ; I know I shall never get up. I have got up, after all."

By many years of training, the congregation has been taught to look up eagerly ; there is the audible hush. But, sometimes, there is the terrible exhaustion within. Every word is an effort. It is a grievous thing to be giving your sermon, watching for sentences to leave out, because you really have not strength to say them. In such circumstances, the plan is to preach extempore : that is, if you can. Unless things be very bad indeed : unless you be what homely Scotch folk call "very far through" : this will tide you over : you will get through without that painful sinking, under which it sometimes seems as though you were to faint off wholly. But you will be very dead-beat when your work is over ; there will be that wretched nervous weariness and restlessness which some know. Let it here be said, that afternoon services are not for the preacher who has grown old. Indeed, afternoon services are now drying up, even in this Scotland where they used to be the great ones. One knows churches which are quite full in the morning, and nearly empty in the afternoon. Yet, through a stupid conservatism, people will not, in many places, have the second service in the evening. Even in Scotland, people are tending to come to church just once on Sunday : which means just once in the seven days which make the week : and it is not everywhere that the evening service will be well attended. Only in exceptional places will it be crowded. But the preacher who is nearer to seventy than to sixty, and who must preach twice on a Sunday, ought definitively to say that it must be morning and evening. This, with a sleep, if it may be, between. Morning and afternoon

cannot be. When the morning service is at eleven and the afternoon at two, it is flatly impossible. It will shorten a life which is shortening fast enough already.

I know the reader is disposed to say, Why this bit of autobiography ? Why this talking of shop ? Because what is said is deeply felt : and the writer is thinking of very many besides himself. Each second Sunday it is his duty to minister in a very large church at two p.m., having just finished a morning service. He has done it for many years ; but he cannot do it much longer. Morning and evening services are still most enjoyable : more so than forty years ago. But the afternoon is painful penance : is all but impossible. There is reason why it should be kept up ; and it will be kept up. I am responsible for it ; and wish no other. But there will be another voice : more equal to the duty.

It is perfectly understood by me, and by many more, that there are folk who, if they get what they like, care not at all what it costs to somebody else. "He looked very weary on Sunday," I have known it said. But the answer was : "Yes, but the sermon was very touching." I will not signify of whom this was said : but it was said. I have known those whose enjoyment of a grand Highland pass was not in the least diminished, though the poor horse which pulled them along was plainly in miserable exhaustion, and sharp pain at every step. I have known mothers and daughters whose enjoyment of extravagant dress and entertainments was not in the least diminished by the sight of the weary anxious face of the poor struggling drudge of a man, who toiled to earn what they tossed about gaily. And I wondered with wonder quite beyond words how they had heart to do it.

Further, it is distinctly unwise, as well as wrong, for any mortal to kill himself by excessive overwork. You will get no thanks whatever. It will all be taken as a matter of course. And the announcement of your demise will be received with much composure. Just this day ten years since, the writer had the opportunity of reading a sketch of his life, in connection with a notice of his removal. This was in a paper of high character and great circulation ; not, indeed, published in the writer's native land. Confusion had arisen between his lowly self and a famous dignitary of the Anglican Communion. But what most impressed was the composure with which the story was told, ere passing to livelier topics. Not without a start was the legend perused by certain under this roof. And a humorous friend, in a paragraph in a local newspaper, set out that forasmuch as the journal of that day announced that I was to minister in the parish church here on the approaching Sunday, it appeared probable, and indeed might be taken for granted, that I still survived. Such a statement, when brought close to one, strikes. I never forget the latest words said to me by an old friend, who was also a great scholar. He looked at me intently, and said—

"I am still alive, and able to express myself. But very weak. Farewell."

Human beings differ greatly, and one is no rule for another. But I had made sure that as life drew to its close, there would be little care touching the stings which get at mortals through their vanity. Rather let us say through their sense of what is due to them. And, indeed, with many, through their having got to the end of their tether, through a keen sense that they have got far better than they deserved, through the transference of their interest in the prizes and blanks of life from themselves to their children; this is so. It startled me when I saw one of the best of men, a saintly scholar, who had seen four-score years, and for very long had held the highest level of the reverence of all who knew him, not a little discomposed when a very inferior man was put over his head to a very insignificant elevation. I had thought he would not have cared. But he did care. And singularly, all the more that he thought the thing was done to vex him. I knew the facts, and could hardly think there had been any such intention. But had it been as he fancied, it seemed reason for profound contempt for souls capable of such behaviour. And I have known a singular trouble, which can by possibility fall to very few of the race. But the few to whom it falls feel it. It is, with general approval, to reach one of the greatest places which can be held by man; to hold it nobly; yet now and then to say to a very near friend, "I'm not one of the great Exarchs of Melipotamus." Doubtless very extraordinary places have been held by very ordinary men. I sometimes walk about a little Surrey churchyard where this is impressed on one, deeply. And the most modest of men would not like to be a mere stop-gap. Yet a truly great man once said, "For want of a better, I am"—no matter what. Further, the incapables who have been set on high have generally been the very last to discern their own incapacity. Our great genius wished that we might "see ourselves as others see us." It is far better not. If some mortals had that vision, they would flee to the wilderness and be seen no more. And even ordinary decent folk, fairly well filling modest positions (such as the present writer), are not a little startled when someone, gifted with the perilous gift of mimicry, *takes them off* in gesture and voice. "Surely never so ridiculous as that!" has been the anguished cry. "That mass of awkwardness, and apparent self-conceit, was never me!" Grammar had to yield to the emotion of the moment. There is some consolation in the reflection that all imitations have to be somewhat caricatured. Yet the fact may have been bad enough.

There was a professor long ago, in a little city where homely supper-parties were the use. One evening late, in his own dwelling, a clever undergraduate was giving imitations of some of his colleagues in the Chairs of the University. They were perfectly rendered, and were received with peals of laughter. The good professor, in an evil moment, said—

"But you have not taken me off. What am I like?"

The youth had tact enough to say that the professor had no peculiarities, and so could not be represented in that special way.

The professor still insisted. The youth sunk into silence; but in a little while, when conversation had become general, a wild yell was heard, and the youth was seen violently scratching his head, and in extraordinary tones uttering some philosophical propositions.

"Who on earth is that?" said the bewildered instructor.

First silence; then a general roar. The professor discerned the state of matters, and said with great asperity—

"We have had quite enough of that kind of thing, young man."

The party soon broke up. And I fear the undergraduate had made an enemy.

It was a great Chief Justice, many years removed, who was listening with much approval to the story, told at his own table, how a scoffing young member of the Bar had been giving imitations of the manner of divers judges of renown. It was unwisely remarked—

"But even your lordship is not safe from the ribaldry of that graceless young man."

On the instant the Lord-President drew himself up to his very stateliest; and, with an awful accent, and a most extraordinary gesture, said—

"I was not aware that I had any peccoliarities of manner!"

The rest was silence. But people thought much though they said nothing.

Was it that professor, or was it another, who was kept in awful subjection by his wife? Whoever he was, he too had a party at supper, all men. At a late hour the masterful woman retired, and the professor was (for a space) free and open. He began to expatiate, like John Stuart Mill in his famous volume, on the subjection of women. He demonstrated their inferiority to men in all respects; and specially maintained that in every dwelling the wife must be made to know and keep her humble place.

"In fact," he summed up, "every man should be Julius Cæsar in his own house."

There was universal approval. But in that self-same moment, the door of the chamber was opened. An awful head appeared, arrayed in the fashion of that distant period. It was she who must be obeyed. And a terrible voice, which crushed the stoutest-hearted guest, exclaimed—

"Gentlemen, it is quite time that you were all away home.—And you, Mr. Julius Cæsar, walk away up to your bed!"

The beaten man arose, and without a word he slunk away. Long experience had taught him who was the stronger.

Looking back, as one looks back now, one feels very deeply how far the recorded history of a day



"After all these years you recognise yourself."—p. 365.

comes short of giving the reality as that day went over. That is, to a mere reader. Yet if you wrote the history yourself, and if your memory be good, you have but to look at the lines on the faded page, after ever so many years: and the whole life of that time is brought back. The old time comes over you; and the little story is infinitely pathetic. Everyone knows what Wordsworth wrote about "A day like this which I have left full thirty years behind." Less than thirty years will suffice. Just to-day, the writer looks back upon this day forty-two years.

"What do you think of the old place, Lord C—?"

That was the question. He had come back, at the height of success and fame, an old man, to where he had been a little boy. He came to the dwelling of a very aged lady who had known him then: and having rested awhile, he went out alone, to revisit the scenes of childhood. Then he returned, and silently sat down with her.

"What do you think of the old place?"

He said nothing. But he put down his head upon his hands, and sobbed like a little child. I knew the man: and once at something I said, I saw the tide of remembrance come back; though this time he only smiled. But it was a very sad smile.

There are drawbacks about the faithfully kept diary, written regularly at morning and evening of every day. The great drawback is, that it brings back the past too faithfully. There is no mirage;

the beautiful haze is not allowed to gather. Not many people in these times read "Grongar Hill." Not many have ever heard of Dyer; but his lines suggest themselves: lines which possibly suggested far more famous lines which begin the "Pleasures of Hope." The distant summits which look so beautiful, "clad in colours of the air," are "barren, brown, and rough," when you come near them. "The present is still a cloudy day," and the diary makes the long-past present. One thought tenderly of the dear old time, pensive and hallowed; but you open the page, and though you had carefully left out all mention of what was painful, it is there between the lines; it comes back again, the jarring, the worry, the petty provocation, the shabby dodge, the lying mischief-maker, and, as Dyer put it, "still we tread the same coarse way." Yet, remembering all this, the gains are great. The path crumbles away behind you, if you have not told the story of it. And in these latter days, in which you forget things sadly, you do not feel that you have lived at all the time which is not recorded. It was but yesterday, under the shadow of Ben Wyvis, here farther north than I have ever been before, that a good man said to me, of a sudden—

"What's the good of keeping a diary?"

I said just one brief sentence. The speaker was a stranger, and one felt we were so hopelessly out of sympathy that one could not be troubled to say more. Now and then one meets a stranger who is disposed to argue. In almost every case, the thesis



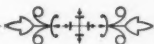
he maintains is that black is white, that two and two make twenty, and the like. I never on any account argue with him. A further word: the diary will keep you up to your duty. You must work hard and steadily indeed, if your work looks much when written down. Very much may be told in a word: the long wearing exertion looks so little. Think of Elihu Burritt's "Forged fourteen hours, then Hebrew Bible four hours." How could he do it? It is as Mr. Dickens' modest statement: "I thought of Mr. Pickwick and wrote the first chapter."

Two things are certain. One, that there is no wish whatever to be younger. Dickens was a youth when he wrote that we should all be young again if we could. Philip Sidney was young when he wrote of the shepherd boy, piping "as if he would never grow old." Lord Lytton, indeed, appeared to grow old unwillingly: so did my dear old Professor, Buchanan of Glasgow. But the healthy thing is to be glad and thankful one has got on so far, fairly well. There is deep interest, indeed, in the career of those who are to follow you. The second certainty is that you are well-pleased, and quietly grateful, when the day is peacefully through. It has brought many prosaic duties, the same daily, and though the work of some

is exciting many times, yet things quietly attempted and done have generally earned repose. Then the evening rest is wonderfully grateful, when there is no worrying interruption: and to the ageing it must be as a law of the Medes—no work after the last meal of the day. Thus kindly sleep comes on most. And, as the great preacher of my youth, Henry Melvill (who never got his due, and is forgotten), once said in his eager way, "What can He give them better?" Though I fear, now, that is not the meaning of the famous text.

Finally, you have learnt not to give utterance to much you have come to think: you keep it to yourself. It might be met with vehement argumentation. It would find no sympathy. And after all these years, you recognise yourself. You, lined, and white, and sometimes shaky, are the identical being at whose round, rosy face, you looked in the glass when you were a little boy. It was of poor Prince Charley, in the degradation of the closing days, that the true genius, Louis Stevenson, sang in touching lines. They will not come true, unless there has been moral and spiritual degeneracy.

"Sing me a song of a lad that is gone!  
Say, can that lad be I?"



## GARTH GARRICKSON—WORKMAN.

### THE STORY OF A LANCASHIRE LAD.

#### CHAPTER XVI.



MILDRED meanwhile lived on in Derbyshire, and gradually peace came back to her, and even a measure of quiet happiness. Then

"Time, so complained of,  
Who to no one man  
Shows partiality."

brought to Roger also some relief of pain; and as the evenings closed in and the days became dank and chill, he left his lonely study now and then for the cheerier drawing-room. Mildred knew that her mere companionship was good for him, that in merely playing chess or singing, or listening while he read, as he had been wont to read to his wife, she was helping him. She could care for the boy, too, as a nurse could not; she was busy and content, and the weeks slipped away.

Then Mildred grew troubled; there came a look in Roger's eye, a touch in his hand, a passing word here and there, which warned her that she must go.

Margaret had spoken of this, for always she herself had felt that she would die.

"You used not to care for children," she had said, watching Mildred cooing and talking to the boy. "I always knew you would make a splendid mother, Mildred, in some senses, but not a very gentle—a very deeply loving one, I fancied. I beg your pardon now, dear. Mildred"—after a pause—"I wish you would stay here."

"And for a while I will, dearie."

"But I mean altogether; when I am not here."

"Not here? Oh, hush, Margaret! Of course you will be here—long years—when this wee fellow is a 'gentelman' grown."

"No, dear Millie, I don't think it would do. I could not look after him, could not cope with him; he would be left to servants, and go astray somewhere. Better make way for someone stronger, if only she loved him," looking wistfully, poor mother, at the wee unconscious bundle, just out of eternity, she just returning. "You would more than fill my place."

"No, no; oh, hush, Margaret!"

"Mildred, do try, if Roger—if it were ever proposed."

"It will not be."

"It might. Promise me, Millie."

"I cannot, Margaret, I cannot."

"Perhaps you will feel able some day. At least, remember I wished it, Millie."

And Mildred could only bid her hush and rest now. Oh, never, never could she live out her life so!

No, she could not; she must leave it all, and go. Somehow she contrived to let Roger understand, aided by her father, who wrote at last peremptorily: she had been away long enough. What had he done to be bereft of his daughter for the most part of a year—a complaint strange to Mildred; he had not been wont to require her.

But up-stairs were little hands that held her, eyes

that recognised and looked for her, a downy head that nestled more lovingly on her shoulder than that of the neat hired nurse. How leave the boy? Then Roger Donaldson made a proposal. He came into the room one day, where she was, as usual, nursing his little son, and after noticing the child more generously than usual, she thought, proceeded to unfold the contents of a letter that he held in his hand.

It was from a brother minister in a busy Glasgow

"No, it would not do. Mrs. Garrickson is growing old, and the son is just about to marry——"

"Indeed! young Garrickson?"

Mildred wondered a little irritably why everyone should be surprised. Why should not Garth marry, like other young men?

"Yes, and very suitably."

"Doubtless; but somehow, he is hardly the man one fancies marrying young. Well, about this——"



"She could care for the boy, too, as a nurse could not."—p. 365.

parish, inquiring for a substitute; he was over-done, and imperatively ordered rest and country air for some months. Roger's plan was that they should change places; his friend come here, with a curate, if need be; himself go there. Change—above all, work—he needed; city work his wish always; city life impossible for Margaret. That impediment removed, sadly enough, now, but what of the child? Supposing she——

"Oh, Roger, let me have him; let me take him home! Indeed, I am sure I can care for him; and there is Mrs. Garrickson"—and she stopped. How naturally her thoughts flew there even yet.

"But your father—Mr. Caryl? My idea was to send him to Mrs. Garrickson, asking you to keep an eye——"

"It is the best thing possible, Roger. Our house is large; papa need never see him unless he please; and I—it would be such a joy to me! I could not find how to leave him; and I must go."

"He would be a great care—a hindrance. You have so many outdoor interests——"

"Because I had none at home. He would be just the thing for me. I am sure dear Margaret would approve, Roger."

"Well, if your father——"

"I will ask him; I will write at once."

"Just for the winter."

"Yes."

But both knew it was likely to be a much more permanent arrangement.

And when Mildred did at last return home, it was with tiny Roger and his nurse, and all the tone of her life was changed.

Changed too in more ways than this: the ways of the house were changed, and her father was altered strangely.

He was much more at home, more accessible, more companionable. Perhaps he had missed her, or discovered in her absence a want; perhaps Kildare had roused him; and as Kildare was not here now, he turned to her to supply his place. However it might be, he was later in going out, earlier in coming in; rarely, if ever, away; content in an easy fashion, in curious contrast with his old exactitude, to leave work to others: chiefly Garth, it seemed.

Garth was most altered of all: graver, sterner, more silent; harder about the mouth, less liquid and readable in the eyes; and what his position was now she could not learn.

"He's doing very well—Garth Garrickson," her father said once: "good aptitude, well trained, sensible habits. He could command a good price in the market now, if he chose. Why ever he stayed so long I can't see, unless it was that pretty little wench of his; and that's another puzzle. She's no mate for Garrickson: he might have looked higher, I should think. Well," as Mildred did not speak, "it is well for us he stayed. I should have sold out altogether."

"Are you thinking of retiring, father?"

"Well, partly, perhaps—before very long, I think; but your share will remain if Garth goes on as he is going, or you find a partner—I wish you would, my dear—a comfortable berth for any man, I may say."

Mildred flushed deeply. "Oh no, papa."

"Then you are no more inclined to Kildare?"

"No, indeed."

"Well, well, it will do as it is for the present. Remind me to write to Kildare to-morrow," taking up his paper, and seeming to fall asleep behind it, as he so often did now.

As the winter advanced, he stayed more and more indoors, Garth coming and going at all hours to consult and take orders, often staying to luncheon, at which they would talk business engrossingly, quite neglecting her—and how easily Garth did so, with what utter absence of embarrassment, she noticed.

How it had all come about, she had no idea: not even to his daughter would John Caryl speak of himself; the humiliation of a hitherto strong man in weakness would alone have kept him silent. "And there's no sense in telling her," he said to Garth, who, knowing Mildred as he did, thought she should be told. "No use keeping her on tenter-hooks; she'd be in a constant fidget. I am glad she has this child; she can exercise her anxiety and nursing *penchant* on him. He occupies her mind, too," he added, more gently.

He did: little Roger was an engrossing charge. He inherited some share of his mother's delicacy, it was red, and his new home was too much exposed to eastern and northern winds for him. He required constant care, and the very anxiety, the concentration of thought, was beneficial to Mildred. He kept her constantly busy; she had no time for brooding, no time for self: the very exercising of her powers, the calling-

out of her affection, was Mildred's salvation. His nursery was her refuge.

To have Garth about so much was an unprepared-for test. To meet so constantly, and even at table, was a trial she could not have met but for this retreat. True, Garth's own self-possession was perfect; Mildred was of less stern stuff: not yet could she be indifferent, but she could come here, and soothe quivering nerves and conquer rebellious tears with kisses, and crows, and foolish baby games, or in more earnest-wise if her boy were ailing, as he frequently was.

And Garth worked on. Until March he was to go on thus managing, under his master's supervision, gaining knowledge, experience, and general insight, and the relief Mildred found in her nursery he found in his work.

If he became something of a martinet, and unpopular at the mill, it is a habit easily acquired, that of "mestering," and, the mastery gained, not easy of resignation. To no one did he speak of Mr. Caryl's proposals, to Minnie least of all was it probable he would; taciturnity increased: he was seldom at home, always engrossingly occupied.

"For men must work and women must weep."

And the path to success is always steep; and good-bye to the past and its dreaming.

## CHAPTER XVII.

ONE day Mildred was preparing to go out. She stood in the hall buttoning her gloves, the carriage at the door, bent on an errand as distasteful as ever, and rarely undertaken now—paying calls.

But as she stood so, saying a few last words to Mrs. Williams, a message was brought. Old Elijah Pack particularly wished to see Miss Mildred if she could go to-day.

"What is it—do you know? Is he ill?"

"I don't know, ma'am; the boy is at the back door."

Mildred went to interrogate, feeling rebuked; she had neglected her old friend of late, and the winter was at hand. There did not seem much wrong, however. "He was not ill, though not to say well, neither—he stayed in his house all the while with the door shut, but it were cold; he seemed in trouble like."

"I will go at once. Will you please make me up a nice basket, Mrs. Williams, while I change my bonnet?—You may return on the box, my lad," decided Mildred, not sorry to postpone her calls; and as she drove along she wondered what the old man could want. It was a thing he had never done before, to send for her. Daddie was not wont to ask help of anyone, and of course she thought of every object but the right one.

Daddie was not ill, nor seemingly in any need; his cottage was tidier and cosier, himself better clothed than Mildred had ever seen. Minnie had made a connecting link with the Garricksons of which they had not been slow to avail themselves; the old man was better cared-for than he had ever been, and it was some time before she could discover what he wished.

"Well, Daddie, you sent for me. What is it?"

"I am very loth to trouble you, Miss Mildred, and for mysel' I wouldna."

"Not yourself? Who, then?"



"They started apart and looked up."—p. 372.

"Well, it's yon gell o' my sister's; it's Minnie, mem."

"Minnie! and what is the matter with Minnie?"

Mildred had not seen her lately. She had been kind, Minnie told Garth, very kind: but so cold, and not half so pleasant as she was at first—not so good to her as she thought she was going to be when she came. And she did not seem to want her back at the hall, though she did think she could nurse the baby. And Garth had listened gravely, and said she must not trouble Miss Caryl, who was in sorrow for her friend and busy with the baby, and of course she could not go to the Hall; she was not to be a servant now.

And Minnie also had her own small reasons, and kept away, to Mildred's relief.

Now, what of Minnie? Was she to help the girl with

her wedding preparations? Mrs. Garrickson would do that.

"Well, mem, I don't rightly know what is the matter. Gells has fancies, but I thought Minnie was another soart o' gell. And then there's money in it, and Minnie's not fond o' money, neither; and if it was anyone but Garth—but bein' Garth, and I were very proud to think it were a very good thing for Minnie."

"But what is it? What is it all about?—what money?"

"Why, Minnie's money, mem."

Little by little Mildred made out that Minnie had been to him in great distress. Garth had been talking to her about being married, and about her money: trying to persuade her to be married soon, and live on with them; and she did not want to be married yet, or to live there: it was so lonely and desolate on the hill. And then he wanted her to let him have her money to invest, and said if she did it would be quite safe, and they would be richer; but she did not care about being rich, and she did not believe it would be safe, and she thought Garth only wanted to marry her for the sake of her money.

"Nonsense! nonsense!" cried Mildred. "Minnie must know better than that."

"Yes, I said so; I told her so. Garth would not do any such a thing. But she said she had never thought Garth had cared much; at first she liked him, but he was different now, and she was tired of it—tired of the lonely house; and her aunt had told her so plainly she must not let anyone have that money, especially if they promised to marry her and make her rich. She thought, and

so did others too, that he wanted the money, and had never cared for her at all."

Mildred sat with strangely beating heart. Suppose it? She had blamed herself, her hasty departure; thought of Minnie's pretty face and manner: chiefly of Garth's pride she had thought at first. Lately a horrible fear had assailed her that throughout she had been mistaken; that, reading her secret, Garth had merely deferred to her, until Minnie had come to his rescue. A hundred small incidents occurred to her torturingly at all moments confirming the idea: incidents which, in reality, Garth had never noticed; and though the thought had helped her to preserve that queenly manner which was so screening, it had been more torture to Mildred than every other.



Now, suppose this were his reason?

"And what do you want me to do?" she asked presently.

"Well, mem, if you would just speak to Garth, I thought, maybe——"

"Oh no, no! Impossible!" with a cry. "That would not do at all," more gently, as she saw the old man's disappointment. "Garth would not bear it. He is very much changed—Minnie is right; and we are not all the friends we used to be," with filling eyes, which he did not see. "Daddie, I will speak to Minnie, and try to persuade her. I think she should trust Garth."

"Perhaps that would be good, Miss Mildred. It would be a bad job to have it broke off between them; but I do think Garth should have a word. He had ought to tell Minnie more about it—he wouldn't say what 't was for—and he had ought to have spoke to me. He's a good lad is Garth, but he's not done well in this," declared Daddie, divided between love of his favourite and a sense of wounded dignity.

"Perhaps if Minnie gave him a message, he might come and explain to you; he might think she could not understand."

"Happen so, Miss Mildred. I think, mem, Minnie is not well in health."

"I daresay not," with an inward pang: she had not looked after Minnie as she should have done. "No doubt the place is lonely and depressing for her; I will do all I can. Now I must go. Don't trouble; it will be all right;" and Mildred drove home by the country road. She must stop at Mrs. Garrickson's on her way.

And it did not occur to Mildred that there was anything heroic in going thus to persuade this girl to marry this man. But Minnie was not easy of persuasion. She sat there in the cosy parlour, sewing, looking as neat and sweet as ever; but when, Mrs. Garrickson having left the room, Mildred broached this subject, a fretful cloud rested on the pretty face, and she showed a petulance and peevishness surprising in one usually so gentle, and decidedly disenchanting to view. Minnie had been nursing her wrongs, and now they had found a voice, she discovered the inability of a weak nature to restrain it. "Garth had treated her very unfairly, very unkindly; he never had been kind: not even at first, when she liked him so much; she would always have liked him if he had been as nice to her as—as he ought to be. And now he was so disagreeable, and would talk of nothing but business. She did not like business: it made her head ache; she liked talking about places, and people, and music. He would never listen to her playing, either; he always went away if she touched the piano: it was a little out of tune, but not much; and he would not teach her to play on the harmonium at all."

"It is very tiring. I don't think you could, Minnie; you are not strong enough."

"Oh, I am; I could, I know. Someone told me one must take trouble if one is to do any good."

Mildred was puzzled. What good could a terrible uproar on the harmonium do anyone?

"And aunt said I mustn't give my money to anyone."

"But your aunt did not know Garth; and it is not giving. He would invest it in your name, I suppose?"

"No; he wants to put it with his own."

"Well, it would be safe. You would like to help Garth, would you not—help him to rise?"

"No, I don't care; he is high enough. If he got rich I should not be fit; I could never be a grand lady—never. If he wanted to be a gentleman he should have waited until he was one, and then marry a lady, instead of marrying a girl just to help him."

"Minnie, you do not really believe that——"

"Yes, I do, and so does—so do others."

"I am sure no one does; everyone respects Garth."

"Not now. Emma says they did, but not since Mr. O'Neil came. He showed them what he really was, and—and she says he was in love with a lady, or pretended to be, until he found out she had no money. It was all her father's, so he jilted her for me."

"Emma? Do you mean our housemaid?"

"Yes."

"Did she tell you this lady's name?"

"No, Miss Caryl."

Mildred sat silent for several moments.

"Well, Minnie," she said at last, "this is all the wildest gossip; she can only have said it to vex you. Are you going to give Garth up for a piece of spiteful gossip?"

"Well—no—I don't know. I think I will have him some day, but not now, and not give him the money. If he will be kind——"

"Can you not trust Garth? He must have loved you if he said so."

"But he does not say so, Miss Caryl," with filling eyes and trembling lips: "that's just it. He never says so, or kisses me, or talks nice, like—like some would."

"But, Minnie, men are so different. Garth was so quiet and grave always."

"Yes; and sulky."

Mildred's eyes flashed. She rose.

"You are wrong, Minnie; and if you think so, if you can so misunderstand him—if you cannot trust him—you had better say so at once, and have done with it. You are doing him no great honour in accepting him;" and she drove home through the dark in a storm.

Garth to be spoken of in that way! Garth of all men, and by this girl! As long as she had thought Minnie in any way worthy, she had acquiesced; but now, to allow this spoiled child—yet how to help it?

And as she fumed and fretted, Garth's own face flashed past the carriage window as he took his way home to tea.

It quieted Mildred—that dark, resolute face. How everything unreal always fell before Garth's face! And it occurred to her that she had probably done the very thing to bring Minnie to her senses. Had she coaxed the girl and used all soft persuasions, she would have left her where she found her; her indignation had doubtless impressed her and brought her to reason. One thing was very certain: the girl Emma should leave.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

ARRIVING, she found her father at home.

"He came in soon after you had gone, ma'am, and has been lying down, I think. He is in the dining-room now."

Mildred hurried thither, and found him stretched on the sofa, which was drawn to the fire.

"At home, father? Are you not well?"

"Tired, my dear, tired; I should like a cup of tea and your company now."

"Certainly; the tea shall come here;" and when it came she sat down and made it, and waited on him in silence, struck by his appearance; he certainly looked weary and thin—terribly thin; she was startled. How was it she had never seen how much altered he was? Surely he was ill.

"Don't you think you would be better for a little rest and change?" she suggested presently. "You do not look well; why not go away somewhere for a few weeks?"

"I can't leave just now; by-and-bye, in the spring, if Garrickson marries and settles well. I was thinking of it."

"How does it depend on Garth?"

"Because I must leave him in charge."

"In charge! Garth?"

"Certainly—he is almost so now; and getting wed is an unsettling business; one naturally wishes him to get that over first, and—other reasons."

Mildred pondered, then looked up.

"Money reasons, father?"

"Partly."

"You mean, if he marries and invests his wife's money and his own in the business?"

"What do you know, Mildred?"

"Nothing; I have just guessed that; but I knew Garth was in need of Minnie's dot."

A few questions elicited the history of the afternoon. Mildred did not often talk confidentially with her father, but now it was a relief, and seemed the wisest plan.

"And so the girl refuses her scrap of money?"

"So far. I daresay she will give way: if he will tell her why he needs it."

"He will not do that: he would not take it now if she offered it and begged. She is a little idiot. What is he doing with such a girl, I wonder? Does he care for her, think you?"

Mildred did not answer; a burning blush overspread her face from chin to brow; her father looked and wondered.

"I shall advise him to give her up."

"Oh no, papa, don't; let it alone. Let Garth manage his own affairs—you would vex him—there are reasons."

"Well, well, my dear, there is plenty of time until the end of March; and then, if all's well, we will go away together for a few months. What do you say to Normandy from March to October or so? Taking your baby and some of the servants."

"Oh, capital! Splendid! Do you mean it seriously?"

"Certainly, if all's well here; we must see. Gently, Millie;" and he lay still awhile, with closed eyes. Yes, he was ill.

"I wish you would see a doctor, papa," when his eyes opened.

"I have."

"And what did he say?"

"Much humbug! Mildred, I had a letter from

Kildare to-day. He has the opportunity of a private secretaryship in Glasgow—a much more gentlemanly thing than travelling for a manufacturer, I suppose; said manufacturer being John Caryl, at any rate; and as Roger Donaldson has comfortable diggings, he proposes to join him in them, and begs to tender his resignation."

"I am very glad."

"Honestly, Mildred?" with a searching look.

"Honestly, father."

"You will have to tell him so. He seems to think you would prefer a gentleman-secretary—and Glasgow—"

"I could not leave the old home."

"Why, you were delighted with Normandy just now."

"Oh—for a visit."

"Well, tell him; he will come at once to remove his things. I have given him a week—"

Mildred rose.

"Will you excuse me now? I must go to the nursery. Janet should go to tea, and the boy will miss me."

"Suppose you ring for him. I have not seen him lately."

"I will bring him."

Mildred went off much pleased (he had never asked for her pet before), and returned soon with baby Roger in her arms—tiny hands about her neck, soft pink cheek pressed against her own: a pretty sight. Her father thought so; he approved a woman thus, and he wished—

Mildred was waiting for her boy to be admired.

"Isn't he bonny, papa?"

"Very; he is growing well now. A great credit to you, Mildred."

"And to patent food. I've my thoughts about sending his photo to the papers by way of advertisement."

"Exactly. If we just get him through the winter, he'll do. Oh, we'll take him away, my dear: we'll take him away."

And he lay still and watched her pleasedly, as she sat in her low chair cooing and talking to the child.

"You used not to care for children, Millie," presently.

"Oh, I did!—in a fashion."

"Not in this fashion. You are changed—gentler, more womanly, more like your mother."

Mildred looked up; he so seldom referred ever so distantly to his dear dead wife—she knew it was the highest compliment he could have paid her.

"Thank you, father," she said softly. "That is worth everything."

"Everything? What everything?"

"Margaret's death—and—and other things. Nothing I can talk of; it is over now." There were tears in her voice.

"Very well, my child; but should it re-arise—well, you know I am your father, Mildred. By the way, my dear," in another tone by-and-bye, "you have prayer. I understand, now, as your mother had."

"Yes, papa."

"What suggested it to you—her example?"

"Partly."

"Not altogether?"

"No. Mrs. Garrickson—and Garth," turning round to turn baby's toes to the warmth.

"Garth? He is not a religious man."

"Yes, he is—he was——"

"I should not have thought it. I hear words now and then—I'm not very strictly religious myself, Mildred, but those words are strangers in my vocabulary."

"What kind of words?"

"Well, not exactly swearing, you know, but near it—such as you don't fancy a religious man using."

"I never heard anything of the sort."

"You? Of course not."

"I think I should have done. I have heard Kildare. You know by instinct somehow——"

"Yes; and it is a characteristic of Garth. He never shouts, you know, or raises his voice in the least—just stands still and says it; not because he can't help it, but because he chooses."

"He would not have chosen once."

"Perhaps not. Men change as they grow older. Perhaps Kildare's influence, or those German books—I don't approve of much German reading for young men, Mildred."

Mildred was silent. She knew Garth's soul, like Sordello's, demanded

. . . "Only outward influence,  
A soul . . . . . above his soul.  
Power to lift his power—such moon's control  
Over such sea-depths—and their mass had swept  
Onward from the beginning, and still kept  
Its course; but . . . . . the sky above  
Held none, and so, untasked of any love,  
His sensitiveness idled."

"There, run away with your baby, my dear. I'm tired; go!"—and until the door closed no sound came from between his clenched teeth.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

A FEW days later, old Elijah Pack was surprised by a visit from his old master. He was on business, he said, and straightway sat down and unfolded it.

"It is this affair of your niece and Garth Garrickson. My daughter spoke to me of it, and, seeing that Garrickson is my ex-ward, and that it is entirely at my suggestion that he has made these proposals, I feel at liberty to take it up. You are Miss Garner's guardian, I think."

"Well, no, sir—not so as I've aught to do wi' t' money. It's lodged in a bank in Hull, sir, and t' banker and her aunt's old minister is eggsekkitters."

"In Hull? Why in Hull?"

"Her aunt were i' service there, sir—a Mr. Astley."

"Astley—oh, I know Astley—dear me! so the boy saved this too," and Mr. Caryl sat silent a few moments.

"Well, so you have no control?"

"Not i' that, sir, but to Minnie herself! I'm soart o' adviser. She were to ack by me till she was married or one-and-twenty, and then these gentlemen would see about her money."

"I understand; and then she would have full control?"

"I dunno the rights on't, sir, but I think 't were tied up so as she couldn't do wi'out their consent till she were thirty or thirty-five."

"Very wise." And there was another pause.

"So Garth really wants it, sir?"

"Well, Pack, it would be a very good thing for him just now—secure a good rise—lay his fortune."

"Fortunes ain't everythin', sir."

"No, Pack, as you used to tell us at chapel; and I've made a fortune and you've made none, and you are the wiser man now, no doubt; but wisdom and fortune are not inevitably separated. Now about your niece; how do you think it is?"

"Well, sir, gells is queer kittle, and meks mistakes."

"Yes, but the mistake is usually on the other side," drily. "When a girl cares for a lad, she is generally willing to sacrifice anything and everything for him."

"Ay, sir—surely."

"And the inference is that where she will make no sacrifice she does not greatly care."

"Ay."

"Now, do you think a girl should marry a man she does not care for?"

Daddie looked troubled. Mr. Caryl observed him, and changed his ground.

"Were you surprised by the engagement?"

"I were that, sir—struck all on a heap, as 't were. Garth he cum in, and he says, 'Well, Daddie, good-even,' he ses, and stopped a bit queer like, and looked round as if he were lookin' fur suthin'. 'Good even, Garth,' I ses. 'I warn't expectin' o' you, fur he'd bin in the yester even, or leastways, he'd bin about a good deal letly, and I'd my doots, sir,' apologetically.

"Doubts? Why doubts? I thought you were surprised."

"Ay, sir. I'd bin thinkin'—lestways, a young lady, sir—abun 'im in station, ye ken, as her father mightn't——"

"I see; you thought there was someone else."

"Yes, sir—as he saw about here."

"Well, what did Garth say?"

"He ses—I'd said, 'I warn't expectin' o' you,' cool like—'No, Daddie,' he ses, 'but I've suthin' to ask you.'—'Well, sit down, Garth,' I ses; 'what is it?' So he sat him doon over yon, and sat still a bit. 'Well, don't you think I might get married, Daddie?' he ses at last. 'That's as may be, Garth,' I ses; 'if a lad goes to a gell's father and it's all straight and above-board like.' And he looked at me, and ses, 'Minnie has no father, so I had to come to you.'—'Minnie!' I ses, 'Minnie!' and you could 'a' knocked me doon wi' a straw, sir, I were that took. 'What 'as Minnie to do wi' it, Garth?'—'She's promised to be my wife, if you will allow. I've come to ask,' he ses, 'that road he has when he's a bit vexed. 'So it's Minnie you want, Garth?' I ses. 'Or I shouldn't 'ave arst,' he ses. 'Come, Daddie, 'ave you any objections?' Well, sir, what could I doo? Young men is sich, and teks fancies, and 't were a very good thing fur Minnie; and if she loved

him—and Miss Millie didna, belike—it didna seem right, that road, to look at—and the right way to look at—is the Lord's way, happen."

His eyes bent on the fire; he did not see his master's face. Daddie did not notice his own slip of the tongue. There was a long pause.

"I see," Mr. Caryl said slowly, at last. "Well—yes—you were right—as far as you saw. Perhaps we have no right to interfere between them; but if, as the girl's guardian, you can advise her to let Garth have this money before March—giving my name as security, and telling her Mr. Astley knows Garth—it will be all right; then if she will just consent, it would be the making of a rich man of Garth."

"Well, now, I'm bound to state as Minnie made a sensible remark abun that same—as she could never be a lady and keep a grand house and servants, as Garth were too clever for her—there's a deal i' that, sir."

"Well, we must leave it to them to settle. Good-day, Pack. You should come nearer to us; this cottage is too far away—it's a journey. We are not so young as these young folks."

"Oh, it's whoam, sir. An old man likes his old whoam." Daddie returned to his cottage to ruminate, and John Caryl went thoughtfully to his "whoam." He went another way than any we have been yet, past the top of Jacob's Ladder, straight along the road. On his left the little beechwood rose, bare of leaves now—dank enough it would be until the blue-bells came next year; on the right, the wooded hillside descended steeply into the grassy valley, and further off Mildred's hills stretched far as the eye could see, banked one behind another, until beyond the sky-line they sank to the lower level of the West Yorkshire moors, the warm red-brick houses of Lancashire giving way, even here, to the cold stone of Yorkshire. Rounding the hill, the road ran through a cutting, made by the operatives during the cotton famine, and came out suddenly on the outskirts of a corner of the town. High above it perched the Hall; just across there, underneath, crouched the mill: he must call there, and then, instead of going round it and up the drive, would mount the steep land behind; which accordingly he did. His business concluded, he came out of the old gate on this side: it was a shorter route, but one seldom used now, for its steepness; up the narrow little street till the houses fell away; still up, till he came to that private door Garth had affected once—the steps, the narrow path, the stile, over the wall, into the drive, and here, his breath gone, he sat down to rest on the wall. There he sat, John Caryl, cotton-spinner, and viewed the world, his mind very full of his own affairs and Garth Garrickson—workman. Various thoughts took shape, and grew, and vanished, as he sat and looked through the smoke to where, in the purity beyond, a church stood, and a garden where men were laid.

Then he was disturbed; voices reached his ear: one a clear treble with an odd outlandish intonation, the other a low musical bass: two voices where voices were not apt to be.

"I did think I would do so; but if you think not best—"

"I do. I would not; Garrickson's not worth it."

Garrickson! Who was talking of Garrickson? He knew that voice, surely.

"But if it made us rich?"

"It won't, little Minnie; not it! Uncle Caryl wants cash, I guess. Yes, it's uncle laying his hands on all he can get, as usual. Besides, if it did, Garth could never be a gentleman."

"Nor I a lady."

"Oh yes—you—you are too good for him by half, Minnie. I wish—"

This would not do. Mr. Caryl slipped off his wall into the drive, and peeped over into the gully which dipped under it. There, leaning against the stone-work, stood Garth's little sweetheart, and bending over her, one hand resting on the wall above her head, one holding her elbow, Kildare O'Neil, who had arrived the evening before.

"I wish—"

"Kildare!"

They started apart and looked up, Kildare slightly pale, Minnie's face one blush.

"Come up here, sir!"

"I've no key."

"Here's mine," throwing it down.

Kildare moved sulkily to the door, came through it, and joined his uncle above, while Minnie sped down into the town. She had a basket.

"Now, what do you mean, sir?"

"Nothing at all. I came up this way, and having no key, and meeting the girl—"

"You did no such thing, sir. I have just come up, and must have seen you. You came from Mrs. Garrickson's—that way."

"Upon my word, Uncle—"

"Your word! What's your word, sir? I heard that last speech of yours. Look here, Kildare: those who have risen, as I have done, from an honest class, know the worth of an honest man. I could excuse a dunderhead in my business, for I could look after him; but this I won't excuse. I gave you leave to speak to my daughter; I invited you for a week. Now, if I can help it, you'll never set eyes on Mildred again. You'll come to the house with me; you'll pack your portmanteaux, and you'll go to—to the—to—" and he used a word Kildare had never heard him use before—a "stranger in his vocabulary."

He walked by his side in crestfallen silence; the elegant Kildare by his half-despised "uncle;" and by noon the carriage had bowled him to the station.

#### CHAPTER XX.

MILDRED had been right; her sudden flash of anger had struck Minnie, and with all the more effect because so unprecedented in her experience of Miss Caryl—so unusual in anyone here. No one here was ever angry with her—not even Garth, she was obliged to own.

After all, she had spoken strongly. Garth was not really unkind to her, only so grave and silent; and if that were his nature, and if everyone thought so much of him—well—she would never have a better husband, better looking or better off; and of course she was rather fond of him.



Minnie's spirits revived surprisingly under this vigorous treatment; for several days she had been quite bright and happy, and had Garth renewed his proposals, she might have met them now. But, as Mr. Caryl had foreseen, he did nothing of the sort; the whole matter was out of Garth's court. Minnie had been unwilling: there was an end. Then Minnie drooped again. She saw Kildare, she saw her old uncle, whose representations duly impressed her. But unhappily there were people behind, and so many of them, she was frightened. The idea had been dropped into her small mind, and taken firm lodging there, that what all these people wanted was her money. What her little hundreds would be to a moneyed man like Mr. Caryl she did not think of considering; he wanted them: that was all; and Garth was a dupe or an accomplice; Mr. Astley was another; and her uncle and Miss Caryl knew nothing about these things. Mrs. Garrickson never said one word, which was a suspicious circumstance.

She did not, of course, say this openly, but she brooded over it in secret, and was exceedingly uncertain in her moods: to-day sweet and pathetic, to-morrow low and peevish; often, as she had accused Garth of being, sulky; and a piteous letter was written and sent to Scotland.

Minnie felt romantic. She was the distressed heroine surrounded by foes; she looked in her glass for beauty and signs of woe, and went by a picturesque path to meet the postman: for in these days it is not impossible to elude enemies; there are posts and trains.

Mrs. Garrickson did not understand the girl; fancied she was not well, and tried various possets. Garth

thought he did, and took no notice, accepting petulance, as if unconscious: as, indeed, he often was. He went about his business, did his business, and came back about his business, and his mind was very full of it; there were three months yet to the Ides of March.

But returning from work one day, he found his mother in dire distress. Minnie had run away.

She had asked leave to go to Manchester with Emma, who was leaving her place that day, and had gone in the morning, after a nice little lunch, looking as neat and nice as a girl could look in her warm dress and coat, and the pretty hat Miss Mildred had given her. But in the afternoon a note had come, posted in the box at the foot of the drive, on her way to the station. She was going away by the noon express from Manchester, and would not return—no, not till death—leaving it to be conjectured if then. And she had packed her box, and had the key; it could be sent to the station at Glasgow to be called for, and it was no use coming or trying to find her, for she would never come back, and she would never marry Garth;



"Back she went, growing more and more bewildered."—p. 375.

she was going to teach music at first.

"That naughty Emma! It is all her doing, Garth."

"I am not so sure, mother. Kildare O'Neil's in Glasgow."

"Oh no, Garth! No, no; not that! And he is with Mr. Donaldson, remember."

"Yes—well—I'll go and tell Mr. Caryl. There is poor old Pack, too; it will kill him. In any case, she will not come back here."

And Garth swallowed a cup of tea as he stood, and went out.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Yes, it killed old Daddie : but not quite at once.

When Mildred drove over the hill next day—her father having gone in the morning to break the news—she found him almost placid.

"It's her father," he said sadly. "We furgot she were her father's gell, as well as her mother's ; all that happy laughing way were her father's : he never could stop i' one place ; we should ha' minded."

Yes, they should have "minded."

Mildred remembered her presentiments on that first morning, long ago forgotten, and blamed herself helplessly : her selfish preoccupation, her jealousy—yes, she had been *jealous* of Minnie : she, Mildred Caryl.

Yet, how were they to have known? Garth's wife was as Caesar's.

"I cannot believe she will come to any harm. She is a sensible girl in some things, after all ; and Mr. Donaldson is there, you know."

"Yes ; and the Lord's there, Miss Mildred, mem." She left him seemingly at calm on that sheet-anchor, and drove home.

But she was not at calm : she was conscious of an unconquerable restless distress, which culminated at last in impatience of the very confinement and inaction of being driven thus, comfortably ensconced in rugs, while the world went awry. The day was very cold and cloudy ; there was a sharp cutting wind ; it drew towards dusk ; but she would leave this and walk, she decided, with sudden energy, as the horses slowly ascended the steep lane. She would go and see blind Lucy. She pulled the check-string—to Payne's indignation—in a very rough place, and sprang out, telling him that she had another call to make ; he might go home.

Up the hill she went swiftly, sheltered by the high bank on her right, but when she turned the corner of the lane—the corner at which she and Garth had met on the day that began all this trouble—she encountered something more of the wind ; her progress was hindered.

So much gustier was it here, that she hesitated, stopped, and turned about, wondering if she had not better go back and get in again ; but as she stood considering, the carriage passed the end of the lane ; the top of the hill reached, Payne had whipped up his horses, and was speeding away down the road, anxious for home and tea. No use calling. Well, she had not seen Lucy for a long while ; she would not stay long, and she would take the short cut home across the fields by the shooting range. On she struggled against the wind, a stray snowflake torn out of the clouds tossing up and down, and whirling round and round, homeless, unless it settled and melted on her cloak. There was to be snow : the first snow of the winter ; in the morning the hills would be white. Mildred's spirits rose ; a battle with the elements suited her mood just now. On she struggled, and by-and-bye arrived at the little hamlet in which Lucy dwelt—a mere cluster of two or three cottages, from which she could see their own trees, not a quarter of a mile away, across the fields. She would not stay long, she thought again, as she knocked at the door of the pretty ivy-dressed cottage.

But Mildred was detained : she found the sisters just sitting down to tea, and nothing would satisfy them but Miss Caryl's joining them. "Ay, such a daay ! ye'll want a coop o' tay to warm ye," and she knew that in refusing she would greatly grieve her *protégée*. Perhaps if blind Lucy could have seen the day, and how it was shortening, she might have been less exacting ; but day and night were all alike to her ; and Mary thought little of weather.

So Mildred removed her cloak, and drank a cup of their bitter tea, ate a piece of their beautiful bread and butter, and talked, and listened to their talk, in the bright stone-floored kitchen ; and outside the day closed, the snow came swifter, the wind increased.

"It's a wild-like night for ye to be out, miss," Mary said, looking out of the tiny windows doubtfully, when she rose at last. "It's snowing, Lucy.—Will ye wait a bit while our Tom comes? he'd set ye a piece."

"Oh no, thanks, Mary. I am going the short way, and shall soon be there."

"By th' shootin' range? I wouldn't, miss. They're talkin' about us goin' through ther. It's Queen's land, ye know ; they say they'll tek us up."

"Oh, no one will take me up !—Good-night, Lucy. I will try and come again soon, and bring my boy for you to see."

Mildred always spoke of Lucy's "seeing" just as she herself did.

"Good-night, Mary ; good-night."

She went out into the dark cheerfully enough, but when she got out of the shelter of the hamlet she found things much worse. The wind had veered and strengthened, and came due north ; the snow increased moment by moment, and beat in her face blindingly ; she seemed to make no way. Her safer plan would have been to face about, run before the wind a while, and then turn down the more sheltered road ; but then she reflected she would have a far longer walk, and in the end, hardly less difficulty. The field-path would be nearly as much exposed, and the gate probably locked. No ; she would go on.

Then she paused. She had reached a gate which, standing slightly ajar, gave her an idea ; and without considering for a moment, Mildred did a most foolish thing—went through it, and struck out into the open field. She knew her way, she thought, through this meadow, and by a gate straight opposite into the next : this would take her to shelter much sooner, and evade the "Queen's land" : a narrow strip running through her father's, leading to and terminating in the volunteers' shooting range, which it might be well not to pass at this time of night—for it was night now, though certainly not six o'clock, she thought.

For a while it was better ; the wind was easier to battle against when the snow was not beating in her face, and the walking was less rough. She took off her hat, pulled the hood of her cloak over her head, and went on in all confidence. Then, to her surprise, she came upon broken ground. What was it doing there? She did not remember broken land in this field. It was in the next she had thought some natural sinkings of the ground, or beginnings of a quarry abandoned ere well begun. There were so many dangerous worked-out quarries about here ; she

must be in the quarry field, and doubtless, in spite of her efforts, the wind had borne her unconsciously to the left.

The fact was that in her absence part of the field had been ploughed up, and between her and the gate she wanted was a long reach of frozen clods, as hard and rough as an ice-field. Far from having been borne to the left by the wind, she had, in struggling against it, veered to the right, and was coming against quite another hedge than that she steered for. Presently she reached it, and again was surprised, for here was a ditch, into which she had almost stumbled—there should be no ditch. Where could she be? She must go back.

And back she went, growing more and more bewildered in the darkness and buffeting—unable, of course, to trace her footprints, for the newly fallen snow covered them, and beating in her face again now, made vision impossible—back towards the point she

had started from, and yet further and further away from the gate, which was on her left.

All at once she was startled by a sudden cracking and snapping beneath her feet: she was walking over thinly frozen water. With a frightened cry she started back, and in utter confusion sped away, completely losing all nerve and her bearings in her frantic terror. Up and down she wandered and stumbled, calling, crying, through the snow and dark, wholly unable to command herself or make any determined effort for extricating herself; and just beyond, behind the outhouses, the light was twinkling in Mary's little window.

At last she did get off the ploughed land, and then was a little easier; but strength oozed fast; soon she would fall in the snow, and be unable to rise. And in the morning all would be clear, and her pitiless hills would glitter in the sun.

(To be concluded.)



## OUR LITTLE "HAPPY INDEED!"



FROM MODEL AND SHOE IN  
BRITISH MUSEUM.

SCENE I.—"Who is that pale-faced little girl?" we asked, as we looked round the ward of our native hospital in Shanghai.

"She was sent here by a Chinaman who had bought her as a slave," the matron replied. "Her feet had been bound, and in the very cold weather they became frost-bitten, and were in such a dreadful state

from neglect that the doctors found the only way to save her life was to amputate both the legs, just below the knee."

I suppose almost all English children have heard of this cruel Chinese practice of binding the feet of little girls so tightly, and into so unnatural a shape, that they can never run about like the children of other lands, or even walk without a curious hobble. I have seen two of our girls, as they came along the path to their school-room, supporting each other so as to keep their balance.

In this foot-binding process many a Chinese child's life is sacrificed; and here, as we feared, was one of its victims.

But our little sufferer did not die. The medical skill and careful nursing bestowed on her resulted in her rallying quickly from the aforesaid terrible operation, and soon she became quite a pet patient among us.

Her name, we learned, was "Foh-yung," the meaning of which is "happy sound" (we thus entitle our Chinese version of the Gospel); and strangely unsuitable did such a name appear at first, in view of the dear child's suffering and loneliness and lifelong helplessness. But soon we changed our minds on this subject; she was such a bright little creature. Wonderfully soon she began to show pleasure in seeing us, and was delighted with little toys and picture cards. Of course the thought of her future was often in our minds; we could not bear the idea of her encountering the hardships of cripple-life in a loveless heathen home, or the worse misery of a Chinese refuge. Such an institution we had visited in the native city near by, and beheld a scene of squalor and general loathsomeness impossible to describe.

But soon after we had ascertained that her Chinese owner was willing to leave her in our hands—seeing that the sixty dollars he had paid for her must in any case be a loss to him—we were able to place her in the care of a kindly native Christian woman, in a room connected with our girls' day-school in the city; and this arrangement, made some weeks ago, seems quite successful.

Mrs. Wong, the woman in question, is teaching her to read, and the lady in charge of our schools finds little Foh-yung very quick in learning by heart Scripture passages and hymns. We have no doubt of her proving, like all Chinese girls, handy with her needle. I may mention, in proof of the help that may be given in our mission work by very small contributions, that five dollars (about fifteen shillings) a month covers the expense of Foh-yung's food and clothing, and of payment to Mrs. Wong, who earns a little in addition by embroidery.

SCENE II.—"Who is that pretty, bright-faced little girl?" asked a lady visitor. We were gathered in the



LITTLE "HAPPY INDEED."

church close to our home for a tea-party of native Christians; and there, sitting among them, was our dear little cripple. Kind Mrs. Wong had carried her through many a narrow, crowded street to the city

gate, and thence brought her in one of the two-wheeled coolie-drawn carriages we call "rikshas" to our tea-meeting.

Eagerly she was watching for us to come and speak to her.

"Kah-weh vah?" ("Are you happy?") we asked her.

"Kah-weh koh!" ("Happy indeed!") she replied, with a beaming smile.

And so "happy indeed" was the little face that the friend just mentioned, when acquainted with her history, expressed a wish to photograph her, and a few days later took the picture now before you.

This very afternoon I have seen the dear child sitting contented and smiling by, while my husband was teaching and catechising the city scholars, ranged in a wide semicircle before him. When this was over, he went to the little pupil who could not come to him and heard her repeat, very nicely, the well-known hymn, "There is a happy land, far, far away," which in its Chinese form would sound strange to my readers. This is the beginning, as Foh-yung gave it:

"Yeo ee-kwá kah-weh dee,  
Yu, yu zā tee."

We feel that our little "Kah-weh-koh" is already a witness to the compassion and care of her Father in Heaven; and it is our hope and prayer that in days to come she may yet further testify of His all-sufficiency to give peace and gladness, even in the face of earthly privation, and prove a messenger to many a sad and suffering one of "the joyful sound" of His salvation, of the blessed inheritance of "no more death, neither sorrow nor sighing, neither any more pain."

ALICE JANE MUIRHEAD.



## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

### INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

MARCH 18TH, 1894. A BLESSING TO ALL NATIONS.

To read—*Gen. xviii. 16—21. Golden Text—*

*St. Matt. xxviii. 19.*



**I**NTRODUCTION. At this time most Christians all over the world are thinking of Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ. These events show the object of Christ's coming. By dying—to make atonement for sins of whole world; by rising—to conquer death and open heaven to man. Thus all nations blessed in Christ. To-day's lesson goes back in story of Abraham's

life and tells of God's promise of this blessing to him.

I. GOD'S REVELATION. (16, 17.) *When?* After Abraham had entertained the three angels. He had given them food, rest, and water to wash. Now "speeds the parting guests"—brings them on their way—last act of hospitality.

All three angels are present at first. Then two proceed to Sodom for judgment. One talks with Abraham in mercy.

This One, called THE LORD, always regarded as the Lord Jesus, the Angel or Messenger of God.

*How* was the message given?

Probably by direct voice of God Himself.

Last part of chapter contains conversation.



*Why given?* Because Abraham was God's friend. God talked with Adam and Eve in the Garden. Christ revealed His will to His disciples. (St. John xv. 15.)

John saw Revelation; heard wonderful things.

LESSON. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant.

II. GOD'S BLESSING. (18, 19.) To Abraham and his family to all generations.

How was Abraham to be a blessing?

*By his faith* and obedience, an example to all.

Without faith it is impossible to please God.

*By his training* his family in the fear of God.

Thus preserving knowledge of God in midst of heathen world.

*By being ancestor* of Christ, Who brought salvation to all. (Golden text.)

See the importance of family religion.

Abraham taught Isaac implicit obedience. (xxii. 8.)

Taught also Ishmael to pray. (xxi. 17.)

Isaac brought up his sons to fear God. (xxviii. 1.)

Jacob blessed his twelve sons in God's name.

Job prayed for his family. (Job i. 5.)

David trained Solomon in God's ways.

St. Paul tells all parents to do same. (Eph. vi. 4.)

LESSON. Do justice, love mercy, walk humbly before God.

III. GOD'S JUDGMENT. (20, 21.) Whose cry?

That of the poor—working without fair wage.

That of the weak—oppressed by the strong.

That of the slave—deprived of rights of man.

Oppression called "crying sin." (Deut. xxiv. 15.)

Israelites cried and obtained help. (Ex. ii. 23, 24.)

But worst of all was the cry of Sodom's great sin.

God must judge and punish this, for He is holy.

LESSON. There is a God that judgeth the earth.

MARCH 25TH. THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

To read—St. Mark xvi. 1-8. Golden Text—1 Cor. xv. 20.

INTRODUCTION. To-day, Easter-Day, all Christians rejoice. In old time used to greet each other with the words "The Lord is risen." St. Paul shows (1 Cor. xv. 17) how all our hopes for eternity depend on Christ's resurrection. Accounts of it in all four Gospels. To-day's lesson tells one part of the story.

I. VISIT OF WOMEN. (1-5.) Who were they?

Mary of Magdala mentioned in all four Gospels.

Mary mother of James and Joses. (Matt., Mark, Luke.)

Salome named by St. Mark; Joanna by St. Luke.

They had been last at the Cross, were first at Grave.

They had hastily embalmed Christ's body when taken from the Cross, and then two had kept watch for some time at the Tomb.

After sunset on the Sabbath, i.e., day after Crucifixion, they had bought more spices for further embalming.

Wanted to do all possible honour to Christ.

Then at early dawn on "the third day," all met at the tomb.

Had wondered, as they went, what they should do about the stone—"very great," and heavy—took several men to roll it into its place.

They came, looked, saw it was rolled away.

Aperture to tomb open—two angels there.

One angel they specially notice, and His clothes.

They are filled with fear and amazement.

Why should they be? Must have heard how—

Angels announced Christ's birth to the Shepherds,

Had ministered to Him in the wilderness,

Had strengthened Him in Gethsemane.

What more natural than that angels also should announce His resurrection?

II. MESSAGE OF THE ANGEL. (6-8.) It told of—*Peace*—No cause for fear.

*Comfort*—Christ is not here but risen.

*Work*—Go and tell others the glad news.

*Forgiveness*—to St. Peter—specially mentioned.

Christ's look after his denial had touched his heart.

He had wept, repented and returned to love.

*Sight*—Ye shall see Him in Galilee.

What was the result?

The women hurried away with the news.

They told no one in the City as they went.

But told the disciples with great joy. (St. Matt. xxviii. 8.)

LESSONS. 1. Christ's resurrection affects us—

*In the present.* It gives comfort. The Lord liveth. Death is at last vanquished.

It gives joy. We sorrow not as without hope.

*In the future.* Our bodies shall rise again.

We have an earnest of immortality.

2. *Our duties.* Seek those things which are above.

Live as heirs of eternal life. (Col. iii. 1.)

APRIL 1ST. JACOB'S PREVAILING PRAYER.

To read—Gen. xxxii. 9-12; 24-30. Golden Text—verse 26.

INTRODUCTION. Three weeks ago had lesson on Jacob's leaving home and seeing vision of angels at Bethel. Reached his Uncle Laban's house at Padan-aram safely—married his two cousins Leah and Rachel—stayed there twenty-one years, and then, at God's bidding (xxxii. 3-13), began his journey back to Canaan. But he heard that Esau his brother was coming to meet him with a band of four hundred men. He remembered the wrong he had done Esau, and was afraid of his vengeance. So he divided his party into two bands, and himself turned to prayer.

I. JACOB'S FIRST PRAYER. (9-12.) Notice—

*The address*—to the God of his fathers.

Abraham his grandfather was accepted by God.

Isaac his father had served God faithfully.

*The plea*—God had bidden him to return home.

He therefore trusts that God will keep him in safety.

*The confession*—unworthiness—less than the least.

He went out empty—has returned home full.

God's mercy and truth have never failed him.

*The petition*—to deliver him from Esau's violence.  
To fulfil His promises of mercy to him.  
What does this prayer teach about Jacob?  
His simplicity—speaks like a child to a parent.  
His gratitude—for all God's past mercies.  
His trust—in God always.  
LESSON. O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me not be confounded.

## II. JACOB'S SECOND PRAYER. (24—30.)

After his first prayer Jacob took precautions.  
Sent a present of many cattle to Esau.  
Instructed his servants what to say to him.  
Sent his wives and children over the brook.  
Himself waited patiently for further prayer.  
Then came a remarkable scene.  
He seemed to be struggling with a man.  
But this man is afterwards called God. (Ver. 28.)  
Jacob struggled with Him till break of day.  
At last prevailed against Him and overcame.  
Asked for and obtained a special blessing.  
His name to be no more "Jacob," or Supplanter.  
But Israel—a Prince with God.  
A name of victory, glory and power.  
Hence his descendants all called Israelites.  
Jacob asks the name of his antagonist.  
His curiosity is checked, but he gains blessing.  
He has seen God, so far as is given to man.  
His life is safe; he shall meet Esau in peace.  
LESSONS. 1. Effectual fervent prayer availeth.  
2. Thou hast been my help; leave me not.

## APRIL 8TH. DISCORD IN JACOB'S FAMILY.

To read—*Gen. xxxvii. 1—11. Golden Text—xlv. 24.*

INTRODUCTION. Forty years have passed since Jacob's wrestling with the angel and his reconciliation with Esau. Rachel, mother of Joseph and Benjamin, his youngest sons, has died. The families of both Esau and Jacob increased largely, and Esau removed to Edom (xxxvi. 8, 9). Little more is heard of him. The story turns to Joseph and his brethren.

I. JOSEPH'S BRETHREN. (1—4.) Notice—  
Care of the flocks occupied all the brothers.

Joseph lived with the sons of Bilhah and Zilpah viz., Dan, Naphtali, Gad, and Asher.

Leah's six sons tended another flock elsewhere.  
But the half-brothers did not live in peace.

What was the cause of their hating Joseph?  
Partly because of Jacob's partiality for him.  
Possibly a blind parental indulgence—or  
Possibly because he foresaw his excellence.  
Joseph also incurred their ill-will himself.  
He told his father of their wrong deeds.  
How was Jacob's partiality shown?  
He made him a coat of many pieces (or colours).  
Perhaps a coat indicating a princely rank.  
Or a sacred vestment worn by the priests.  
Anyhow it caused envy, hatred, and malice.  
So that there was enmity in the family.

## II. JOSEPH'S DREAMS. (5—11.) *The first—*

A corn-field where each reaper made a sheaf.  
His brother's sheaves bowed down to Joseph's.  
In his simplicity he told his brothers the dream.  
They saw the implied meaning at once.  
Little thought how truly it would be fulfilled.  
He stored up corn in Egypt—they came and bought.

He was "Lord of the land"—they made obeisance.  
*The second dream*—giving greater certainty.  
So Pharaoh had double dreams. (xli. 32.)  
So Gideon had two signs. (Judges vi. 37—39.)  
This time the sun, moon, and stars bowed to him.  
His father rebuked him for supposed presumption,  
but also pondered over these signs.

His brethren envied and hated him.  
But the dream was literally fulfilled.  
His whole family bowed to him in Egypt.

## III. JOSEPH A TYPE.

Honoured by his father—as Christ. (St. Matt. iii. 17.)  
Clad in priestly robe as Christ in glory. (Rev. i. 13.)  
Grew in wisdom and innocence. (St. Luke ii. 42.)  
No sin recorded of him—so with Christ. (1 Pet. ii. 22.)

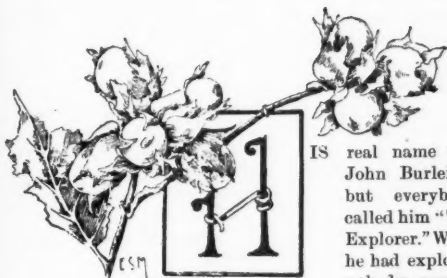
His glory and honour foretold. (Is. ix. 7.)  
Envied by his brethren as Christ by the Priests.  
(St. Matt. xxvii. 18.)

Hated, insulted, and persecuted for truth's sake.

LESSONS. 1. Copy Joseph's innocence.  
2. Avoid envy, the beginning of strife.  
3. Live peaceably with all men.



# "THE EXPLORER."



IS real name was John Burleigh, but everybody called him "The Explorer." What he had explored nobody seemed to know; nor

did he appear inclined to give information on the subject; but it was generally believed that his explorations had been conducted with a view to the discovery of the North Pole, and it was further supposed that the sufferings and privations he had undergone had been so appalling that he naturally shrank from recalling, and thus living over again in imagination, the horrors of the past. However this might be, his conversation was packed as full as it would hold with bergs, flocs, and hummocks of ice; and it was rendered deliciously awful to small boys by the roaring of polar bears, the lashing of the flukes of giant whales which were capable of reducing heavy boats to match-wood, and by the cracking timbers of stout ships which were "nipped" by icebergs like walnuts in the crack of a door. August was the only month in which it was possible to listen to The Explorer's yarns with comfort; those who were foolishly enough to spend a winter's evening in his company always said that the biggest fire failed to keep them warm while he talked, and some have even asserted that the extreme severity of his Arctic conversations has reduced their temperature to such a degree that only a liberal allowance of hot water and mustard has saved them from taking cold. But, as Herodotus would have said, I am not sure if this is true. The strange thing was that "The Explorer" never introduced any personal element into these stories; so that the impression left upon the minds of most of his hearers was that, as yet, he had never been as freezing as he could.

Not only in his conversation, but in his appearance, The Explorer quite bore out the testimony of rumour. Picture a tall, stout, well-set-up, burly man of sixty, with a face the colour of mahogany, and beard and hair of thickly grizzled red. Picture, moreover, this same stalwart figure clothed from head to foot in ample garments of thick blue cloth; even the soft peaked cap on his head was of blue cloth; notice the blue tattooing of anchors peeping out below the wrist-band of Oxford shirting, and the great telescope hugged against his side by his left arm; pay heed to his rolling gait; and then, what would you be likely to call him? A sailor, of course! what else could he be? most likely a retired skipper. But watch him more closely as he goes down the street, with his head

flung back and his clear blue eyes sweeping the horizon or noting the clouds to windward, and the nickname "Explorer" does not seem out of place. Hark! true, the gallant Explorer's voice is hushed for ever now; but methinks I hear it still, hoarse but hearty, hailing across the street, "What cheer?" Where did he get such a voice, if it was not in contending with the united thunders of Neptune and Boreas?

At the time I knew him The Explorer lived alone. He rented a tiny white-faced cottage on the cliff, and did all his own work. It was a long time before I saw the inside of this cottage, but, judging from the spick-and-spanness of the exterior, I knew it was all ship-shape within. The knocker, the door-knob, and the bell-handle were of brass, and they all sparkled so brightly that it was impossible to look at them without winking. In front of the little cottage, and inside the green palings, there was a square of nicely kept turf, and in the middle of this a circular patch of asphalt, from which arose a tall white flag-staff, for the display of bunting on high days and holidays, or whenever The Explorer considered that the occasion demanded unusual honour and respect. Anniversaries, obscure to the general memory, were glorified in this manner at the white cottage. If questioned as to the reason of an extra adornment of the flag-staff, The Explorer would reply, with the greatest solemnity, "This is Sir Richard Grenville's birthday," or, "This is the date on which Master John Hawkins embarked in the *Jesus*;" and then he would beam mild pity upon the inquirer for being ignorant of such important facts. Had he chosen, I am sure he might have been a second Hakluyt, for the breadth and profundity of his seafaring lore were astounding. It is true that, as far as anybody could discover, he seemed to know very little else; but he was complete master of the one subject that interested him. Frobisher and Drake, Willoughby and Behring, Miles Phillips, Thomas Sanders, Hudson, and Captain Cook were among his most intimate friends; he knew every incident in their lives, could tell, without the slightest hesitation, the names of their ships, when they sailed, and what became of them. The mere mention of any one of them in his presence would make his eyes kindle with pleasure, and he would wax eloquent upon the subject of their gallant exploits whenever he could find anybody willing to listen to him. The most thrilling romance of the sea was dull compared with his talk, for The Explorer was something of an actor; and so completely was he mastered by his subject, that for the time being he seemed to lose his own identity, and become the great voyager whose story he happened to be telling. Little wonder was it that he was beloved of all the boys of Highcliffe, and he was seldom to be seen without a train of eager and devoted followers. He had a power in his eye, like that of the Ancient Mariner, and I never saw a small boy who could resist it. More than one enterprising Highcliffe youth gathered together all his personal belongings

into a bundle and ran away to sea; and I regret to say that The Explorer never heard of such an occurrence without shaking his sides with suppressed laughter, and for days afterwards he would be subject to explosive chucklings of huge delight. The only time I ever saw him in low spirits was when one of these

a dozen of our Highcliffe fishermen who, in the slack season, lounged about the jetty, and earned the title of "loafers." The Explorer was in his element among these men, and it made me like him all the better to find that his experience of blue water had not made him blind to the skill and bravery of the boatmen.



"He was beloved of all the boys."—p. 379.

runaway youngsters was pursued and brought back home, and afterwards soundly flogged until he submitted to be apprenticed to an uncongenial trade.

And now I must tell how it was that I first gained an entrance into The Explorer's little white cottage. The Highcliffe coast was considered to be a very dangerous one, and a winter never passed without its wrecks; but we boasted of a fine life-boat and as stout-hearted a set of fellows as ever gave the lie to the contempt which lurks behind the name of "long-shore-men." There never was a true blue "salt" with a heart readier for danger, or a hand quicker upon the oar when it was needed, than the hearts and hands of

Whenever the weather was "dirty," The Explorer would be found on the jetty, and the slightest gale was sufficient to blow him out of bed in the middle of the night. For my own part, I never pretended to take any interest in storms, and if ever I was awakened by the howling of the wind, I always drew the bed-clothes high up over my ears, and went to sleep again. But I well remember a storm which refused to be ignored in this fashion. The wind shrieked round all four corners of the house at once, and seemed to seize it and shake it as a terrier might a rat, making all the windows rattle, and tearing off a slate or a chimney-pot with every fresh gust. After several vain attempts



to deafen myself to what was going on, I at last sat up in bed, and instantly the dull and heavy booming of a minute-gun fell upon my ears. This decided me. I got up, dressed myself in oil-skins, and made my way down to the jetty.

I was not surprised, when I arrived there, to hear the hoarse voice of *The Explorer* sounding above the fierce roaring of the gale. There was a crowd of excited men and women on the jetty, and I soon found out that the lifeboat was about to be launched. By the light of a flaring lantern I could see the crew in their scarlet caps and cork jackets, and foremost among them, clad like the rest, was *The Explorer*. The word was given, and they all leapt into their places; and then sat with uplifted oars as calmly as if they were about to practise on a still sea. The ropes were let go, and the boat swept swiftly down the inclined plane and plunged into the black and boisterous waves. In an instant it was swallowed up in the darkness; and after our first cheer of encouragement, we all stood with bated breath, waiting for what would happen next. Now and again the ghastly glare of a blue light would burst out in the midst of the blackness far away, showing us the position of the wreck; but we could catch no glimpse of the lifeboat. After a time no more lights were burned, and we knew that either the wreck had foundered or the lifeboat had done her work. Another weary time of waiting followed; and then above the lulling tempest we heard a hail. The lifeboat was safe. We all shouted a hearty welcome, and our cheers were faintly echoed from the sea. We crowded down to the edge of the foaming surf, and in a moment more we were helping the gallant crew to bring ashore the people who had been saved from the wreck. But where was the figure which should have been foremost in the work? Why was that hearty voice hushed which should have been shouting gruff triumph because the sea had been robbed of its prey? My heart sank within me, and a question was trembling on my lips, when two of the lifeboat's crew waded ashore, staggering under the weight of a heavy helpless form. I sprang forward, knowing what I should see; and I was not mistaken. The flaring lantern lit up a face that was as pale as death—the face of *The Explorer*.

A word or two from the men explained how he had been the first of the lifeboat's crew to set foot on the deck of the sinking ship, how he had worked harder than any of them, and how he had been suddenly stricken down by a falling spar. We laid him in a hammock, hastily improvised with a sail slung between a couple of oars, and then bore him gently home to his cottage. The doctor was quickly summoned, and from the half-dozen men who volunteered to help nurse the injured *Explorer*, I was chosen.

This is how it was that I became an inmate of the white cottage; but I was too troubled about the condition of its owner to pay much attention to the internal arrangements of the place, which, at any other time, would have been full of interest to me. The doctor gave no hopes of *The Explorer's* recovery, but he did not apprehend any immediate danger; so that when the patient's injuries had been attended to, and he had fallen into a heavy sleep, I was able to look

about me a little. Never was ship's cabin trimmer or more snugly arranged than the tiny room in which *The Explorer* slept. Every available inch of space had been utilised, and there was no speck of dust or sign of disorder to be seen anywhere. Varnished mahogany, polished brass, and sparkling glass gave the place quite a bright and cheerful appearance; the floor was as white as the deck of a man-of-war; and at the head of the bunk there were several solid book-shelves, bending beneath the weight of the ponderous volumes which formed *The Explorer's* library—a library entirely composed of the records of famous voyagers. By way of ornament, there were a few brightly coloured prints of sea-pieces in maple frames, and a model of a fine vessel, which I afterwards learned was the work of *The Explorer*. Besides these things, there was a three-quarter figure of Neptune, resplendent in green and gold paint, some time the figurehead of a goodly ship; and this strange ornament almost covered the whole of one wall of the little room, the knees of the sea-king resting upon the floor, or deck, and the barbed points of his trident piercing the ceiling.

Here it was that *The Explorer* fought his grim fight with Death; and when at last he was able to leave his bunk and sit up for a few hours every day, I thought he had conquered. But it was not so; the doctor shook his head and told of internal injuries; and the patient himself never spoke of recovery. He told me quite calmly that he knew his voyaging was done, and the port was in sight. Then he asked the doctor if he would live long enough to reach Australia in a sailing vessel; and after some hesitation the doctor told him that it was very doubtful. Then a strange gleam came into *The Explorer's* eye, and he said he would go. I asked if he had friends in Australia, and he shook his head; but from that time, seeing that the doctor did not mean to forbid the journey, he began to make his preparations for departure. Most of these preparations concerned the disposition of his little property; and having made me his trustee, he talked to me quite freely about his plans. From these talks I learned that he had no relatives living; and his wish was that his little cottage should be turned into a sailors' reading-room and library, the nucleus of which already existed in his own collection of books; and the money he left behind was to be devoted to the maintenance of a disabled seaman who was to act as caretaker; the choice of a succession of deserving men to devolve upon a committee, annually elected upon conditions named in *The Explorer's* will.

It was in vain that I endeavoured to persuade *The Explorer* to give up his voyage; he listened with grave politeness to all my objections, but he never swerved from his purpose. He took his passage, sent forward a single chest of the things he might require, and promised me that if he lived to reach Australia he would come back again. The night before his departure I sat with him in his little cabin, and then it was that, in a few brief words, he told me the story of his life.

"You have been a true friend to me," he said, "and I somehow feel as if I ought not to keep the truth a secret from you. What would you say," he added, "if I told you that I am sailing under false colours?"



"The flaring lantern lit up a face that was as pale as death—the face of The Explorer."—p 381.

I have made up my mind to haul down the Union Jack and run up my true flag to the masthead. What do you think it is?"

I did not answer, and, making a wry face, he said—

"A yard of sarcenet ribbon! You think I'm a sailor, don't you?"

"Why, of course I do!" I answered. "Everybody knows you are!"

"Ah!" he said, "I thought so—I meant them to. Well, sir, everybody is quite wrong! I'm no more a sailor than you are—I'm a retired linen-draper!"

As he said this, he actually blushed, and shrank away from me, as if he had uttered something disgraceful; but when I took his hand in mine and pressed it warmly, he recovered himself and hastened to say—

"Don't mistake me, and think that I want to cast contempt upon a respectable trade: it isn't that; but somehow it goes against a sailor's grain to sell yards of ribbon and lace. It may be that the mind used to miles and miles of blue water and sky, finds it niggling work to measure by inches."

"Then you are a sailor, after all?" I said.

He laughed, rather sadly, I thought.

"Well, I am, and I'm not," he replied. "You shall hear my story in a few words. Did you ever hear of a

man living two lives? Of course you did. We've all met people who make a show of being decent and respectable folk, who would be the veriest scamps if they had the chance: ay, who *are* the veriest scamps when they get out of the eyeshot and earshot of the people they wish to stand well with. That's one sort of double living; but there are other sorts. I was born to be a sailor; my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all sailors—I can't get far enough back in my family history to find a time when we weren't sailors. My mother's people, too, were mostly seafaring, and so, you see, the blue water was in my blood. Of course, I meant to be a sailor myself, and from the time I first talked I vowed that I would be nothing else; and the vow pleased my father, though my mother turned pale, and called me a foolish child.

"I won't waste your time by telling you all my boyish dreams of the sea; it is enough to say that, asleep or awake, I never dreamed of anything else. As I grew towards the age when I must go to sea, my longing became almost unbearable, till at last my father, who was a skipper, promised to take me with him on his next voyage; but my joy at the promise was dashed at the sight of my mother's tears. Boy-like, I soon forgot all about her grief, and waited impatiently for my father to return. We lived at

Portsmouth, and every spare moment of my time was spent down by the harbour, watching for his ship. It never came. Far out at sea it went down, and my father and all his men were drowned; my mother was almost heart-broken, and when I tried to console her in her trouble she told me for the first time how she had lost her own father and a favourite brother at sea. 'The cruel sea robs me of all I love!' she said. 'Only you are left to me; and if you go to sea I shall be robbed of you too. Promise me that you will stay ashore with me.' It was a hard thing to do; even now I can feel the pain which struck the death-blow to all my hopes; but the thing had to be done: the most cowardly deserter from battle would have been brave compared with me if I had left my mother then, and I promised: I promised that while she lived and needed me I would never trust my life on the sea.

"I kept my promise; my mother apprenticed me to a linen-draper, and during her lifetime I never so much as set foot in a sailing-boat. She died ten years ago, so you see I could never be a sailor—that is, not in reality; but I did the next best thing: I became a sailor in imagination. You know what I said about leading a double life? Well, that's what I've been doing. I didn't shirk my own trade, because to do work half-heartedly only makes it hateful; I even got on and made money at it, so that my mother ended her days in ease and comfort, like a lady; and when she died I knew that it had been given me to make her life a happy and peaceful one. But I resolved that the sly and subtle temptations which lie in wait like poisonous serpents to seize upon a trader's soul should not coil round mine. Very soon after the bitter day of my apprenticeship, a volume of voyagers' tales came into my hands, and it was while I was reading them, with my heart hungering for news of the glorious sea, that I learned the grand secret that, in spite of the slavery of my body, my mind was free. From that moment I became a sailor in imagination; every-

thing I read was about the sea, ships, and sailors. After shop-hours I dressed like a sailor, I mixed with sailors, and made friends with sailors; and, although my promise would not let me put off from the shore, I overran all the ships in the harbour, and climbed their rigging till I knew every rope and spar as well as I knew my master's stock of drapery. Then I wandered for hours, even at night-time, along the sea-shore, both in storm and calm; and in my hours of deepest longing I would fling myself passionately down upon the wet rocks, just within reach of the incoming tide, and shout with joy as the cold salt spray broke upon me in delicious showers."

The Explorer ceased, and then seeing that I looked unsatisfied, he said—

"That's the end of the story. When my good old mother died, ten years ago, I sold off my business, and ran away from everybody who had known me, because I wanted to forget about the drapery as much as possible. That is how it was that I came here and became a longshore-man."

There was little I could say to The Explorer when he had finished; I could only press his hand again; and tell him how proud I was to be his friend. After that, seeing that he was tired, I bade him good-night; and on the morrow I accompanied him on board ship, and saw the last of him before he sailed.

I never saw him again. He died in mid-ocean, and I received a message of farewell from him, enclosed in a letter from the captain of the ship, who wrote, at his request, to inform me of his death. Then the reason of this voyage dawned upon me. The last words of the farewell note were these: "I am dying, and I am glad I shall die at sea. Please God, I shall sleep under blue water, after all." And I, too, was glad to know that the last wish of the gallant, simple-hearted Explorer was granted to him; for never was there a sailor of them all who had more nobly earned a sailor's grave.



## THE HUSH OF THE SOUL.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.



HIS subject, "The Hush of the Soul," is not one of prime necessity to a man's salvation: it is one which enters into the higher aspirations, and possibilities, and powers of the spiritual life.

It is, perhaps, not easy to bring exactly before the mind what is properly conveyed in the word "Hush"; and yet I cannot use any other word, for none other will express what I mean. "Silence," which approaches the nearest to it, is not it at all. Silence

is necessary to it, but is not it. Silence may be purely negative—simply the absence of sound; it involves no consciousness, in it there need be no intensity, the heart-strings may be all unstrung; but when there is "Hush" there is intensity: it gathers up silence into itself, but in the spiritual life passes beyond it, far away.

What we describe by the word "Hush" is present after its worldly operation in some worldly circumstances. For example: there is the Hush of Awe, and the Hush of Expectation, and the Hush of Mystery.

I have known the first when expecting the ship to sink under my feet and death to be close at hand, when in a moment the creaking and groaning of

the timbers ceased, and the mad flapping of the sails was still, and the thousand demons that seemed to scream through the cordage were silent, and down, deep in the trough of the sea, even the waves could make no sound—in the dead silence of that awful time for the man sitting alone in that little cabin there was a Hush—the Hush of Awe.

And there is the Hush of Expectation. I must go very low down for an example of this. You will see it best in the set of the head, and the look of the eye, and the half-opening of the mouth of a little child when its mother says "Hush!" "Hark!" and puts up her finger, and the child gathers itself up into such intensity as its nature is capable of—listening for the expected—it knows not what.

Or if you are too big for such an example as this, you may gather some idea of a "Hush," as distinguished from mere silence, if you mark what falls upon a crowded and excited court, when, in a case of murder, the foreman of the jury stands up to deliver the verdict; or when the judge puts on the black cap—that awful symbol of death—and when the prisoner is about to be doomed to die.

And you know, perhaps, what the Hush of Mystery is: when, how, or why, or whence, you cannot tell—a silence deeper than the silence that is around falls upon your soul, and you fail to interpret yourself to yourself, and you know not why. And, personally, if I had no other evidence of my having a soul, this feeling alone would make me think seriously of what I am.

These things of earth will help me to take in the idea, which is so hard to be defined or explained, but which is before me now—the Soul's "Hush"—happiest amongst those who read these lines is he who knows it oftenest and most.

The Soul's "Hush" is when our spirit, in its very inner essence, apart even from the disturbance of its own thoughts, draws near (I write it humbly, almost fearfully) to the presence of God's Spirit, and lies, as it were there, without word or thought, in the simple consciousness of the communion of spirit with Spirit.

The Hush of the Soul (so little known, and for such short times to us) is, perhaps, the highest attainment possible for us at this side heaven.

It is different from prayer, it is different from active thought (disturbances, as we know only too well, can make themselves heard in these); we are not asking anything, we are not even thinking about or wanting anything—we are simply and intensely realising that we are Christ's.

There is something above prayer, above contemplation, above ordinary communion: it is this—the communion of simple consciousness that our spirit is with God's Spirit, and that that swallows up all else—that that is enough.

Some of my readers have, I am sure, had spiritual yearnings and feelings which they could not understand; perhaps they might comprehend them a little better by what they have just now read.

There are degrees in the access to the Father which men attain to—all of which are by Christ, all through the Holy Spirit; that which I have mentioned now

is perhaps the highest which it is possible to attain. It may be that while here below we can have it but seldom, but we may, by God's help, gather ourselves up into it at times. The scent of thousands upon thousands of flowers is gathered up into a single drop of true attar of roses; how much of our spiritual energies may be condensed into even a short laying of our spirit humbly close—very close (in the acceptance of Christ)—to the Being of God Himself!

We must not say that all this is transcendental: some fancy flight which goes, like the rocket, very high, and ends in a shower of coruscations, bright indeed, but barren—beautiful for a brief moment above, but productive of nothing below. It is not so. The drop of scent, and not the rocket, is the true image here. That one drop of scent can fill a room, can pervade a house—it will be true to its condensation: it can give out much, because in it there is much.

If in (so to speak) the very essence of our spirit we have been with God in the unearthliness of the Soul's "Hush," we shall be able to diffuse more of God and heaven upon earth. One moment of the Soul's Hush in the stillness of the innermost union with God will make us more holy than many efforts—aye, than many prayers.

And as to ourselves: who can tell the blessings which will flow to us out of even these transitory Hushes of the Soul? They will be a secret of amazing power and comfort in our spiritual life. Their secret will linger with us amid the down-draggings of our temporal and our spiritual life. They will be secret helpers. Even though we have not this communion at any particular moment, we shall remember that we had.

I know that there are tremendous hindrances to even a moment's very close communion with God. How can we expect the man full of the things of earth to have it—the over-busy, the man that scatters himself everywhere and concentrates himself nowhere, the one that is always in public and never in private, that is always on the run and never on his knees, whose life is written without stops, until it comes to the full stop, when time's tale is told, and, so far as earth is concerned, its book is shut for ever.

But there are others who have hindrances to realising the mighty power of the Soul's "Hush"; and those hindrances are no less hindrances because they come by a good road, and not a bad. A man's own religious activities, his bustle of religious work, his mental efforts after learning this and that about Divine things, may all cheat him of the power and blessing of the Soul's "Hush" with God; while he is running round and round the circumference, he is missing the centre.

We attain to many accesses to God, but not to the innermost possible of all. Guard against that; do not let your activities cheat you of your rest.

May God give us, amid all the activity which distracts us in both our temporal and spiritual life, to be able now and again to gather ourselves up from earthly things, and spiritual too, just to come, through Christ and by the Holy Spirit, in the Hush of the Soul, close up to God; and then, to come forth into life with the mighty power of having been there.



It may be that some of my readers may say: "All this is too high for us; we cannot attain unto it." Nor is it needful for salvation that we should. Thank God, it is not needful, else many an one must surely die. But does the master never sing a high note, which the pupil will find it hard to reach? does the painter never put in a touch which his scholar will take long to copy? does the builder never put on the steeple-top a gilded finial, without which indeed the steeple, and its tower, and the whole church is safe? Has not God put mountain-tops within reach of the sight and toilsome ascent of those, whose life has for the most part to be spent amid the valleys and the plains? We do not know to what we can attain until we try—how high we can climb until we breast the ascent. Like Jesus, we may have to come down soon from our mount—I had almost said of transfiguration—to see and mix with the petty miseries around—perhaps, in our case, the petty miseries of our own disciple life; but we shall bring down with us the power that comes of having been close with God.

This subject is no encouragement to dreamy mysticism; the one who takes it in ought to get food from it in his daily common life.

Some of my readers, I have little doubt, have been seeking God in duties and prayers, and readings and contemplations; to a certain extent—it may be to a considerable extent—you have found Him; but you have not found Him as you want to find Him; you seem never to have got to His very self. All these are good; God is in them all; but, in a way beyond them all, He is for the soul that even, as it were but for a

moment or two, comes spirit to Spirit, without the intervention of any means at all.

And this will have a practical result. This will make us strive to be like God: this will make us abhor sin: this will make us seek more and more to live in the power of the cleansing blood: this will make and keep us humble, and yet will give us liftings above the earth—bindings which often tie us down so fast.

It may be that to some this seems like a venturing into the Holy of Holies, to do which was death.

But this is the very thing which we now may do. The veil of the Temple is rent. The High Priest has first gone in Himself alone; but for such of us as can receive it there is a beckoning also to come in. The only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, reveals Him. This is why I dare to write on such a subject as this: this is why it may be said to the greatest sinner who reads these lines: "This great thing is for you, because Christ is for you; there is access unto the Father through Him."

The Buddhist, when he has passed through many transmigrations, in which his sins or his sinfulness will be purged away, hopes to be absorbed in God; we, being purged in the blood of Christ, look to be forever our own very selves, but very near to God.

It is this that will be the portion of the saved forever, and it is of this that we may have a glimmer and a foretaste now. God give to my reader often in life, and God give him on his dying bed, while his spirit may be close to God's Spirit, with naught between—that he may have fruition of what we have been considering: "The Hush of the Soul."

## THE BEAUTY OF GOODNESS.



**T**HIS is a very hard world to some of us. We need all the beauty we can find to brighten up the darkness and ugliness of the dull life we make for ourselves. So many

people go on from day to day, grumbling at their round of trivial duties, and the small hardships they are called upon to bear, and so making their life dreary, ugly, commonplace, when it might be one of the most beautiful things on the earth. To endure, to suffer

for the right, to bear little discomforts and daily trials for the sake of duty; to show the beauty of goodness

and simple obedience—the world has nothing to show greater or grander than this.

There are no greater heroes than those who have simply done their duty in the face of difficulties and opposition; and it does us good sometimes to look back to these men and women who laid down their lives, or—a still harder task sometimes—lived through them for the sake of others; those who found sacrifice to be nobler than happiness, and duty better than pleasure, but who would simply have said of themselves that they had done what they ought. There have been many beautiful lives known to the world, and many that have never been noticed by men, though their influence may move generation after generation. Some we find in our own times; some shine down to us from the darkness of the Middle Ages.

And among these last stands prominently the figure of Carlo Borromeo, Bishop of Milan. He died three hundred years ago, but his name lives still in the world for his boundless charity and self-sacrifice: for, while away from his beloved city, he heard that the plague had attacked Milan, and delayed not an instant in taking up his part. The plague! the

scourge and dread of mediæval times; the pestilence that spared none! Up rose the great bishop, and cried to his clergy to make ready, that he might return at once to his stricken people. Terrified and cowardly, they besought him not to run into danger, but received the noble reply: "It is the duty of a bishop to give his life for his flock. He may not desert them in time of danger."

They hesitated and temporised. "That is indeed the higher course," said they, willing themselves to take the lower, if only so they could save their own lives.

"But it is a bishop's duty to take the higher course," said Borromeo, and, without delay, he set out with his unwilling train and journeyed to Milan. A beautiful city it must have looked, as it lay before him, but he knew well the horrors that awaited him there, when once he had left the purity and freshness of the country behind him, and had entered its infected air. There, for four months, he worked among the poor, plague-stricken people—the terrible, hopeless poor of the Middle Ages—in the midst of sights and surroundings of which we can have no idea. He thought no task derogatory, no labour too hard or loathsome for him to undertake, if he could only help his poor people; and his noble example must have touched the souls of his clergy, for they followed in his footsteps, working hard and tending the sick, rewarded by the thanks and blessings of all men.

And yet this man, who sacrificed himself for others, and gave nearly the whole of his enormous revenue in charity, was opposed and persecuted. His enemies called him a desecrator of the Sabbath, because he instituted Sunday-schools for the children of the poor; they carried their hatred so far as to attempt his murder, and fired at him while he was officiating in his church. The bullet missed him, and the bishop continued his prayers with a calm countenance. A brave and devoted man this; and there are others who have been as brave.

In our own times, we have seen doctors and nurses volunteering for posts of danger and endurance, thinking nothing of their own lives and comfort while they could minister to the sufferings of others stricken by cholera or fever. They have thought little of death; they have been content to give their lives without praise from men; but such lives and such deaths have made the world better, and have been beautiful in the eyes of those who come after them.

There are many kinds of heroism, many forms of duty; and surely that man is a hero worthy to be remembered, who clings to what is right when in the midst of cruel foes, and with no support of any kind to uphold him, except the determination to keep to his duty. Such heroes were the poor, rough English soldiers taken prisoners in the course of the Indian Mutiny. They were offered a choice between the recantation of their faith, and death by horrible tortures. They were all alone; they had no hope of rescue; they did not know that those at home in England would ever hear of their fate, yet not one of them failed in his duty to his religion.

They went cheerfully to death sooner than give up Christianity.

Not only among soldiers or men who are accustomed to face death do we find this high ideal of duty. There are some men who have passed their lives quietly and unobtrusively, doing their allotted work simply, until the moment came when the real nature of the soul was to be revealed. Goodness and love of what is right must be planted deeply in the life of a man who turns unswervingly to duty when the sudden temptation is placed before him. John Maynard's name stands high among those who have given their lives for others. No question of doctrine or patriotism moved him, but the simple fact that he had more than a hundred lives dependent upon him. He must die, if they were to live. He was steersman upon one of the American lake steamers. The cry of fire was raised, and the crowd of passengers and crew gave way to a panic of fear. John Maynard was at the wheel; he kept his place. The fire increased. The only chance of saving all those lives was to steer the steamer in to the shore, and this he set himself to do. He kept steady at his wheel while the torment of the flames drew nearer and nearer; he stood steadfast at his task when half-suffocated by the smoke, and singed and scorched by the fierce fire. He steered the others into safety before he fell dead, blackened and burned: he had done his duty.

There is a noble pair whose names have come down to us as sufferers for the right. Colonel Hutchinson was a Puritan; and on the accession of Charles II. was arrested among many others, and imprisoned in Sandown Castle. Here his wife Lucy came, longing to see him, and took a little lodging near by, to comfort him in his imprisonment. He was offered freedom and life if he would abjure his faith; but the stern Puritan was not to be tempted. He would promise to live quietly, to make no disturbance—so much would he do for the sake of his wife and children—but he would never disclaim his opinions, not even to gain his life. So he languished in prison, and from that prison has come down to us a scrap or two from his diary, showing the love he bore his wife and children, and the longing he had to be free with them once again. But duty could not be deserted, and in prison he lingered and died—perhaps in time to save himself from some worse end. And to Lucy, his brave wife, he had spoken brave words before he died—charging her, as she was so far above other women in goodness and constancy, so to be also far above them in bearing her sorrow. She was not to give way to grief for him, or mourn unrestrainedly; other duties lay before her, and she must learn to rule herself. There must have been sorrow enough in her heart, but she bore herself nobly under it, as his last words had willed. She had her children to educate and her husband's memory to honour, and she lived a long life of devotion to these aims. She wrote a life of her husband; and there is a very touching address to her children as preface to her book, in which she speaks of herself as—"I who am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women," and in which she tells them how she has tried to conquer her sorrow by

writing; this life for their benefit. Lucy Hutchinson was never called upon to lay down her life for others; but it would have been an easier task for her to die with her husband, than to live her long life of devotion to her duty, and never to mourn for what she had lost.

Men have made other sacrifices than their own lives in the course of duty. Some have been called upon to give up those dearer to them than themselves. Witichis, King of the Goths in Italy, a man of simple goodness and integrity, gave up wife and family and all the joys of home at the request of his council, who proved to him that it was for the good of the Gothic nation, and his duty as their king. And from ancient Spain comes a story to us, how a noble count, besieged by the Moors in a castle which he held for the king, was called to his battlements in the early light of morning by the sound of trumpets, to behold his only little son bound in the hands of his enemies. "Here is our hostage!" cried they. "Surrender the castle at noon, or your son shall die!" He would not betray his trust; the hours passed on, and he still kept the castle for his king (with what agony of spirit one can guess), and his little son died.

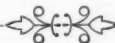
"All men have their price," says the cynic.

It is not true; money, rank, and honour have no power over men of simple goodness. Lord Outram refused to touch the Scinde prize-money, amounting to £3,000, which fell to his share. He held it to be unrighteously gained, and had it all bestowed in charity. Chamillard, a French advocate, having lost a case for one of his clients, through having mislaid

an important document that had been placed in his hands, and finding no appeal against the judgment was possible, gathered together all his fortune and gave it to his client, to make up the sum he would have gained had his cause been won. And Kepler, the great astronomer, while receiving a miserably small salary at Linz, refused a valuable professorship at Bologna, because he would not be allowed to speak what he knew to be truth. "I might increase my fortune," said he, "but I should have to give up my freedom of speech." He found it his duty to stay where he was, and to put up with hard and penurious living and daily deprivation, sooner than give up his right to speak the truth.

There is a noble utterance of an old New England gentleman, which sums up everything that can be said upon the subject.

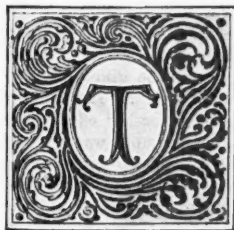
In the early days of New England, an eclipse of the sun took place during the sitting of the Connecticut House of Legislature. Such things were not very well understood in those days, and the unusual darkness terrified the legislators. They thought the day of judgment had come upon them, and some of the members were anxious to break up the sitting at once. But Mr. Davenport, of Stamford, stood up in his place and spoke out like a brave and steadfast man from the gloom. "Gentlemen," said he, "if the day of judgment has come upon us, I, for one, should wish to be found in my right place and doing my duty. Gentlemen, I move that candles be brought, and that we proceed with our business."



## THE WOMAN OF TO-DAY.

A TALK WITH MISS EMILY FAITHFULL

BY RAYMOND BLATHWATT.



HERE is a quiet part of Manchester, once very fashionable, but now unpretending enough, of which Plymouth Grove forms a large and imposing portion. A lengthy road it is, lined on either side with houses that are not unpicturesque, and whose very inequality

of size and dissimilarity of appearance lend an air of pleasing variety to what would otherwise be of a dead and prosaic sameness. In one of these houses once lived Mrs. Gaskell; in one of these houses she wrote "Mary Barton;" and in No. 10 lives and works Miss Emily Faithfull to-day. It is a snug little dwelling, and most of its charm is owing to the taste and skill of Miss Charlotte Robinson, "Home Art Decorator to Her Majesty," who lives with Miss Faithfull, and is the friend who travelled with her through the United States before she commenced her own

decorative mission. Two very remarkable women, you will say—and so indeed they are; for is not Emily Faithfull the pioneer in the woman's march through life? She has borne the burden—the burden and heat of the day; on her shoulders have rested many serious responsibilities, her busy brain has solved many grave problems. Beyond most women, she has exerted herself in the cause of her sex, and invaluable have been her services in promoting the industrial and educational interests of women. Others are reaping now where she has sown, and she—brave soul!—is well pleased that this should be so. And in herself, what is she like—she of whom we have heard and read so much, have respected and admired so thoroughly? As she slowly rises from her big arm-chair—for she is somewhat of an invalid—to greet me, I see a tall, fine-looking woman, with short hair that has hardly yet begun to turn grey; a singularly pleasant, rather florid, and very humorous face—for that, I may add, is one of her charms. Emily Faithfull is possessed of the keenest sense of humour, which has been her salvation. "So many of the so-called 'advanced' women," she once remarked to



MISS EMILY FAITHFULL.

(From a Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.)

me, "are absolutely without humour; they cannot see the humorous side of things which would have prevented them from making themselves ridiculous, and so doing harm to the whole movement." The room in which we were seated was arranged and adorned by Miss Charlotte Robinson herself, and harmonised absolutely with the character of its occupant: that, indeed, is a speciality in Miss Robinson's mode of work; she holds that a room should reflect—should be an expression, as it were, of its occupant's habit of thought and character. Miss Faithfull, practical though she be, and no mere idle dreamer, yet lives in the world of books; therefore dark-hued, cleverly contrived shelves, filled their whole length with books, line her walls. No decoration so handsome for a room as books. In the little recess where Miss Faithfull writes hangs a portrait of the Queen, which her Majesty herself had signed and sent to Miss Faithfull. A sketch of her own mother comes next, and on one wall hang the portraits of a clerical grandfather and a very beautiful grandmother. There is an autographed portrait of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylva), whom Miss Faithfull met when she was in England a few years ago, and of her old friend and fellow-worker, Lord Shaftesbury. After a while we fell to talking.

"What to do with our girls?" said Miss Faithfull. "Ah! that's a problem I have been grappling with for many years. Suppose I tell you something of the story of my own life, and then perhaps you will understand better the work I have done. I was born at Headley Rectory, in Surrey, in 1835, and my life up to the time I was presented at Court was uneventful

enough. In 1858, I threw myself heart and soul into the work which I have continued ever since. My efforts have been entirely on behalf of the indigent women of the middle and upper classes—the half-educated people, as they certainly were thirty years ago, who had neither sufficient accomplishments to fill the rôle of 'lady-companions,' nor enough accomplishments to make them competent governesses. Now, my endeavour was to find avenues of suitable employment for such people, and I am glad to say that now there are many thousands of women remuneratively employed in various businesses, and their outlook is on the whole infinitely brighter than it was."

"Well, how did you set about it?" I asked.

"I think," she replied, "that my first serious attempt was when I collected a band of women compositors in 1859, and started a regular typographical establishment, which obtained after a while the patronage of the Queen; and"—Miss Faithfull drew my attention to a framed paper—"there are my Letters Patent, appointing me Printer and Publisher to Her Majesty the Queen."

The warrant I noticed was dated June, 1862, and was signed by Lord Sydney.

"In 1863 I commenced the *Victoria Magazine*, in which my views were very specially advocated, and to which most of the best known writers of the day contributed for the eighteen years I kept it going. I think almost everyone who was anyone wrote for it: Horace Mann, Isa Craig, T. Adolphus Trollope, Hamilton Aidé, William Allingham, Theodore Martin, Harriet Martineau, Thackeray, Sir Henry Taylor, George MacDonald, Edwin Arnold, Leigh Hunt, Frederick Denison Maurice, and many others. There are thirty volumes of it in the bookcase at your side."

"Do you believe in the separation of the sexes as regards work, Miss Faithfull?" I asked.

"No, certainly not," she energetically replied. "I believe in union of work; the man supplements what the woman wants. Do you know," she humorously added, "that is why I rather disapprove of these women-writers' dinners for women only."

"And who came prominently forward to help you in those early days; for I suppose that thirty years ago you were as a voice crying in the wilderness?"

"Quite so; but many came forward. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to recognise my efforts very early in the movement; her example was speedily followed. Lord Shaftesbury, Adelaide Ann Procter, Froude, Dickens, Tennyson, George Eliot, Carlyle, Ruskin, and many others, wrote to encourage me. In those three books beside you," continued my hostess, "you will find innumerable autograph letters from every one of those people. I remember once, many years later, I got up a large meeting in order that I might obtain help for the sufferers in the Franco-German war, and Carlyle wrote me the letter which you may copy, Mr. Blathwayt, and which I value extremely, for I think it gives such a charming glimpse into the man's heart."

Here is the letter—

"DEAR MADAM,—I regret that I cannot get to hear your lecture, which would have been interesting and pleasant to me; but I send a little ear of corn to join



with the charitable harvest you are reaping, which, I trust, will be abundant for the sake of those poor French women, whom with all my heart I pity, as you do. With many kind wishes, I remain, always yours sincerely,

"T. CARLYLE."

And Mr. Ruskin on the same occasion wrote—

"I most heartily sympathise with you in your purpose of defining woman's work and sphere. It is as refreshing as the dews and as defined as the moon's, but it is not the rain's nor the sun's."

"In connection with the Victoria Printing Press," she continued, was the Victoria Discussion Society, where women could speak in public, and where many spheres of women's labour were discussed. I remember once I suggested watch-making as a delicate and suitable employment, and Sir John Bennett was heartily in favour of it. In old numbers of the *Victoria Magazine* you will find many suggestions which are put forward to-day as new, brilliant, and original ideas. I suppose I may not disclaim your assertion that I am one of the pioneers of this movement, but I didn't know or even dream of the extent of the ground I was then breaking up. For instance, I never definitely suggested house-decoration as a profession, or landscape gardening, but these and other occupations are doubtless the outcome of those early efforts. I was the first to advocate the employment of ladies as heads of children's nurseries—that,

I think, is *most* important where it can be managed, both in the physical and mental interests of their charges."

I remarked on the unfortunate fact that in so many instances women who *did* step a little out of the ordinary appeared to lose something of their womanly charm.

"Ah!" cried Miss Faithfull, herself a woman to her finger-tips, "why *can't* woman's work be kept womanly? I always impress on any girls who come to me that if they have a home, *that* must be the first thing, but some won't realise it. I want women who have no home to be able to work for one, not that they should continue to exist without one. Above all, I want women to realise 'the dignity of work.' Take my friend Miss Charlotte Robinson, who has done a great work, not only for herself, but for many women. I knew her when she was a student at Queen's College, in Harley Street, and I have watched her career ever since she started shopkeeping in London. Do you know that she finds great difficulty sometimes in persuading ladies that they need not be ashamed of openly taking the money earned by honest work? Women who have to earn their own living must abandon all their silly social prejudices, and learn to despise that false pride which makes ladies anxious for paid work *sub rosa*."

"Don't you think, though, that quite as great an evil is that of women rushing into employment for which they are absolutely untrained?"



MISS FAITHFULL'S ROOM.

"That is one of my strongest arguments," emphatically replied Miss Faithfull, "for the proper and sensible education of women. Why should they not be educated, as their brothers are, for regular professions? Why should all this education be a question of sex? let it be one of fitness, rather. Why should the girl starve and the brother be in a good position? Girls must be trained for their after-life. As a rule, they have no practical training, and only begin to work when they need money, and have already reached the time of life when they ought to be reaping the fruits of past toil instead of beginning to build up a future. Some years ago, writing to the *Daily News*, I urged three points which must be insisted on with regard to the employment of our girls:—(1) Their need of definite training. (2) The best work, at fair market prices, must be given. Lasting benefit can only be reaped by thorough work and submission to the conditions which alone make it possible. For want of this, I have seen the careers of many women wrecked. (3) As I have just said, senseless social prejudices must be abandoned. We have overcome such prejudices in the case of men, and ladies must have the courage to go to business, and not seek help through 'Work Societies,' in which they are known by some number, and their real name concealed. But in all cases the worker must be trained; untrained work is only paid for as a charity, and the remuneration is sure to be low."

"Was it you, Miss Faithfull," I asked, "who secured the admission of girls to the Oxford and Cambridge examinations?"

"No, not exactly," was her reply; "but the first meetings upon the subject took place at my house, and so I may say I had something to do with it."

"And you believe in it all?"

"Certainly I do—in moderation; but there is a tendency, I think, to overdo it. I don't think the ordinary brain can bear the strain of some of these very stiff examinations; and I feel this in regard to men as well as women."

Comparatively young as Miss Faithfull is, yet she so early became famous that before she was eight-and-

twenty years of age her name became known throughout the length and breadth of England. It is told how, in the early part of her career, she was consulted by the well-known lady writer of the early Victorian days—the Hon. Mrs. Norton—who sought her advice on some point, and who frankly told her, as she expressed her astonishment at her youthful appearance, that she had expected to meet an elderly lady in mob-cap and spectacles. The two ladies became fast friends from that hour.

"I am a very general reader," Miss Faithfull replied, when I asked her what best she liked to read. "I am not scientific, though; human things interest me most. Carlyle and Ruskin influenced me immensely in my young days, as did Lowell, most of whose works you will find upon my shelves. I read all the reviews, too: that is, when I have time. For I write many hours a day, and my correspondence alone would frighten many old-fashioned people into their graves. I have lectured too, as you may know, in almost every institute in England and America. I visited Salt Lake City, and very carefully studied the extraordinary people who lived there. I wrote a work on my American experiences, and in it I told of what is being done for women in the great Republic. In some ways they are in front of us; in other respects they are curiously behind us. I am quite in favour of their having the vote," she continued, in reply to my remark upon the extension of the franchise to women; "they pay taxes and they ought to be allowed to vote. Women always have had their fingers in the pie political, and they always will have, as everyone who has read the history of the world from the Garden of Eden to the present hour knows very well. But I am not one of those who say that the power to vote is the end and aim of all things. But," continued my hostess, "I hate fads and extremes, Mr. Blathwayt, and have no sympathy with the fancied grievances, either of women or of politicians. I am for moderation in all things. But to be a reformer and to be moderate at the same time is not easy. People want to go too fast nowadays."



## HOW THE PICTURE WAS PAINTED.

### IN ONE CHAPTER.

"PLEASE, I came to see you."

Simple words, but they startled a young man. He was lying in a lounge-chair, smoking and reading. When the voice roused him, he came to the conclusion that he must be dreaming. It was no dream—standing looking at him, trying to hold back the heavy curtain over the doorway, was a little child, a self-possessed though a small fair-haired maiden. He had certainly never seen her before. What could she want? He was not to remain long in ignorance.

"Won't you shake hands with me?"

Eric Leslie felt that he must rise to greet his visitor, and they shook hands gravely.

"Please may I sit down? and could I please talk to you?"

This was interesting; he had a novel kind of visitor. As the child settled herself in a chair much too big for her, she looked at him with half-beseeching eyes.

"I think, please, I will begin at the beginning. I am Nellie Carew, and I may not do any lessons, because I was ill. Dr. Sinclair told mother; she is away now, and it is very dull. Dr. Sinclair came to dinner, and daddy has me for dessert; they gived me lots of things. He is such a nice doctor! He said to me, what did I do all day? I told him I drew pictures. Then he speaked to daddy that you painted lovely pictures, and he speaked a great many words too big for me to hear.

Then he spoke to me again, and when nurse came to take me to bed, he said, 'Mr. Leslie paints lovely pictures; you ask him to help you.'

"Please," went on the little murmuring voice, "is it a long story? Thomson brought me here; he takes me when I go on my pony, so I comed. This is a *real* secret. Father is going to have a birthday. I maked him pen-wipers and lots of things, and I thought if I painted him a picture.—Father gives me six pennies a week. There is lots of things to do with just six pennies. When you gives people presents, they must not pay for them, must they?"

Mr. Leslie agreed gravely.

"Please," began Nellie again—but this time she managed, with some difficulty, to leave the big chair, and placed a tiny hand on his knee. "Please, if I bringed you all my six pennies, will you help me paint a picture?"

"How old are you?"

"I am very old—my clock will soon say eight. Please, is it old enough to paint a picture?"

Eric smiled, and turned his head to look at an easel supporting a large canvas; no good work had been done there for months.

"I am beginning to think, Nellie, that I cannot paint pictures."

This was very sad; the small forehead puckered.

"Dr. Sinclair said you maked lovely ones."

Then a pair of arms went round his neck, a soft mouth kissed him, while the child whispered—

"When I do this to father, he always says 'Yes.'"

The man's grave face brightened, and lighted up wonderfully.

"I will help you, Nellie, if father will let you come here; and I shall not want any pennies."

"Oh, but——"

"No, not any pennies; but you shall give me a kiss like this for every lesson, and you may come as often as you like."

"May I? When nurse is cross and I don't know what to do? Oh, I *love* you!"

Nellie kept her place on his knee, resting her small head on his shoulder, while she looked round at the big comfortably furnished room. It was a room to delight an artist's soul. The light was perfect; everything that a painter could want lay close at hand. It was full of charming things. Nellie caught sight of a bear's skin, and slipped from Mr. Leslie's knee to examine it, returning with dainty grace, to say—

"Please, may I?"

Hand in hand they made the tour of the room, and then, very reluctantly, the little one said—

"Good-bye, dear Mr. Leslie."

She trotted down the passage, holding his hand; a groom and a diminutive pony awaited her. Nellie was seized with an inspiration.

"Please come with me, and see daddy. He is at home now; he is very busy, because he has to help the Queen. She has so many peoples to take care of, and my daddy helps her."

In a few minutes they had reached Nellie's home, and Mr. Leslie was conducted straight to the room in which, as the child said—

"Daddy worked so hard to help the Queen."

Nellie paused outside the door, looked straight up into the strong face, and then gravely squeezed his finger with her small dainty hands, while the earnest eyes watched him narrowly.

"Your face said you could keep secrets, and now I know you can."

Then he was promptly shown into the presence of "daddy," a shrewd, kindly faced man, whose adoration for his little daughter was unmistakable.

"Father, this is Mr. Leslie."

For a few minutes Lord Carew had no notion of his visitor's identity, but Nellie was equal to the occasion.

"He paints lovely things, and I am going to paint pictures too."

Then he knew. The great artist whose pictures the world had raved about was here in his study with Nellie! His work had been talked about as a thing of the past, and he himself as a brilliant star that had flashed into notice, and had been as suddenly lost. Nellie's father noticed that the sad face, with its keenly observant eyes, was almost bright, as he courteously asked for the pleasure of Nellie's companionship.

Lord Carew demurred in vain. What could he do in the presence of three feet of obstinacy and a pair of little clinging arms? He wondered, as he faced Eric Leslie, what the trouble was that had traced the lines round his mouth, and had given the hard look to his eyes.

"You will be doing me a real kindness; she is such a charming child, and we are going to paint a picture together."

The memory of some old half-forgotten words came to Nellie's father: words about the "leading of a little child." They were true, he knew; the touch of a small hand, the remembrance of clinging fingers, had done more for Lord Carew than anything else.

Mr. Leslie's request was granted, and the two men laughed over Nellie's independent little ways, but her father's voice softened and altered as he spoke of the loving heart. The child herself was deep in conversation with a huge St. Bernard; she felt sure her request would be granted. "Father always said 'Yes.'" She parted reluctantly with her new-found friend, but a story told while she sat on daddy's knee was an exceptional treat, and bed-time came all too soon. She went to sleep with a happy smile on her face, and her father carried with him into the gay world the remembrance of her good-night kiss and the sweet picture of her face.

It was a sad time for him. He was obliged to be in London, while his wife spent the winter in Italy; and she, with wonderful unselfishness, realised what their only little one was to her father, and left her with him.

Somebody else was thinking of Nellie. Eric Leslie paced his studio with long uneasy strides. Two or three times he paused before his easel, then his fingers touched the canvas. He was afraid to think of the times he had attempted to work—the times he had turned away in misery and disgust. A year ago he had been seriously ill, and the illness, combined with the fact that he had lost some illusions, had made good work an impossibility.

Eric Leslie had come to a blank wall—a wall that

shut out completely anything of beauty that lay beyond. He had no courage to surmount it; he had no faith to see beyond. He was an orphan, but the world had been good to him; hard work had brought

lost its look of interest, the nervous restless hands—hands that had interpreted the beauty he believed in, so exquisitely—lost their power. His voice grew cynical and hard. The ship that had made such a



"He only held the tiny hand in his."—p. 393.

its reward. He had accepted his brilliant success as an artist thankfully, but quietly. The pinnacle of fame did not feel an uneasy post to him. The world fêted and caressed him; it was good to be alive.

His fellow-artists laughed at Leslie's cranks and illusions, chaffed him unmercifully, and in their hearts envied him—envied his eager interest, his passionate faith. Some of the elder ones sighed as they thought of the awakening. When it came, the reality was worse than the anticipation. His sensitive eager face

splendid start on the sea of life had grown unmanageable; a pilot was wanted to steer it over the treacherous shoals and quicksands into the calm beyond.

Influenza, the doctors said, had attacked the brain. He knew that there were hours of acute agony, when the room seemed full of the mocking voices of these dead illusions, when his life was more than he could bear—hours when his head throbbed, and his heart ached. He had lost his bearings; was there no hand strong enough to give him back his faith?



The next morning he was hardly ready for Nellie before she was there. The dainty child in her pretty fur coat and hat, with curls that had played Hide and Seek with the wind, made a picture indeed. The big St. Bernard followed her into the studio.

"Please I comed, and I bringed Hero. He is father's dog, and I thinked I could paint him in a picture."

Mr. Leslie looked at them both without speaking.

"The only thing is I tried him, and so did father; but he has four legs, you see, *and* a tail, and it makes it hard. Two legs I drawed, the other two wouldn't be drawed, and, you see, he has four."

In a short time Nellie was hard at work, Hero solemnly surveying the scene.

"Would you, if you drawed a dog, draw him straight up or sitting down? His back legs is so funny then. Shall I draw him first all by myself, and you see if it will do for father's birthday?"

Nellie was busy indeed, and Hero evidently understood that some important function was taking place. Eric Leslie watched in earnest; his fingers longed to put that exquisite little picture on the canvas. A child had given him the longing to press once more to the front.

"What do you do with your pictures when they are done?"

"They hang them up, Nellie, and people go and look at them."

"I have pictures on my nursery wall, but I don't think there is one you did."

"I expect not, Nellie. Would you like one?"

"Please, if you would come and hang it up for me—over my bed, I think. Where do they keep your pictures?"

"In great big places, Nellie."

"Could I go?"

"Go? yes, if you like. Shall we send Hero's picture next year? and you shall come and lunch with me."

"I only have dinner, Mr. Leslie."

"Well, you shall have what you like."

"Is it only big people that go?"

"Generally, Nellie."

Then came an awestruck little whisper.

"They don't wear pinafores, do they? and nurse says if I don't, I spoil my dresses," she added, in a still more mysterious tone. "It is soup what is the worst."

The child's face was so grave that her companion kept his amusement to himself.

"I do so wish he hadn't four legs!"

Suddenly a strong hand held Nellie's fingers, and guided them carefully. The result was so wonderful that Nellie cried out with delight. And so it came to pass that he began work again, hand in hand with a little child.

At last she left her place to show Hero his picture; she had worked so hard, that gradually she slipped down beside him, and soon was fast asleep, with her curly head on the dog's coat. She was carefully covered up, and then Eric Leslie worked busily, eagerly, as he had never even in his best days done before. The big canvas was put out of the way before Nellie awoke.

The days went by, and Nellie told her father that she "drewed beautifully." They were happy days to

the artist and to the child. It was a source of infinite content to him that the child loved him.

One day Nellie came in a state of great excitement. She was going to a party—a party that began at four, and did not end till eight. How she talked about it! her interest and pleasure were charming to the weary man. She would drive round on the day of the party to show him her dress.

On a rapidly darkening afternoon a gay little figure danced into the studio, to find Mr. Leslie lying back in his chair, with a very white face, and eyes that did not seem to see her. He hardly looked at her dress; he only held the tiny hand in his hot and burning ones. Surely with her hand in his the mocking ghosts of the past might leave him in peace?

It was dark in the studio, and Nellie was afraid. Mr. Leslie was so funny; and oh! how she hated the darkness! She kissed him with trembling lips, and ran out in the passage. He was conscious in the midst of all his pain that even Nellie's love was very slight.

She, poor little maiden, was fighting a battle, with eyes squeezed tight, to keep the tears from coming. Her party, her beautiful party! but her Mr. Leslie, her dear Mr. Leslie was sad. Nelson, the old butler, was waiting for her; no one else should take his dear little Miss Nellie to her party; and now he was wrapping her up carefully, ready to carry her to the carriage. Suddenly Nellie shook herself free, and whispered softly into his ear—whispered something that brought the tears into the old man's eyes. He did not attempt to dissuade her; he watched her go back into the studio, rubbed the suspicious moisture from his eyes, sent away the carriage, and prepared to wait himself.

Mr. Leslie's housekeeper tried to induce him to sit in her room. "Her master would have no one near him," she declared; but Nelson decided to wait in the passage, as close to Nellie as possible.

Into the dark studio she crept, and with real courage nestled into Eric Leslie's arms. He was moaning with pain, and she was terribly afraid. The little heart grew brave with its burden of love, her cool face pressed against the man's burning one, the pure childish lips kissed him tenderly. Ah! what had happened? The mocking ghosts had vanished! The soft little murmuring voice, the touch of the gentle hands, had done him the greatest possible good. He slept.

Nellie was frightened; it was very lonely. She did not know that Nelson waited patiently in the hall; only the clock ticked solemnly, and every now and then an ember dropped into the grate; strange shadows grew in every corner. She nestled closer to the sleeping man, until the time passing on, the silence grew more than she could bear. She would speak to God: not in a whisper; for, as she had said to her father, "He was so very far off, He might not hear." In a voice that struggled hard to be brave, she said: "Please, dear God, let the angels come close!"

Those were the words that Eric Leslie heard as he awoke to new life: "Please, dear God, let the angels come close!"

He could not speak for the sob in his throat. The pain had left him tired and weak, but the clasp of a

child's hand and the music of a child's faith had done what nothing else could.

The fashionable world, in its gay and gala dress, with its would-be bright words and ceaseless smiles, streamed into the Academy on "Private View Day."

One man walked through the rooms with a proud and happy face—a man who was continually stopped and spoken to, but each time he turned with undisguised eagerness to his companion. The two excited comment, for it was the great artist Eric Leslie and a child.

He scarcely noticed anyone, or the people that made way for them, as she stood with him in front of his great picture—"Faith." In the foreground was a child's figure; she was treading a rocky and steep path. Dark clouds, with a gloomy lurid light, had closed in

overhead; behind the child, just visible against the dark background, was an angel's form, but the child's face with its brightness made the picture.

Nellie did not understand it; she liked his two other pictures—"The Painting Lesson" and "Asleep"—better. Hero looked lovely.

How Nellie laughed and chattered, how she enjoyed her dinner—a dinner that she had ordered, without any soup.

When the time came to take her home, and as they made their way to the door-way, Nellie suddenly in a quieter corner lifted up her face to be kissed. It amused not a few of the bystanders, but the smiles died away as they heard the sweet little voice say "Mr. Leslie, I do love you."

The faces were grave, even sympathetic, as he bent his head and kissed her, saying reverently: "Thank God!"

M. F. HUTCHINSON.

## Light of Life.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY, 1734.

Music by the REV. H. G. BONAVIA HUNT, Mus.D.

*mf*

1. Light of life, se - ra - phic fire, Love Di - vine, Thy - self im - part;

*cres. . . . . f dim. . . . . p*

Ev - 'ry faint ing soul in - spire; Shine in ev - 'ry droop - ing heart.

2.

Every mourning sinner cheer;  
Scatter all our guilty gloom:  
Son of God, appear! appear!  
To Thy living temples come.

3.

Nothing more can we require,  
We will ask for nothing less;  
Be Thou all our heart's desire,  
All our joy, and all our peace:

## SHORT ARROWS.

NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

## LOOKING UP.



HE Psalmist said, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." The great tendency of man when he is in trouble is not to look up, but to look round, to see, if possible, what will guide him in circumstances—perhaps in the advice of friends; but, only too often, his last thought is to look up to God.

A lady travelling through a dense forest in one of the Southern States of America was benighted, and soon her coloured driver found that he had lost his way. The man dismounted from the vehicle, and started amongst the trees to find it. The lady noticed with surprise that as he went amongst the trees, he kept looking upwards towards the sky. She asked him why he kept looking upwards to the sky, when he was trying to find the road beneath. The man continued gazing up to the heavens, and said, "If I can find the path in the sky, I can find the road on the ground." He knew in that dense forest the only place where he could see the blue sky above was where the road had been cut through amongst the trees: where there was a clear sky overhead, there was a plain path under-foot.

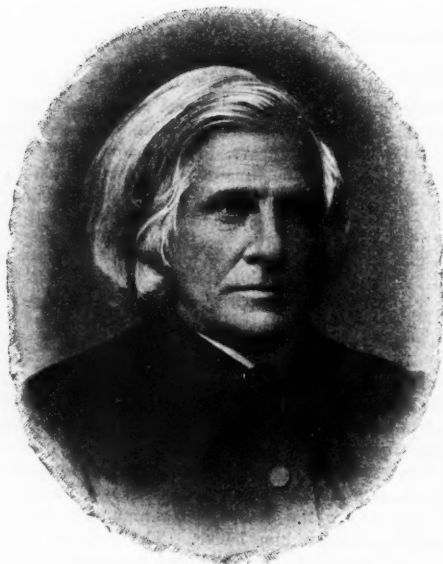
There may be a good road for us to travel on, and yet we may not have power to discern it, unless it be revealed to us from above. To look up must be our great resource in the time of perplexity and doubt; when we cannot be guided by what we see around, we can be by what we see above. The right path will have Heaven and its revelations above it.

## THE MINOR MODE: A PARABLE.

The notes of a musical scale disagreed once about the positions they occupied in the gamut. The chief dissentients were the third and the seventh. They both said that they ought to be more than a semitone below the notes above them. The third was very obstinate, and shifted down so as to put a whole tone betwixt himself and his neighbour, the fourth, forgetting that by so doing he was but half a tone above the second. No arguments could prevail to make him budge. The seventh compromised matters. He consented to remain in the ascending scale where he was, but shifted down a semitone for the descent, and in this bad example he was followed by the sixth. The result was, instead of the major mode expressive of joy and gladness, there arose the minor mode, which ever since has been employed to describe in sound the feelings of pain and sorrow. *Moral.*—Strife and grief are twin sisters.



SOME FAMOUS ORGANISTS.—III.



THE LATE REV. PREBENDARY GORDON CALTHROP.

(From a Photograph by G. W. Austen, Highbury Place, N.)

#### AN OLD FRIEND OF "THE QUIVER."

On January 13th last there died at Highbury the Rev. Gordon Calthrop, who had been for so many years associated with *THE QUIVER* as a welcome contributor. As a faithful pastor and teacher he had long laboured in North London, where his loss will be keenly felt by his devoted people. We are glad to be able to give our readers the latest portrait of our dear friend, whose place in their estimation it will be very hard to fill.

#### THE HAND THAT GIVES.

Our judgment of beauty is regulated by the seen, but there is another judgment which proceeds on different grounds. The judgment of the seen will pass away, the judgment of the unseen will abide. I have read of a number of beautiful women who were one day discussing what constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed greatly in opinion. A gentleman friend made his appearance, and with one consent they agreed to leave the settlement of the question to him. It was a most delicate matter. He thought of the fabled difficulty of Paris in deciding which of the three beauties was most worthy of the golden apple. Glancing from one to another of the white hands presented for his examination, he replied at last: "I will give it up—the question is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and they will tell you the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives." In God's sight no doubt it is so: the hand that in any form is stretched out to help is the beautiful hand, the

mouth that speaks the word of love is the beautiful mouth, the eye that gives the kindly look is the most beautiful eye. The judge of true beauty seeth not as man seeth, judgeth not as man judgeth. Oh, may we have the beauty which will be precious in His sight!

#### THE MONTH'S NEW BOOKS.

We gather from the preface to Principal Fairbairn's new book, "Religion in History and in Modern Life" (Hodder and Stoughton) that the bulk of it has seen the light before, though the very timely essay on "The Church and the Working Classes" is new. The lectures which form the older portion of the book were originally delivered to working men at Bradford, and as a handbook for all Christian teachers having relations with what is broadly known as "the democracy" the volume is most seasonable and helpful.—To Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.'s "Preachers of the Age" series the Rev. Charles Moinet, of Kensington, contributes a volume which he calls "The 'Good-cheer' of Jesus Christ," the title being that of the first sermon. Earnest, eloquent, and well thought out, these sermons should prove of great service in this handy volume.—Messrs. Nisbet send us a new collection of extracts from the writings of William Law, the Non-juror, under the title of "Wholly for God." The selection is made, and the introduction written, by the Rev. Andrew Murray. A good deal of Law's writing has "fallen out of fashion" of late; but its high hortatory value must not be overlooked, and we welcome this excellent presentation of a good selection from it. Sound teaching can never be out of date.—Canon Howell has written for Messrs. Nisbet's "Scripture Handbooks" an admirable little manual on "The Church Catechism," which should prove very helpful to both teachers and students in the preparation for examinations.—Two more of the late Richard Proctor's books have been added to the Silver Library published by Messrs. Longmans. They are "The Orbs Around Us" and "The Expanse of Heaven," both popular books on astronomy, bringing a knowledge of the heavenly bodies within reach of the simplest mind. Such works should find a place on the shelves of every library open to young readers.

#### PARABLE OF THE SEALING-WAX.

"How fearfully hot it is!" cried a stick of sealing-wax. "It's positively exhausting. I can't stand much more of this"; and thereupon the poor thing began to bend and twist under the heat. But it grew hotter and hotter still, as a cruel hand kept it remorselessly in the flame of a candle. Then the wax began to melt, and portions dropped off on to a sheet of paper placed to catch them. And these were moulded into shape under pressure of a signet. "Really," said the sealing-wax, "I didn't know that I could look so splendid. Just see this crest!" *Moral.*—The fire of adversity discovers our worth.



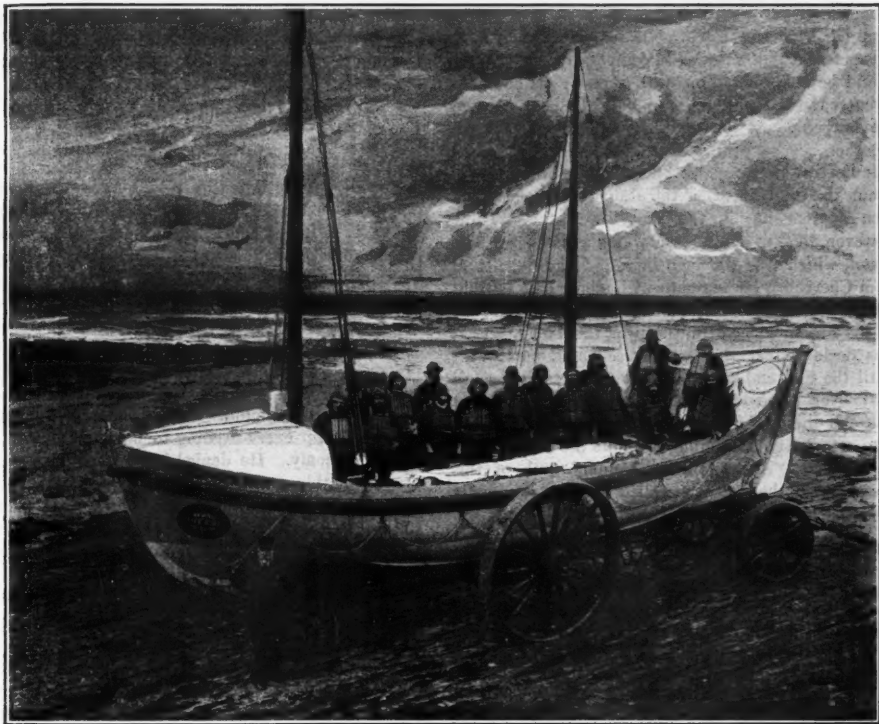
## DEATH-BED TRUTH.

Mere theology will be able to do little for a man upon his dying bed. He will not want much of it. Many a question about which men contend almost fiercely now will be of no moment to them then. It has been truly said by great theologians that but a few simple truths are wanted on the dying bed. Some half-dozen passages of Scripture will be all that the soul requires. Thank God that the needed Scriptures

that 'll do; there's much there for me," and peacefully expired. May you, good reader, find that enough for you upon your dying bed!

## "THE QUIVER" LIFEBOAT.

We give this month a recent photograph of THE QUIVER lifeboat at Margate, with her crew and Mr. Jephson, the Honorary Secretary of the Margate Branch of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.



"THE QUIVER" LIFEBOAT AND HER CREW.

(From a Photograph by Goodman & Schmidt, Margate.)

are so plain that they are within reach of very humble intelligence indeed! There was a man lying in St. George's Hospital with an arm broken. He had been only a year married; his first child had just been born, and there he lay separated from all he loved. The arm was amputated, and shortly after a brother came up from Scotland to see the poor man. The patient asked him to read to him the eighth chapter of Romans. He read, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus. . . . Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." And, as the brother read this last verse, the man said, "There,

The boat has been called out more than once in the course of the past winter. During the exceptionally severe gale experienced in November last, a sharp look-out was kept by the crew of THE QUIVER lifeboat for any vessel in need of help. At 10.40 on the night of Saturday, the 18th, flares were observed in the roadstead, and the lifeboat was launched in a very heavy sea, the wind then blowing a whole gale from the N.N.E.; the weather was cold and thick, and rain and sleet were falling. On entering the bay, fearful seas were encountered; the boat was repeatedly driven back by them, and was eventually forced to return to the harbour. At midnight another attempt was made, but this also proved unsuccessful.

At one o'clock the gallant lifeboatmen again went out, but it was then nearly low water; the heavy seas drove the boat over the Nayland rock, and, as it was impossible to get away, she was compelled to anchor in a swashway, with the rock showing up on both sides of her. At two o'clock she fired a signal to denote her position to those on the shore. It was feared that she had stranded on a rock, and therefore a skiff belonging to the yacht *Moss Rose* was taken to the front of the Royal Infirmary and launched, after repeated attempts, in a strong tide and sea, the launchers going up to their necks in the water to keep her head to the sea. On reaching the lifeboat it was found that she was in comparative safety, and would be able to hold on until the tide enabled her to enter the harbour. At 5.30 the lifeboat reached the harbour. At six o'clock another crew was got together, several of those who had been out before volunteering to go again, and another attempt was about to be made when the Ramsgate lifeboat was seen approaching in tow of a steam-tug. They, however, were unable to render any assistance. The vessel, which was the brig *Druid*, of Cardiff, bound from Cherbourg for Margate with stone, had by that time dragged her anchor and drifted up to the edge of the rocks. A consultation was then held, and it was decided that the best course would be to wait until the tide had run down, and then send a small boat over the rocks to her assistance. At about half-ebb the skiff of the *Moss Rose*, manned by six men, was put off, and brought ashore the vessel's crew of five men. And again on January 20th of this present year the boat was called out, but was really not needed.

#### A CHEAP TONIC.

A woman who had gone through much sorrow said to a friend once, "Whenever I feel especially sad, or lonely, I just go and do something I particularly dislike to do—some duty I shrink from. The effort to do it I find is the best tonic the nerves can have." The speaker's heart, we knew, was broken to all earthly pleasure, but she still keeps up a cheerful front to the world, and goes on trying to do her earthly task right and left, always longing, as she says, for the gates to open that she may join her beloved. But her recipe for nerves is one that many might use with advantage. Instead of indulging in vain regrets or selfish sorrow, go and help others. Do something you find difficult and unattractive. It will brace you up. Work is God's tonic. We need consult no doctor, only bend in prayer to our ever-present and loving Father to guide us right. His grace will help us, His arm steady us along the thorny road. His voice says, "Be strong, be faithful, and I shall lead you Home."

#### OUR REAL WORTH.

How many are there who are valuing themselves by what they have, and not by what they are! What they have may be talent, or money, or position: it matters not what, but it is not their very selves.

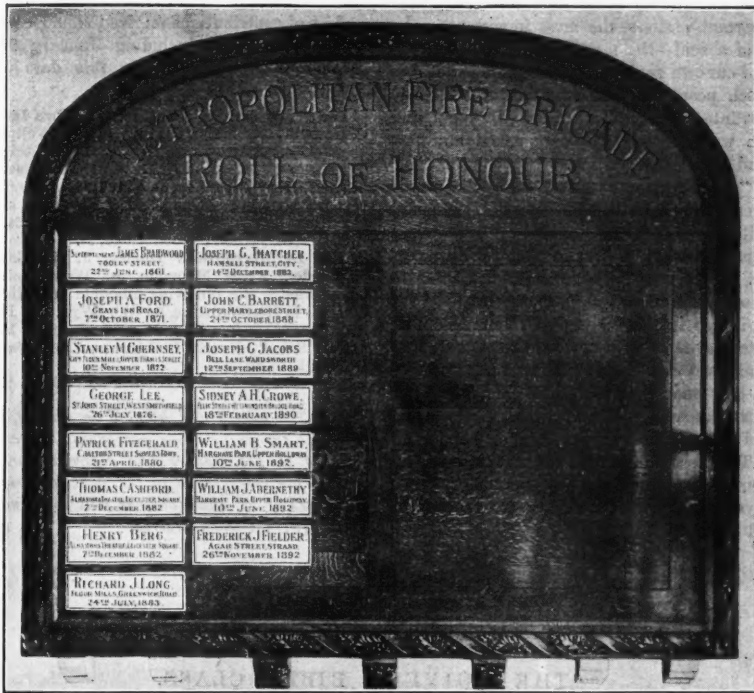
True worth cannot be separated from a man's real self. Money, position, even intellect, may go; but the sterling, *i.e.*, the moral, worth will remain. A Sultan of Morocco is said to have discovered that one of his Viziers was becoming too powerful. He therefore summoned him to tea, and complimented him on his great wealth. The Vizier, becoming vain, boasted of the number of his houses, horses, wives, and slaves, and the Sultan rebuked him, saying he was too rich. To show the man exactly what he was worth, his Majesty had him taken by soldiers to the slave-market, where he was put up for sale, and received only one bid of eightpence. All his property was also taken from him. The price which we put upon ourselves, and which our fellow-men put upon us, are two very different things.

#### PRIVATE PRAYER.

The divine life is fed by private prayer. Private prayer is essential to it. It will soon ebb, soon lose its power, if it is not nourished and sustained. Out of it comes the power to give public testimony. Daniel, when called upon suddenly to appear before the king, with the certainty of being immediately cast into the lions' den was prepared to give unflinching testimony at once, because he came straight to his ordeal from his knees. There is a story of a Scotch soldier who was arrested for supposed treasonable practices. His comrades accused him of going outside the camp every evening to hold communication with the enemy. He denied it, and said he went to pray; but this seemed so improbable that they only ridiculed it. When brought before his superior officer, the man gave the same explanation of his absence. "You say you go to pray; you can pray then?"—"Yes, sir."—"Well, you never needed to pray in your life more than you do now," was the reply; "so get down on your knees, and let us hear you pray." The soldier knelt, and poured out his heart to God in such fervent supplication that the officer was convinced he was no traitor, and allowed him to depart in peace. There was a young man who was converted to God, and was called upon to take part in prayer at religious meetings. This he used to do with great power. His former irreligious companions were astonished, and went to the meeting to hear him. At last an idea struck one of them. "I know," he said, "how it is that — prays so well: he practises in private." It is for want of private practice that there is often so much meagreness in public performance. He will do most for God in public who is most with God in private.

#### BIBLE-CLASSES FOR MEN.

We were interested in hearing from a correspondent that the Vicar of St. Helens, Lancashire, has a Men's Bible Class, the members of which number no fewer than 880. Is this number phenomenal, or can our readers tell us of any other similar classes with an equal or larger attendance-roll?



#### THE FIREMAN'S ROLL OF HONOUR.

At the head-quarters of the London Fire Brigade there has recently been erected a handsome board, of which we give a photograph above. On it are recorded upon brass plates the names of all those officers of the Brigade who have fallen in the execution of their duty. No more honourable "Roll" could be imagined than this of these "heroes of peace" who have laid down their lives to protect the persons and property of their fellow citizens.

#### THE TELESCOPE.

"Ho, ho," said a lad, throwing down a telescope through which he had been looking, "I didn't expect this of you. I was told that you annihilated distance, and made the far-off seem near: that you brought the stars within reach and the moon within touch. I thought it possible to discern through you the features of a playmate a mile away as plainly as though he were within hail. You do nothing of the sort. I can see only a narrow circle in which objects seem a thousandfold smaller and more distant than they really are."—"That is your fault," replied the telescope, "you were looking through me the wrong way. I can do all you say if only you use me properly." *Moral.*—A man's view of the world depends entirely upon the manner in which he regards it.

#### MISJUDGING MOTIVES.

How often we misjudge people's motives; and that, sometimes, because we see at the moment but a part of what they are about. If we knew the whole of a matter, our opinions would often be greatly changed. Amongst the lots put up at an auction was one, "A pretty pair of crutches." In the crowd was a poor cripple boy, and the crutches were just the thing for him. He was the first to bid for them. An elderly, well-dressed man bid against him. There were cries of "Shame, shame!" in the crowd. The boy bid again; and so did the old gentleman. The boy bid all he had, but the old gentleman out-bid him once more, and the poor little lad turned away with tears in his eyes. The crutches were knocked down to the elderly man, who, to the great surprise of all, took them to the poor little cripple, and made him a present of them. The crowd were now as enthusiastic in their praise as they had just been with their abuse, but the old gentleman heard nothing of it; he had disappeared even before the little boy could thank him. To judge by a part is often to misjudge the whole.

#### MAKING SURE OF IT.

We take wonderful pains in making sure of this and that; and, the more valuable the object is, the more anxious are we to make sure of it as ours. In

many cases, uncertainty is absolute torment. Now of all important matters, the most important is the salvation of a soul—the most important to us, the salvation of our own soul. And yet there is nothing about which people tolerate so much uncertainty. A lady got into conversation with a workman, and finding he was a happy Christian, asked him how long he had been thus rejoicing. "Six months ago," he said, "we heard an address from the words 'Whosoever believeth hath everlasting life.' I could not take it to myself then," he said; "but when I went home that night I dreamt that 'whosoever' meant me. I got out of bed, and got the Bible to see the words, and there was 'whosoever.'—"But you knew it was in the Bible, didn't you?"—"Yes, but I wanted to see it with my own eyes, and I've been resting on it ever since." That word "whosoever" is a long one; it is a big one—big enough for the greatest sinner to get inside, and sit down and rest. And not only for one great sinner, but for all sinners. The word is a blessed one as it stands, but never more blessed than when a poor, heavy-laden sinner says that big word "whosoever" means the little word "me."

### "THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

List of contributions received from December 23rd, 1893, up to and including January 25th, 1894. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs Fund*: Two Little Friends, Yarmouth, 2s.; Manor House, 10s.; A Wellwisher, Newmarket, 3s.; A Reader of *The Quiver*, Paddington, 1s. 6d.; M. A. Smith, 5s.; J. J. E., Govan (75th donation), 5s.; C. Burton, Kirby Moorside, 5s.; M. T., Edinburgh, £1.; G. T. Cooper, St. John's Wood, 5s.; A Glasgow Mother (45th donation), 1s.; R. S., 5s.; J. M., Caithness, 5s.; M. S. H., Bicester, 5s.; Anon., Woodbridge, 2s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: J. M., Caithness, 5s.; C. Burton, Kirby Moorside, 5s. We are also asked to acknowledge the following amounts sent direct:—Three Friends in Herefordshire, 6s. 6d.; Wyn, 5s.; Falkirk, £10; Isa, 10s.; N. J., 5s.; E. A. W., 10s.; L. G. B., B. C., 8s. 6d.

For *School Board Children's Free Dinner Fund*: B. W. H., 7s. 6d.

For "*The Quiver*" *Lifeboat Fund*: M. S. H., 5s.

\* \* \* *The Editor will be glad to receive, and to forward to the institutions concerned, the contributions of any of his readers who desire to help external movements referred to in the pages of this magazine. Amounts of 5s. and upwards will be acknowledged in THE QUIVER when desired.*



### "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

(A NEW SERIES OF QUESTIONS, BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

#### QUESTIONS.

49. In what words did God point out to Abraham the birth of Christ as Saviour of the world?
50. It is said of Abraham that he brought up his children and household to walk in "the way of the Lord." What is specially mentioned as showing this?
51. From what passage should we gather that Abraham accustomed his children to pray to God?
52. To whom did the Angels at the tomb send a special message of Christ's resurrection?
53. In what words does St. Paul set forth the importance to each one of us of Christ's resurrection?
54. What four women are mentioned as visiting the tomb of Christ?
55. How long did Jacob live with Laban at Padan-aram?
56. What name was given to the place where Jacob and Laban parted?
57. By what name was Jacob known after his separation from Laban?
58. What two things caused Joseph to be hated by his brethren?
59. When were the dreams of Joseph fulfilled?
60. What proof have we that Esau and Jacob became very friendly to each other in later life?

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 320.

37. Because having so many herds and flocks, the herdsmen of Abraham and Lot quarrelled as to the pasture. (Gen. xiii. 6—8.)

38. Because the people, being very wealthy, were proud and oppressed the poor, besides giving themselves up to all manner of abominations. (Gen. xiii. 13; Ezek. xvi. 49.)

39. The small number of religious people therein. (Gen. xviii. 32.)

40. In its earnestness and perseverance, two things commended by our Blessed Lord. (Gen. xviii. 22—33; St. Luke xviii. 1.)

41. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." (Gen. xviii. 2; Heb. xiii. 2.)

42. In that he voluntarily offered himself as a sacrifice. (Gen. xxii. 8, 9; St. Luke xxii. 42.)

43. To fetch a wife for Isaac his son from among his own kindred. (Gen. xxiv. 4—10.)

44. Rebekah was the granddaughter of Nahor the brother of Abraham. (Gen. xxii. 22, 23; xxiv. 4.)

45. Because, after selling his birthright for a mess of pottage, Esau himself was called Edom. (Gen. xxv. 30.)

46. To get him away from Esau, who threatened to kill him, and also that he should not marry one of the Canaanitish women. (Gen. xxvii. 43—46; xxviii. 1, 2.)
47. He took the stone which he had used as his pillow, and used it as an altar, pouring oil upon it as an act of dedication. (Gen. xxviii. 18.)

48. The custom of anointing stones and images by various nations as an act of divine worship. Mentioned by Homer and other writers. (Gen. xxxv. 14; Lev. viii. 10, 11.)



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BOSOM FRIENDS.

(See p. 434.)

## THE "BISHOP" OF NORTHFIELD.

MR. MOODY IN HIS NATIVE AIR.

BY GEORGE E. MORGAN, M.A.



MR. MOODY'S HOUSE.

(From a Photograph by Howe and Sons, Brattleboro, Vermont.)



**N**ORTHFIELD? Where is it? What is it noted for? These are queries which may rise to the lips of some of my readers to whose ears the name may have an unfamiliar sound. Perhaps, therefore, I had better at the outset allay the curiosity that prompts them. Briefly, Northfield is a little town beautifully situated in the State of Massachusetts, U.S.A., and here is the birthplace and home of Mr. D. L. Moody, the American Evangelist, where also he has established the invaluable institutions this article purports to describe.

Close at hand the broad and silent Connecticut River pursues its ceaseless course, tortuously dividing the wooded meadows which, backed by lofty hills, flank its sides; and stretching away into the distance, interlacing themselves with graceful symmetry, rise tier after tier of the Blue Mountains, which reflect upon their roundly moulded peaks the azure of heaven from which they derive their name. Silent the river ever is, except for the occasional halloo of the log-rollers, who collect from bank or shoal the stranded logs and trunks of trees, which, dismantled of all the beauty with which Nature ever endowed them, are drifted thus to saw-mills miles below. Afloat once more, they wind their way sluggishly to their destined goal, where many another with which they started equal has arrived long days before. An interesting yet sorry scene, typical of many a

misspent career, and of the way in which D. L. Moody lives and labours for his fellow-creatures entangled and impeded in the race of life, training hundreds of young men and women in his seminaries, year by year, to do the same blessed work of starting them afresh.

A long street, with houses on either side—what a prosaic vision of a city suburb do such words recall, but how different is the picture they are intended to represent! A majestic avenue of maples, some two miles in extent, lines the one street along which Northfield is built; and the houses consist, for the most part, of detached verandahed villas, picturesquely and substantially built of wood, but designed externally with adequate regard for their natural environment. Scarcely ever does a fence divide the forecourt from the road; and in luxurious shade family groups repose in hammock and rocking-chair, with refreshing indifference to all who pass by, as they pleasantly suggest to a stranger's mind the picture of the Oriental resting "under his vine and fig-tree."

Formerly a straggling hamlet, Northfield is now the chosen resort of hundreds of visitors who attend the annual conferences in the summer months, and enjoy, many of them, a longer or shorter stay beyond. Thus the little town has become invested with more than its native importance, and can boast, from end to end, of two postal-telegraph offices, two hotels, and four or five shops of more or less heterogeneous contents.

Amid scenes of rare beauty the childhood of Mr.

Moody dawned, and inspired by them he looked from Nature to her God, to Whom his life-work is to point his fellow-men. His personality is impressed like a seal upon all the country-side, which is the more remarkable in view of the large proportion of his time that he has to spend elsewhere. But everybody knows him, and, like a "father of his people," he is welcomed by them all.

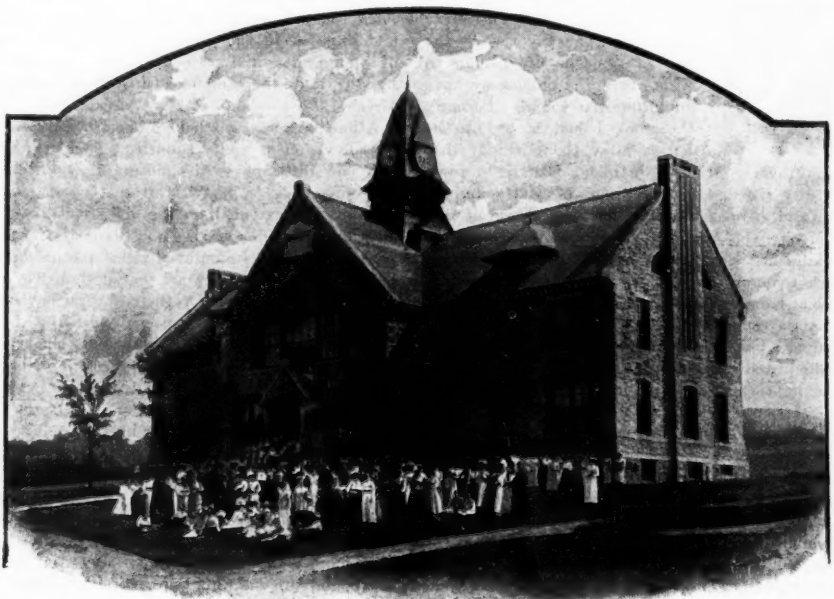
In his brief intervals of rest he enjoys the quiet and peaceful change, wisely electing to derive all the benefit he can from the pure country breezes after his prolonged endurances of crowded meeting-halls. Accordingly, he may be seen at any hour after early morn driving round in his capacious buggy, receiving salutations from everyone he meets, though not without an occasional rebuke from one and another that he does not "come inside" when passing their door. "Ah well!" he replies cheerily, "I only go indoors when I'm obliged to, for meals and sleep. This fresh air is so good, I take in all I can." Yet he breaks this rule sometimes, for he has only to hear of sickness or trouble casting a cloud over any household, and he is there to solace or to help. He is a man greatly beloved, and no wonder, with so large and generous a heart; and the fervour of his religion pervades the whole atmosphere of the town. Climb the hillside, wander through meadow or wood, take a seat by the side of a passing teamster, or pause to purchase a trifle at the village store, and not a word but of appreciation will you hear; while "Then shall my heart keep singing," or "This is my story, this is my song," comes floating o'er the newly mown hay which husbandman and labourer are gathering in.

During the summer vacation the college buildings described below are utilised to accommodate the visitors who attend the various conventions held in July and August. These are three in number, of which two are for University men and women.

First of all come together the lady students of various colleges and seminaries; then, a few days later, the "boys" meet in like fashion; and again, after a fortnight's interval, the little town is once more astir with the general Christian conference.

There is a great advantage in the independent assembling of students of either sex for intercourse on matters of Christian life and growth. Their intellectual training frequently presents a serious barrier to their acceptance of spiritual truth in its simplicity; indeed, one knows too well how difficult it is to attract them within a league of a "Christian conference" at all. Like the sons of the prophets in the time of Elisha, they "stand to view afar off"—if, indeed, they come even so near as that.

But here they meet with those of like passions with themselves, men and women of their own age and calibre, in the full force of physical and mental vigour. From them they learn that the priceless talents lent of God are not to be used as weapons against Him; that such euphemisms as "greatness of intellect," "excess of conscientiousness," when they actuate men "in departing from the living God," are, if probed deep enough, traceable to what the Holy Spirit, with more candour, terms "an evil heart of unbelief"; that the faculties of reason and common sense are never so fully developed as when sanctified to the use of Him who endowed them; and that



RECITATION HALL, AND GROUP OF STUDENTS.

(From a Photograph by J. A. French, Keene, New Hampshire.)





WANAMAKER LAKE.

(From a Photograph by J. A. French, Keene, New Hampshire.)

in the matter of practical daily living there is no moral force so resistless, no incentive so strong, as that which the power of God supplies—and especially to those who, like Nicodemus or Saul of Tarsus, surrender that they may overcome, and conquer because they have bowed the knee; in a word, to quote St. Augustine, that “the end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love Him.”

A great field of service is opening up to women, but the world of college life is always full of danger in its very intensity—danger of exalting the intellectual and dwarfing the spiritual; of purchasing popularity at the price of time and self-respect; of using the higher powers for less than the highest good. The purpose of their conference is, therefore, to bring leading students from representative colleges together, to consider questions of special value to their own spiritual lives, and how to attain greater power for usefulness. The invitation is also extended to young women interested in Christian work in cities, to consider principles and methods by which their sisters of all occupations may be won to Christ. Two lines of Bible study are arranged, meeting for an hour each morning, with the dual object of training them to be successful workers and leaders, intelligent, skilled, and armed for the warfare against sin, and to study the method and life of the Saviour in dealing with men and women; so as to use the searching truths of God's Word to the anxious, the doubter, or the careless.

Then there are sessions devoted to such subjects as these—Character Building during College Years, Organised Work Necessary to Christian Development, Principles Necessary to Best Result in Christian Work, Work for New Students, Systematic Giving among

College Women, The Relation of College Women to Missions, and The College Young Women's Christian Association; and in each of these is emphasised the responsibility and duty of every delegate, in view of her privileges, toward her fellow-students, her country, and the world beyond.

Practically similar in design, if not in detail, is the gathering of the men, the topics chosen being suited to their especial need and circumstance. This “Summer School” is the annual rendezvous of the Inter-collegiate Movement of the Y.M.C.A. While in English Universities an unhappy feeling of caste has relegated the Y.M.C.A. to a position of “town” rather than “gown,” in America it feels the pulse of religious life in nearly every college in the land. Consequently, it has an inter-collegiate phase to which we are practically strangers.

“Early to bed, and early to rise,” is a maxim upon which the routine of each day is based. I am not sure that it was carried out in its entirety, but I can vouch for the prevalence of the latter portion. How else, indeed, could so many sessions have been crowded in without in a measure impairing the health of body and mind? Here is a specimen of the daily round:—7 a.m., Breakfast; 8, Missionary Institute and Bible Training Classes, held simultaneously; 9, College Association Conference; 10, Bible Studies and Central Training Class; 11, Platform Meeting; 12.30 to 6, Dinner and Recreation; 6, Supper; 7, Outdoor Meetings on various topics; 8, Platform Meetings; 9.30 to 10, College Delegations. For a holiday programme this is pretty liberal! Yet, with full knowledge of what it is

to be, succeeding generations of college men spend nearly two weeks of their vacation, year by year, to learn more deeply the things of God, and how to carry them out in effective service. Nor must it be supposed that these are occasions for the glib utterance of mere platitudes that fall easily upon the ear. In most cases they involve close application of the mind and genuine study, not only at the moment when pen and pencil are busy at the work of "taking down," but for many an hour in after-days, when the contents of the note-books have to be evolved and developed.

There are now about 450 branches of this inter-collegiate movement, embracing 3,500 representative students, and sundry conventions are held in different States during the course of the year. Verily, it is an inspiring sight, and one fraught with glorious possibilities for Christianity, to find the rising generation thus seeking after the things of God in their desire for the righteousness which exalteth a nation.

It will be noticed that some hours daily are given to recreation. This Mr. Moody considers of supreme importance. "No mind can stand a perpetual strain," he declares; "it must unbend at times, or it will break;" and this principle he applies with equal emphasis to Christian work, believing that a continual pondering over of the "cases" met with, and other phases of service, must tend to a morbidity under which in time the worker will break down. Proper relaxation is an integral part of his religion, and to this, under God, may, no doubt, be traceable the robust health which the evangelist has so long enjoyed.

Of the third conference at Northfield, little need here be said, in view of its likeness to those which English readers are accustomed to attend. One distinctive point, however, calls for special mention—a portion of each day is *strictly reserved* for private study, social intercourse, and recreation. This is very largely lacking in our British gatherings. "From early morn to dewy eve"—and almost on to early morn again, sometimes—do earnest souls tax their receptive faculties beyond their power and their note-books, to an extent that renders the profitable dissecting of their contents in after-days a hopeless task. Ever and anon they listen to an address in which the conference is likened to the "solitary place" to which the Master bade His followers "Come apart and rest awhile"; yet does their inner consciousness compare it rather to those antecedent days in which the disciples "had no leisure so much as to eat."

Here are some of the benefits of the better way adopted at Northfield. (a) Time is found to digest what has been heard ere more is received. (b) Rough notes, hurriedly taken, can be sufficiently revised by memory's aid to render them intelligible and helpful for subsequent use. (c) Mental and physical energies are so far recuperated between the sessions as to render each one the more enjoyable. Thus it does not become necessary for the jaded auditor to "stay at home this evening," at the risk of seeming in a measure to be wanting in sympathy or enthusiasm; or, even worse, of finding that the meeting thus missed has been "a particularly good one," or,

perhaps, "the best of the whole convention," as is not infrequently the case. (d) These leisure hours in the afternoon are attractive to young people, whose attendance is secured in large numbers, when they would fight shy of gatherings which occupy the entire day. And this very feature (e) affords both leisure and opportunity for personal work among them and others regarding the things that pertain unto eternal life.

The arrival of Mr. Moody from Chicago to attend the conference was celebrated by one of those genial little incidents which are common to Northfield, and which add so much to its enjoyment. Between twenty and thirty of the young people procured a hay-waggon, drawn by a superb team of oxen, and, having elegantly decorated the "turn-out" and amply covered the floor of the waggon with straw, created no small stir and amusement by proceeding to meet the train by which Mr. Moody was to arrive, some three miles away. Their exuberant spirits showed that a long series of meetings in no wise had a depressing effect upon them, but that the religion of Jesus Christ inspires pleasures second to none that the worldling enjoys. As the train drew up, a song of welcome burst forth which caused many a passenger to open eyes and windows to see whence it came. The train men are evidently familiar with such little tokens of the esteem in which the evangelist is held by those who know him and his work. These "straw-rides," and "corn-roasts," "picnics," etc., form a pleasant feature of the recreation hours.

A splendid view of the seminary buildings is obtained from the railway, as they stand on the opposite hill-slope among the trees, with the Connecticut River flowing between. These are at present six in number, adorning the height which surveys the beautiful valley, and consist of three dormitory buildings, recitation hall, library, and sanatorium, each combining the solid and the picturesque, and forming a pleasing feature of the country-side, seen for many miles around.

Before next summer another addition will be made in the shape of a capacious auditorium. Hitherto the conferences have been held in the "recitation hall," which, with adjoining class-rooms, is the seat of learning of the young women who are completing their education there. But for a meeting-place it is not well adapted, and accordingly a suitable and substantial edifice will be erected before the conventions meet again.

Across, and lower down the river, lies Mount Hermon, likewise beautiful for situation, where the "boys" dwell together in unity. This is four miles away, but "quite near enough, you'd better believe"—so Mr. Moody good-humouredly observes. Equally substantial, and no less ornamental, is a group of buildings there, admirably provided with all domestic appliances, in the use of which the boys are thoroughly expert. Out of doors there is land to be cultivated, cattle to be tended, and, in short, the management of all is in their hands. In vacation time, those who so desire may spend their time in field-labour, the remuneration for which goes toward their education during the other months of the year. They come

mostly from humble walks in life, but their training in practical and educational matters makes them the equal of many of their "betters," and their Christian courtesy endears them to all.

Like that of their sisters, their curriculum is one which, in addition to other subjects, gives a leading place to the study of the Bible, so that they may be equipped and thoroughly furnished unto good works. In the surrounding farms and hamlets their labours

Here is solved, in principle, the problem of how to reach the masses—by *going to them*; and many a hard-worked pastor to-day thanks God and takes courage at having such helpers as these at his right hand.

Not only in educational and religious channels are their thoughts directed. Domestic duties form no small part of each day's routine, with the result that men and women alike become adepts in practical household matters—a knowledge which proves of great



HOW "THE BISHOP" IS WELCOMED.—p. 406.  
(From a Photograph by a Mount Hermon Student.)

in the Gospel are greatly needed, and the scattered population affords an interesting sphere for personal work. Thus they are kept busy on Sunday and weekday, but with that variety of work which itself constitutes repose alike to body and to mind.

The seminary is now in its fourteenth year of operation, Mount Hermon being two years its junior. "Small means, but high aims," may be said to be the qualifications for admission of the students of either sex, and the results that have been attained have more than justified the highest expectations. The teachers are efficient and godly men and women, who see in their pupils such great possibilities of future usefulness as to nerve their highest endeavour to "show themselves workmen approved of God" in the training that they impart. Thus year by year there go forth numbers of these young people whose hearts the Lord has touched, to take the Gospel wherever an opening occurs, in slum or church, in mission or foreign field.

service in the homes of the poor in later days, as paving the way for the application of religious ministrations. There are no restrictions as to nationality. The fact that all nations need the Gospel is in itself reason sufficient for admitting any suitable candidate, that he may learn to declare in his own tongue the wonderful works of God.

A hundred dollars (£20) per annum suffice to cover all expenses of each student, the course of study occupying three years—truly a noble work to accomplish with so small a sum.

This is but an imperfect sketch of a work as remarkable in conception as it is effective in operation. Its ulterior object is "to reach those who *do not want to be reached*," as Mr. Moody puts it. Says he: "It is easy enough to take the Gospel to those who want it. But we need trained men and women to take it to those who do not desire it." It is just this work that these training institutes qualify them to perform.

## GARTH GARRICKSON—WORKMAN.

THE STORY OF A LANCASHIRE LAD.

## CHAPTER XXII.



MEANWHILE the carriage had arrived at the Hall, and driven round to the front door to unload the rugs; and it happened that Mr. Caryl was at home and heard it.

"Mildred!" he called.

Thomas came. "Miss Caryl has not returned, sir."

"Not returned?"

"Payne says she got out on the hill to go and see someone."

"It is very cold."

"Yes, sir—snowing."

"Snowing?" turning to the window and regarding the outer world. "Delay dinner; and tell Miss Caryl I wish to see her when she comes," and he returned to his fire and book.

He read on; the fire burnt down; Thomas replenished it and reported dinner spoiling; still Mildred did not come; he grew restless, and looked often at the window. At last a ring came at the door.

"Ah, there she is!"

But it was not Mildred; it was Garth, with some papers.

"Oh, that will do; I will look them over this evening. Call on your way down in the morning; I may not be out," Garth looked at him, but said nothing; John Caryl would not brook health inquiries. "And, Garrickson—if Miss Mildred is with your mother, send her home at once: she is a naughty girl to be out a night like this. She has been with Old Pack; I made her take the carriage, and she dismissed it." He might scold. Garth knew he was secretly proud of his girl's *timbre*.

"Very well, sir." He went up the avenue with a slightly beating heart. Was he to find Missie in the parlour as of old? He did not think so—already. No, she was not there. Mrs. Garrickson was in consternation at the idea.

"Out?—is Mildred out to-night? She's no business—she'll be lost! it's snowing! it's not fit for a dog."

"Nevertheless the dog must come.—Laddie! Laddie! come along.—You'd better get a little ready, mother; she'll be cold and wet; I might find her in a fix. Where's the lantern? Now, don't be frightened; I may meet her on the road."

"Just get your gaiters and grey muffler, and the cape of your ulster."

Garth got them, and a warm tam-o'-shanter, which Mildred had made for him years ago, when they were fashionable, and, unknown to his mother, the brandy-flask; and with the lantern and Laddie, set off. But neither in the field nor in the road did he meet Miss Mildred.

It was a wild night; even Laddie was half-cowed,

and trotted along in evident disgust, starting and pricking his ears occasionally, as if uneasy as his master.

At the top of the road Garth paused; he did not know where Miss Caryl had left the carriage—for all he knew, she was still with Daddie. He knocked at one of the cottage doors.

"Is Miss Caryl here, Mrs. Bardsley?"

"Miss Caryl? Nay! Aye, my certy! be Miss Caryl out to-night?"

"I am afraid so."

"Aye, she be, mother, I see her mysel'," observed one of the listening youngsters.

"Where, my lad?"

"Just hereby."

"And which way did she go?"

"Thatten," with a jerk towards the lane.

"It'll be to blind Lucy belike, Mester Garrickson," from the mother.

"To blind Lucy! no doubt; I'll go and see. Thank you, my lad," and Garth went on.

But Mildred was not there.

"Aye no! she went, it's nigh upon two hours; she'll be whoam long, sin'," Mary assured him. "Coom in an' rest ye." Garth was distinguished company, here.

"No, thanks. Is Tom in?"

"No, he isna; so it's a good job she didna waate; I wanted her. 'Twere gotten dark; he'd ha' set her a piece 'speslly as she were goin' t' short road."

"Which way? Back by the road?"

"No; by t' range—t' Queen's land—aye! What if she's taken oop?"

Garth did not think that likely; he said good-night. On he went, pondering perplexedly. How could it be? She must have got home long since had she gone this short way. On, until he came to the range—a high stone wall with markers' huts on either hand, where the local volunteers practised—and it occurred to him that possibly she was sheltering here. He mounted the stile behind the range, passed round it, and called; no answer, all was still and deserted, the huts fastened, the wall screening off the wind and snow. No, it could not be; she could not have reached this. There the Queen's land lay—a broad level road leading straight down to their own gate—and from the windward side the snow had drifted, leaving a dark track the whole way along under the sheltering wall. Had she come here, she had got safely home. No, she had not come here. He looked to the left, where in daylight he would have seen the wide meadows—and—how was it? To the end of life he never could explain it: a conviction seized him that she was *there*—between here and the hamlet.

"We'll go back, lad," he announced with decision. Laddie did not like it, but followed obediently, and back they went—on and on, the wind behind, the snow a little less, he thought.

At length he came to the open gate—open! why





"Hands stretched out mutely to him."—p. 410.

had he not seen that? Of course she would not know the ground had been turned up, and had taken the old short cut. Garth strode through and shouted.

"Bark, lad! bark! bark!" and the welkin rang, so that Mary and Lucy heard in their snug little cottage. "Now, hush—bark! listen," and they listened. No answer: all was still but the wind and the driving snow.

"Find her, Laddie! What is it, man?" Laddie was running about excitedly, his nose on the ground, or snuffing the air, and barking in sharp little yaps. "Come along," striking out into the field; and Laddie ran before, rushing this way and that—he understood his work now. They almost traversed the field,

shouting, barking, and pausing to listen; and Garth was beginning to feel an icy chill about his heart. Two hours! and the cold—and *the pond!* when it occurred to him that she might hear his voice but fail to recognise it—he was so hoarse now—and fear to reply, and he broke into a sudden shrill whistle as he had not whistled for many a day.

What a whistle! It seemed to cut through the mist like a fife, and before he was through the familiar little air a second time, a faint call came back to him at last.

Laddie went wild, gave vent to a roaring volley of barks, and rushed off out of sight. Garth followed fast, guided by his voice, and when he overtook the

dog he found him dancing round and fawning upon Mildred, who stood there in the snow, her hat gone, the hood of her cloak pulled over her head, all wet and dishevelled, her face white, tearful, hands stretched out mutely to him, and for a moment Garth lost self-control.

And then he took her home, after the first mad minute, quiet enough, but clinging to him like a weary, frightened child, the deep cape of his ulster sheltering her like a wing. At the gate she fainted; he took her up and carried her—shocked to find how light her weight was now—round the house and into it, and laid her down on the parlour sofa.

"Better stay here all night, than be lost in the snow."

At first Mrs. Garrickson was alarmed.

"You must go for her father, Garth."

"No, mother, there's no need; don't let anyone come," going to the door to prevent Janie's entrance. "She walked to the gate; she will soon be round. I will tell him she has got wet and will stay here to-night, and he must not be told of this."

"But, Garth, do you think—"

"No, I don't—I know. See, she is reviving," as Mildred stirred. "Get her to bed; I'll bring all necessities," and before the closed eyes opened he was gone.

Mildred did not see him again—he kept away—and on the next afternoon she was able to return home.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

BUT Mildred was ill all through the Christ-tide; which, indeed, was a convenience. She had no desire for the ordinary gaieties, nor, it seemed, had her father.

He declined the usual public invitations, and they spent the season quietly—how quietly! The outer world the more distant, its sound the fainter, for the actual barrier of snow, and sleet, and frost between their isolated home and the town, and day by day Mildred and her father drew nearer.

For Garth peace and goodwill towards men were not so evident. The report of Minnie's departure spread, of course, and public comment was rife. Garth was sufficiently well known to make the affair interesting; and Minnie's pretty looks, manners, and speeches, had made her many friends. She had been generally popular, while Garth's sudden rise into favour with his master had excited jealousies which his behaviour had not tended to soothe; and here and there an enemy had dropped tare seeds in his field of action, which he had not cared to stoop and root out. Popular sympathy was therefore on the girl's side; and the populace of Lancashire is outspoken in its sympathies. Garth carried his head a little higher, his shoulders a little more stiffly set. His speech was a little more curt in the next few days; but what he felt did not appear, and to no one did he give the news of Minnie which would have turned public opinion in his direction.

Minnie's lesson had been sharp. She had gone straight to Kildare O'Neil, never doubting that he would shelter and help her; but he, annoyed by the consequences of his "innocent amusement," alarmed for himself, and

shocked at the girl's want of taste, had refused to countenance her presence in the house for an hour, and, but for Mr. Donaldson's intervention, Minnie would have been turned out into the city alone at night.

Kildare wrote indignantly repudiating all responsibility, railing at the girl and his uncle and Garth, and declaring that the senseless thing had been so harshly treated that no doubt she had lost half her small amount of reason, and come to him as the only one who had been in the least kind to her; he did at least know how to behave to women. To a certain point—yes—but beyond it? Garth remembered the little girl he had rescued of old. Squirring distressed damsels was not Kildare's rôle.

Fortunately for Minnie, Roger Donaldson was at hand; he procured her a temporary lodging, and succeeded in convincing her that music-teaching was impossible, and in persuading her to return to her aunt's friends in her old village home, where she might prove a competent milliner.

"The best possible place for her," said Mr. Caryl. "I'll start her business for her, if she'll stay there. I'm sorrier than I can say for the whole affair, Garth. But it's anything but an unmixed evil she jilted you, for that you really cared about the pretty little minx is out of all question. She was no business of yours; you should have let her alone," with a force of conviction Garth would have allowed from no one else. "Now, forgive me, my lad, and take my advice: wait till this is blown over; live it down, and next time you make love to a woman—well—all I can say is, let it be to a woman you love. As for the rest, it must take its chance. I shall take Mildred away for a year; she has a look of her mother I don't like," and John Caryl turned away with careful avoidance of the eyes of his confidential man.

That evening Garth went to take Daddie the news of Minnie's safe arrival in her old home.

It was the last night of the year. Snow clothed the land, and the air was biting cold; but above, the stars were brilliant; and beneath, the ground was crisp. Garth had not been here for a long while; his spirit had been out of harmony with Daddie's; he had not cared to meet the keen old eyes, the keener tongue, or the memories that crowded about the place; his preference had been for the mill and the mechanics' institute of late.

But he knew he must, as a man, see the girl's guardian. He could not be at ease until he had done so. He was the right one to take the news; and to-night of all nights Daddie would be grieving.

He found the old man in the bed under the window of his little kitchen, and very feeble. It was the cold he said, but both knew it was the shock and the wearing grief. Daddie was too old for such a sorrow. He was pleased to see Garth.

"Ye've been a while gone. Ye shud ha' coom afore, lad. And now ye've coom to watch t' old year out. 'T were kindly thought on, Garth."

"Well, no, I had not intended, but I'll stay if you care."

"Aye, stay, lad. It's lonesome fur an old man. I'm verra down to-night; I shanna sleep till t' old year's out." And Garth stayed.

And Daddie did not seem much moved by the news, Perhaps he was too feeble.

"I knew she were safe sin' the Lord sent Mester Donaldson yonder. I trusted, and He hanna failed; and if there were sin, there's mercy above; aye, there's mercy above."

Now, Garth had prepared himself for a very different greeting; he had steeled himself to meet reproaches, even anger. He had known he might possibly have to leave the cottage, and close its door behind him never to reopen it; to mount the hill never to be re-crossed. Daddie's words and the manner of them touched and reproached him as nothing else could have done.

"Then you are not angry with me, Daddie?"

"Angry? Why for shud I be angry? Ye munna fret, lad—ye werenae sae wrong; 't were a nat'ral-like mistake to make. 'T were I as was wrong, Garth. I shud ha' seen; aye, and I did see whiles. That werenae 'Minnie,' as ye cut on yon bridge. Ye needna mind, lad," for Garth had started and flushed to the hair; his eyes burnt. "I heerd tell; Mrs. Wainsley, she axed, Was yon 'Minnie,' 'arter all, then? so I clam down one wet day w'en no one were like to be by. I'd ado to get oop t' steps agen—they was slippy; but I gat down, and I gat oop agen, and it were cut oot and done wi'."

"But I out it out," with head aloft.

"Nay, lad, not so as no one cud see as looked close; and though but few goes by, some does as 'as tongues," and Garth remembered Emma and her admirer—Mildred's falling eyes.

Daddie talked on—

"I shudna ha' 'lowed it. I soart o' felt whiles it werenae right, but 't were sa good fur Minnie. Whiles it looked t' right way, but things looks differ'nt when one gets here. I shud ha' minded what isna right all round isna right fur any int' long run. There was a talk I had wi' Missie one evenin'—that evenin' ye furgat Minnie, Garth."

Garth remembered only too well, and a sudden idea flashed into his mind. Mildred had come here and found Minnie waiting, for him. Had she misunderstood? fancied her eyes had been mistaken on the bridge? His sudden departure would bear that out. This would account for her manner that other evening; this would explain all. Little by little, as the old man rambled on, Garth saw as never before his mistake and the wrong of it—the widespread influence of it in relation to others, and his spirit bowed in utter repentance and sorrow.

Late into the night they talked, until Daddie became drowsy, and dozed in snatches, and Garth felt strangely disinclined to leave him; he was evidently very weak. He would stay until morning, he decided, and tomorrow someone must come; Janie, perhaps, or blind Lucy's sister Mary: the old man must not be left alone. But Garth's plans were unnecessary; for, as he sat there watching the fire burning low, the dip candle shedding but a dim light, the curtain drawn back from the little window (for Daddie had wished to see the starlight on the snow: the year was "dying in the night," and Garth's gaze had wandered out there dreamily), he was recalled by a deep sigh—a

slight stir—a great stillness—and Daddie had gone Home.

And Garth knelt down by all that remained of him and prayed.

When at last he left the little cottage in the neighbours' care, and stood outside in the starlit snow, the sound of bells came faintly on the frosty air. The old year was dead. Garth raised his head and listened with a smile on his face. By the Christ's help should those peals

"Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land—"

and with firm step he turned homeward.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE Caryl's went away; for three years the Hall was silent, deserted, and the business "took its chance," with Garth practically at the head; John Caryl still nominally the supreme power, but in the actual capacity of "Jorkins."

Three wholesome years for Garth; years of patience, years of growth, "stuff to try the soul's strength on, educe the man"; the former things passed into eternity; men thought of them no more. At first all went with smooth monotony; the business did not increase, but neither did it decline; its owner stayed in sunny Normandy in all security and content. Then there came an interruption; an uneasy stir in the cotton world, a mutter of distant storm drawing nearer: so slight a stir, so low a mutter as at first to be unheeded.

Such a little thing as a manager in a morning, temper, a foreman ditto; complaint, recrimination; a division of work-people on one side and the other; the expulsion of one half, the interference of a trade union—all in a mill of far less size than Caryl and Garrickson's, and yet until this little matter is adjusted all the mills in the district must close; people face starvation: masters, ruin.

Mildred and her father sat at breakfast in the sunny morning-room of their pretty villa on the coast of Normandy. Outside, sky and sea were blue, the waves frisked and glistened in the sun, the trees rustled and shimmered; and in the garden, flowers lifted bright faces; while round the path Roger trotted, like an animate mushroom of some size, in his wide hat and straight coat of holland; a lively *bonne* followed, whose shrill French cries came, softened by distance, through the open window. The air here is not as the air of England in April. Mildred watched amusedly over the coffee-pot; her father was reading his letters.

"My dear," he observed slowly, without looking up, "this is from Garrickson."

Mildred had seen; she knew the envelope—Garth's free running hand.

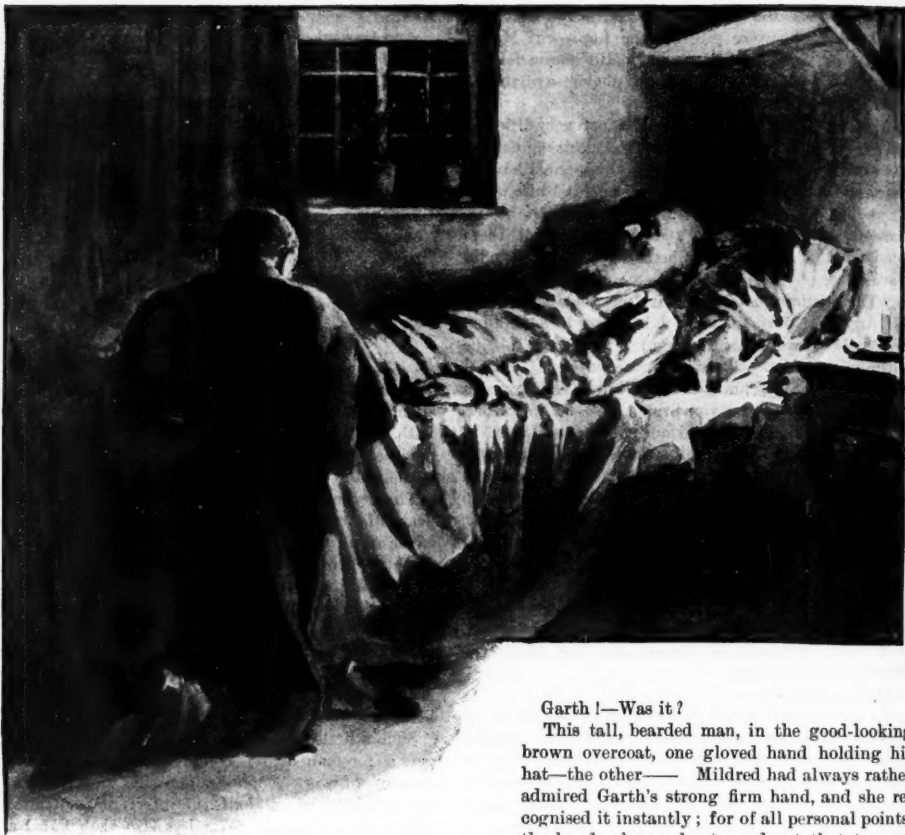
"Is it, father?" indifferently.

He looked up; his face was grave.

"Have you a spare bed, Mildred?"

"Yes; that is, I could arrange—"

"Then you will do so, please, my dear. He is coming



"Daddie had gone Home."—p. 411.

to-day, perhaps : speaks of the hotel, but of course he must come here."

Mildred said, "Of course," and went on with her breakfast.

But, quiet as she might seem, Mildred's day was full of expectation. No doubt he would come to-day, do business with her father in the library, and go to-morrow ; but it would be pleasant to see Garth even at meals ; and if they could have no conversation, she would at least see how he was now. She had known nothing all these months, beyond a stray word now and then from her father.

And he might come any moment. They did not know when to expect him—he had not even given his route, and the ways and hours of arrival were several.

The day went by, and he did not come. They had given him up for the night when he appeared at last. Mildred was putting her boy to bed. He had been brought, as usual, in his night-dress to say good-night and be taken by herself to his cot ; she had held him to her father to be kissed, and turned to leave the room, when she found someone standing in the doorway.

Garth !—Was it ?

This tall, bearded man, in the good-looking brown overcoat, one gloved hand holding his hat—the other— Mildred had always rather admired Garth's strong firm hand, and she recognised it instantly ; for of all personal points, the hands change least ; and yet that too was altered—to a certain fineness, cleanness. What was it ?

She put her own into it ; it closed with just the old clasp—the same hand after all !

"Mr. Garrickson !"

Usually it is the dropping of the more formal title that marks a point gained ; in this case it was not so.

A sunny smile broke out and rippled over the dark face ; the brown eyes showered sparks. "Missie !" and there was a minute's pause as they stood so grasping hands.

By the bright little evening fire sat John Caryl, observant with a keenness of second sight which kept him still—and the silence might have become awkward, but Roger came to the rescue.

His usual reception of strangers was to turn away, hide his face and wriggle ; but, either attracted to Garth, or mistaking him for his own father, who came sometimes, he chose to squeal with delight, and give a spring for which Mildred was so totally unprepared that she dropped him ; there had been a dire fall, had not Garth cleverly caught him.

"Why, my man—you're an acrobat !"

Mildred scolded. Roger held on to the brown beard and jumped and shouted, till all laughed in



sympathy; and when Garth sat down it was in homely fashion, with the boy on his knee.

And in harmony with this beginning all Garth's visit progressed. He stayed more than a day or two. His master kept him in spite of protest.

"Far better stay here out of it all. Your absence gives excuse for neutrality. They needn't know you knew anything about it; and in the meantime we shall see how it goes. We'll wait and watch, and descend on them if need."

"But, sir—"

"Tut, tut! You're fagged, Garrickson—fagged—that's it. Get your spirits up, and see what difference that makes in the outlook."

So Garth stayed, loitering about the land, and the shore, and the garden all the sunny day; often with Roger, who adored him, on his shoulder, to the admiration of the *bonne*: playing with him on the grass or sand, while Mildred sat and worked; talking, reading, driving with her, and sometimes her father, with a scattered pretence of "business" here and there; and so a fortnight full of "undimmed hours" slipped away.

One evening, the two gentlemen were strolling round the garden, talking desultorily in the dusk that shrouded their faces. Mr. Caryl had been praising the place. The air here had saved Mildred's life, he thought; she was like another woman—and he had paused.

"She is like her mother," presently, "and yet unlike. Did you ever hear that my wife proposed to me?"

"No, sir."

"She did, my boy. She was obliged, poor thing, or die, I do believe. I never could have done it; for though I raised my position, I did not raise myself. I failed there, and knew it. But she did not know; she knew I loved her with all my soul, and she spoke out one day; it killed her, I always think. . . . Mildred would not do that," after a long pause; "she would die first."

"Yes; and she would not die—"

"And if she did do it, you'd turn and leave her, so it's just as well."

"I—I—and if I did, sir—what would—should you care?"

"I should care, Garth—for you as much as the girl."

"Then you—you—"

"I know. Clear grit is transparent stuff. Just wait till all this is over in the North, and we'll see where we are."

And when they returned to the house, Mildred thanked French air and sunshine for the light in Garth's eyes.

Next morning came grave news. Garth's views had not all been due to fagged nerves. He had, indeed, been sanguine. They must return at once.

And the three returned together, for Mildred would not be left behind.

"I must go and see that you are comfortable, father," she said; "and I am sure I can help, especially with the women. The people know me. We can have meetings; or, at least, I can visit the homes. Roger will be perfectly safe with Elise."

"Well, go along, Goodie, and pack your *fat-de-lals*," said her father; and by noon they were off.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

No warm sun, blue sky and sea, soft breezes and green country here in the North; but grey clouds, east wind and rain; squalid streets, bleak hills, and, for rambles, books, and chats—railways, close offices, anxious consultations, and ledgers.

At last, John Caryl had made a business blunder. The lords of commercial creation are fallible as other men; perhaps he had rusted in his seclusion, fallen out of step with the world.

And the world had gone on, trades unions had gained daily in strength and activity, till even in his own exclusive corner under the hill, which he had thought so safe, on the very outer boundary of Cotton Kingdom just here, their power had been felt. His own influence and Mildred's had been wanting, and, at the critical moment, Garth's. Mischief was brewing all around them. Caryl and Garrickson must take a full share of the storm; their vessel was large enough to lend much obstruction—the more difficult of management for delay in getting the gear in order; but as yet the storm had not burst.

True, the townspeople were excited. In the one mill the struggle was at its height, and the world looked on. The looms were worked by non-unionists, to the indignation of unionists in general, and the expelled hands in particular. Night and morning, one half the town was amused, the other exasperated, by the spectacle of a procession of police-protected vans and 'buses, plying between the affected mill and the railway station; big men, on bigger horses, guarding certain streets and corners, riding into all groups of a dozen or so sightseers, dispersing idlers; and many stories of their exploits were in circulation. The coffee taverns drove a brisk trade, in food supplied to the mill in work-hours secretly as to a besieged city, and much breath was spent in laughter and invective. But the big men meant business, the military were held in readiness, and the working world saw fit to go about its affairs in outer peacefulness, while the more cautious masters elected delegates, received deputations, and deliberated.

As soon as he returned, Garth was elected one of those delegates, and, of the people, with the people, though a master, he accepted.

John Caryl would none of any arbitration: to him these people were naughty children who should be punished. Of course, if the masters over-spent their capital, and then turned about and requested "loans" of the wage they paid, they must expect this sort of thing; but the people had their wages and dividends too; they only had the mills to get; things were not managed so in his young days.

"It's all these limited companies. Let them fight it out among them. The clash will come, and those who come between will get the worst of it."

"But if by coming between we lessen the clash?" Garth spoke to his partner; but his glance sought Mildred. She looked up; for a brief instant their eyes met.

"Save the weakest—yes!"

"You won't; you'll increase the pressure and go yourself."

"I don't think so; few of our men are affected. If anything touched us it would be a prolonged struggle. I do wish, sir," entreatingly, "you would allow me to increase our own men. It would have all the more effect because—"

"I shan't, Garrickson! Do as you like yourself, but see you pledge me to nothing. I shall look out first, and unlock last. My capital's my own."

And so a chillness crept in between himself and the master he had learnt to love; and though, as he did "as he liked"—sat on committees, met deputations, addressed meetings or wrote in his room—those blue eyes seemed always before him, and the soft voice in his ear—"Save the weakest—yes"—he actually saw or heard seldom, and inwardly Garth hungered. At first, Mildred had been active, visiting the mill and homes, even holding one or two meetings, but now her father obliged her to desist.

"You are doing harm. I will not have it. If Garrickson will, he must; he is young, and has a lesson or two to learn. Let him learn, by all means, but keep you out of it—you'll be poorer by many thousands at the best, Mildred."

Mildred thought she could bear that, but said nothing, and of course followed his wishes.

Then the clash came. On a given day almost all the mills were closed.

And still a stranger would have discovered nothing unusual—a few more men at the street-corners and round the public-houses; more lad-loiterers, more women in bonnets and boots going out to tea, fewer in shawls and clogs; fewer luries, closed mill-gates, that was all; chimneys smoked, and machinery whirled on, for the empty looms must be kept in motion to prevent rusting. But in banks and offices were grave faces; in back streets women white with despair; elderly men met and spoke together with shaking heads, and still half the masters held out sternly, half met deputations and deliberated, and all were losing thousands.

One day, certain rent-collectors were refused rent, the refusers were forcibly evicted in spite of tumultuous resistance; half the town rose and defied the police, and a riot ensued—free fighting, window-breaking, and uproar, while shops were barricaded, and decent people cowered indoors or got out of the town.

For hours Garth had been keeping the watchman company in the mill, walking up and down the narrow alleys, between the tall buildings, and through the long, silent rooms in which the still machines cast ghostly skeleton shadows; now two policemen had relieved him, and he might go—he must go—to the Hall and tell the owner of all this property a thing before he slept. John Caryl was a poor man once more.

He came out of the side gate, locked it, and went up the steep little street and the bank beyond till he reached the private door; fitting his key to the key-hole, he found to his surprise that the lock was gone. Garth pushed the door open and looked cautiously about him; on the wall above, two or three men were

sitting, their backs towards him; mounting the steps noiselessly, he found more in the drive—a large group of men talking busily. Garth crept back into the gully close under the wall and listened. Whose the voices were he could not discover, nor much that was said; but so much he gathered—that for some reason they were bound for the Hall, were awaiting comrades.

Two or three strides, and Garth was down the hill, knocking sharply at a cottage door. Not waiting for an answer, he opened it and called, "Jack!"

A lad of fourteen came, a shock-headed, long lad, with keen, intelligent face. "Ay, sir!"

"Come outside. I want you!"

Jack came out, and in few words Garth told him what he had seen.

"Now, say nothing to a soul, and be as sharp as you can. Go across to the drill-shed yonder and see if any soldiers are there. Bring them. This note will do it." He had been scribbling as he talked. "If none are there, you'll have to go to the Town Hall."

I can get round by Princess Street and the market easy. 'T' row be i' Bridge Street and down yon."

"Yes—good job you're not in it, Jack. But see: you'll have to come round to the other side of the house, or they'll be all over the country. If you have to come round by my mother's, come to that side, leaving some men about here, and catch them as they come down."

"All right, sir." Jack was off like a shot, Garth's note in his fingers.

Up the hill again went Garth, coat buttoned up, hands in pockets, an easy swinging gait, and shrill, lively whistle; up the hill and under the gully, up the steps and the narrow lane beyond, without a turn of the head or a sign of feeling the watching eyes in the drive; at the top, where was a clear, open space, he came upon half a dozen men standing.

"Who's there?"

"Garth Garrickson. Good-night, lads. Glad you're out of the row down yonder," turning his head towards the town, away from the field where he had seen, without seeming to see, more men, and listening, it seemed, to the faint murmur which was all of the war below that came up here.

"Ay! Good-night, sir."

"Good-night," and he passed on, leaving them to shrug shoulders, grin, and draw relieved breath. "Gone home to say 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,' to his mother before he goes to bed." But Garth had not gone home—he strode along till out of sight, then began closely to scrutinise the wall on his left. Soon he came to where two or three jutting stones gave footing; in a moment he was over in the field, but still he must skirt round, for just above was a quarry; in the dark this bit of land was dangerous. Garth knew his ground, however; safely reached the higher wall, and mounting it with more difficulty—for it was smooth and high—sprang down into the avenue.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

MILDRED and her father were sitting in their drawing-room, far from the madding crowd and all sound of it.

They were very quiet—John Caryl feeling ill, and

anxious to conceal it from his daughter; Mildred very uneasy, and anxious to conceal it from her father; both heartily tired of Lancashire and longing for Normandy. Both were glad when the door opened and Garth entered.

But instantly they saw something was wrong. His face was pale and set. He was evidently under strong excitement; and Garth was so seldom excited.

In few words he told them the state of the town.

"Some of the men are coming up to speak with you, sir.—Miss Mildred, I think you would be better with my mother. If you will be quick, I will take you."

Mildred paused; then the truth flashed upon her. The disaffected men, tired of arbitration, had taken matters into their own hands; and, bent on frightening the masters into acceding to their demands, had fixed upon the most resolute of them, the largest, richest, loneliest of their houses as their prey, while the police and military were engaged in the town.

She rose and looked at him—a very queen in her long silken robes and stately carriage.

"No, Garth, I shall not. I shall remain."

"Miss Millie! for heaven's sake—"

"Let her alone, Garth. She is as safe here as anywhere—I'll settle them!"

Garth raised his hand and listened. "No time," he said, and moving swiftly to the windows, closed and barred the shutters, and then he and his master went over the house, securing it. The shutters and doors were strong, bars massive, and the latter had no fear. "Oh, they won't get in; the police will soon be here," But Garth knew of an enemy bolts and bars could not keep out—fire.

The police, too, were fully occupied; such an outrage as this had not been dreamt of. Who could guarantee the safety of his messenger, alone and unarmed, in such streets? and already the mob gathering on the grass outside.

Then there came a modest knock at the back door. Garth, who was keeping guard in the back hall, answered it. "Who's there?"

There was a pause. They had expected admission in all unsuspecting by one of the maids. They knew Garth's voice—not saying hymns to his mother, after all. After a whispered consultation, one said in a feigned tone—

"We want to speak to the master."

"He will be at the mill in the morning at nine o'clock prompt."

"But we want him here and now."

"Who is 'we'? and how many?"

"Never you mind."

"Oh, very well," and Garth stepped, noisily enough to be heard, away from his side the door.

Then there was a loud knocking, a natural-toned call.

"I say, Garth—Garth Garrickson!"

"Well?"

"Just let us in, do! We only want to speak to 'im. We won't hurt 'im, or anything, and you can go: just let us in!"

"How many?"

"Ten."

"I shan't."

"You'd best; we can get in all the same."

"Try."

The next instant there was a report. The lock of the door flew into the passage, shot off; a shower of heavy blows followed, and there was a scream in the front hall where the servants were gathered, but the stoutly barred door was safe as ever.

Then there was another pause, a longer one. The men had gone round to their companions in front.

They were talking there in excitement, some suggesting one thing, some another, when, to their astonishment, the front door opened wide, and John Caryl appeared, followed by Garth. He stood there on the steps facing them as fearlessly as at his counter on pay-day, his house-door wide open behind him, throwing out a flood of light, and just in his rear Garth, fearless too, but pale and determined—something in his hands.

"Well, my men, what is it?" The master's voice rang out sharp and clear on the silence. No answer.

"What do you want, I say, at this time of night? Come, Williamson, I see you: speak up!"

There was a confused murmur, swelling to a low roar. Then a shout was caught, "We want our rights."

"Your rights at ten o'clock at night? What can I do for you here and now? You'll get no rights by doing me wrong, that I tell you." This was not conciliatory; John Caryl was angry with the anger of a man who feels himself insulted, and despised the men he faced as those who might have risen, as he himself, and had not.

"You do us no wrong and we'll do you none."

"Wrong! when have I come blowing off your locks last thing at night? You'd best go home, every man of you, or you'll find a lock you won't like turned on you ere morning." This was not the highest wisdom; to-morrow he would know it: just now he was too angry to think anything about it. Garth, watching, saw the sullen resentment in the dark faces change to excitement. A fresh murmur rose—of unmistakable wrath.

"Look 'ere, mester—t' perlice is busy enough down yon; you'd best do as we want, er it'll be t' worse for ye; we've pals down t' road, and we've but ter hang out a light and yer mill 'll fire i' no time. You just make us a promise, and we'll go home easy."

"And what am I to promise? The same old thing, I suppose—less work and more pay? Now, see here, my lads: when I was young I worked harder, longer hours, and earned less than any of you, and you see what I've come to—"

"Ay, and now ye turn on them as was yer mates!" and there was a shout, "Stop his mouth!" "Pull him down!" "Get on, lads, th' door's open!" An ugly surge forward. John Caryl stood his ground, though he did not see, as the foremost men saw, that Garth was covering him from the step behind, a pistol in each hand.

"Stand back! You touch me or my house and you'll repent it!" For answer there was a crash overhead, a sound of falling glass, and a call, "We're not your men!" The master's eyes blazed, his hands clenched; then a sudden pallor overspread his

face—a spasm crossed it. Garth tossed his pistols away, seized him, pushed him into the house, and closing the door with a bang, stood before them all—alone and unarmed.

"I know it," he said. "Mr. Caryl has no men—I doubt if he ever will again; you've nearly ruined him, you strikers."

There was an instant's silence, then "Bosh!" was heard.

"It's no bosh, you'll find. My lads, hadn't you better mind what you do?"

"You shut up, Garth Garrickson; you're one o' t' mesters."—"Ay, he's a turn-coat; he went over to th' mesters when he got a bit o' money."

"He's a fine genelman nowadays, he is."

"Indeed, I am sorry you think so. I've worked hard and done my best for you; Hervey, Williamson, you know that; you heard me yesterday——"

"Ay, I did, lads; he spake up to th' mesters—he did so."

"He works, too, does Garrickson," said one of his own men.

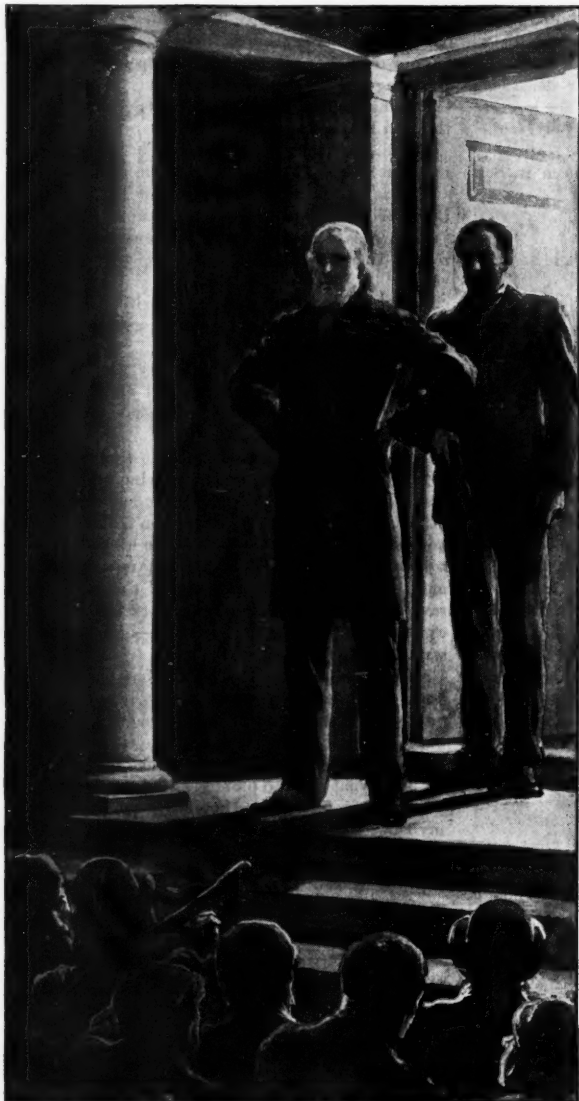
"I should be ashamed of myself if I didn't. Lads, I know in much you're right, and I hope you'll succeed; but this isn't the right way about it; you'll only lose all you've earned—your very work you'll lose——"

"They can't do wi'out us, th' mesters."

"They can do without you for longer than you can do without them if they join; and this is just the way to make them do it—yes, months longer. The union has not half the money it's supposed to have—I've seen the accounts, and know." Garth had caught their ear now, and talked on: reasoning, pleading with them, hardly knowing what he said or how, only conscious that he held them, and must hold until help came—and oh, how long it was in coming!

The men listened, their anger died, their reason began to return, but still they would not give way. Garth was all very well; with him they had no quarrel; but with Mr. Caryl they had, and the masters represented by him; it was Mr. Caryl they wanted, they began to remember, and Mr. Caryl they must have, some of them declared. They began to consult, dispute among themselves, confused murmurs re-arose. Garth was despairing, when the door behind him opened, and Mildred was at his side, her fair face and hair glowing in the light of the hall lamp; where she had been all this while he had been too busy to wonder.

"My men," her voice rang out above the hubbub, "my men, I would not have believed this of you: had I been told I would not have believed it. Williamson, Hervey, Brierley, Hyde—why, I know most of you! We were friends once; how could you do it?" and her voice vibrated with pathos. They looked at her suddenly abashed, more by her manner than speech, for as her eyes travelled from one to another they had filled with tears; her lips were trembling, her face one tender sorrow.



"Well, my men, what is it?"—p. 415.



"We didn't know you was 'ere, miss," someone said awkwardly.

"You knew my father was here."

"We didn't mean to 'urt 'im; we on'y meant——"

"To frighten him—and he is very ill; you might have killed him. Suppose I had been here alone?"

"We wouldn't 'ave 'urt you."

"You have hurt me, more than I can bear—you, my Lancashire lads, whom I have been so proud of——"

As she talked and they stood listening, growing moment by moment more ashamed of themselves, Garth saw that the police had come—a strong cordon of powerful horses blocking up the drive at the narrow bend, red coats gleaming on the bank above. Now the crowd saw them too, and turned to fly. Mildred sprang forward.

"Stop! stop! there are more down the drive. No one shall be touched; stop!" They paused. "No one will be touched if you will promise me faithfully to go home quietly and leave it all with Garth," laying her hand on his arm; and he who had faced all that rabble fearless, started and trembled at her touch. "If anyone can do anything, he can: now promise me." The men looked at her and at the police hemming them in on the drive and the bank above. "They shall not touch you. All who promise hold up their hands."

They paused again, then by one impulse every hand was raised.

"That's right! that will do; Garth will do his best, be sure—all will end well yet. Now all must have a drink; no doubt you are thirsty." She stepped back and beckoned: and pail after pail of strong hot coffee was carried forward by the maids. Soon mugs, jugs, and basins were passing from hand to hand; in an incredibly short time every strong, sweet drop had vanished, and they were passed back with awkward, shamefaced thanks. A few last words, hand-shakes, and cap-pullings, and the men departed.

Garth and Mildred stood on the steps and watched them disappear—the police bringing up the rear and saluting as they passed—stood till the last had vanished round the corner; then they turned, and somehow they were hand in hand. Mildred was a poor woman now, Garth knew.

"Come and find your father;" and they went to the dining-room—holding each other still.

In his red velvet chair sat John Caryl, his hands clasped on his knee, his head bent, his chin resting on his breast. . . .

An instant they stood.

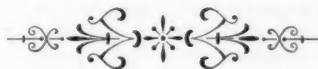
Then Mildred lifted her face.

"Oh, Garth—I am alone—all alone! What shall I do—oh, what shall I do?"

And Garth took her into his arms at last.

"I am here, Missie."

THE END.



## THE LOVE OF CHRIST IN JUDGMENT.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

"Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as He is, so are we in this world."—1 JOHN iv. 17.



MORE exactly rendered, the opening sentence will run, "In this hath love been perfected between us"; i.e., in the fellowship of God with man, and of man with God. In other words, this

is the sublime triumph which love, believed, absorbed, and returned, shall achieve in its complete manifestation at the day of judgment. In that day, of which the Apostle here and elsewhere has taught us so much and with such detail, and which will manifest to the human conscience the consummation of its moral history, the revelation of its self-made condition, and its supreme destiny in the inevitable righteousness of God, he who has yielded to love, walked in it, brought others into it, increasingly learned its infinite and ineffable blessedness, shall, without the effrontery of hardness, or the callousness of an ignorance born of sin, but in a perfect peace, the very gift of God Himself, meet and behold the Judge without anguish or terror. This is a great mystery, but the Apostle's statement is as clear as words can

make it, and we cannot doubt what he means. It is a promise, also, which we shall do well to examine, for who is there whom it does not concern? There are always some who say to themselves, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace," and it is a kindness to undeceive them. There are also some who forget that the laws of the spiritual world are no less inflexible and inviolable than those of the material world; that conduct is everything; and that the faith which saves, and which, working by love, makes conduct, is something much deeper and more substantial than the muttering of an unfelt creed, or than the melancholy presumption that to think ourselves saved is by itself a passport into the everlasting habitations.

There is the judgment and the confidence and the secret.

I. The Judgment. Holy Scripture, while expressing figuratively the Divine mind in the judgment and purpose, and even the surroundings of it, that we may be helped to comprehend all that is meant to be comprehended, also enunciates beneath figure and symbol some distinct and elementary principles

of unspeakable value which lie at the root of it all.

First. Who are the judged? This question is not so gratuitous as might be supposed. There are those who, just out of a sense of the completeness of the Divine mercy, and of the inviolableness of the Divine covenant, and of the perfectness of the Divine salvation, hold, and strongly hold, that the saved, or the righteous, or, in a sentence, the Church, will not be judged at all, but will simply be spectators and assessors of the judgment on others. To put it in another way: where Christ says (St. John v. 24), "He that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life," by "condemnation" He means "judgment"; in fact, that such a one will not be judged at all. This view, however, seems inconsistent with other and fuller scriptures; also with the revelation of the glory of God and of the moral necessities of man. St. Paul tells us distinctly (Romans ii. 5-16) that in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men, He will render to "them who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life"; and again (2 Cor. v.), that "we must *all* appear (or be manifested) before the judgment seat of Christ, that every-one may receive the things done in his body according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." St. John, at the close of the Revelation xx. 12, tells us of his awful vision. "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works, and whosoever was not written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." But if the righteous, the saved, the living Church mean those whose names are in the Book of Life, the fact that their names are found there is, practically, the result of judgment, expressed in another way.

In the passage before us the one point is that they are to be in judgment, and yet not to be in terror at it. But if they were to escape judgment altogether, where the need of assuring them of the confidence that will then possess them, but which they would not be in a condition to require? Besides it is not the usual way of inspiration to console us against an ordeal that never can be ours. We shall all be judged—nay, we must all be judged. We shall all be judged, that God may be glorified in those who have believed on Him, as well as glorified on those who have consciously and persistently rejected Him; this will be for the final vindication of the eternal righteousness. We must all be judged, for how in the moral constitution of things can it be otherwise?

Our personal lives as shaping and completing our moral character will then be manifested in a suitable body that shall be prepared for them, and the manifestation will be at once the verdict and the sentence. "The righteous shall shine forth as the

sun in the Kingdom of their Father." The "unprofitable" shall be cast into the outer darkness, where is "weeping and gnashing of teeth." The justice of this is as apparent as are the wisdom and inevitableness of the mode in which it will operate. The Great White Throne, on which the Judge will be seated, will, it may reverently be gathered from the words of the prophet Daniel (cap. vii. 9), be of living fire, which will penetrate and illuminate, and purify and consume. To some a baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire, to others an instrument of self-revelation and despair, it will be the symbol and the vehicle of infinite holiness and truth to the great concourse of all the children of Adam. St. John only here, and alone of the inspired writers (except St. Peter), refers to that day as the Day of Judgment. Elsewhere it is called "that day," "the last day," "a day," "a great and terrible day." Let us confess that the mind reels and staggers under any attempt to construct, even imagine, the methods or features of this stupendous assize which our Lord and His Apostles have so impressively and solemnly and emphatically and distinctly announced to us as the final winding up and ending of the history of our race on the earth. It is enough to know that we may regard it as more absolutely certain than that the sun will rise to-morrow; that it has been delayed in mercy, that for a while mercy may rejoice against judgment; but that the hour will come when the true mercy will be to pronounce judgment and to dismiss the judged to their supreme reward. It will all be supernatural, for the present laws of time and space and motion and vision, the only laws we know of by experience, will have been superseded by new conditions, of which we know nothing except that they will be ordained of God. It fills the spirit with awe, and, but for the blood which cleanseth from all sin, might paralyse even the believer with terror. The great criminals of the world and the great saints, writers who have polluted generations after them, and writers who have inspired them with lofty and generous ideals, preachers who have turned many to righteousness, and tyrants who have filled hell with their victims, will meet their Judge and know their doom, and the secret utterance of all will be, "Thou art righteous, Lord, because Thou hast judged thus."

II. But the Apostle tells of the *confidence*: a word which not unfrequently occurs elsewhere in the New Testament, and has for its first meaning "freedom of speech." St. John, of course, is here referring to the believer in Christ. The expression suggests the idea that the Apostle is recalling the figure in the parable of the final judgment of the heathen world, to which he must once have listened, and which he was not likely ever to forget, in which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, condescends to hold converse with those whom He has to welcome or to banish, and promises to those who shall be found in Him living partakers of His eternal life that boldness or freedom of speech which at once assures acceptance and utters praise. It could have hardly even occurred to the Apostle, with

this assurance of their joy, that they could for one moment desire to be kept outside it. Terror will be impossible. Not a ripple of alarm will ruffle the perfect tranquillity of those who see in that supreme moment Him on whom they have believed. They will instantly and joyfully recognise in Him the Saviour on whom, it may be, long ago they cast the burden of their sins, and He cast it behind His back; the Master whose voice gave them their orders, whose wisdom directed their footsteps, whose Presence cheered their loneliness, and whose mercy crowned their labours; the Spouse to whom they had betrothed themselves in the ineffable blessedness of a mystical but actual life; the Friend to whom they could take every secret, confide every trouble, whisper every trial, trust in every temptation—whose love, little as they knew of it, passed knowledge, and put them to shame because they had not learnt it more. To be afraid of Him, to be ashamed of Him, to hide from Him, to distrust Him in that wonderful moment for which the Church has been waiting and the Holy Spirit moving, and the Eternal Father counselling, and each individual believes in his best and purest moments, secretly, almost impatiently longing, with a desire not to be put into words, should not only be felt unworthy and pusillanimous, derogatory to the faithfulness of God, wounding and dishonouring to the cross and victory of Christ, but simply impossible for anyone who has really found Christ and lived in the light of His love.

III. This will be made even plainer from the explanation St. John gives of his amazing paradox, "Because as He is, so are we in this world." The literal meaning of this must be, "Because as He (Christ) is eternally, and now in His character as it is known to us, are we even now in this world, out of which indeed He has passed, but in which we still live and serve." It is clear, of course, that the secret of this confidence may have two explanations, each of which is perfectly consistent with the other, each of which represents the one side or half of a most essential whole. One of these explanations may not inexactly be described as what St. Paul might have given—the objective side of the truth. The other is what I think St. John intended, which is the subjective side. Who, for instance, would care or even dare to deny that the true and immovable and evangelical ground of the sinner's peace is his spiritual union with Christ, that union which the Sacraments at once represent and, when duly received, convey, of which faith takes living and joyful and tenacious hold, which means in the eyes of God a personal and moral identity with Christ?—who is our wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption; on whom we have cast our sins, and who has given us in exchange His own perfect righteousness; in whom even now, by virtue of our personal and spiritual union with Him, we "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." It is, in fact, the substance of St. Paul's own aspiration about himself: "and be found in Him, not having

mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith; that I may know Him and the power of His resurrection." It is also the precise doctrine which he laid down in his Epistle to the Romans: "Being justified by faith, let us have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." This is the faith of the Gospel, and perhaps the central truth of it; and this freedom with which Christ makes us free we must never let go for an hour. But the context makes it clear that this was not the truth the apostle of love had in his mind when he penned these wonderful words. He was thinking of Christ's character, not of His satisfaction; and of the one quality which at once comprehends, illuminates, and beatifies it—Love. All through the chapter he has been expounding and impressing love. In the verse immediately before the text he had written, "We have known and believed the love that God hath to (in) us; God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." Then the thought expands, and moves into a higher region and more distant future. Love, he seems to say, and then even judgment itself shall have no terror for you. Perfect love casts out fear. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. But in that day you will be made perfect in love. For even now love is your nature, your effort, your desire; and as your Head is in the perfect love of Heaven, so are you now, by His grace and benediction, like Him even on earth. In the day of judgment no earthly ties will distract you, no human activities dissipate you, no idolatries divide your affections, no roots of sin paralyse your will. The character of your Lord shall then finally and supremely be your character. Faith, which has hitherto worked by love, and manifested its truthness therein, shall be rewarded by it. "We love Him because He first loved us" shall be the new song of the redeemed.

There is another reason yet (have I not kept the best for the last?) for the victory of love in that tremendous day. Let me give it in the Apostle's own words: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." This idea was familiar to St. Paul, and in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians he presses the wonderful truth that even now the contemplation of Christ shall produce resemblance to Him, though we behold that glory as in a glass darkly, with the imperfections and interruptions incidental to our life here. But in the great and awful day when the sign of the Son of Man appears in Heaven, and He comes with clouds to judgment, there will be no veil between His unclouded brightness and the emancipated spirits of His elect. The vision of the Judge will mean the transfiguration of His people; to see Him face to face in His eternal and yet redeeming glory will be to love as He loves, and to welcome as He welcomes.

We cannot, indeed, presume to anticipate the bliss of that moment, but if perfect love is to cast out fear, the sense of past sin and unworthiness shall be swallowed up for ever in the heavenly city whose walls are salvation and its gates praise. Now our humble petition too often has to be, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Then what a burst of song will break forth from the millions and millions of the redeemed in the House of their Father: "Unto Him which loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests, unto God and the Father be glory and dominion both now and forever. Amen."

In conclusion St. John, in the preceding chapter (iii. 3), speaks of "this hope in (on) Him"; and St. Paul has the same thought when, in his letter to Titus (chap. ii. 13), he describes the attitude of the Church as "looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ"; and once more he writes to the Colossians (i. 27): "which is Christ in you, the hope of glory." This hope must be cherished and fed if it is to be to us all that it is meant to be, in helping us to rightly anticipate that day of judgment before it comes, tranquilly to meet it when it does come. Is there any conceivable way more natural or more helpful than that of entertaining Him in our hearts, of being ready and even eager, in the moments when He comes to visit us, to hold living fellowship with Him, to unburden our cares to Him in the effort of a true devotion, sometimes to sit and think of Him (which is the heart's secret worship) as the end and promise and reward and consummation of all? Occasionally Christians complain that they seldom see His face or enjoy His Presence. The question occurs, Whose fault is that? There is a passage in the Canticles that carries a deserved rebuke to some who should be in a greater haste to condemn themselves than to complain of their Lord. "I sleep, but my heart waketh. It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, 'Open to me, my sister, my love, my undefiled! I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them? I opened to my beloved, but my beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone.' I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer" (Canticles v. 2—6).

There are also those to whom the thought of meeting their Lord has neither rapture nor consolation in it; not that they are impenitent or insincere, but that they are content to remain on a low level of spiritual vitality. The life within them stagnates rather than grows; they will be saved, but there cannot be for them an abundant entrance into the everlasting Kingdom. When Christ promised to those who loved Him and kept His word "My Father shall love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him," by the coming He meant something that was to

be recognised and felt; by the abiding, the ineffable fruition of a Divine Fellowship. Sometimes it seems to one that the greatest peril and disgrace of real Christians is laziness. It is laziness that makes short prayers, a neglected Bible, works that are dead, love that is tepid, interrupted fellowship, and growth stunted, from lack of living water at the roots. The question of questions is, "Now, Lord, what is my hope? Surely my hope is even in Thee?" The reply of replies must be: "When wilt thou come unto Me? I will walk in My house with a perfect heart."

What we most wish for is a test of our real character that cannot be explained away. To how many of us is the coming of Christ our secret hope and stay?

St. John, however, is very careful not to suffer us to imagine that this hope is a mere barren sentiment, without motive or effort or result. What is to come out of it if it is the right sort of hope, and not merely a selfish desire to be rid of the troubles of life, is a continuous struggle after the image of His Holiness. "Every man that hath this hope in (on) Him purifieth himself even as He is pure." Here is at once the measure of our struggle and the instrument of it. Christ's perfection is to be our model; self-purification—what is elsewhere described as "working out our own salvation"—is to be the continuous and unwearied way to it. Among the evil dispositions from which we are to purify ourselves are, surely, first and foremost, those that wound and chill and vitiate love. Every root of bitterness, every habit of unkind, or uncharitable, or sarcastic speech; haste to think, and even more to pronounce, evil; all proneness to place or leave a stumbling-block in our brother's way;—are absolutely fatal to the cherishing of this hope, which means the being admitted into the Father's House, where all the children of one blessed family love and are loved, without soil, or taint, or reserve, or grudging; where He who is love will give to His children fully to partake of His own nature; where selfishness will have ceased to be possible; and where to walk in love, as Christ has loved us, will be at once the rule and freedom of our lives.

Not that this love means a feeble complacency with evil, or a condoning of what we know to be wrong for peace' sake, or silence when we ought to rebuke sin, or indifference when it is our duty to prevent it. Christ is always our example, and sometimes even He reproved those whom He loved best at the moment when they thought to be serving Him. God who is Love is also a consuming fire, and the love which has nothing of burning in it is not the love of God. Once more, there is the Vision of Love. "We shall see Him as He is," says St. John. In the Revelation we have an account of what the Apostle had then seen; but it is all type and figure, so that it does not help us much to know what we shall see when the "King in His beauty" is before our eyes. But the emblem of fire, with which His eyes will

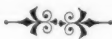


gaze and His feet move and His face beam on us, indicates the penetrating, irresistible, consuming holiness which He will come at once to demand and represent and bestow.

He will be different from everyone in that great course, and every soul as it gazes on Him will have its own conception and amazement, its own untold gladness or its own self-reproaching anguish. His love—and He will be the very embodiment and ideal of love to those who have received and desired and imitated it—will be a revelation of wonderful and delightful beauty; to those who have disbelieved or despised or rejected it, it will bring at once a vindication of the righteousness which simply pronounces on them their self-chosen banishment and a discovery of their tremendous loss of a treasure so priceless and so dear. To see Christ and know Him for our own Kinsman, and plead Him for our salvation, and to welcome Him as our Master, and to crown Him as our Lord, with hearts that can perfectly love and

wills that can instantly obey, and minds that can grasp Him, and consciences that can taste the full healing of His precious blood, will indeed be the beginning of a new creation, when He that sitteth upon the Throne saith, "Behold, I make all things new." To those who find out that they have lost, remember that they have lost it, not through ignorance, but through unbelief, the sense of their loss and their sin will surely be woe enough without adding other sorrow to it! One glimpse of His beauty to help them to understand what it is that they have been rejected; and then, with the last recollection of Him as one in whose face was the look of an infinite pity but an inflexible justice, to go away into the darkness to see His face no more.

"I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come; nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."



# CLEAR AND COOL.

BY C. DI FERRARA.



"THE AFTER-MATH IS BEING CUT."

**W**E have punted the old sea-going boat straight into the giant reed-forests, and there she lies, not at anchor, neither warped on to anything, but held fast by the lily-stems round her keel. It is strange for her to be here in the quiet backwater, with the misty bars of sunlight slanting down on to her through the alders, and the black-alder catkins dropping on to her thwarts, after her rough sea-passage thither. For in the grey of one August morning, when the swallows first began to

chatter under the eaves, and the noise of the tide running out sounded warningly and sadly in the silence, she hoisted tanned sails and went down Channel, and after rolling in a heavy swell for seven hours off the headland, with the wind blowing dead against her entrance into the haven, she came up the creek at last, and up the river, after darkness had long set in, and waiting hearts grew anxious in the empty night.

Every now and again the wind comes along, and



"OUT WITH THE TIDE."

sweeps the reeds over towards us in purple-headed myriads, and

"The voice of its returning  
Sounds like an old sweet song."

In the hot sunlight they are bowing, and curtsying, and dipping in thousands between the thrush-egg-blue and grey cloud above and the dark brown and indigo-grey of the tide below. The watery smell of river-weeds swaying in the golden-red river-bed comes up with the hushful sigh of the reeds and the lifting of the lily-leaves, and is as much a part of the happy first sweet freshness of the morning as the loosestrife, and the arrow-heads, and yellow ragworts, and the occasional abrupt chuckling cry of the moor-hen in the sorrel-rusted river marshes, and the far-off song of the sea beyond the headland.

Warren Head, the country folks call it. Its heather-covered back lies against the reedy, lonesome wastes, where the curlews call, and its face looks out on the rosy-white cliffs of Alum Bay, across ten miles of the deepest borage-blue sea; and its feet are always encircled by the cruel, crawling foam.

Now the afternoon sunlight slides into the alder-pool.

The water is so wondrous clear by these "laughing shallows and dreamy pools," that one can see, in looking over the gunwale, the shoals of minnows showing silver sides as they glide over the pebbly sand, with the roaches and trout; and at this moment a perch with beautiful red-brown transverse bars on his back has emerged from his home under the mossy alder-roots, and is idly swimming round and round the boat, moving his red tail, and gazing up at us with mournful lack-lustre eyes, as though he might be an enchanted prince in a fairy legend. Look, there he dives under the water-crowfoot and cresses. Swish! flop! he rises under the alder-shade further down stream, and a fairy circlet spreads over the ebbing waters, in which blue forget-me-not blossoms are

floating down, down, evermore down to the sea. What a long way they will have to go, poor little simple-eyed ones! and one wonders will they feel lonely, and sad, and frightened, like the "water-baby," when they find themselves drifting far away from their home in the damson-scented river grasses (green now as in June, for the after-math is being cut in yonder long garden of meadow-sweet, and the hay-breath floats through the alders), and the rose-cups of the great hairy willow-herb, and the water-stitchwort, where they were born? When they find themselves rounding the bend of the river and in sight of the sand-hills, and hear the seven whistlers wailing over the wide sea-reaches, and see the shells lying below them in the salt water, and meet the salt sea-breeze coming up against the roll of the tide, and the great white herring-gulls swooping and gliding over the shallows, and pass the tarry-black sides of the fishing-boats at anchor in the haven; as they hurry along to the

"Golden sands and leaping bar,  
And the taintless tide that awaits them far?"

Ay, "undefiled for the undefiled!" Let them go out with the tide, to lose themselves at last in the infinite main; and let us think of the sky that burns now with the evening light between the dark branches of the crooked alder that bends over our stream: for the whole West lies like a medley of pale honeysuckle, corn marigolds, and rose champions to-night; and countless hosts of swallows begin their circling overhead, with incessant and innumerable swallow-twitterings like the noise of the water in the mill-race, preparing for their nightly rest in the reed-beds. And the reeds and rushes begin to take a red glow in the duskfall, and the brown owl flies out and away up stream; and the minster-bells ripple out across harbour, field, and ferry:—

"O the bells, bells, bells!  
O the tumbling and the clashing of the bells!"

## ELIZABETH ANN'S BANK HOLIDAY.

BY ETHEL F. HEDDLE, AUTHOR OF "STAUNCH," ETC.



## CHAPTER I.

IN THE ABBEY.

"I REALLY don't see why we should not. It is almost your last day in town."

"Aunt Fanny would be horrified!"

"I live in a perpetual atmosphere of Aunt Fanny's horror," Lillias said calmly; "so I am acclimatised. Here is our 'bus. She who hesitates is lost!"

And the end of the matter was that the two girls climbed into the 'bus.

It was Bank Holiday in London, and they had sallied forth from South Kensington, presumably for a short walk round the square; and then Lillias, in an evil moment, had proposed the Abbey service: just time to go, and be back for late afternoon tea.

Amabel was a country cousin, and the Abbey was her delight—the one sight which in all "roaring London" had more than surpassed those halcyon dreams of the great city which delight our mental vision before we see it. Day after day she and Lillias had gone to afternoon service, or sat dreaming in the Poets' Corner, watching the people troop by and pause before those two great names carved—last of all her poets—in England's Temple of Honour: Alfred Tennyson; Robert Browning. The girls read the words, each time with the same half-awed voices. To Amabel it seemed impossible that all mortal of these two great men rested under her feet.

They drew breath in a bewildered way now, when they got just within the Abbey doors. They had not expected that the crowd would come *here*—that the East-end, everywhere *en évidence* to-day—careed at all for its Abbey. And the mighty temple was crowded to suffocation. It belonged, for the nonce, to people who rarely worshipped in any temple, who knew so little of beauty, or prayer and praise, that they seemed to sit here half-bewildered now. Amabel drew her cousin aside, and they crept between the monuments and the pews to two seats left vacant just under the inscrutable marble face of Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield. All around there were tired faces, hot faces, strange faces; women gaudily attired in terrible Paisley shawls and straw bonnets; babies, who sucked sticky fingers, and were kept quiet by much whispered admonition—men, boys, and little girls. It was a shabby crowd. Amabel watched and looked, and presently she touched her cousin's arm.

"Look at that child!"

A little girl, whose thin pinched face was nodding in utter fatigue, was just before them, a large, old-fashioned prayer-book propped up before her, and her straw hat, which had a fearful and wonderful bunch of cherries, was tilted over her forehead. Every now and then the tired head nodded, and she would be brought back to remembrance by the vicious dig of the woman beside her.

"Look 'ere, Elizabeth Ann," the woman whispered, "you're asleep. Stop it!"

A violent jerk, another nod and push, and Elizabeth Ann's lips quivered piteously.

"Oh, I'm *so* tired!" she whispered. "I *can't* 'elp it!"

"I think in my life," Amabel whispered, "I never saw anyone look so tired!"

And then there was a little hush. The anthem was given out; the mighty crowd arose silently: "*As wants the hart!*"

And it was as if a veil fell from before each face; the very babies stopped their tired murmur; Elizabeth Ann forgot her utter weariness; she stood, too, leaning against the pew, her blue eyes wandering up to the glorious rays of amethyst and gold which fell athwart the soft grey stone from the rose window. What did each man, woman, and child hear in that silvery, pealing voice? What is music, and music such as this, to every human soul? Wings to carry one up and up, and beyond earth's care and fret, and the weary, restless struggle, to another realm! The voices of earth are gone, and the heat and the turmoil melt away. They no longer remember the wolf at the door, the "daily bread" for which they forget to pray: it seems so impossible a miracle to find; and for one brief moment all they have known of beauty, and of prayer and praise, and that dim realm called heaven, is crystallised in that heavenly voice, in this sweet high song.

And now it is over.

The crowd listened sleepily and heavily to the prayers; many slept through the Dean's sermon; many would not hear if they could; many had never listened to a sermon in their lives, and the words only dropped like rain upon them. And then it was finished, too, and they rose to walk round the tombs. Amabel leant over suddenly and touched Elizabeth Ann.

"Did you walk all the way?" she asked. "Are you very tired?"

Elizabeth Ann gazed a moment before she answered. The pretty, girlish face, under its white-plumed hat, was rather strange to her.

"I'm mostly tired," she said wearily, with a little shrug. "Lor! that bain't anything."

"What do you do?"

"I'm in a fried-fish shop. D'ye like fried fish?"

Amabel did not smile.

"And do they keep you very busy?"

"Lor bless you! *I* do the cooking," Elizabeth Ann said, as if the question was superfluous; and then she jerked herself on, and passed out of the pew.

"What an extraordinary child! I never *saw* any-one so thin. Had we not better go, Amabel?"

Amabel roused from a dream.

"She does the cooking! Picture it, Lillias, that child! She looked forty—and she looked twelve! And she has forgotten her prayer-book."

She bent and took it, the crowd sweeping slowly past them.

"Elizabeth Ann Graybrook! An educated hand too; and then—this is her writing—'4, Rose Vale, Chelsea.' See if we can find her."

But they could not, and Amabel finally left the book with a policeman at the Abbey door, giving him a shilling, and asking him to look out for "a funny little girl—*very* thin—quite the thinnest child he had ever seen, with cherries in her hat."

And then the two went home, where Lady Frances Marjoribanks said that never—no never—in her life had she heard of such idiocy and folly. And after tea and sundry blood-curdling prophecies of all the

horrible diseases they might have, and probably *had*, caught, they were allowed to go and dress.

## CHAPTER II.

### FRIED FISH AD NAUSEAM.

"We shocked Aunt Fanny horribly, Mrs. Lee! We went to the Abbey to service."

The stately white-haired housekeeper, who had more dignity and "presence" than Lady Frances herself, smiled indulgently.

"Did you, Miss Amabel? There would be a crowd!"

"*Such* a crowd: an East-end crowd! We saw one poor little girl—I sat and watched her—with the most heartbreaking face I ever saw in my life! She kept falling asleep, and was wakened up by a horrid red-faced woman. She told me she cooked in a fried-fish shop!"

Mrs. Lee put down her book of recipes, and she looked up at the young lady with a sudden look of intentness.

"A little girl! What age, Miss Amabel, dear?"

"Well, forty in expression, twelve in size!"



"Oh, my child! Oh, my poor, tired little girl!"—p. 425.



"Twelve in size! What was she like?"

"She had very blue eyes—vivid blue eyes—with black lashes; the rest of the face was so thin it was pitiful to see."

The housekeeper echoed her sigh. She did not look at Amabel as she said then, in a curiously restrained voice, and with a deep shadow on her fine pale face—

"I've an odd fancy always to hear of children that age. Long ago, Miss Amabel, I drove my only daughter out of my home with hard and cruel words because she married a common soldier, and I wanted her to marry my Lady's steward! I said far more than I meant, and Elizabeth Ann never came back, and never wrote. It's been like a weight of lead on my heart for twenty years. I could never find her. For twenty years I've scarcely slept a night, but I've seen her looking at me, with her white sad face. I did not fancy him, and I thought he drank; and ever since I've come to London with my Lady, do you know, Miss Amabel, I take a walk every night, and I peer into every woman and child's face. I've asked God to let me even hear of her. They say most poor folks drift up to London. One hears such terrible stories that we in the country can scarcely believe."

"Mrs. Lee, that child's name was Elizabeth Ann Graybrook!"

The housekeeper got to her feet. She stood staring wildly at Amabel. "Elizabeth Ann Graybrook!"

"And the address was 4, Rose Vale, Chelsea. It was written in the prayer-book!"

It took very little time for the housekeeper to put on her silk cloak and bonnet, but her hands trembled so that she could scarcely tie the strings. She said there was just time for her to go out before dinner, and Amabel saw her leave in much excitement.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hot! Mercy! how hot it was in the kitchen!

"Elizabeth Ann, where h'ever is that dish?" Elizabeth Ann, bain't that fish ready?"

Call! Call! Call!

Her tired feet ached, her head throbbed—it always throbbed—but it throbbed worse than ever to-day; her eyes saw nothing but the red coals, her nostrils smelt fried fish even in her dreams. She cooked in her dreams, she answered her mistress in her dreams; life was one vast kitchen, one ceaseless, never-ending round of frying!

Would the long day never end?

"Bank 'olidays don't suit *you*!" her mistress had said sarcastically. "You'll stop at 'ome next year!"

The threat scarcely moved Elizabeth Ann. She was too tired, yet the words set her dreaming again of that wonderful place—that wonderful voice. She washed the dishes and dried them in a dream. In heaven, she supposed, dully, the windows were *all* like that, and little boys in white sang all day. Would Mrs. Jaikes be in heaven too, to jog her elbow when she went to sleep, and to call her in the morning?

Elizabeth Ann bore Mrs. Jaikes no ill-will at all, but she did hope that in all heaven there might be two places found—one where she could sleep in peace,

out of sound of Mrs. Jaikes' voice. Would they let one sleep in heaven till one was *quite* rested? Fancy being not tired!

"Bain't you ready yet, Elizabeth Ann?"

The dull pain in her head was very bad that day. She only heard Mrs. Jaikes in a dream. A kind of mist was in the kitchen and before her eyes, and it seemed as if great weights were tied to her feet. And oh! how her back ached! And Mrs. Jaikes was always calling—always calling—and that dreadful jangling bell maddened her.

Elizabeth Ann sat down desperately at last, and her head fell back. Mrs. Jaikes, calling in vain, found her in a dead faint, and she carried her wrathfully up-stairs, put her on the mattress in the corner, dashed a jug of water on the deathly face, and ran to answer the bell herself.

And it was a lady—a magnificent lady, it seemed to her—asking for Elizabeth Ann.

The mistress of the fried-fish shop told the story briefly, the lady listening with a bright spot of colour on her face.

The child's mother had died, and Mrs. Jaikes had kept the orphan on as maid-of-all-work. Oh yes, the lady might go and see her. She had not been well. *Drat* that bell!

Up the dirty staircase, with its sickening smell of frying—up, up, and a low attic door was before her. Mrs. Lee pushed it open, and at first saw nothing. And then she made out, in the corner, a dirty mattress, and thrown back on it—ah me!—such a little white, pinched face. "Forty in look, and yet twelve in size." She stood and gazed with an agony of grief in her heart, and then the blue eyes opened slowly—her daughter's very eyes—and Elizabeth Ann rose on her elbow.

"I'm coming, ma'am," she said. "Is it five o'clock already?"

Mrs. Lee advanced; the child was wavering unsteadily from side to side, and she put out her hands and drew her down on her lap, Elizabeth Ann still too faint to resist, and yet recoiling weakly.

"I'll dirty your dress, ma'am," she said, with an attempt at a smile. "Bless you! I'm not cleaned yet—and—bain't there some mistake?"

"You are my little girl—my very own little girl. Your mother was my daughter, and I've looked for her and you for years and years. Will you come away with me, Elizabeth Ann? We'll take a cottage in the country—with roses climbing over the porch, and you shall have a little white bed. Oh, my child! Oh, my poor, tired little girl!

She was sobbing then—the grief and the remorse of years finding vent at last. Lady Frances would not have known her calm, self-contained housekeeper; and Elizabeth Ann put up a thin hand confidently, after an amazed and wondering look. It was such a dirty little hand, too, but her grandmother pressed it to her lips. "Will you come?"

"Folks'll be coming for their suppers," the child said; "but if you set sich a 'eap on it, I'll come. That cottage 'ud be lovely! Would they be red roses and a white bed? Do folks rise early in the country? And who *air* you, ma'am?"

"You shall sleep all day, if you like. I am your own mother's mother!"

She held the child close then, and she kissed her softly.

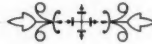
"Is it true?" And then Elizabeth Ann looked up in the rapturous, bent face. "You bain't an angel? and I'm not dead? Eh?"

"What do you mean, my child?"

"Because that's what I prayed for after the little chap 'e sang in the Abbey. Folks all prayed, and I prayed—all I knew 'ow. I said, '*Please God gi'e me a good long sleep in a white bed till I'm real rested!*' I didn't think o' the red roses. I'm awful tired! I'm nigh beat these last few days. And God—E'es

'eard me. I prayed in the Abbey on Bank 'oliday. I was there! And there was a big window, all shining, and that lovely, like a flower, and a little chap!—my! 'ow 'e *did* sing. I thought maybe you vos God's angel when you kissed me, ma'am, and that it would all come true."

And by-and-bye, in a rose-covered cottage, with clover fields around them, and on a little white bed, snow-white and lavender-scented, Elizabeth Ann slept till she was rested. Smiling faintly up in Mrs. Lee's loving face, she said He must be a very kind God to hear her prayer amongst all the others on Bank Holiday. It had been a memorable Bank Holiday for her!



## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

### INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

APRIL 15TH. JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

To read—Gen. xxxvii. 23—36. Golden

Text—Gen. i. 20.



**INTRODUCTION.** Joseph, after telling his dreams, was hated by his brethren. They went as far as Shechem with their flocks. Jacob sent Joseph to inquire after their welfare. They saw him at a distance, and plotted against him. The others wanted to kill him, but Reuben, the eldest, planned to deliver him (ver. 21). To-day's lesson

begins with his coming up to the camp.

**I. JOSEPH STRIPPED.** (23—25.) Picture the scene:

Joseph, unsuspecting, comes up to his brothers. They standing about, with crooks in their hands. The sheep and cattle are quietly grazing around. He tells his message of love from their father. They listen with angry looks and evil thoughts. He is roughly seized and handled by them.

His coat of many colours is roughly torn from him.

His cries for mercy (xlii. 21) are disregarded. He is lowered into the pit, or empty cistern. His brothers calmly sit down to their meal.

**THE TYPE.** See in this Joseph a type of Christ. He came to His own, but they received Him not. Told message of love from His and their Father.

Was stripped of His purple robe, and watched with indifference by His enemies. (St. Matt. xxvii. 31—36.)

**LESSON.** Patience under undeserved sufferings. (1 Pet. ii. 20.)

**II. JOSEPH SOLD.** (25—30.) A new scene. Caravan of Ishmaelites and Midianites appears. They are on their way to Egypt from Gilead. Balm (or balsam): i.e., gum from mastic-tree.

Myrrh from the rock-rose, and other spices.

All used in Egypt for embalming the dead.

Judah takes the lead; Reuben being away (ver. 29).

He suggests how quietly to get rid of Joseph.

No need to murder or leave him to starve.

They can sell him as a slave to these strangers.

He is their own flesh and blood, after all.

So they bargain and sell him for twenty pieces (or shekels) of silver—worth £2 13s. 4d., at 2s. 8d. each.

There was no one present to pity or to save.

Reuben, however, was not present. He had been a coward before, and was so now. He joined in concocting a tale to tell their father.

**THE TYPE.** Christ was plotted against by Jews. Was sold by Judas (Judah) to the Council.

Joseph of Arimathæa did not consent. (St. Luke xxiii. 51.)

**III. JOSEPH MOURNED.** (31—36.) Notice:

The brothers' fraud—deceived their father.

Their cruelty—in sending the coat—his gift.

Their fear—for twenty-two years lived in remorse. (xlii. 21.)

Jacob's sufferings. He pictured the worst.

Joseph must have died a terrible death.

So his father mourned and refused comfort.

**LESSONS.** 1. *Retributive justice.*

Jacob deceived by his sons—as he deceived Isaac.

2. *God's orderings.*

Joseph, sent to Egypt, saved his family. (Golden Text.)

"All things work together for good to them that fear God."

APRIL 22ND. JOSEPH RULER OF EGYPT.

To read—Gen. xli. 38—48. Golden Text—1 Sam.

ii. 30 (last part).

**INTRODUCTION.** Pass over twenty years. Joseph in Egypt, sold to Potiphar—rose by good behaviour to

be his steward—unjustly accused by Potiphar's wife—cast into prison—interpreted dreams of Pharaoh's butler and baker—came under the king's notice, interpreted his dreams, foretelling seven years of plenty, to be followed by seven of famine. He advises storing corn during the prosperous years.

I. JOSEPH MADE RULER. (38—44.)

What a wonderful change in his position !

The foreign slave made chief ruler of the land.

The captive raised from prison to a throne.

These points may be noticed :

*The cause.* Because of the Spirit of God in him.

The Spirit of wisdom and understanding. (Is. xi. 2.)

This needed for governing such a great nation.

*His dignity.* Set over the whole land of Egypt.

Only second to the king in honour.

Receives a signet-ring from the king's hand.

Is vested by him with fine linen. (Ezek. xvi.

10.)

A gold chain of office is put on his neck.

He rides in the king's own second chariot.

Runners go before him to proclaim his rank.

All are required to bow the knee before him.

All power in the land is given to him.

*THE TYPE.* Even so Christ was exalted.

He sits at God's right hand. (Acts ii. 33.)

All power is given Him. (St. Matt. xxviii. 18.)

At His Name every knee shall bow. (Phil. ii.

10.)

II. JOSEPH'S NAME AND RULE. (45—48.)

A new name given to mark his honour.

Egyptian meaning, "Food of the living."

Hebrew—"Revealer of secrets."

Greek version—"Saviour of the world."

In all three respects a type of Christ.

Christ gave food, mercy, and pity to men.

He taught the mysteries of God.

He is the Saviour of all who believe.

Also was of same age as Joseph when He began

His public ministry. (St. Luke iii. 23.)

Joseph now began his rule. What did he do ?

Went all over Egypt, to see for himself.

Stored up corn everywhere for future use.

Was active, provident, and wise.

LESSONS. 1. Faithfulness in service low or high.

2. Diligence in business, serving the Lord.

3. Doing all to the glory of God.

APRIL 29TH. JOSEPH FORGIVING HIS BRETHREN.

To read—*Gen. xlv. 1—15. Golden Text—St. Luke xvii. 3.*

INTRODUCTION. The seven years of plenty over, the seven years' famine followed, and extended to the adjacent countries—even to Canaan. Jacob sent his ten elder sons to buy corn in Egypt. At once recognised by Joseph, he bade them bring Benjamin on their next visit. They did so, with great reluctance on Jacob's part ; but Judah undertook to be surety

for his safety. Joseph tests their sincerity by accusing Benjamin of theft. He then makes himself known to them.

I. JOSEPH MADE KNOWN. (1—8.) Notice :

Joseph wanted to see his brothers' minds.

Had they repented of their former sins ?

Were they changed men, or not ?

Therefore tested them through Benjamin.

Would they leave him to prison and slavery, and think only of their own safety ?

Not one deserts him—all return with him.

Judah, who sold Joseph, pleads for Benjamin.

Joseph is satisfied, and receives them to favour.

Try and picture out the scene.

The council-chamber of the palace.

Egyptians commanded to leave the room.

Joseph alone with the eleven Hebrews, his brothers.

He at once bursts into loud weeping.

Tells who he is—asks after his father.

His brothers are terrified at his presence.

They think of all they did to him.

And he is the ruler, prince, judge !

What will not their sentence and fate be ?

But he bids them come near—he speaks kindly.

He tells them how God had sent him to Egypt.

They must not be angry or reproach each other.

God has made him a saviour to Egypt, a father to Pharaoh, and also their deliverer.

All has indeed worked together for good.

II JOSEPH'S FORGIVENESS. (9—15.) A message of love to all.

*To his father.* He must come and see him.

Joseph will nourish the whole family in Egypt.

His father must come and witness his honour.

*To his brothers.* They can all see who he is.

He is their long-lost brother Joseph.

His words are those of peace and forgiveness.

So he embraces them all with tears.

Notice about this forgiveness :

*It was full*—complete and entire.

No mention more made of the wrong done.

*It was free*—not by merit, but of love.

*It was tender*—no word of harshness or reproach.

Kind in words—loving in embraces.

Thoughtful for his father—tender to Benjamin.

*THE TYPE.* Forgiveness of sins.

Is obtained by God's mercy, not our merit.

Is full and free, upon confession of sin.

Is gracious and loving, calling out love in return.

LESSON. "Go and do likewise."

MAY 6TH. JOSEPH'S LAST DAYS.

To read—*Gen. l. 14—21. Golden Text—Prov. iv. 18.*

INTRODUCTION. Joseph, having forgiven his brothers, sent them to Canaan to fetch his father Jacob to Egypt. Jacob arrived with his whole family (seventy persons in all), and was settled in the

fertile land of Goshen. There he died in a good old age, after blessing his twelve sons and foretelling their future destiny. He was taken to his family burial-place in Canaan, receiving a grand funeral. Joseph and his brothers returned to Egypt.

**I. JOSEPH REASSURES HIS BROTHERS. (14—21.)**

Picture the funeral party's return home.  
Joseph is very sad at losing his father.  
There had been unbroken love between them.  
His brothers have most gloomy forebodings.  
They think his kindness was for Jacob's sake.  
Now he is dead, Joseph will turn against them.

Remorse for the past makes them suspicious.  
So they send a messenger to plead for them.  
They *confess* frankly all the wrong done.  
They *humble* themselves as slaves before him.  
They *plead* their father's desire that they should be forgiven.

They *acknowledge* his past goodness to them.  
They *pray* that it may be continued.

How did Joseph receive their petition?

He *listened* kindly and patiently.  
Did not thrust them away harshly.  
He *wept*, showing sympathy and love.  
He *granted* their prayer; they need not fear.  
He *assured* them how all was God's ordering.  
He *promised* nourishment for them all.

**LESSONS.** See in Joseph's brothers a type of true prayer. There must be—

*Confession* of past sin.

*Humbling* the soul before God.

*Prayer*, earnest and believing, for forgiveness.

Then a broken and contrite heart God will not despise.

**II. JOSEPH'S LAST DAYS. (22—25.)** In Egypt.

*A long life*—lived to be 110 years old.

Eighty years since he first stood before Pharaoh.

*A family life*—lived to see great-grandchildren.

Ephraim, as foretold (xlvi. 19), coming first.

*A godly life.* Strong in faith and hope.

Foretold that God would fulfil His Word.

They should return to the promised land.

They should bury him with his father in Canaan.

**LESSONS.** Can sum up Joseph's character.

An obedient and loving son.

A kind and forgiving brother.

A faithful and honest servant.

A good and just ruler. (Golden text.)

**MAY 13TH. ISRAEL'S BONDAGE IN EGYPT**

*To read—Exod. i. 1—14. Golden Text—Ps. cxxiv. 8.*

**INTRODUCTION.** Begin the second book of the Bible. Exodus—a Greek word—means “going out.” It tells of departure of Israelites from Egypt, as foretold by Joseph—first describing their bondage and misery.

**I. ISRAEL IN PROSPERITY. (1—7.)** How seen? *By their great increase* in numbers.

Rose from 70 to 600,000 men in 210 years (xii. 37).

This was result of God's special blessing.

They were a nation born in a day. (Deut. i. 10.)

In a special sense the offspring of God. (Deut. xxxii. 18.)

This increase fulfilled first promise to Abraham.

1. His seed was to become a great people.

2. They were to possess the land of Canaan.

3. They were to be a blessing to all nations.

Were also living in fertile part of Egypt.

Enjoying ease—plenty of food, etc. (Exod. xvi. 3.)

But were beginning to forsake God. (Ezek. xx. 5—8.)

Some of them lapsed into idolatry. (Josh. xxiv. 14.)

Just as their descendants after Joshua. (Judges ii. 10.)

**LESSONS.** 1. God's word is sure—never fails.

2. God's goodness is to children's children.

**II. ISRAEL IN ADVERSITY. (8—14.)** *The cause.*

Kingdom passed to another dynasty.

Joseph's benefits forgotten by next generation.

Israel an alien race becoming mighty.

God's blessing made them stronger than their foes.

*The result.* The king's heart turned against them.

Thus fulfilling the prediction to Abraham in the dream of horror and darkness. (Gen. xv. 13, 14.)

Pharaoh dealt in a crafty manner. (Ps. cv. 24.)

He wanted to check their increase and to keep them in the land as slaves.

*The means.* He made them serve with rigour.

Set them to brick-making, building cities, etc.

Quite at variance with their old shepherd-life.

Also set cruel task-masters over them.

*The effect.* Israelites increased the more in number.

Out of evil again came good.

Because more desirous to seek rest in Canaan.

**LESSONS.** 1. “Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.”

2. “Behold, we count them happy which endure.”





## THAT PEACEFUL TIME.

BY THE VERY REV. A. K. H. BOYD, D.D., LL.D., AUTHOR OF "THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON."



"I'm desperate glad it's no' me."—p. 430.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE SUNDAYS THERE.



HEY were curious : very unlike Sundays at home. But many things here are unlike things at home. To arise in a great hotel, very handsome and pleasant indeed, yet where the guests number a hundred and twenty : to have one's breakfast in a large apartment, as one of that considerable company, amid the inevitable stir and bustle, not to say clatter and hubbub : to discern many signs that the men who abide under this roof are quite emancipated from Scottish ideas as to the observance of the Lord's Day : these things are strange. Then to walk away by a path through fragrant clover, which makes all the air delightful to the sense : to enter into a pretty

church, fitted to the place (for its west front reproduces that of Fortrose Cathedral), where one has the pleasant sense of freedom from responsibility which can never be in a church of one's own : to find there a large congregation, very many of which have plainly never been in a Scottish kirk before : who know not what is meant by a *paraphrase*, and are in some cases surprised to find that there is any praise at all : who introduce innovations into the worship which startle the natives, as frequent and hearty responses of *Amen*, and prompt arising in sympathy with the ascription which concludes the sermon, turning in so doing towards the altar : those things are pleasing indeed, but some of them are unfamiliar. As for the cheering attention and the perfect hush with which the exhortation is listened to : these things happily never fail. After the first few sentences, one feels at home. And never anywhere did brighter or more sympathetic faces give heart to any preacher.

The church is new ; and it had to be built wholly by voluntary liberality. Wisely, instead of producing, complete, a structure of inferior character, the builders have made the first outline of a really fine church. The chancel is temporarily furnished in the very plainest way, and there is no stained glass at all. For years to come, there will be scope for devout wealth to bring its offering here. But when the church is furnished as it is made to be, it will be (for Scotland) a beautiful one. All will come in time : let us hope, in our time.

Little things surprise good folk who have never wandered beyond that lovely strath. A good girl of possibly twenty years, coming out of church, said to a companion, in a bewildered fashion, but with the soft pleasant Celtic voice : " It's the queerest service I ever saw. He read every word of his sermon." Doubtless the discourses she is in use to hear are in Gaelic, and Gaelic is the language of poetry and oratory ; every Gaelic preacher holds forth quite extempore ; sometimes, too, with an unsimulated fervour which sweeps away even such as do not understand a word that is said. Yet in this place, where the " kist of whistles " might have been deemed unknown, a good harmonium accompanied the singing ; the organ is a luxury, and can wait. And in the little choir which was got together for those Sundays, there was one charming voice of such wonderful power, sweetness, and expression, that it was not surprising that its possessor is well known over that region (which is a wide one) as " the Patti of the North." Furthermore, for every good and charitable purpose that voice is lifted up as freely as beautifully.

Scottish folk, young and old, quite readily ask for information. I had touching little instances of an unsophisticated curiosity. Yet none come back more vividly than one near at hand, and not a week old. I was coming out from a certain grand churchyard, having fulfilled a brief sad duty there ; and under the western gable of a cathedral which was once magnificent, was putting off my gown. Four little individuals approached : two boys, two girls, the eldest not six years old. They were in no degree in awe of me : which is my desire. One boy, speaking for the rest, said to me with an anxious look, " Were ye preachin' ? " — " No, my little folk, " was the reply ; " I was burying a poor young woman. " A pause ; then, solemnly, and with a latent thought of self, came the question, " Was she big ? " Big means grown-up, in these parts. " Yes, she was seventeen : much bigger than you, and a very good girl. But even little people like you may have to be brought here. Are you good children ? that's the great thing. " The four voices answered together, firmly, " Yes. " Then a word of blessing, and we part. They were not in the least afraid of the solemn but cheerful burying-place ; there is nothing here about a funeral to cause the old heathenish horror I remember long ago. Yet there was a personal concern : implied, though not expressed.

One recalled the old man in Ayrshire, who after a burial said to the minister, " Div ye ken what I aye think at a funeral ? " The minister expected some devout reflection ; and made inquiry what it was the old man thought so regularly. " I aye think " ; he paused, awe stricken : " I aye think, I'm desperate glad it's no' me ! "

The minister was disappointed. Yet it must be admitted that a famous verse in the famous *Elegy* conveys, in more graceful language, a not unsimilar sentiment as to the fashion in which poor humanity quits " the warm precincts of the cheerful clay. " It depends, doubtless, greatly on the present mood, how we shall think of the great change. There was absolute sincerity when the greatest Scotsman (and surely all but the best), hearing of an old friend's death, wrote with a failing hand, " I could have wished it had been Sir Walter. "

Does Sunday begin with Saturday evening ? I used to be taught so, long ago. Not at all in the sense that the evening and the morning are the day : or that the sacred day ended when Sunday's sun went down. It was rather because a certain quietude of spirit was becoming, in preparation for the holy hours which were drawing near. It was thought that one could not pass very swiftly from worldly worries or amusements to elevated devotion of heart. But where I abide, we have changed all that ; and though any scene of special gaiety would still be commonly regarded as unbecoming the evening of Saturday, a little quietly cheerful society is deemed a very good preparation for the special duties of the Lord's Day ; even for such as are to minister in its public worship. The mind passes with a helpful rebound from the gay to the graver : when health and heart are as could be wished. It was in a specially bigoted region that a lugubrious Pharisee once said to a brisk bright friend of mine, departed : said, in a dolorous whine, " Whawt's the best preparation for a weel-spent Sabbath ? " My friend told me that he saw the question was not put in good faith, but with a view of estimating his condition : " trying his speerit " ; and accordingly he replied, in the most matter-of-fact tone, and with a cheerful intonation quite removed from " the Bible twang " — " Well, I should say, a good night's sleep. " But the Pharisee, looking upon him as from an immense elevation, and conveying clearly that he was in benighted ease, made reply, " Naw, a gude warsle wi' Sawtan ! " Then departed, casting an unfriendly look upon my good friend. It was not as when one, known to me, was extremely pleasant in his talk with those who did not belong to his Communion ; but somewhat spoiled the effect by stating that he felt it his duty to be civil to heretics in this life, forasmuch as he had no hope of ever seeing them in any other.

It indicates a great breaking away from old fetters, to look round this Saturday evening. For this is in Scotland, and very far North. Yet cheery dancing is going forward in this great chamber, to

the music of a very decent band set upon a dais at one end of it. It is no longer regarded as a duty to be "unhappy on Sunday," or unhappy because the blessed day is drawing near. Innocent amusement is judged a very fit and right thing, by all whose opinion is of the smallest value. Dancing is esteemed a very pleasant and innocent amusement. And the Kirk has advanced several thousands of miles since the day when it condemned "promiscuous dancing." There is no doubt at all what that meant. Once, in the house of my revered old Professor of Divinity (just as devout and good a Christian as I ever knew), I was present (being a youth of twenty) at a great dance. And, having conveyed his charming daughter to her seat, I said humbly to my admirable instructor (who rose just as high as is possible in the Kirk), "What exactly is meant by that 'promiscuous dancing' which is so severely condemned?" With a benignant yet extremely dignified smile (no one not a fool would presume upon him), he answered, "Of course it meant that men and women should not dance together. There was no harm in men dancing with men, and women with women. But," he went on, casting a kindly eye upon the gay groups round, "that way of thinking has quite fallen into desuetude." And indeed it appeared to me that it had.

If a thing be done at all, it is right that it should be well done. And the dancing here was remarkably good. It was pleasant to behold the graceful activity of various pretty young women; for the dances were by no means walked through. But it was a singularly touching and impressive spectacle to witness divers huge men, of eighteen, twenty, and twenty-two stone, flying about wildly in Highland reels, and uttering the frequent yell. I know how Lord Eldon, long Lord Chancellor (thinking only of himself, and not at all of a suffering community), said, "*Never give up*"; but I really think that when a man's head is bald, and his hair (if any) white, he had better give up dancing. For dancing, he looks like a fool; and one pities the poor girls who must dance with him. But the stout men were only in middle age, and their activity was pleasing and pathetic. It brought back to me a picture of not many years ago. The stately Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews was not merely one of the greatest scholars of his time, but one of its chief athletes. A dear friend of mine who is a great preacher, but a very little man, was with me here; and we were walking with the Bishop about his pretty garden. We came to a fine tennis court, provided when the house was a College Hall; and in an evil moment the Presbyterian challenged the Prélate to a game. The Prélate was fourscore; but the wonted fires were awakened. And how Presbytery went down before Prelacy! I see, clearly, the grand old man of six feet four flying about like a boy. The Presbyterian did his best; I can say no more. It was a humbling sight. The action of his legs haunts me still. And he generally missed the ball.

Though belonging to the Kirk, I did not mind; I rather liked to see my Brother smashed. I am free from sectarian prejudice. It did not use to be so in this country. But we are emancipated. Let us relate a significant fact, bearing upon this statement.

It was a winter afternoon, darkening fast to night. There was intense frost, and on a country road the snow lay six inches deep. It was in Scotland. I will say even more: it was in Aberdeenshire. A good man, the Head of a Roman Catholic College, was walking home in the failing light, when he beheld in the middle of the road a dark object in the snow. Drawing near, he found a little cobbler from the neighbouring hamlet, lying unconsciously drunk. The Jesuit could not leave him to perish. So with difficulty he raised him from the ground, and with great difficulty he managed to steer the helpless fellow-mortal to his house, half a mile off. Though unconscious at starting, he had partly regained his senses when he reached his own door; and he uttered some words of thanks. The good-natured priest said—

"Maybe ye wad not be so ceevil, if ye kened who I am."

But the answer was ready. Not without dignity, the half-articulate cobbler replied—

"Ou ay, I ken ye fine. Ye're a Cawthlic Priest. But I'm a man aboon a' prejudice!"

The incident was essentially Scottish. Taking all the circumstances into view, one may say it could not have occurred in England. And why should not a poor man, who works faithfully with his hands, be free from prejudice: just as free as though he were a Prince or a Peer?

When I was a small boy, aged twelve, I was sent to school, and each Sunday was compelled to go twice to church. I remember well, how I thought to myself, continually (I durst not say it out), that if preachers were anxious to be as tiresome as possible, making their sermons absolutely incapable of being listened to by young or old, they could do no more than they did. The daughter of a great Chief-Justice told me that sixty years since she and her sisters, clever girls, were marched regularly to a church I have seen, hideous outside and abhorrent inside, when they suffered tortures through an awful tediousness unknown elsewhere. "The very idea of ever feeling the least interest in anything said in church never entered our heads!" Those were the days of what was called "High-handed Patronage," in which a man was stuck-in to a place in the Kirk not because he was fit for it, but because he had influential friends. And possibly the idea in the Patron's mind was as that in the mind of George II., who declared that his experience as a King had led him to the belief, that *any man in Britain was fit to hold any place he could get*. Vividly I recall how at that early age, I used to look round on the congregation, and think it strange to see the preacher going on in a solemn voice, and not a soul listening to one word

he said. I used to wonder how he could do it. But gradually, as I grew up, I found that one of these dismal orators would have thought there was something wrong, had he (just for once) found a whole congregation intently listening to him. And the suspicion, and hatred, in which these awful souls held any preacher who habitually held the congregation in that rapt attention in which the proverbial pin could be heard to fall (there were a few such even then), were quite beyond words. The contempt and loathing, with which I heard, as a boy, a dignified person speak of the early appearances of a senseless creature whom he called *Tom Chalmers*, I never can

which was not tiresome was to be held in great suspicion. The probability was that something was far wrong.

I was not a boy, but a young Doctor of Divinity, when, thirty years since, I heard a good man, the dreariest preacher of his day, loudly maintaining the sinfulness of fine churches and bright services. The more dismal and disagreeable anything was, the likelier to be the right thing. Good and hearty music was to be feared. A twelve-hundred-pound organ was an awful agency for the misleading of souls. If you had no earthly inducement to go to church, you were possibly drawn by higher



"Are you happy?"—p. 433.

forget. Tom preached a sermon in the parish church of St. Andrews (which I was one day to know well) on drunkenness. For the first half of the sermon he showed how pleasant a thing it was to get drunk: "he spoke of the wine *reaming* in the cup"; and then in the second half he gave an awful *per contra*. That was his first manner. But it was plain that the damnatory fact, not to be got over, was that people held their breath as the youth went on, who by-and-bye was to be recognised as the greatest pulpit orator of the century.

I am quite sure the disgusted old gentleman had never heard of Sydney Smith's axiom, *Every style is good, except the tiresome*. But a boy could see that with him, and people like him, any discourse

considerations. Of course there is a measure of truth here. But I said to this good man, that very interesting and impressive preaching was just as really a worldly inducement as magnificent praise or a stately church, while I never had heard those maintain that preaching must not be too good who were eager that music must not be too good. "I agree with you, cordially," said my departed friend, "and if I thought people were coming to church for the pleasure of hearing me preach, I would take pains to make my sermons less interesting." These ears heard the words. Somewhat inconsiderately, I hastened to assure him that there was no need at all for his doing that. For, indeed, his power of emptying any church in which he ministered was



proverbial. And the wildest imagination had never pictured any mortal as going to church for the pleasure of listening to him. But I grieve to say that, though I spoke in simplicity and affection, as one eager to save a good man from needless self-reproach, the good man cast upon me just as evil a glance as could come from so good a man; and speedily brought our conversation to a close.

I sometimes wonder, in these latter days, what impression the ordinary good preacher expects to produce upon the congregation by each sermon preached. Surely it is true, as was said by good Archbishop Trench long ago, that when we begin we expect great things.

"High thoughts at first, and visions high,  
Are ours of easy victory."

I knew a lad, more than forty years since, who having preached, with absolute conviction and great vehemence, in a very crowded church on a dark winter afternoon, a sermon showing how foolish it is to be bad (which truth he had only found out a few days before), was filled with absolute wonder that his sermon produced no apparent effect at all, beyond causing an awful hush and many startled faces. He knew three very bad fellows who were in church and listened intently: and he made perfectly sure that each would at once turn over a new leaf. It was not so. One very bad fellow did indeed remark, "He evidently believed what he said;" but no amendment of life followed. Another bad fellow, who had been at college with the preacher, observed, "Surely he has become very serious." I knew a youth who was incumbent of a pretty country parish, where he found that various respectable persons got drunk on the market-day. One Sunday, almost with tears, he denounced this sorrowful inconsistency in eager words. A benign old farmer, old enough to have been his grandfather, listened with great approval: he not merely shook his head sympathetically, but he waved his right hand to and fro, as though saying, "*Such are my sentiments.*" Yet the next day the young parson met the aged man being driven home from market very drunk indeed. Which things are discouraging. But gradually that youth found that men in his own vocation, after preaching on Sunday on the duty of meekness, fairness, and kindness, as though they had been angels, went on Wednesday to the Presbytery. There, in the matters of spitefulness, dishonest misrepresentation, and vicious irritability as of a bulldog on whose tail the wayfarer has inadvertently trodden, these good men, so far from being angels, appeared as exactly the reverse. Surely we are dealing with warped and odd material, dealing with poor human nature. We should not mind so much if it were thus only with our neighbours. But think: How is it with ourselves? If I might venture to speak from what I know, I should say that even an earnest preacher, who believes his message fully, and not just about half, hopes mainly to comfort the sorrowful

Christian, and some little to lift up those who are devout souls already, rather than to arouse the indifferent, and bring back those who have gone astray. But I will not believe but that to the very end, even closing a little week-day meditation of a quarter of an hour's duration, the preacher whom I call a preacher hopes, and even clings to the belief, that some poor soul has been helped and comforted. Sometimes, in hours of deep discouragement, the message comes from somebody quite unknown, somebody far away, who has been helped and comforted. Very big and strong men may possibly receive such messages continually: I do not know. But to some at a far lower level the lines of cheer come, sometimes, just when they need help as much as any: just when near to the breaking-down.

It needs much wisdom, and much grace, to deal with human souls. And the best may many times meet singular discouragements. He was a saint, and a lyric poet, who at a meeting of a kind of which I have no experience, of a kind of which I like not what I hear, approached a middle-aged lady of good descent and blameless life; and said, in an insinuating manner, "Are you happy?" The good lady considered for a little space; and then made answer in a very matter-of-fact tone, and in a single word. The word was, *Middlin'*. Somehow it shut the lyric poet up.

There are national differences. And there is a difference between country and town. In Scotland, as a rule, few desire to speak with the preacher after service. And the few are always in large towns. But if a stranger preach in a London church to a crowded congregation, it may be held as certain that six or eight or ten, mostly young men, will desire a word with him. And very touching indeed is commonly what they desire to say. I know not whether this would cease were any man ministering regularly to a large London congregation. Crying aloud to a multitude, all absolute strangers, is an experience by itself. But to deliver the message, ever so sincerely, to a thousand (or two thousand) souls, mainly the same souls Sunday by Sunday, is quite a different thing.

One has known individual beings who, on receiving testimony that they have been enabled to do some little good, are in use to suddenly get up from where they are sitting, to drop down upon their knees, and offer humble thanks in the Quarter whence everything comes which is worth having. This, of course, when quite alone.

Thirty years since, a good man, unknown to the present writer, made a severe attack upon him (in print) for what was described as *Sham Reverence*: in that the writer, in an entirely secular magazine, had made some such reference to God Almighty. The good man was writing in a religious publication. And the special accusation he brought against me was that I did not mean what I said. How could the good man know? Of course I never noticed his observations in any way: that is, until now.

But, being condemned for *Sham Reverence*, I remembered, very vividly, how, when a youth, a very eminent man stated in my hearing that he once went to a little place of worship where a homely preacher was holding forth with great earnestness and sincerity. And sincere earnestness is always to be respected: even where its manifestations are odd. Yet it sounded strange when the orator exclaimed: "Don't you remember the grand testimony which was borne to Him by St. John the Baptist? Don't you remember how the Baptist said, That is the Party which taketh away the sins of the world?"

It was well meant, but very awkwardly expressed. But I am perfectly sure that in the Highest Quarter things are taken as they are meant. Which is a great comfort.

Alexander the Great was a shabby little creature, to look at. One day, when the great king was

surrounded by abject courtiers, a poor woman came in to plead for a precious life. One very abject courtier was of stately mien: so she cast herself on the earth before him and poured out her poor heart. When she ended, the king drew near, and said—

"I know who it was you meant to speak to. You shall have what you ask."

Even so, much more confidently than I believe that two and two make four, I believe that every earnest prayer ever offered in this world came straight to the only Hearer of prayer. The stricken mortal, with awful earnestness, prayed to the only god he knew or ever had the chance to know. It was no god at all. But the supplication made its way to the right place: and was mercifully considered *There*.\*

A. K. H. B.

\* For the views expressed in this paper the author is alone responsible.—ED. Q.

### BOSOM FRIENDS.



NCE, in the golden dawn of youth,  
I knew the meaning and the truth—  
Now faint, or wholly passed away—  
These sweet and simple words convey;  
A loving heart once beat for me  
With true and tender sympathy;  
With hopes that sought the selfsame ends,  
We walked and talked as bosom friends.

Again I see the garden fair,  
And feel the fresh and fragrant air  
Salute my cheek, and turn to hear  
The gentle accents, soft and clear,  
Of that bright presence by my side—  
My joy, my blessing, and my pride—  
Whose loss a mournful beauty lends  
To days when we were bosom friends!

Sometimes upon a rustic seat,  
Screened by thick branches from the heat,  
We sat, while mingled sun and shade  
A network on the pathway made;  
With fond arms round each other thrown,  
We saw the light of life alone,  
Nor dreamed of grief whose shadow blend  
With joy, when we were bosom friends!

The future seemed all blithe and gay—  
Thrice-happy hours, that would not stay,  
What bliss, more sweet than poet sings,  
Was borne upon your rapid wings!  
O vanished years, for ever gone,  
What faith in pure perfection shone  
To meet my own with rich amends,  
Long since, when we were bosom friends!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

### VIPERS—AND PUBLIC OPINION.

BY THE REV. MICHAEL EASTWOOD.

"And he shook off the beast into the fire, and felt no harm."—ACTS xxviii. 5.



It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. And this contrary wind from August to November brought benefits to St. Paul; to ourselves who can read the story; to Malta, its governor and people; and, as some say, to the very island itself, ridding it evermore of those vipers that must have been a pest and a scourge, judging by the sample in the narrative and the impression it made on the inhabitants of the time.

These multiplied benefits, be it remembered, meant a fourth shipwreck for St. Paul. Some two years before, he had written to the Corinthians: "Thrice I suffered shipwreck" (2 Cor. xi. 25), and now the experience is repeated amidst November chill and gloom. Thus do our benefits often involve suffering on the part of those from whom we derive them. We must not, therefore, forget the dreary voyage, the concentrated wretchedness of the last fortnight, the two years' imprisonment at Cæsarea, and the delicate health of the Apostle.

But over all these hindrances God's grace was

"sufficient" to enable the frail but heroic Apostle to triumph. He is chaplain on board, right genial and winsome, tender as a nurse to those two hundred and seventy-six affrighted children as he sets before them meat for the body as well as for the soul.

And once on land, he fulfils the command of Christ: greatest of all, shows his greatness by humble and ready service—gathering sticks for a fire; cheerfully toiling as servant of all. Student of Gamaliel's college, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, a Roman citizen, and by nature as proud as the haughtiest of them: a man whose writings are destined to fill the greater part of the New Testament, and in whose name our own metropolitan temple will rise and point the millions heavenward—see him at his lowly task, and learn a lesson of useful service and of condescension without seeming to condescend—simple, natural, and rare as it is charming. It was, moreover, the best thing he could have done, showing his "common sense," as well as his spirit of self-sacrifice and obedience to Christ's command. The exercise would animate his half-frozen limbs. What a lesson for Church workers, too: keep the fire burning for the sake of yourself, your comrades, and posterity.

No harm can happen to such a man. "Only conduct yourself aright, keep out of wrong, and you will not get into trouble": so many people say, forgetting Joseph and the pit, Job and Satan, David and the hill-caves, Daniel and the lions. Could man have behaved in more exemplary fashion than St. Paul? Yet disaster meets him at every stage, and all his progress is made through successive hindrances. Once ashore, after all he had passed through, surely no more trouble awaits him.

Lo! a viper fastens upon his hand. In the sticks he had gathered, warmed from its torpidity by the fire he had helped to make, the viper follows the wreck, and St. Paul might perhaps ask himself, "What next?"

What next? The verdict of public opinion, all the worse to bear because often felt, as on this occasion, in one's inner consciousness rather than openly avowed; for the people said *amongst themselves*: "No doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live."

Thus is true piety rewarded and true philanthropy estimated.

Public opinion was mistaken. Here was no judgment, and this was no real disaster. "Who is he that shall harm you if ye be followers [imitators, like St. Paul was on the occasion] of Him that is good?" And this reptile is but used to single out the Apostle for attention; and the mark it left, if any, was but a mark of honour, and doubtless one of those *stigmata* in which the Apostle rejoiced.

But in such a crisis action must be prompt; and never was it more strikingly exhibited than in the vivid picture painted for us by an eye-witness, the evangelist St. Luke: "But he [quietly] shook off the beast into the fire, and felt no harm."

Well does the marginal reference point us back to

the words of Christ: "I beheld Satan as lightning fall." So fell the viper. "I have given you power to tread on serpents." "They shall lay their hands on the sick," as St. Paul did soon after.

It was doubtless in the name of Jesus that the Apostle threw off the viper into the fire calmly and believably. He would not expostulate with the "barbarians," and dispute the validity of their opinions; he would not mourn the hardness of his lot, he would make no protest against "his fate;" but *instantly* threw off the reptile into the fire. With every temptation is "a way of escape;" the name of Jesus is potent still; the fire is at hand into which we may fling the offence, and stand up before God and man the better for the mischief, and unharmed by the pest.

"Howbeit, they looked when he should have swollen, or fallen down dead suddenly." (In some countries they knock a man down on such occasions if he does not fall when they deem he should; at least, they try. But God's servants are immortal till their work is done, and He Himself lays them to rest.) "But *after they had looked a great while*, and saw no harm come to him, *they changed their minds*, and said that he was a god."

Thus do they still, and the deification stage is more dangerous than the other. There is more harm in adulation than in viper's fang or critic's tooth. It was then that the Apostle might have "swollen" with vanity or "fallen down" with the change of fortune. But in keeping with those words of the Saviour already quoted, he quietly went away, and laid his uninjured hand upon the sick. That was "divine," as we say, and that was the best escape from mistaken plaudits.

What contrasts are suggested by the story, and what associations!

Eve toyed with the serpent—and we are suffering yet. Paul threw off a viper—and we are receiving the benefit to this very day. And I doubt not that the leaf—the printed page on which the story lingers—is so sweetened and fragrant with hope that *many a viper* has been warded off thereby. Vipers are said to flee from paper made of certain bark.

The story, too, reminds one of the serpent-bitten Israelites and the brazen symbol flashing in the sun—emblem of the cross to-day—looking at which, they were healed. Yes, we cannot save ourselves; it is "Jesus only." "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." "Luke, the beloved physician," and Aristarchus, the "fellow-prisoner" and faithful friend, could not have saved Paul from death.

Through force of contrast it makes one think of that tragedy by the sea, the story of Laocöon, whose sculptured representation always gives one such a sense of pain, agony, and helplessness. The sinuous folds of the serpent round his neck, round his hands, round his limbs, round his heart—serpent everywhere—as he writhes in vain to save himself and his boys. Not so the believer in Christ. One ejaculation, nay,

one thought of prayer, one *look* of faith, and we are free; the serpent falls, and we are saved.

Yet sometimes the poison remains, as it were, in the system after the serpent has fallen, and this venom has to be eliminated by exercise. Thus in some countries I suppose you will sometimes meet three persons arm-in-arm, the middle one being briskly walked about by the other two. The serpent has gone, but the poison must be eliminated, and the patient must not sleep. Had this been so in St. Paul's case, we can easily picture St. Luke on the one side of him, and the faithful Aristarchus on the other, as they paced the strand together, lovingly, anxiously, hopefully.

Christian society, Christian endeavour, Christian work: this is the method; and it recalls the words of St. Paul's address to those who had been delivered from the old serpent: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." Theologians distinguish between the "transcendent" and the "immanent" power of the Holy Ghost: by which they mean *special* and *ordinary*. Thus, whether there is in our case a transcendent gift or not (a special intervention, transcending ordinary experience), we may rely upon the "immanent," the steady abiding influence of the Holy Ghost working through human exertion, and by which we may accomplish wonders, undoing mischief that seems irreparable, and attaining to purity, piety, and philanthropy that seemed impossible. Christianity may be looked upon as an art—a fine art, indeed. It wants practice; exercise eliminates

all that is ugly, brings us on towards perfection and the beauty of holiness.

Yet I return to the picture of instantaneous deliverance from the power of Satan. I would enforce it again, since every miracle is also a *parable*, setting forth more than a wonder, and proving a prophecy of spiritual blessings. And when I grow weary and sad, and seek Christian evidences, I remember a case that always makes me glad. Many years ago, when my father was preaching one summer evening, there came into the room a drunken man in his shirt-sleeves, a short pipe in his mouth. But the Gospel message arrested him, he fell upon his knees, and rose a sober and a changed man, nevermore yielding to the old enemy, but shaking it off with all his sins in the name of Jesus, and living ever after a most beautiful and exemplary Christian life, till he passed away to his everlasting Home. What happened then may happen now; indeed, it does. And one case only is enough to justify our efforts and inspire our message.

Reader, whatever your besetting sin, whatever the viper fastening upon your right hand, marring your peace, and impairing your usefulness, Christ can make you free, and "our God is a *consuming fire*" to destroy your sin.

Your right hand: meant to *give* so nobly, to *succour* so tenderly, to *clasp* so sympathetically, to scale the mountain of God higher and higher: that right hand may be saved this moment. The serpent may fall, and you may be free.

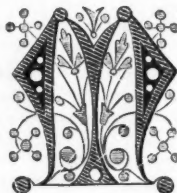
## MISS GAYLE OF LESCOUGH.

BY E. S. CURRY.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### AMYOT'S SCHEME.

"Her lips are sweet as love;  
They are parting! Do they move?  
Are they dumb? Her eyes are blue, and beseechingly, and seem  
To say: 'Come.'"



R. GAYLE had let the Abbey on a long lease after his wife's death, which happened a few days after Rowan's birth. The lease falling in about the time when Rowan was leaving school, and a difficulty about re-letting occurring, Mr. Gayle had decided to inhabit his house himself. Rowan's de-

light when she first saw her old-world picturesque home had been so great, and had so delighted her father, that this rather dreaded home-coming to a house of shadows, tenanted with painful memories, had turned out very differently from his expectations.

If his daughter had been like many girls, she would have been dissatisfied and miserable in this circum-

scribed existence. There were few gentry near—no young people of her own age—nothing that could be called society. Lescough was a small old-fashioned market-town in an agricultural, thinly populated district. But Rowan, rather weary of her wandering foreign life, riding along the white roads by her father's side, saw beauty in every feature of the wide landscape.

She soon made plenty of interests. There were plenty of neighbours, she said, living in the old houses standing back from the picturesque High Street, up the middle of which the little tidal river ebbed and flowed. Her foreign education had not instilled into her the policy of aristocratic isolation, which girls of her position, under the tuition of mothers and governesses in England, would have learnt. These people, with their funny ways and funny accents, and friendly readiness to accept her own friendly overtures, were her neighbours, and she meant to be neighbourly. But with all her friendliness, she followed her own ways, not feeling it necessary to be bound by the meagre etiquettes she found existing in the little town; and withal, she was so pleasant and courteous that she gave no offence. She broke down impassable



barriers, and asked people who met each other in the streets every day, but who did not "visit," to have tea with her in the beautiful old garden at the Abbey. And her talk was so bright and merry, she had travelled so much and knew so many, that though at first made a little uneasy, and regarding each other with furtively questioning glances, her guests soon became comfortable together; and, what was more, they remained so. In a year, Rowan considered that she had made up six friendships.

She took the keenest interest in everything around her. It was all new, presenting quite different aspects of life from anything she had hitherto known. But though she was sweet-mannered and cordial to all, there was also a reserve, an aloofness, about her, which barred familiarity, though never friendliness. She had a way of turning conversation from gossip to greater interests—to new books, new pictures, new music. Even the most frivolous of the girls she gradually came to know were drawn under her influence, and raised a little higher. But the

influence was unconscious; she did not pose as a reformer. At the same time, they were not companions in the best sense of the word. Sometimes she longed for more inspiring and sympathetic companionship.

One afternoon in early June, her tea-table had been carried on to the lawn, under a lime-tree, where the bees were busy with the fragrant flowers. Several callers had come in, and were sitting round talking. Presently her attention was arrested by a conversation going on between two ladies, snatches of which reached her ears as she was ministering to their wants.

"My husband said that Mr. Hardy defied them all."

"Yes; but isn't he right? Mr. Johnson has evidently not understood his business. My husband agrees with Mr. Hardy. He says that this drainage wants special training, and that Mr. Hardy knows what he's talking about."

"Yes; but he needn't be violent, nor need he take the bread out of Johnson's mouth."

"Well, I don't know. It takes violence to drive anything fresh into the commissioners' heads; and if Johnson isn't doing the work he's paid for, he'd better go."

The words drifted by Rowan's ears almost unheeded. Then followed more, and she unconsciously listened.

"Yes; but my husband says he's aiming at the post himself. He could work it to his own ends well. And it stands to sense he'd be the largest gainer by these works. Except lower down the river and in the town here, they would not benefit anybody but himself and Mr. Gayle."

"Well, he has shown what he can do, my husband says, by what he has done already at his own expense. It seems hard he

shouldn't be backed up to make it worth while."

"Johnson says it is impossible. It may be all right now, but a high tide might undo all the work."

"And will do, probably, as it rests now, and more besides Mr. Hardy will suffer. They are to have a meeting to-night. My husband says there will be a fight."

"But who will fight? It won't be like the old days. Mr. Gayle is chairman, and it's to his interest now to back up Mr. Hardy; and nobody's likely to go against him."

"Oh! but there will be some," said the other



"'Why should you not be a welcome guest?'"—p. 438.

meaningly. "And it's not so sure that Mr. Gayle will back up Mr. Hardy when it comes to spending money. He has not much to lose. And there is the old hatred; and I believe that poor woman is still living somewhere down there." And then the lady saw the light of interest on Rowan's face, and came unctuously to a dismayed pause.

"Who is that you are talking of?" Rowan asked.

She asked because she saw that they were aware she had heard their conversation, and were uncomfortable; and it seemed the most straightforward thing to do.

They looked at each other, and then one said unctuously—

"We were alluding to an old story—and I'm afraid we forgot where we were, Miss Gayle. But, indeed, Mr. Hardy is making people talk now a good deal." And she felicitated herself in having turned an awkward corner well.

"What is he doing?" asked Rowan.

"Some very clever engineering, my husband thinks," put in Mr. Hardy's advocate, rather warmly. "But of course the old stories are remembered, now he has come so much to the front, by people who aren't friendly to what he wants to do. I think bygones ought to be bygones, myself; and he's not responsible for his family any more than other people."

Rowan was a woman, and after a brief battle, her curiosity impelled her to say—

"What is the old story that his un-friends are raking up? Nothing against himself, I am sure," she said, smiling. "I like old family histories—especially about smugglers."

The two ladies again looked at each other, and Rowan saw that a "No" was framed on the lips of one of them.

"They have been a wild lot," the other, said, in a casual finish-the-subject sort of manner, and her friend helped her by adding—

"But he seems a very well-intentioned sort of young man—if rather masterful."

Something in this speech had the effect of irritating Rowan's usually sweet temper. So, disregarding their uneasiness, she began again.

"But what is the story? And what has the poor woman down there to do with it?"

The ladies exchanged glances, and Rowan, studying their expressive orbs, was only impelled the more to satisfy her curiosity. She was just going to ask rather impatiently whether it was worth making a mystery of, when she saw a light of evident relief come across their faces. Turning her head, she became aware that her father was crossing the lawn towards them. He was not alone. Amyot Hardy was walking beside him, and the two were in earnest and apparently intimate conversation.

Rowan felt her face flush with annoyance as she remembered a phrase or two in the conversation she had overheard, and realised how this intimacy would look to the speakers. She felt vexed—she could scarcely tell why—that any countenance should seem to be given to the gossip about her father and his affairs, by this visit.

Possibly her feeling manifested itself slightly in the rather formal greeting which she gave to Amyot.

She noticed that he did not seem to know her other guests, but she did not feel inclined, under the circumstances, to give any formal introduction. The gossip had made her feel uncomfortable, and her manner was so distant as to cause Amyot a momentary surprise and wonder.

Her father, however, frustrated the coldness of her behaviour—as men have a terrible way of doing—by saying pleasantly—

"My dear, I forgot the meeting this evening until I met Mr. Hardy. Do you think it is too late now to ask cook to hurry dinner on half an hour?—And Mr. Hardy will, I hope, dine with us," he added courteously to that gentleman.

Unconsciously, before answering, Amyot turned to look at Rowan. He had described her on that April night as "sweet and gentle;" but as now amazingly he saw her attitude, he wondered if he had been mistaken. She looked cold and proud. How was he to know that she was shrinking under a sense of observant eyes, and gossiping tongues busy with matters in which her father and Amyot were interested, but in which she had somewhat hastily gathered they ought not honestly to be of one mind. And yet, here was her father asking him to dinner just before this meeting, at which some difficulty was to be settled.

Rowan felt unaccountably vexed—vexed with herself, first, that she had listened to any talk at all; and secondly, that there seemed to be some grounds for talk which she, not knowing the story, could not understand. And, woman-like, she localised her vexation on the person who probably least of all deserved to feel it.

But it was a very momentary cloud and hesitation. Almost as soon as Amyot had noticed it, it was over. She had risen, saying pleasantly—

"We can manage to hurry it, I'm sure. I'll tell her at once." She looked round at her guests with a plea to be excused, and turned towards the gate in the wall which would lead her to the kitchen regions.

When Amyot saw the direction her footsteps were taking, he hurried after her to open it, and as they reached it, he said: "Miss Gayle, don't let me stay to be a bother if you would rather not. I should not have come in this afternoon if your father had not pressed it. I quite understand that I may not be a welcome guest." He spoke deprecatingly.

Rowan lifted her eyes to his. His hand was on the latch, and she paused. As she met the keen glance of his very vivid eyes, she felt a sudden impulse to truth. He looked honest and honourable. So she said, "Why should you not be a welcome guest, Mr. Hardy?"

"I gathered that something was vexing you," he said simply, admiring the slight flush on her delicate face and the luminous clearness of the grey eyes.

She thought a moment. "It was. You have quick eyes." And she smiled. "It was some chatter I overheard, between the two ladies you saw me talking to, about the meeting this evening."

"Oh!" and he looked relieved. "Then it was nothing to do with me? I had not vexed you?"

"Yes, and no," she answered. "You had not vexed me, But it was about you,"

"I never heed chatter," he said quietly, understanding immediately that the interest she evinced had been called up only incidentally in connection with him. "I daresay there is always plenty. But if we don't let it trouble us, it is harmless."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, her eyes seeking his doubtfully. "But motives get misunderstood?"

"I think they are, generally. But we know if our own motives are upright," he said quickly.

He had opened the gate, and together they passed through and walked up the paved path under the wall, side by side.

"And you think it does not injure work and influence to have false motives imputed to them?"

"Not permanently," he said, pausing to wonder to what she could be referring.

"But temporarily might become permanent," she persisted—"as to results. We are talking riddles. I shall not be a minute," she added pleasantly. "Will you not go and tell them to put up your horse? I see he is there."

"But my dress?" he objected.

"Ah! that can't be helped on meeting-nights," she laughed.

Mr. Hardy felt a pleasurable sensation as her eyes rested for a minute on his becoming riding-dress. He lifted his hat, and went off to give directions about his horse, and then took advantage of her implied permission to wait for her at the gate.

She came quickly towards him, with the eager swinging step of youth; and yet, as he could not but admiringly notice, with an educated and reticent gait which suited her gentle dignity, and which told of unprovincial training.

As they passed through, her father was accompanying her departing guests across the lawn; and after farewells were exchanged, Amyot, to his delight, again found himself, for a few minutes, alone with her under the lime-trees. There was a little cloud of abstraction on her face as she sat down and looked over the exquisite green of the lawn, against which the tenderer green of the lime-trees in the sunlight made a perfect summer harmony. He was quickly learning to note the changes on this girl's face, which, each time he saw her, was becoming more to him a fascination and a delight.

He said gently, "I see I have not laid your vexation. Can't you tell it me?"

She looked at him absently, as if some other thought than the one he had suggested was filling her mind. He was surprised at the answer which presently came.

"Will it make a great deal of difference to you if this meeting to-night goes against you?"

"You think your father will not back me?" he asked quickly. "And you are vexed with me for opposing him? Yes; I frankly own I shall be very sorry. I am certain there are great possibilities along the coast beyond Lessdyke. If we don't grasp them now, others will."

"But they can't take your land."

"No; but they could initiate works further down, which we should have to adopt, perhaps, at a disadvantage, unless we are first in the field. When I see the capabilities and possibilities of all that fen, I am

fairly amazed that it has not been laid hold of before by someone."

His rapid eager speech reached Mr. Gayle, returning across the lawn.

"There's a great deal to be said against it," he objected. "It is overturning all our notions."

"I can't afford to waste my pastures" said Amyot, smiling, "to protect notions. But I don't want anything unreasonable till I have proved that it can be done. I have sufficiently protected my own land against ordinary chances; but supposing things go as I wish, if I am able to reap my corn there, I should like to see several hundred men at work, the whole seaboard for several miles drained and dyked; and I would guarantee that in five years' time we could have a flourishing village, a new and remunerative agriculture, a safe harbour and cheap sea-carriage to Newcastle and London."

Amyot's face grew eager. He had never revealed so much of his ambitions to anyone before.

Mr. Gayle shook his head.

"Too visionary," he said. "What surety have you for all this result?"

"No surety; but a reasonable probability. I have seen it done in Holland and in America."

"But people can't live and thrive on a swamp. All your people would have ague."

"How long is it since you have visited that fen?" asked Amyot, in return. "There is no swamp now, and I have never even heard of ague, except as a fable."

"Well, let me see. I don't think I have been there for seventeen or eighteen years—more, perhaps."

"Then come," Amyot entreated. He turned to Rowan. "Persuade your father to ride over with you. Come to Deepfen to lunch, and I will take you on, and show you all I should like to do and see done."

And then he stopped suddenly, remembering the lady at Lessdyke, who since that April night had been obstinately invisible. A cloud came over his face.

"But I have never seen her since," he thought.

"And it is ten chances to one against our seeing her. We need not go near there."

Mr. Gayle wondered at his sudden quiet, and looked at him curiously. Rowan thought that it was caused by fear of embarrassing her father's action at the meeting, and gave him a glance of gratitude.

"It sounds very interesting," she said. "I should like to see it all, father. Could we ride over, as Mr. Hardy proposes?"

"There is nothing to see, my dear, but a flat silty level. You can see that anywhere."

"Oh, but the sea!" she objected. "I thought there was the sea."

"Yes," said Amyot. "And on a fine day, when the tide's high, it is just as real to look at as if you were at Brighton."

"And when the tide is low?" Mr. Gayle asked, smiling.

"Well, then there is a good deal of mud;" and Amyot laughed. "But I will ensure a tide if you will come."

The dressing-bell put an end to the conversation. But Amyot chose to consider it settled that they would

ride over to Deepfen for lunch on some day in the near future.

Rowan's questions next morning at breakfast elicited from her father what the result of the meeting had been. Amyot had made a good speech in launching a portion of his scheme, which some of the commissioners, who had been partly prepared for it, approved; but so much money would be required for the initial proceedings that consideration of the scheme itself had almost been swamped in preliminary financial discussion. A sub-commission to view and report on the distant and lonely fen had been formed as an immediate preliminary, of which Mr. Gayle, as being one of the most interested in the proposal, was a member.

"And I promised Mr. Hardy to ride over some day soon, my dear," he finished, looking at his daughter's interested face. "I could not well refuse. But it will rake up unpleasant memories, which I would rather let sleep. I will tell you about them some time."

That afternoon Mr. Gayle sauntered down the picturesque High Street under the huge elm-trees which fringed the river's bank, and as he noticed the inflowing tide swirling along the sloping silted bed, he pondered Amyot's scheme.

It was a most picturesque scene. The beautiful old houses, shut into their enclosing grounds by high-buttressed walls, toned a perfect colour with age and lichen, side by side with the smaller houses of less important residences, formed one side of the street. Up the centre, with its fringe of tall elm-trees here and there, giving welcome shade, the river ebbed and flowed. The other side was formed of smaller houses and shops, and a boat-yard or two, where the bright boats shone in the afternoon sun. An old stone-buttressed, three-arched bridge united the two sides of the street, which, as in a foreign town, was paved with cobble-stones.

Mr. Gayle, to whom its picturesqueness was familiar, saw it all with half-seeing eyes; the other half of his observation was turned inwards. He was pondering in what words to ask his lawyer about the long-ago exiled sister. He was not even certain whether she yet lived, or where. And at thought of his daughter perhaps coming suddenly and unwittingly upon her unlooked-for and undesired presence, Mr. Gayle winced. Still, he had been only a boy when she left home, and her leaving was entirely her own wilful doing. But he felt uncomfortable.

It was a queer, quaint old house, standing back from the street, which was used for the lawyer's offices. Mr. Gayle had to wait for some minutes to see the partner for whom he enquired; and what he was told disquieted him. That his sister should be living alone, without even a maid, in a cottage on the sea bank at Lessdyke, only some few miles' distance away up the river, was, at first hearing, shocking to his sensibilities.

"What does she do? Is she well? How does she live?" were his somewhat agitated questions.

And he was not much consoled by the answers.

"She refuses to see any of us. I have called several times. A woman from the village usually answers the door. I send her money every quarter, but she

cannot use it all, living as she does. The cheque is always cashed by a farmer there. He tells me she walks a great deal, specially in the evening or at night. She has parcels frequently from London. She buys very little in the neighbourhood—nothing here."

This was the substance of what Mr. Gayle could learn, and he went home thoughtful and oppressed. He could scarcely make up his mind to tell Rowan this pitiful story. He shrank from the expression of her surprise and concern. As he walked homewards, he almost made up his mind to go away again from this undesirable neighbourhood, and take Rowan to her more conventional aunt in town for the remainder of the season.

As he crossed the lawn to his daughter's side, he was the picture of a perplexed and undecided man.

## CHAPTER V.

### AN AFTERNOON RIDE.

"A human heart should beat for two,  
Despite the taunt of single scorers;  
And all the hearths I ever knew  
Had got a pair of chimney corners."

MR. GAYLE found his daughter in her riding-habit, with tea ready beside her. She looked up brightly as he joined her.

"It is so lovely, I ordered the horses half an hour earlier, and dinner half an hour later, father. Let us have a good long ride."

Here was his opportunity. His indecision vanished.

"We will ride to Lessdyke, if you like, my dear, and look at this wonderful scheme. And I will tell you a story by the way."

It required some courage to say this; for Mr. Gayle was one of those men who see no use in talking about his own affairs which were unpleasant. He would have buried in eternal silence all uncomfortable subjects.

But he felt uneasily that this would come to the front some day if he remained in the neighbourhood, and he preferred that Rowan should hear the facts from himself. It was, therefore, to the quiet accompaniment of the tread of their horses' footsteps on the soft turf edging the roads and lanes that Rowan first heard the history of her unhappy aunt.

She was greatly shocked and startled—not so much at the story itself as at the continued exile of the unfortunate woman.

"My dear," cautioned her father, in response to an agitated remark, "you must remember that she rests under grave suspicion of having caused her husband's death. You must not look upon her wholly as a victim. Perhaps it was the kindest fate that could befall her to let her be forgotten."

"Will you go and see her to-day?" asked Rowan. "I don't think I can enjoy anything again, father, till we have tried to make up for it."

"You shall do as you like, my dear," Mr. Gayle said, glad that the responsibility of doing anything should be shifted from his shoulders; "but if I remember rightly, it was she who refused all advances after my father's death, and declined to have anything to do with any of us."

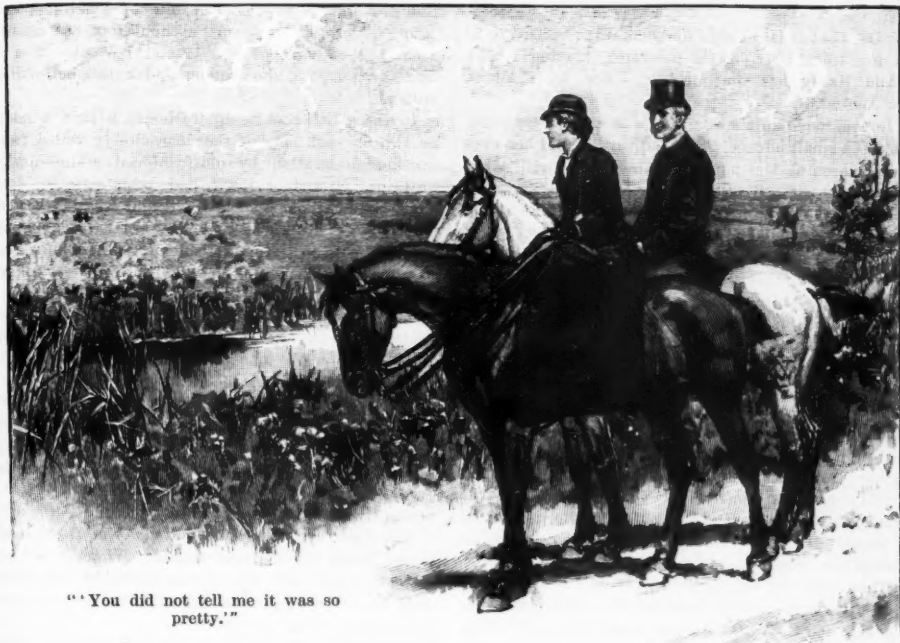


"I should do just the same," Rowan answered quietly, "if I had been treated like her."

"My dear, she left a good home, and those who loved her and tried to save her from what befell. They knew best, as her after-history showed."

don't like changes. Nor do we want the scum from the town overrunning the land, and the peace and quietness spoilt by roads, and cottages, and trains. The very idea makes me shudder."

"But it is better than desolation, to make use of it



"You did not tell me it was so pretty."

"Yes; but if you have made an awful mistake of your life, you don't expect those you love best to punish you. You look to them for deliverance. But how did she come to know this man she married, if he was so wild and dreadful?"

"That was always a mystery. I don't remember to have heard any true details. He had been cast adrift by his father, but he managed to make her acquaintance; and she was wilful and wrong-headed. I can't pretend any affection for a sister I have scarcely seen, my dear, though to say so may shock you."

Rowan looked with interest across the wide landscape as they drew gradually nearer the coast. Her father pointed out to her in the distance to the left the grove of tall elm-trees, making a landmark in the level country, which marked the whereabouts of Deepfen.

"We are stealing a march on Mr. Hardy," she observed thoughtfully, letting her eyes rest on the patch of shadow. "But you will know better exactly how the land lies, father, when you come as a commissioner. It certainly is not thickly populated now," she added, turning to get a wide sweep of the country. "Mr. Hardy will change all this if he gets his way. I liked the idea of acres of flowers, father."

"Yes, he is a clever man. But these fens have always been considered the best pastures; and I

all," she suggested. "And I suppose, if it succeeded, we should be rich?"

"Hardy would be rich," said her father. "Our land hereabouts is very little compared with his. All this to the right is his, and has been for some distance. Ours is still further to the right beyond his, but not extending so far. The rest is Lord Lescough's, but I believe Hardy is his tenant hereabouts as well."

The wide sweep of green was a very restful sight, giving the idea of almost illimitable distance. The sun gleamed brightly on the intersecting "drains," with their quivering fringes of rushes and grass; and the whole impression was of a vast, well-cultivated, fertile country. And when, as they advanced through soft silty lanes, towards the high-road leading to Lessdyke, the thin thread of silver sea came in sight, looking like a shining border to a veritable plain of verdure, Rowan's delight was great.

"You did not tell me it was so pretty, father," she observed. "I was prepared for a plain of mud."

"We are fortunate. The tide is in, and the day is lovely. Perhaps in winter, with a north-east wind and the tide out, you might change your opinion, Rowan."

As he spoke, they stopped their horses on the little bridge of Lessdyke.

"How nice and fresh it feels," Rowan said; her face was turned seawards, and her hat was lifted to let the cool breeze play over her forehead. "If we could get through this gate, I should like to ride on over there."

She pointed as she spoke to the wide dyke skirting the debouching river, the summit of which made a firm and grassy carriage-way apparently for some distance.

"Oh, yes! it is rideable for some way; it used to be in my time," Mr. Gayle answered, looking round. "And Hardy has continued it. But we shall be trespassing."

Rowan made no answer. To a woman, trespassing sounds a small offence. She had turned, and her eyes were searching the hamlet behind them with what Mr. Gayle divined was an uneasy observation. He followed the direction of their gaze till it rested on the solitary cottage on the river's bank.

It looked still and deserted. The blinds, indeed, were drawn up carefully, leaving not even a softening head-line of white against the dark panes; but every window and the door were closed, and it presented an unreadable front to the sunshiny world around it.

Rowan gazed at it fascinated, her delicate face growing whiter and her eyes luminous with the pity with which her heart was full. What tragic life did it enclose?

"Suppose we ride a little way along the bank, father?" she said presently, turning again, "and then I will come back alone, whilst you go on and look at what you want to see. I think that is the house, and I should like to go there alone first, so as not to startle her," she said softly.

They rode on to the soft turf of the dyke, and presently were moving between the inflowing sea on one side and the softly waving corn, some feet below them, on the other.

Mr. Gayle was much interested in this new departure in local agriculture. He noticed the careful drainage, the evidences everywhere of high and scientific farming, and the old farmer-interest awoke within him.

"I have left all these matters too long," he observed to Rowan. "Smith may be a good bailiff, but he's old-fashioned and ignorant. All this looks in beautiful order."

"Yes," said Rowan dubiously; "the drains are very straight, certainly, and there isn't a blade of wheat out of its place—but isn't it rather monotonous?"

Her father was waxing enthusiastic.

"It is splendid! This is all new to me. It was a marsh twenty years ago. Ah!"—and his keen eyes gazed ahead—"now you can see the men at work: those little white figures in the distance. What a change!" he added admiringly, gazing round.

"Then you go on, father," Rowan said, "and I will go back and dismount at the gate, and Green can wait for me there."

She watched her father ride on till he became an indistinct figure in the distance—unconsciously lingering, afraid of the difficult task before her. Then she rode slowly back to the gate, perplexedly revolving in her mind the story she had heard; wondering how best to open communications after these long years of

silence. Her mind misgave her that perhaps she would only be snubbed for her intrusion; but surely her aunt must be longing for reconciliation if she ever cared for her family at all. Rowan's heart was filled with pity.

As she walked from the bridge along the bank to the house, she examined its appearance carefully. She thought it expressed a tale of loneliness and pride, withdrawn as it was, without apparent reason, from the cottages of the hamlet beyond. Was it built on purpose, she wondered, for this self-exiled woman?

It was a little white square house, with a window or two on each side of the door, closely veiled from outside observation by old-fashioned white muslin curtains. The door itself had been painted dark green, but the paint looked old and weather-beaten. There was no knocker, but a little brass knob, brightly polished, promised the means of communication within. The white doorstep was spotless, looking as if no foot of man ever crossed it. There was a slender railing enclosing the front of the house, and under the windows were a few flowers in a narrow bed—wall-flowers and old-fashioned white pinks blooming and scenting the air.

Rowan's heart beat quickly as she listened to the little bell tinkling inside the house, and she almost held her breath in her acute listening for the footsteps she hoped, yet feared, to hear. But the tinkling died away, and there was no further sound; so after a spell of waiting, she rang again.

But again she was disappointed. Not the faintest sound broke the stillness within. What should she do? she wondered. She had no card-case, no pocket-book even, nothing with her to write a line on, to show that she had been here.

She walked round the house, and saw that there was another door at the back, reached by a little red-flagged pathway from a wicket in the high privet hedge surrounding the garden. Not stopping to think, she passed through the gate, and found herself in the untenanted garden, where more pinks and more wall-flowers were blooming in a little border which ran along under the hedge all round the lawn which formed the centre of the garden. The red-flagged path stopped at the wall of the house, which extended into a square bay window opening on to the little lawn. The back door to the right stood ajar, revealing a neat little scullery, with glimpses of a kitchen beyond. Everything was quite still, and Rowan again woke the echoes inside by tapping lightly on the door with her riding-whip. Still no sound. The place to all appearance was deserted, and she began to feel that she had made her attempt for nothing.

A strong feeling of disappointment took possession of her. Unconsciously she moved a step nearer, then a step inside, and almost before she realised what she was doing, she found herself through the scullery, and in the kitchen beyond. She looked round with the keenest interest. From the window she could see along the bank, over the bridge, and some distance along the dyke beyond. A narrow passage, into which the front door evidently opened, was beyond

the kitchen, and an opposite door, also open, led into a sitting-room. The kitchen was neat and spotless. The fire, which looked as if it had been made up by a careful hand early in the afternoon, was scarcely hot enough to make the little kettle standing by it sing. With a housewife's careful feeling, Rowan instinctively poked up its undisturbed blackness, and moved the kettle nearer. She was sure it had been placed ready for tea, and ought to be wanted. Then she turned and pursued her investigations.

"I did ring, and I did knock," she excused herself to herself; "and I must find something to leave a message on."

So she crossed the passage and entered the parlour. This, she found, extended the depth of the house, and had one window looking over the river, another opposite, leading into the little enclosed garden, and a third giving a full view over the wide plain seawards. It was a very pretty room. In almost startled admiration she observed its unexpected old-world daintiness.

The upper walls and ceiling were panelled and painted white. The high dresser shelf which ran round the room was a pale blue, as was also the panelling beneath it. Upon it rested quaint china, of various kinds and forms; whilst below it, in curious oval frames of very delicate workmanship, ran a series of beautiful engravings, with borders of finely drawn lace-like tracery. Each of the fifty or more, as Rowan speedily noticed, was different; and china, engravings, and frames were such as to make a connoisseur's mouth water. The floor was painted white, and some Indian rugs, old, harmoniously coloured in faded tints of blue, with patches of red here and there, lay conveniently for the small amount of furniture the room contained.

The furniture consisted of an inlaid bureau, with drawers and heavy brass handles, a low wide couch covered in some soft blue embroidered silk, two or three quaint chairs with wide bulging brocaded seats and spindly arms, a shining inlaid sofa-table, on which were many modern books and magazines, and an old winged chair, whose magnificent brocade bore signs of much and constant use. A harp uncovered stood near the garden window, and the books and magazines scattered about bore Mudie's labels. The high chimney-piece, with its delicate low-relief work of leaves and flowers and graceful spirals, was painted white, and it, like the windows and doors, was surmounted by the engravings and china, which, like a string-course, travelled round the room in an unbroken line. The whole aspect of the gem-like room was so unexpected that Rowan fairly gasped in amazed appreciation. And as she looked, somehow it all seemed familiar. Where had she seen it all before? How was this possible?

And then suddenly she remembered. It was at home, at Lescough, that a little room, of which this was evidently a copy, had attracted her when she first went over the house. But it was not in use, and she had forgotten all about it. Now she determined to examine it more carefully when she went home.

Her thoughts went on. What must this woman be like who had chosen to dwell in this solitary fen for

forty years alone, cut off from her kind, having intercourse with none, and yet, to judge from her surroundings, refined and cultured? And what, was the next thought, must such a woman have suffered, under the cruelties of a brutal husband and this suspicion attending his death?

An unreasoning pity for her, subduing all other feelings, filled Rowan's heart.

At last she went to the window, conscious of the lapse of time, and looked out over the bridge. She could see the horses standing, whisking their tails in the warm sunshine, their gleaming coats making a point of russet colour in the cool green landscape. But her father was not in sight. With a little sigh of relief, she turned away to continue her contemplation of the room.

And then she gave a little start, and uttered a low exclamation, for she saw that she was no longer alone.

A tall slender woman, with beautiful soft grey hair and the saddest eyes Rowan, in her sheltered life, had ever seen, stood just within the doorway, gazing at her. She was dressed in a soft grey clinging dress, made in some old-world way, which was in perfect harmony both with her and her surroundings.

Rowan made a step or two forward.

"Pardon me," she said, hesitatingly; "I rang, and no one came, so I came in to try and leave a message for you." And then she broke off.

The woman's unfathomable eyes were gazing—gazing at her with a hungry look, as if they would wring out the thoughts of her very soul. But she stood motionless—without a movement of welcome—not speaking a word.

Was she dumb? Rowan faintly wondered; or what was the meaning of that arresting gaze? A cold thrill of feeling—was it fear or only pity?—crept into Rowan's heart, and impelled her next words.

"I only heard to-day—I only knew to-day that you lived here. We came at once."

A quiver of feeling changed the dull aspect of the face she was looking at, and her lips parted.

"We? Who?"

The questions came in a quick soft whisper. Even in that moment of emotion, Rowan noticed the purity of the intonation.

"My father and I. He is not here," she added quickly, as a flash of fire lighted up her hearer's eyes. "He sent me first to see whether you would receive us. We were not sure."

The light of interest died out of Mrs. Hardy's face as Rowan spoke. Through the long years of isolation and brooding it had become almost like a mask. Nothing in her life all these years had called for the play of expression, and the muscles had forgotten their use. Only the eyes, with sadness as it were branded upon them, revealed the emotions within. Rowan, watching her, wondered at the lifeless aspect of the face, in which no answering smile responded to her own. Had she forgotten how to smile?

She went on: "It was my fault. I thought it would startle you, perhaps, if we both came unexpectedly. He wanted to see what Mr. Hardy is doing out there, so he has ridden along the dyke. I shall see when

he is returning, from this window, and I will fetch him."

Mrs. Hardy drew near to Rowan.

"He is gone there?" she asked, indicating the dyke with her hand: "he? on Mr. Hardy's land!"

There was wrath both in her voice and eyes, and Rowan replied only by a gesture. Not understanding its cause, she did not trust herself to answer.

"So, he can forget! I should have thought that a Gayle and a Hardy could not breathe the same air."

Bitter hatred and scorn sounded in her voice, and Rowan's spirit rose before them.

"This Hardy has done no wrong. Why should my father and he be enemies?" she asked quickly.

"Why? Because no time—nothing—could atone for the injuries done. If you were a Gayle, you would understand without telling that there could be no friendship with the Hardys."

"My father does not feel so," said Rowan unthinkingly.

"He doesn't? Then I do not wish to see him—nor you!" she added quickly, her blazing eyes contradicting the immobility of her face. "Go, go!"

Rowan, taken utterly by surprise, and lamenting her unthinking words, made a hesitating step towards the door. Then she recovered her presence of mind, and said with dignity—

"I came to see you full of pity. I think you have been cruelly treated. Won't you try and forget that terrible time, and let us comfort you?"

"I shall not forget. There is no comfort."

The passion was already past; she turned, and went swiftly out of the room.

Rowan waited for a minute or two, but no further sounds were audible. Feeling very disturbed and crestfallen at the failure of her attempt, she left the house, and walked slowly towards the bridge.

Some impulse moved her when she had mounted, not to ride on to the dyke; she felt the subtle influence surrounding her which breathed in Mrs. Hardy's every word. And though the blank dark windows betrayed no evidence of life behind them, she could not shake off the feeling that she was being watched by those melancholy eyes. So she guided her horse to the soft turf on the turnpike beyond the bridge, and let the reins hang loosely on his neck, whilst she waited for her father.

## CHAPTER VI.

### DEEPFEN.

Let me be cared about, kept out of harm  
And schemed for, safe in love as with a charm."

MEANWHILE, Mr. Gayle rode on along the dyke. He understood now the trodden pathway on its summit, probably serving as it did as a roadway for the navvies working in the marsh. Here and there, at regular intervals over his head, stretched the black lines of drainage-pipes for discharging the pumped-up waters into the sea.

A mile or two onward the land rose slightly, forming a line of sand-banks, on which the sheds for the men's accommodation had been erected.

The day's labour seemed now at an end. But Mr.

Gayle was able to admire the scientific judgment with which the works had evidently been planned and carried on, whilst he wondered whence Amyot had procured the necessary money.

As he was gazing round, taking in all the points on which the commission would afterwards base its decision, a big black horse was detached from the line of sheds, and ridden hastily towards him. He had time to admire the fine seat and easy figure of the rider, before he decided that it was Amyot himself.

He rode up, muddily to his knees, in huge riding-boots, which looked as if designed for the bush. The soft brown velvet or corduroy which he wore, with his wide Australian hat, were most becoming to his bronzed face and dark eyes.

After some scientific talk and explanations, Amyot carefully pointing out the reasons for his present works, and the ambitions he entertained for the future, the two turned and rode slowly back to Less-dyke. No word had been said about Rowan, and it was with unmixed surprise and almost incredulous delight that Amyot, shading his eyes with his brown hand from the setting sun which faced them as they neared the bridge, recognised her slim figure in the equestrian under the trees.

"Miss Gayle here!" he exclaimed. And not even the blindest of fathers could have misread the gladness of the young man's tones and the flushing of the blood into his face.

"She rode over with me, and went to see——" Mr. Gayle stopped. It was difficult to open up this wound to anybody.

"I understand," said Amyot quickly. "I saw her too a short time ago. I think by-gones should be by-gones now, and those ridiculous old feuds forgotten. But it will be difficult with her."

"My daughter is an inexperienced girl," said Mr. Gayle, somewhat coldly, "and you—forgive me—are an inexperienced man. The old are intensely conservative of customs and traditions, and it is often best to let sleeping dogs lie. A rankling sore need not be irritated."

"It ought not to become a rankling sore," said Amyot quickly. "I think it should be cured."

Oh, hasty youth! impatient of all wrongs that it cannot mend. Again Amyot was conscious of something cold and constrained in Rowan's greeting, though he noticed that the blood had mounted into her face when she first turned round at the sound of their horses' feet in the lane. He noticed also her quick discomposed glance towards the cottage on the bank, whose dark windows looked like so many eyes observing their meeting. She looked very sweet, he thought, as he noticed the rather sad curve of the mouth and the wistful glance of the soft grey eyes, as she shook her head at her father's interrogation.

"How did you succeed, my dear?"

"I did not succeed, father; I only angered her," she said simply. And they fell into place and rode on abreast.

A sudden inspiration came into Amyot's head as they neared the turning to the lane which led to Deepfen. He turned to Mr. Gayle,



"Can't I persuade you to come home and dine with me?" entreatingly. "You are so near, and it is seven o'clock. It would be a great kindness to a lonely man."

Mr. Gayle glanced at his daughter. He himself, like all men, was inclined, in the first moment of surprise at the invitation, to suggest insuperable objections. But Rowan's quiet face had flushed into interest, and she astonished him by saying gently—

"I should like to go, father." And then she added quickly, as if after consideration with herself, "I want to tell you both what I did this afternoon."

Amyot's heart gave a jump of delight. It was very pleasant to be recognised as one interested, and included, and having an acknowledged part in Rowan's doings. As for Mr. Gayle, having been surprised into a consent, he seemed to be trying to excuse his weakness to himself by being especially courteous and pleasant to Amyot. The talk all the way was of farming and engineering, and as Rowan listened, she felt glad at the unusual interest her father was displaying. She knew that money was not too plentiful with them; sometimes her housekeeping was a difficulty. These schemes of Amyot's would in the end mean a great deal of money; but he seemed to have no doubt that they were feasible, and would prove successful. And if they should be successful, she understood that they would materially aid her father's banking account.

She grew very much interested in Amyot's account of the small farming which would grow up as an industry, supposing his village watering-place came to pass, and she laughingly planned out with him many acres of daffodils and lilies in the fields on either side of their route. They finished their ride with a canter across the huge meadow—the sixty-acre—soft-turfed, and in the spring golden-carpeted with cowslips; and so they reached Deepfen.

With the groom and Peter at the door stood also Nurse, framed in the doorway, her apple-blossom face beaming a kindly welcome.

"How did she know?" wondered Amyot, well pleased with her readiness.

"This is Miss Gayle, Nurse," Amyot said, as, springing off his horse, he dismounted Rowan at the foot of the steps. "Will you take her to the white room?"

His eyes followed Rowan's slight figure lingeringly as she followed her guide across the hall. How nice it was to see a woman—a gentle, softly nurtured woman—treading those unaccustomed stairs! He wondered he had never before realised how empty the house looked without one.

Rowan's own home was too beautiful for her to be struck, as other visitors sometimes were, with the gone-by daintiness and precision of Deepfen. Furniture lasts for generations in these old out-of-the-way houses; and carpets, brocades, and tapestries, well cared for, tell no tales of wear or hard usage. As



"The place to all appearance was deserted."—p. 442.

she ascended the wide staircase, she was conscious only of a well-preservedness and harmony in all its appointments, from the quaint engravings and pictures on the walls to the soft neutral-tinted carpets under her feet.

Nurse opened a door on a wide landing scented with honeysuckle, and drew forth an easy-chair to the large bay window in the room they entered.

"I will fetch some water, ma'am, and towels;" and taking Rowan's gloves and riding-whip, Nurse placed them on a table and withdrew.

Left to herself, Rowan sat for a moment gazing round as she removed her hat. The room was white throughout; its walls white-panelled, its heavy richly carved bed hung with soft muslin and lace, its windows framed in dainty soft white-frilled cashmere hangings; only the carpet and furniture coverings were pink—a soft, old-fashioned pink, dotted about with columbines and honeysuckle. Against the white walls the beautiful carved furniture and heavily framed mirrors looked unique and picturesque,

and the arrangements and decoration altogether fascinated Rowan's artistic taste. As her eyes roamed the room, the portrait of a girl on the wall, sweet, rosy, laughing, smiled into her arrested eyes. She got up to look nearer, and thus Nurse found her, her head thrown back, her hands clasped behind her, studying intently the beautiful face—as attractive as her own.

"How pretty!" she said involuntarily. "Is it——?" and she paused.

"Mrs. Amyot Hardy—Mr. Hardy's mother—taken after her marriage," Nurse answered. "She was beautiful and good, and brought sunshine into a house where it was sadly needed. She was a great loss. Mr. Amyot has had no mother-love, no woman to care for him, since he was about fifteen. It is hard for a boy to lose his mother," the wise old woman added tenderly.

"And this was her room?" Rowan asked, looking round. She was touched more than she cared to show, as she remembered that Amyot had directed her to be brought here; she was touched also at the thought of the motherless boy which Nurse had presented, and at the evident care and devotion with which his young mother's memory was surrounded.

"Yes, ma'am, this was her room; and it has been kept just as she liked it, all white and dainty."

Nurse, as she spoke, was opening a drawer in the big carved wardrobe, and from folds of lavender-scented wrappings she drew out a white dress of some soft Indian embroidery.

"Mr. Hardy said I was to ask you if you would like to change your dress, ma'am; he thought your habit would be uncomfortable. This"—and she unfolded the soft fabric—"is a wrapper, as we used to call them. I think you call them tea-gowns now."

And so Rowan, luxuriating in toilet appointments as dainty as her own, dressing in this unlooked-for manner for dinner, pondered, as she dressed, the circumstances of her own connection with this household. If only the sad eyes of the poor woman at Lessdyke had not haunted her, she would have felt quite happy.

When she descended to the drawing-room, Amyot gazed in delight, her father in wonder, at the fascinating figure she presented. The soft, clinging wrapper, with its beautiful embroidery and laces, fell in artistic folds from throat to feet; the wide hanging sleeves fell away from her round arms, and the unusual flush on her face heightened its refined beauty.

"Why, Rowan!" her father exclaimed, startled at the metamorphosis, and at a certain shy veiling of the liquid eyes as they were turned gratefully to Amyot. "How on earth——?"

"Mr. Hardy was kind enough to think that my habit was hot and dusty, father," she said, enjoying his surprise.

"And I have taken the liberty," put in Amyot hastily, turning to Mr. Gayle, "of sending your horses home, and of ordering the brougham for you later, so Miss Gayle will have no trouble of dressing again."

That evening began a new life for Amyot; the delight of it made up for many lonely hours, and for

ever transfigured his waking dreams. Never again were his lonely rooms released from the spell of Rowan's presence. The soft radiance of the lamp-light, the glitter of silver and crystal, the dark portraits on the walls, were meet accessories to the dainty white figure which moved amongst them. After this, Amyot had but to close his eyes a moment, and almost at will the beautiful eyes were looking into his, amidst the familiar surroundings of his home. Best of all, the dream he had conjured up on that first evening he had seen her become a reality.

After dinner Mr. Gayle had sunk down in an easy-chair in Amyot's room, with a cigar and the newspapers at his hand; and seeing him well provided for, Amyot made a slight excuse, and departed. His dark face was glowing and eager as he sought Rowan in the drawing-room.

"How good this is," he said simply, dropping into a chair near hers. "I never realised before how lonely it was alone here." And he laughed at his Irish speech.

"I should have thought you were too busy ever to feel lonely," she answered, lifting her head, her fingers pausing in their occupation of turning over a book of photographs. "Will you tell me if any of these people are my aunt? Nurse, your delightful nurse, gave me this to look at."

Amyot bent over the book.

"Your aunt will not be here," he said; "in fact, there is no portrait of either her or her husband that I know of; my grandfather was too bitter against both. This is my father," he added, pointing to a portrait in regimentals, which might have represented himself, so great was the likeness. "And I imagine his brother was like him, for your aunt recognised me at once."

"You have seen her?" Rowan asked.

"Yes; Nurse had been telling me——" he stopped. He could not repeat the dastardly story to this girl. He began again. "I wanted to try if something could be done; I pitied her——" He found it a difficult story, as he considered that Rowan's family had been at least as much to blame for Mrs. Hardy's continued exile as his own—more so, in fact; for the cottage at Lessdyke was his. He was at least giving her shelter.

"She is possessed with the old tradition of a feud between the families," he went on presently, "and I believe never calls herself by her married name. I told her about you—I thought she was desirous of hearing something. I do not think she had even heard of your existence."

"But she seems to resent the least communication with you," Rowan answered. And then she described to him her interview in the afternoon.

"The days have gone by for those absurd quarrels," he said a little uneasily, when she had ended. "I hope you will not let her influence you. She was cruelly treated by both sides, I think," he said frankly; "and both sides together—together," he repeated, his dark eyes gleaming with a sudden emotion, "must try and atone to her."

Rowan sat silent. Unconsciously, she was trying to withdraw herself outside the imperious influence of those gleaming eyes.

"I can't bear to think of her in that lonely cottage," she said presently: "cast off by everybody."

"It must have been a martyrdom," he answered absently.

He was gazing at the delicate profile beside him, framed against the summer darkness outside the open window. Her face looked pale now, and pained, he thought, under the faint light of the candles in the room, and there was a childlike *abandon* and fragility in her whole attitude. What is the nature of the peculiar charm that a woman possesses for a man? Is it her goodness? Is it her weakness? This man felt a strong, sudden, overmastering emotion—a desire to take Rowan in his arms, and shield and comfort her for ever against even a disquieting thought. He leant towards her quickly.

"You are troubled?" he said tenderly, his voice deep with feeling.

She turned round, and for a moment her startled eyes, startled as the eyes of a child confronted by something new and strange, gazed into his. Then the blood rushed, a rosy flood, into her pale cheeks, as, before that compelling gaze, her sweet eyes dropped. She breathed a little

involuntary sigh—a sigh as of a child acquiescing in quiet assurance of care and love—and again turned her head away, and sat motionless.

The room was intensely still. Through the open windows came the faint evening country sounds, the rustling of leaves, the occasional twitter of some disturbed or restless bird, the slow moving of an animal in the pasture before the house.

Rowan's face, the delicate ear, and the soft curves of mouth and chin, looking like a flower above the nestling laces at her throat, sharply defined against the clear darkness outside, burnt itself into Amyot's vision. He was on fire—afraid to speak or move lest his passion should frighten her. Every fibre was thrilling, as he leant, silent and enthralled, swaying towards her.

So love—beautiful, entrancing, ever new, ever young—was born; on Rowan's side, perhaps, partly of the pity which Nurse's talk of him had put into her mind.

Presently she stirred, and lifted her eyes to his uneasily, shyly.

"How beautiful out there!" she said softly, her eyes returning to their entranced gaze at the dark starry sky.

"Everywhere!" he answered fervently, after a moment's beatific silence.

Peter, entering with the tea-tray, reminded him of the other visitor, and when he rose and went away, Rowan sat on, thinking her own confused thoughts. The two men entered the drawing-room together, and a good deal of talk followed as to the commissioners' meeting, fixed for that day week, the opposition likely to occur, and the necessary financial considerations.

Rowan listened, interested in the statistics which Amyot seemed to have at his fingers' ends, and to his description of similar works in Holland.

And then came the crunching of carriage-wheels on the gravel, the tramp of horses' feet, and the barking of chained-up dogs. Nurse appeared at the drawing-room door with a soft wrap for Rowan, and, as Amyot drew its folds round her, he laid her hand upon his arm to take her to the carriage. On the steps he paused a moment, in vivid remembrance of his dream three months before. Then, his senses had drunk in the scents and influences of spring, then he was a lonely man, standing—save for the pervading presence of the vision he had conjured up—silent amid silences, on the threshold of his home. Now, the scent of pinks and wallflowers from the window-beds filled the night air with sweetness—the stars studded the great dome of sky with points of vivid light—the restless tossings of the harness, the clanking of bits, disturbed the stillness—the gleam of lamplight shone through the open door on the sleek coats of the horses—and, enfolded by the summer night, he, Amyot, stood there, not as before, but as he had wished and dreamt, with



"And this was her room?" Rowan asked.—p. 446.

Rowan by his side. As he felt the soft touch of her fingers on his arm, insensibly he pressed them closer to his side. She was real, living, a warm bodily presence. His heart was filled with a wordless prayer that this gift he so desired might come to him.

And when he had put her into the carriage he lingered—glancing over his shoulder to see that Peter was still busy with Mr. Gayle—and said softly—

"I shall never forget to-night, and your goodness in coming. It has been a great delight. You will come again? Promise me that you will come again?" he insisted, bending towards her.

She could not see his burning eyes seeking hers in the darkness, but his voice, and perhaps the nearness of his passionate presence, thrilled her.

"I will come," she whispered, swaying towards him, her fingers gently pushing aside the enveloping wrap.

And then his hand encountered hers, and closed round the yielding fingers. For a moment, which seemed to both—so full it was of emotion—an eternity, the clasp endured. Then his dark head bowed, and Rowan's fingers returned to her own possession, quivering with the imprint of his kiss upon them. He heard the little sigh with which she sank back into her corner as he moved away. Her father came down the steps.

"To-day week you dine with us. And you had better stay the night," Mr. Gayle said pleasantly. "And we will hope for good luck on our schemes, and no opposition."

Amyot, as he stood—a black silhouette in the door—

way, against the light of the hall—listening to the carriage drive away, accepted the words as a good omen for far more engrossing schemes than any he had yet planned.

He went back into the drawing-room, where Peter was bustling about with an alert air, that somehow expressed the satisfaction with which his mind was full. Amyot stood for a moment gazing round. His whole being was dazed with the quick leapings of passion. It was not difficult to conjure up the sweet vision of Rowan's presence. His face was so glorified, that Peter's hasty glance towards him was as hastily turned away. Peter, too, had a sweetheart not far away; and he knew what the smiling, abstracted glance directed to him by his master meant. He smiled to himself as Amyot turned away.

And then there was a little encounter in the hall.

Nurse was moving about softly, pretending to put away rugs and wraps. She glanced at her master, coming towards her with an unmistakable swing of elation and triumph in his gait.

"She is a pretty creature, Mr. Amyot," Nurse said, as he paused near her. "Please God, it won't be the last time she comes here, sir."

Amyot brought back his scattered wits, and his dark eyes laughed with his lips.

"Please God, Nurse, she will come some day——"

He strode off, the sudden delight of putting his hopes into words overmastering him; and the sentence was never finished.

But Nurse understood.

(To be continued)



## TWO NOTABLE CHILDREN'S SERVICES.

SUNDAY VISITS TO THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL AND THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

BY F. M. HOLMES.



"YOU have a large family here, Mr. Smith."

"Yes, a goodly number, indeed."

"About four hundred, I suppose?"

"Aye, more than that; sometimes four hundred and fifty."

"And they all come here to service?"

"Yes, except on Sunday morning, when some attend the nearest Congregational chapel."

So that the problem the managers of the institution have to face is the constant holding of a service suitable for a large congregation of little folks of varied ages, and coming from all parts of the kingdom. But they are all alike in this—that their young lives have been already darkly shadowed by the heavy cloud of orphanhood; for the institution in question is the well-known Orphan

Working School at Haverstock Hill, in the north-west of London.

And how have the managers solved their problem?

Let us chat with Mr. William Smith, who for over thirty years has been head-master of the establishment, and then we may witness the service itself. As a rule, however, the public are rigidly excluded, for unless enlarged, the chapel would not be sufficiently spacious.

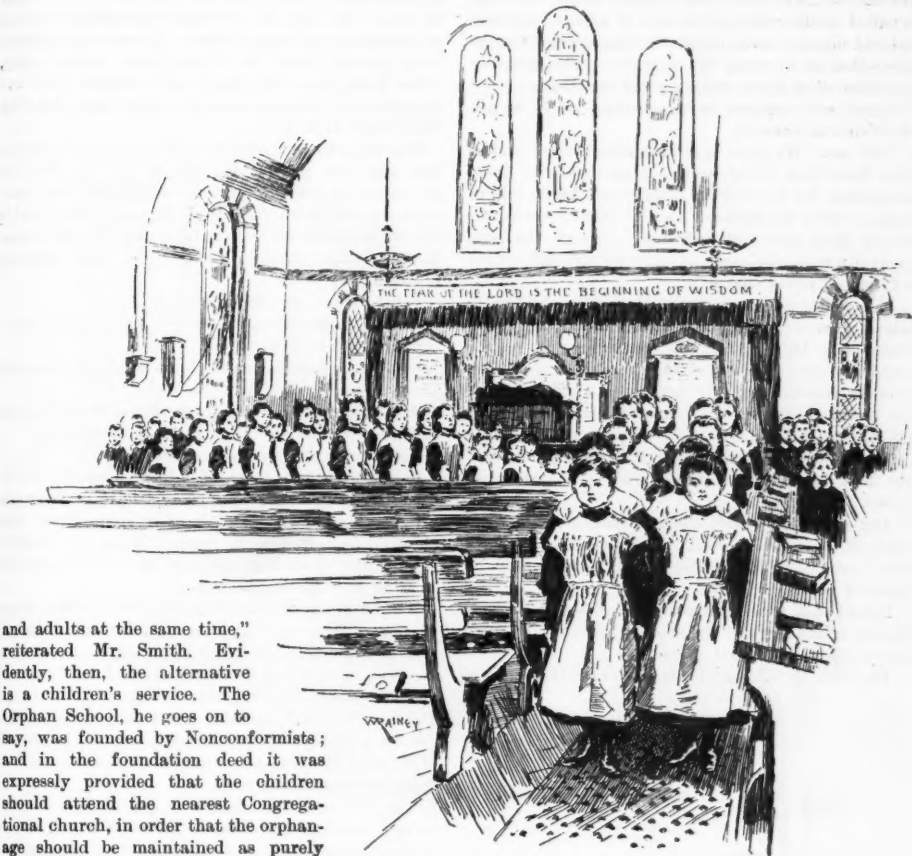
"Well," said Mr. Smith, "my conviction is that a man cannot preach equally well at the same time to both children and adults."

Fidgety Tom thinks so too. His stiff white Sunday collar cuts his neck like a rasp; his active, healthy limbs are all agog to be out in the lovely sunshine; his fingers will play with three or four marbles which have somehow strayed into his Sunday pockets; and, worst of all, he cannot for the life of him understand what that good man, the parson, is talking about.

What if you had two hundred and fifty fidgety Toms to preach to, and no parents to keep them in order, and two hundred fidgety Marys in addition?

"No preacher can preach equally well to children





AFTER SERVICE AT THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL.

and adults at the same time," reiterated Mr. Smith. Evidently, then, the alternative is a children's service. The Orphan School, he goes on to say, was founded by Nonconformists; and in the foundation deed it was expressly provided that the children should attend the nearest Congregational church, in order that the orphanage should be maintained as purely unsectarian.

"That provision is loyally kept. Some of our children," he says, "attend the church in question; and as for the rota of preachers provided by the secretary for the children's chapel, they are of various denominations, but no one would know, from what they say here, what denomination they belong to."

The growth of the institution was also, we judge, another consideration. The presence of 450 children would form a serious tax on the sitting accommodation of many a church; and so, altogether, it was decided to build a chapel for the children alone in the grounds of the orphanage.

It is a very suitable structure, with pretty stained windows, representing child-subjects from the Bible. The girls are all massed in the centre seats, the tallest in the middle of each seat, and the others sloping down in height on either side; the boys are grouped on the two flanks, and mounted on a rising gallery at the end.

And the service? It has evidently been arranged with great care, and the principle running through it is, as Mr. Smith admits—

That the children are to take part in everything,

except the short sermon and one or two extempore prayers.

Still further we notice another principle, which, on being suggested to Mr. Smith, is agreed to by him: that the service is a remarkable blending of the liturgical and extempore methods; some portions of the Church of England Prayer-book being incorporated with hymns from the New Congregational Hymn-book, passages of Scripture to be chosen by the minister for the day, and extempore prayers. There are printed prayers also, including one for the Queen and royal family, and one, written by the head-master, for the governors of the institution.

It is a somewhat pathetic sight we see from the platform, these serried ranks of orphans stretching away seat after seat; but all seem bright and interested enough. A member of the house committee is present on the platform, and reads part of the Suffrages; and the preacher for the day, who on this occasion is a member of the general committee, is in the pulpit. The head-master is also on the platform, and the three gentlemen between them take part in

the service. Nay, there is a fourth; one of the boys is called to the reading-desk, and in a clear voice and natural manner reads one of the chapters from Scripture—that is, he reads the alternate verses, the congregation of children reading aloud the others.

"And is it a reward to be a reading boy?" we ask Mr. Smith afterwards.

"Oh yes. We have several reading boys; and if they have been doing well, I sometimes give them permission for a stroll on Hampstead Heath, telling them to bring me back any natural history specimens of any kind that they can find. One of the boys generally reads the lesson at prayers every day, which we conduct in the chapel."

It would seem almost impossible for the children to take a greater part in any service than they do at Haverstock Hill. After the announcement of the psalm and chant, a short extract from the Prayer-book is taken, commencing, "O Lord, open Thou our lips," the children uttering the responses and ending with the passage, "The Lord's name be praised."

Then follows the chant, and the head-master reads the first lesson, the children reading the alternate verses.

And remarkably well they are read too, the hundreds of children's voices uniting almost as one in a clear volume of intelligible sound, and forming no Babel of voices.

Indeed, that, to an ordinary observer, is a remarkable feature of the service: the excellent manner in which all the children read aloud together.

The anthem follows—fresh and beautiful, sung by

so many child-voices—and then the second lesson, read by one of the boys, the juvenile congregation reading, as before, the alternate verses. Then comes another brief excerpt from the Prayer-book, commencing, "The Lord be with you," and closing with the response by the congregation, "And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us."

The minister now offers a short extempore prayer, and adds the prayers for the Queen and for the governors of the institution, concluding this part of the service with the Lord's Prayer. Even in this the children are made to take a part, for they recite the alternate phrases aloud. Thus the minister commences—

"Our Father, who art in heaven."

And the children respond, as with one mighty voice—"Hallowed be Thy name."

"Thy Kingdom come," says the minister, clear and strong from the desk.

And again rises the beautiful volume of fresh, sweet sound in the words—"Thy will be done on earth."

"As it is in heaven," adds the minister.

"Give us this day our daily bread," ask the children; and so on; the prayer being said by minister and congregation in alternate phrases to the close. The children do not bow at prayer. They sit upright, with closed eyes: a position perhaps more conducive to order in so large a number.

After a hymn has been sung, the preacher announces his text. The subject is "Courage," and the verses, if not the exact text, are found in the chapter recording the bravery of David with the lion and the bear, and with Goliath. The preacher to-night is Mr. George Pearce, and he illustrates his points with several incidents from modern life. He lives at Highwood Hill, near Hendon, and he will have nine miles to drive before reaching home.

The service, which began at a quarter before seven, is now nearing its close, at about ten minutes or a quarter-past eight. A hymn follows the sermon, and then prayer and benediction.

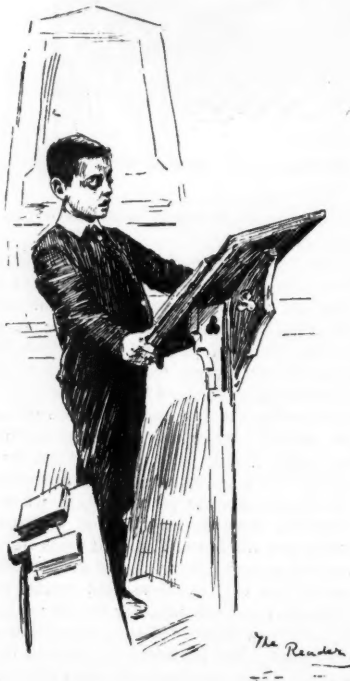
There is no hurry or disturbance in leaving. Quietly, at a sign from the head-master, the girls begin to file out two and two. They leave two pews at a time, one taking the right file, and the other the left file, of the procession; so there is absolutely no bustling or jostling whatever, not even such as might occur from alteration of places in forming up into a procession of two from one pew only.

Though the girls come arrayed in their neat dark hats, yet there is a covered way from the chapel to the main building of the school, obviating the use of many umbrellas on occasion.

The girls all gone, the boys follow, and a glance at the schoolroom afterwards shows that they are drawn up there in line, to take their slices of bread before retiring for the night; for they have had their supper before the evening service.

"And how are the children occupied in the afternoon?" we ask Mr. Smith.

"We have a short service in the chapel, but I take the opportunity to chat with them about anything which may have transpired during the week—any faults that may have to be corrected, and so on."



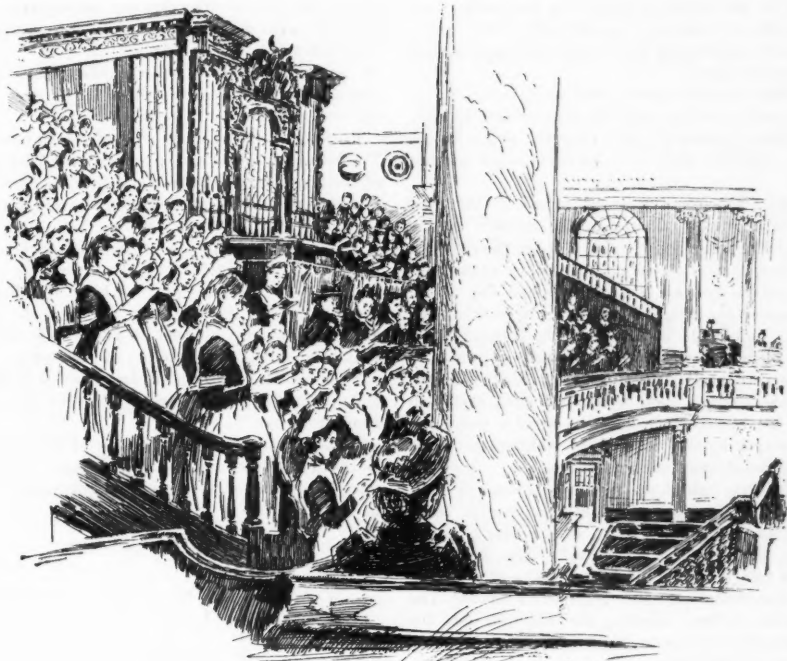
Further he tells us that Bishop Hill\*—the new Bishop of the Niger, in succession to Bishop Crowther—was a boy in the school.

"Indeed! Why, what did he do when he left the orphanage?"

"First, I believe, he engaged in some manual trade at Southampton; then I remember him at the Church

little black jackets, white collars, and red waistcoats—all, we suppose, in the fashion of one hundred and fifty years ago, when the institution was founded—forms an interesting and picturesque sight.

They begin with a metrical Litany, sung on bended knee, the children's fresh, sweet, thrilling voices uniting in the opening verse, and then the boys and girls



*At The Foundling*

Missionary Society's College, and now you see he is Bishop of the Niger."

I told this little incident on the following Sunday to a bright boy at the Foundling, and it made him open his eyes. If his face afforded any indication, it might be taken to imply that he also was determining to make his way in life.

There is another children's service worthy of note at this well-known and old-established institution. Like the managers of the Orphan Working School, the chaplain of the Foundling has to face the problem of a congregation of children—not in the morning, when a large number of adults are present, and the service is quite one of the notable "functions" of London; but in the afternoon, when children from the neighbourhood attend as well as the inmates.

These are all massed in the deep gallery around the beautiful old organ which was given to the Foundling by Handel, and hearty and brilliant singing by the children forms a great part of the service. The numerous rows of girls in their white linen mob-caps, white linen tippets and aprons, and the boys in their

\* The sad news of the Bishop's death has just been received as we go to press.—ED.

singing alternately the other verses until the close, then all again unite.

The Litany is from the Children's Hymn-book, of which the Bishop of Wakefield is one of the editors; and then follows the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer, monotoned by the children, accompanied by the organ.

Three or four Collects come next—generally four—including that for Holy Innocents' Day and that for the evening commencing "Lighten our darkness." A hymn follows, and then a lesson from Scripture—one for the day—and then another hymn, so that, as the chaplain, the Rev. Corrie Jackson, tells us afterwards, there is plenty of music. In fact, music and singing form the dominant "note" of the notable children's service at the Foundling.

Another marked feature may perhaps surprise some people. It is the reading of a continued story to the

children, with, as the chaplain said, "distinctly religious teaching." He does not always give an address. Sometimes he does so, sometimes he catechises the children on various subjects, and sometimes he reads a story, one chapter to the afternoon.

In this the juvenile congregation seem wonderfully interested.

"What do you think will happen to so-and-so?" they say to the choir-master during the week, mentioning different characters in the story.

"Well, we must wait until next Sunday afternoon to see," is the reply.

And when the time comes, they sit as still as mice, while in a clear voice, and with distinct articulation, the chaplain, turning his face from the public to the children—for it is their service—reads aloud another chapter.

Are there not some pleasant homes in the land where, on a Sunday afternoon, the mother or the father, or it may be a governess, gathers the children around her, and reads aloud from some interesting book? And so we may imagine in something of the same manner the chaplain gathers his flock around him; for, indeed, the Foundling is to these children in place of father and mother, and the governors and instructors are the only parents they are likely to know.

After the reading, another hymn is sung, and then follows the benediction, and the service concludes with a vesper hymn, "Guard us waking, guard us sleeping," beautifully sung as before.

The children, indeed, are regularly trained in singing and music, the organist and choir-master being Mr. H. Davan Wetton, Mus.B., who is also assistant organist at Westminster Abbey. The boys can muster a full military band, and many of them on leaving the Foundling enter regimental bands. The last Sunday before leaving, the children ask for their favourite hymns to be sung at the children's services in the afternoon.

"Well, Tommy," we say to one of the bright boys in the organ-loft, "and how do you like being here?"

"Oh, very much."

And the happy expression on his chubby features spoke more than words.

"Why, what do you do all day?"

"Oh, play and go to school."

The school, of course, is in the institution, but the play-rooms for the elder children are separate, and the grounds, with their fine old trees, are spacious. So there are ample places for play.

"I play the baritone," says another little fellow—a baritone being, we may remark in passing, a small saxhorn in the key of C or B flat.

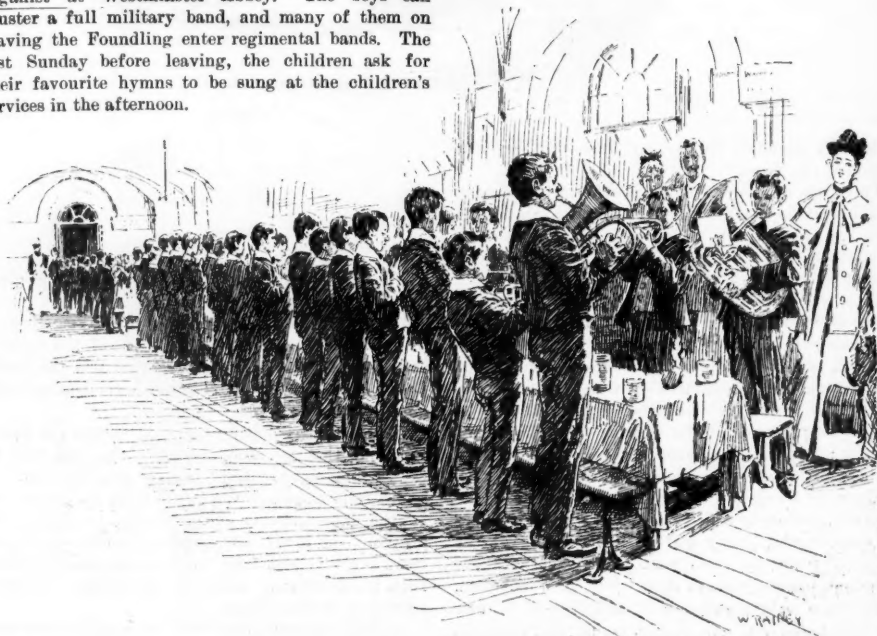
Presently we hear how some of the boys can play. The lads sing their "grace before meat," led by some of the brass band, and fresh and clear, and with thrilling sweetness, their voices rise in a lovely melody.

"Thank you, boys! thank you!"

The lads seem as pleased as possible at being called to sing and play before the stranger, and receiving thanks. There seems no shrinking timidity about these children: they are quite at home, though it is such a large place; indeed, it is the only home they will know until they make one of their own.

Then out into the grounds we go, where in the open, and under the fine old trees, knots of the boys are standing about.

Once upon a time this was one of the fashionable walks of London; and country cousins would be surprised to find such a spot in the middle of the metropolis.



GRACE BEFORE MEAT (AT THE FOUNDLING).



# The Sabbath Day has reached its Close.

Words by CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1839.

Music by GEORGE GARRETT, M.A., Mus.D., F.R.C.O.

*Moderato.*

*Organist to the University of  
Cambridge.*

1. The Sab - bath Day has reached its close, Yet, Sa - viour,  
2. Let not the Gos - pel seed re - main Un - fruit - ful,

ere I seek re - pose, Grant me the peace Thy  
or be sown in vain; Let heav'n - ly dew des -

love be - - stows— Smile on my ev - 'ning hour.  
- - cend like rain— Smile on my ev - 'ning hour.

3. O Jesus, Lord, enthroned on high,  
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh;  
Look down on me with pitying eye—  
Smile on my evening hour.
4. And, oh! when Time's short course shall end,  
And death's dark shades around impend,  
My God, my everlasting Friend,  
Smile on my evening hour.

## FELICIA JOSCELYNE'S LETTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANN PRESCOTT'S FORTUNE," "COUSIN WALTER," ETC.

## IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

## CHAPTER I.



FELICIA JOSCELYNE sat at her window in the moonlight, thinking deeply. She was twenty-two that day, and, as she had always been taught was her bounden duty on birth-days, she was taking a retrospect of her life, which seemed to have lasted—oh, such a long time! In the

dim perspective of years she saw the bright, pretty mother, so early, alas! taken from her; then the kind, anxious aunt, who had married at last, and gone far away; then the school, where she had been such a favourite. Was she the same merry Felicia who had said good-bye to her school-fellows little more than three years ago, her father coming home from India, and she to be promoted to all the dignity of his housekeeper? Ah! that home was never more than a dream. Colonel Joscelyne died a week after his return, and poor forlorn Felicia was carried off by the widow of an old comrade of his, to whom the terrified girl had sent her father's urgent message. Mrs. Gordon had nursed him devotedly, putting Felicia aside as young and inexperienced, and having long consultations whenever his strength allowed, from which his daughter, so hungry for affection and confidence, was excluded. Perhaps they were making plans for her good—what did it matter, when there were but those few precious hours that should have belonged only to her? Felicia acknowledged to herself that she had felt a bitter jealousy and dislike to the energetic, kind-hearted woman who had taken her to her own home, and told her she must be to her as a daughter. The days went by for her there in a dreary, monotonous procession; for Mrs. Gordon they were never long enough, so busy was she with her poultry, garden, and the large circle of friends and neighbours constantly coming to her for advice and help. She had really been very patient with the restless, discontented girl who, in this haven of peace, was always secretly longing for change and action. Mrs. Gordon had plenty of subjects for conversation; she had travelled in her youth, and was a shrewd, clever woman. Felicia would listen to her stories of the old days when she followed Captain Gordon and his regiment to India, or was stationed in some garrison town at home, when they were so poor and so happy; but how was it that these tales should invariably end in an account of Arthur Gordon's sayings and doings?—her son Arthur, who would never go into the army, but who was such a prodigy of learning, and could certainly—in time—have been Prime Minister, if he

had not instead preferred to become one of the masters in a large school, where—his mother hastened to add—"all the boys, my dear, fairly worship him!" There never had been such a son—cutting his teeth so early, and carrying off all the prizes: an Adonis for beauty—so tall; he stooped a little, certainly, but that was because he was short-sighted, and always searching about for out-of-the-way grubs and worms; the long scar on his cheek was the result of a dreadful fall he had when a rotten branch gave way under him as he was looking into a rook's nest. Mrs. Gordon took no notice of Felicia's half-stifled yawns.

They were sitting together one dreary December evening—how well she remembered it! The holidays were to begin next day, and Mrs. Gordon was to meet Arthur in London, and return with him in the afternoon; his room had been made ready, the house turned upside down with preparations, and Felicia hated the very sound of his name. She had vainly tried not to listen, and significantly turned the pages of a volume of the French Revolution, and when a pause did at last occur, proposed reading aloud.

"Thank you, Felicia; I had rather talk. I don't like the French, either, though they certainly have one very sensible custom—very good, that is, for young people who cannot—" and then she stopped, a little embarrassed.

"What is that?" Felicia had asked.

"Their custom of arranging marriages for their sons and daughters!" Mrs. Gordon said, turning rather red.

"Surely sensible, affectionate parents, with a knowledge of the world and the disposition of their children, must be far better judges of who would be likely to make them really happy than the young, inexperienced creatures themselves. Felicia, I think I ought to prepare you: it was your father's last expressed wish that you should be entrusted to my dear Arthur's care—that you were to be his wife!"

"Never, never, while I have strength to say 'No!'" cried the already angry, impatient Felicia, throwing down her book, and rushing to her room in a tempest of sobs and tears. Her father: to give her away to a man she had never seen, whom she could never love, years older than herself, stooping, short-sighted, always peering about for grubs and worms! Never, never! Then that was why she was brought here—entrapped; but she would break through the snare—she would show them that she had a will, a heart, of her own!

"Felicia, are you asleep? Good-night," said Mrs. Gordon, outside the locked door. There was no answer, though Felicia did not go to sleep until dawn; and when she awoke, it was to hear that Mrs. Gordon had already started on her journey. Then the fates were not utterly cruel, she thought; and hastily

swallowing some breakfast, she packed her boxes, quietly asked for the pony-carriage, and was driven to the station, leaving a few lines to be given to Mrs. Gordon on her return. She had composed them before she went to sleep.

"When you receive this letter I shall be far away and in safety. Starvation and imprisonment even could never induce me to consent to your cruel plan—my heart, at least, is my own.

"FELICIA JOSCELYNE.

"I am going back to Miss Saville, who will, I know, find me a situation as a governess."

"And I never remembered," thought the now penitent Felicia, "that Mrs. Gordon was giving ungrateful me the greatest treasure she had in the world. And how *could* I tell her so afterwards without seeming to ask for—for a husband!" and she put her burning cheek to the cool window-pane, and took up the thread of her life-story.

Mrs. Gordon, evidently very much hurt and distressed, wrote directly, reminding her that if ever she were ill or in any trouble, she could apply to her father's old friend. Arthur had sent a letter, too—she knew it by heart, every word—the odd, clever handwriting—each turn and twist of the signature.

"MY DEAR MISS JOSCELYNE," it ran, "I extremely regret to have been the unfortunate and unconscious cause for your leaving my mother's house. Can you be induced to return to it when I assure you that I never have aspired to, and can certainly promise never to ask for, the honour of your hand?—Yours faithfully,

"ARTHUR GORDON."

Felicia longed intensely for change and stir, and Miss Saville, who had always taken a deep interest in her, spared no pains to gratify her wish; and at last, an American family applying to her for a governess to travel with them on the Continent for two years, taking charge of their one little girl, she recommended Felicia. And so she saw mountains and cities to her heart's content, and at the end of these years of wandering thought she should enjoy the quiet of an English home, and resisting Mrs. Vermont's pressing invitation to return with her to America, she again appealed to her old friend.

"And now, for the past twelve months," she gratefully thought, "I have been in a home at last."

Mrs. Wilson *could* not be formal and ceremonious if she had tried, and those sad weeks when Felicia had watched by her little Amy's bedside, and nursed her with such untiring devotion, had endeared her to the mother's heart—she had her own place in the household: was Felicia no longer, but Ruth, called so by Amy in her delirium; and the name had been adopted by the entire family. Ought she not to have written to Mrs. Gordon to tell her how happy she was? It was clearly a duty, and one of the good birthday resolutions to be carried out to-morrow.

But the letter was not written, after all.

"That lazy D. V. ! she doesn't deserve to have these two letters; I shall put them here till after breakfast," remarked Jack Wilson, slipping the envelopes under a plate.

"D. V. ! whom *do* you mean !" asked his mother.

"Distinguished Visitor or Dora Violet : it doesn't matter which," returned Jack. "Here she comes at last."

"I shouldn't have been late, mother, if Simpkins had sounded the gong," said Dora, putting her cheek for a kiss.

"But you know, dear, we always have breakfast at eight, and Martha is rather busy."

"It wouldn't have taken her a moment, mother," said Dora discontentedly. "But *nothing* is done properly, it seems to me; that table is loaded as if we had had no food for a month ! I told Simpkins yesterday to put the bread-trencher and a cold dish on the dinner-waggon, but of course she has not done it. I shall be *ashamed* for Ethel to come and stay with us ; everything is perfect in *her* home, and they only keep two servants, like us."

"Well, dear, we'll try and have everything nice when your friend comes," said her mother.

"I begin to hope that she will not accept the invitation," remarked Dora drearily : "at least, not during the holidays.—Jack, your nails are awful !"

"They're only in *slight* mourning," remarked Jack, making a grimace at his elder sister—it was a new one, and very hideous—the parrot face, Amy had called it ; he saw its reflection in the mirror with great satisfaction.

"Now, Jack, here is your pork pasty ; get on with your breakfast," interposed Felicia. "Give me your plate.—He—*are* your letters, Dora," snatching them up before Jack had time to re-capture them.

"I owe you one for that," said Jack. "Amy, look at that enormous caterpillar on the top of your head !"

"There isn't any such thing," said Lucy indignantly, as poor Amy began to scream.

"First of April !" chuckled Jack, with his mouth full.

"Jack, you are hopelessly vulgar !" groaned Dora.

"Come, children, no quarrelling," called out Mr. Wilson from the end of the table. "I have a letter here, my dear, from Professor Smythe ; he says he is sorry he cannot fulfil his engagement to give the lecture at our new institute : whatever must we do ? The bills are all out advertising the lecture for Friday, and this is Monday. When a man has made a promise, he should stick to it !"

"What a beastly nuisance !" said Jack sympathetically.

"That hateful word !" cried Dora.

"Well, isn't the lecture on Animal Life ? and aren't animals beasts ?" inquired her brother, with triumph.

"But whom can we ask ?" continued Mr. Wilson. "There's Taylor, but he is as flat as ditch-water : I went to sleep myself the last time I heard him ; and Symonds is away for a month ; besides, a stranger would take better."

"I know just the man !" shouted Jack, banging his fist on the table and upsetting the mustard-pot. "Old Grubs is the very fellow ! Catch anybody going to sleep when *he's* giving us a lesson !"

"And who is Old Grubs ?" asked his father, laughing.

"Oh, the master for natural science and modern languages who came to our school last year, father. Mr. Gordon his name is, really, but we never call him anything but Old Grubs: he's always pottering about for worms and things, you know."

"Ruth, dear, a clean knife would get the mustard

the ink-pot and then crawled over the paper, Briggs always says. Here it is."

"What is the initial, Jack? I can make out the rest, but you have left a crumb of toffee over that."

"A., father—Arthur Gordon; of course he hasn't put the letters after his name there, but you might string a lot of them together for the bills—M.R.C.V.S."

"That means Member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, Jack," put in Lucy.

"Kids are not expected to speak till they're spoken to," said Jack severely. "Amy, you may have that piece of toffee—you know how to behave."

"Well, Jack, I shall go and mention it to the rest



off the tablecloth better, wouldn't it? Your spoon is spreading it rather," suggested Mrs. Wilson.

"He's an awful swell, and has got no end of letters after his name," continued Jack. "Do ask him down, father; I've often thought how jolly it would be to have him here. I have his home address, because he asked me to send him some of our river-mud, and gave me a little box, and stamps for the postage, you know. He often asks the fellows to send him specimens from different places, and when he gets hold of something fresh he's as pleased as if he had a fortune left him. —If he comes you'd better not begin screaming at caterpillars, Miss Amy, or he *will* think you are a noodle." Jack was meanwhile emptying his pockets, and a very heterogeneous mass was being piled on the table. "Oh, here it is; I wrapped a piece of toffee up in it—I remember. I'll tear off the crest for you, Lucy. The paper is rather sticky, father, though I think you can make it out; he writes a funny squiggly sort of hand, as if a spider had tumbled in

"We never call him anything but Old Grubs."

of the committee, and then I'll write off to Mr. Gordon, and ask him to telegraph his reply. He is evidently just the man we want," said Mr. Wilson, leaving the table.

"And if he *can* come, you'll ask him to stay a few days, won't you, mother?"

"You seem to think you can entertain a clever man like Mr. Gordon as easily as if he were Briggs or Foster!" said Dora scornfully.

"Fifty times easier to *entertain*, as you call it, than that muff Foster!" returned Jack. "I *know* you'd like him, mother. Give him some bread and cheese and he'll start off grub-hunting, and you'll see nothing of him again till dark: that is how he spends his half-holidays. He puts on an old suit of clothes he



keeps on purpose, with pockets everywhere; he comes back half-covered with mud, and as jolly as a sand-boy. He's awfully short-sighted, and gets so excited that he plunges up to his neck nearly in ditches, and gets his face scratched with brambles. You'd think he was a tramp, I daresay, Dora. Poor Old Grubs!"

"You mustn't call him that if he comes to stay," remarked Lucy.

"As if I should be such a ninny!" returned Jack. "But if I *did* let it slip out, he'd only laugh—he knows it's his name as well as I do."

"I shouldn't call *him* much of a master if he lets you go on like that!" said Lucy, a very inconvenient and irrepressible child.

"Much *you* know about it, Miss Conceited!" replied Jack hotly. "He's the best master in the school, I can tell you; down on you like a bundle of bricks if you try on any shirking! He caught that brute Foster bullying a little chap, and didn't he have a time of it, that's all!" concluded Jack, nodding with awful mystery.

"Well, Jack, Mr. Gordon seems a very kind-hearted, nice man," said Mrs. Wilson; "and if your father has no objection, I'm sure I should like him to stay."

"As it is holiday-time, we could keep the bottles with specimens and things in the schoolroom, Ruth; come and let's see where we could put his microscope."

"I'm rather busy, Jack," said Felicia, "and we needn't arrange anything until we know if Mr. Gordon can come."

"Oh, he'll come!" said Jack confidently, dragging her off to the schoolroom. "I'll clear all the books out of this closet—the very place for Old Grubs' specimens. *You* won't mind a muddle, Ruth; if it was the D. V. there would be no end of a row."

"Jack, if you talk about Dora like that, I'll lock the cupboard, and hide up the key! How can you tease her so? I should have thought you would have been proud to have a sister so clever and pretty!"

"She shouldn't be stuck-up and interfering, then!" retorted Jack. "There's mother calling you. I'll pile the books on that shelf, and tidy up the room beautifully. If you're going in the kitchen, ask cook to put out some empty marmalade bottles and things. Never mind, though: I'll come and look in the store-room myself; it's no use trying to explain what you want to girls."

#### CHAPTER II.

JACK's prophecy proved to be correct, and Mr. Gordon at once accepted the invitation. His name (without the "letters," alas! Mr. Wilson thinking Jack's memory rather too hazy to be relied on) appeared in bold type on the bills so liberally distributed over the little town. As soon as they were printed Jack had secured a large bundle; and he and Briggs, who lived in the place, took them to the neighbouring villages, leaving them at out-of-the-way farm-houses, and stopping waggoners and labourers, explaining that the lecture was, if missed, a thing to be regretted all their lives. The talking was chiefly left to Briggs, who had a natural talent that way, Jack clinching his remarks by an emphatic sentence thrown in here and

there. "If we don't have a crowded house to hear Old Grubs, I'll know the reason why!" he would say. "He's going to bring all those jolly new diagrams down." Briggs was anxious that Old Grubs should appear in dress clothes—"for then, you know, Jack, he looks stunning!" Jack's answer was so scornful that a fearful quarrel seemed imminent, but certainly that happened at least half a dozen times a day, and they were just as good friends as ever.

"It's nice to see the dear boy so busy and happy," said his mother.

"And out of mischief," added Mr. Wilson.

"Richard sends word he can come home on Friday, dear," said Mrs. Wilson.

"He will enjoy meeting Mr. Gordon."

"I don't think a man of Mr. Gordon's intellectual culture would have much in common with Richard, mother," said Dora.

"I wish you and your brothers understood each other better, Dora."

"You know, mother, Richard wouldn't care if I were at—at Coventry, if only he could talk to Ruth!"

"Human nature, my dear, human nature!" said Mr. Wilson, with his easy laugh. "But I remember my sister Eliza being just as jealous of your mother."

"As if I were *jealous*!" muttered Dora.

Fortunately for Felicia, there was very little time for sentimental musing in the Wilson family, but whenever there was a leisure moment came the insistent thought—"Ought I to tell Mrs. Wilson that I know Arthur Gordon?" and then the same answer: "But I don't; I never saw him in my life! And what right have I to describe Mrs. Gordon's matrimonial plans and our mutual refusal? Besides, Mrs. Wilson of course would tell her husband, and he would certainly make sly allusions and jokes—it would be unbearable. No, I will say nothing, whether it is deceitful of me or not: keep out of the way, efface myself, if possible. Joscelyne has the sound of the very ordinary Joslin, and Felicia is lost in Ruth. I will trust to accident; if he *does* find out, he certainly will not proclaim his discovery on the house-tops, and I can explain it all quietly, and give a kind message to his mother."

Dora did not keep *her* anxieties to herself.

"Ruth," she said, joining the little group at Lucy's rabbit-hutch on Thursday afternoon, "Ruth, I *can't* persuade mother to have late dinner when Mr. Gordon arrives. You know some people are invited to meet him; he could have afternoon tea directly he comes, and then a nice light dinner at half-past six; I suppose we couldn't have it later, because of the lecture. I would undertake to make the *entrées*, from 'Tasty Dishes.' But it's no good; they've set their hearts on a heavy meat-tea, with cold fowls, and a great ham, pigeon-pie, and all the rest of it! The children will crowd up the table, and upset their cups, and Mr. Gordon will think us the regular Philistines we are."

"Philistines, Dora?" said Amy. "I thought David killed them all?"

"Of course he didn't; they were alive all through Kings and Chronicles," corrected Lucy.

"Juno thought that lovely sprig of parsley was for

her, and now that greedy Lord Fontleroy has snatched it away, Amy," said Felicia, laughing. "As to late dinner, Dora, from what Jack said of Mr. Gordon," flushing a little, "I should think, so long as he had something substantial to eat, he wouldn't mind whether it was called dinner or tea. And then Martha Simpkins does not wait quite perfectly yet, and might feel *flustered*, as she says."

"Oh, don't talk of it! Why *will* mother take such incompetent housemaids? Honesty and cleanliness are not all the virtues. But I feel inclined to give it all up in despair, and to relapse into hugger-mugger."

"It *will* fill up the table if we are all there," said Felicia. "If your mother does not mind, I could take Lucy and Amy to have tea with Mrs. Mans; she has asked them several times, you know."

"How lovely, you dear, darling Ruth!" cried Lucy, in ecstasies.

"It really is good of you," said Dora gratefully.

"We must be back in time for the lecture, though," said Lucy. "Mother promised me I might go."

"Oh yes, we will be back in time," replied Felicia, quite as pleased as the children.

Mrs. Wilson consented at once, when she saw their delight, so they started the next afternoon in high spirits; there was a very short railway journey, and then a two-mile walk, to the village. Jack, amiability itself, walked with them to the station.

"They haven't got a notice of the lecture in here!" he exclaimed, coming to a stand before a little shop in the picturesque old street. The tiny window was almost taken up with boxes of small potatoes; a card with an inscription in large text hand, arrested Jack's attention. "Schoolmasters for Setts," he read.

"It's the name of some potatoes; they are for planting," said Lucy, who had a great fund of general information.

"There is room for Briggs, as you won't be at tea, Ruth. Mother has let me invite him," remarked Jack, as the train was starting.

"Then you *are* glad I shall be away!" laughed Felicia. "Good-bye."

Mrs. Mans brought the weekly supply of poultry, butter, and eggs to the Wilson family, and the annual custom of "drinking tea" with her during the Easter holidays was an ancient institution which Dora now felt she had outgrown. The little farmhouse was of red brick, with two gables fronting the village green; a narrow box-bordered path led up to the front door, the little garden already bright with ribes, blue forget-me-not, and polyanthus; it was a warm, early season. How much there was to see and admire!—broods of chickens, with important clucking mothers, soft yellow goslings, calves, and frisky little pigs. Amy's pale cheeks were rosy with happiness. Mrs. Mans, as a parting gift, put some roots of auricula and hen-and-chicken daisies, neatly tied up in cabbage-leaves, into her basket, Lucy, strictly utilitarian, preferring plants of sage and lemon-thyme for *her* garden.

"It has been the nicest day in all my life," said Amy, as she went up-stairs to bed.

"We are just starting, Ruth," cried Dora. "Would you mind undressing Amy, and settling her off, and then coming with Lucy? Richard will wait for you;

he knows where our seats are. Mr. Gordon is *charming*!" she continued confidentially. "We have had the most delightful talk! Everybody admired the way I had decorated the table. You wouldn't have known Jack and Briggs, they were subdued to that extent. You really are very sweet and unselfish, Ruth!" concluded Dora, with a parting kiss.

It took some time to put sleepy Amy to bed, and to induce Lucy to make herself presentable. When they had started, too, Richard had a great deal to say, and proposed going the longest way round, but Lucy of course negated that. Mr. Wilson, who was mayor, was just concluding a genial opening speech, which was received with much applause; but the stamping and clapping that greeted the lecturer were deafening. The hall was packed, and Jack and Briggs were beaming.

"Everything is going off beautifully, dear," whispered Mrs. Wilson, as she made room for Felicia by her side. "Was Amy over-tired?"

And then Felicia could at last look at Arthur Gordon. He was perfectly easy and natural, with his chalk, black-board, and diagrams; not troubling his audience with many scientific terms, but managing to raise a thorough interest in his subject; giving some short anecdotes, amusing and very much to the point, and bringing his lecture to an end punctually and to the moment. Everybody was in high good-humour, and the vote of thanks ended with an urgent request to the lecturer to repeat his visit.

"How delighted Mrs. Gordon would be! She would tell me again that he began to talk when he was only eleven months old," thought Felicia to herself. Several members of the committee joined their party, and Dora being the only person certain to introduce her formally, Felicia contrived to enter the drawing-room in her absence, and escaped notice, as she hoped.

"Then, as your mother is nursing her sister, and away from home, you will stay here until she returns, Mr. Gordon," Mrs. Wilson was saying, when Felicia came to the breakfast-table next morning.

"You are very kind; I shall be glad to stay a few days," he replied, "if I am really not trespassing on your kindness. From what Mr. Taylor was telling me last night, this is a most interesting neighbourhood."

"Then, when you have written your letters, we'll go exploring," said Jack.—"You'll pack a lunch-basket for us, mother! May I ask Briggs to come too, sir?"

"Of course," said Mr. Gordon. "And you have been at work in your gardens already; I saw you and your sister from my window," he continued, turning to the little girls.

"Dora out before breakfast? Wonders will never cease!" remarked Jack.

"It was Ruth; she isn't our sister—she's the governess," explained Lucy. "Miss Joscelyne, her name is. We don't call her *Miss* anything, because we like her so.—Mother, I can sell you sage and lemon-thyme when you want any. Mrs. Mans gave me some lovely roots—a much better kind than what we have in the kitchen garden. Amy's auriculas look

very droopy; I told her to water them well, and then put pots over them. It's silly to cry about things."

"I thought the poor flowers had died," said Amy, with quivering lips.

"You must show me your gardens," said Mr. Gordon. "I could send you some seeds for them when I go home. My mother is a great gardener."

"I have Jack's piece now," said Lucy; "I pay rent for it in radishes and mustard-and-cress. I send them to his school in a nice tin box. You see, keeping rabbits and silkworms, I want a great deal of parsley and lettuce-leaves. Aren't silkworms dreadfully hungry things? Did you ever keep them, Mr. Gordon?"

"Indeed I did, Lucy," said Mr. Gordon, laughing. "When I was a boy, I had three rooms in the attics to keep my treasures in, and it was a very funny collection."

"I've cleared the school-room for our things, sir," interrupted Jack, as Mr. Gordon was giving an account of the alarming mischief wrought by a certain wood-eating caterpillar, "and put bottles, and jars, and tins in the book cupboard."

"I hope," said Mr. Gordon, turning politely to Felicia, "that you forgive such an invasion of your territory, Miss——"

"Miss Joscelyne," put in Dora.

"I am so stupid in remembering names," apologised Mr. Gordon. "I only know of one other Miss Joscelyne, though, but she had not a pretty homely name, like Miss Ruth—a very romantic and flighty young person, with a suitable name—Evelina, Pamela—I forget what!"

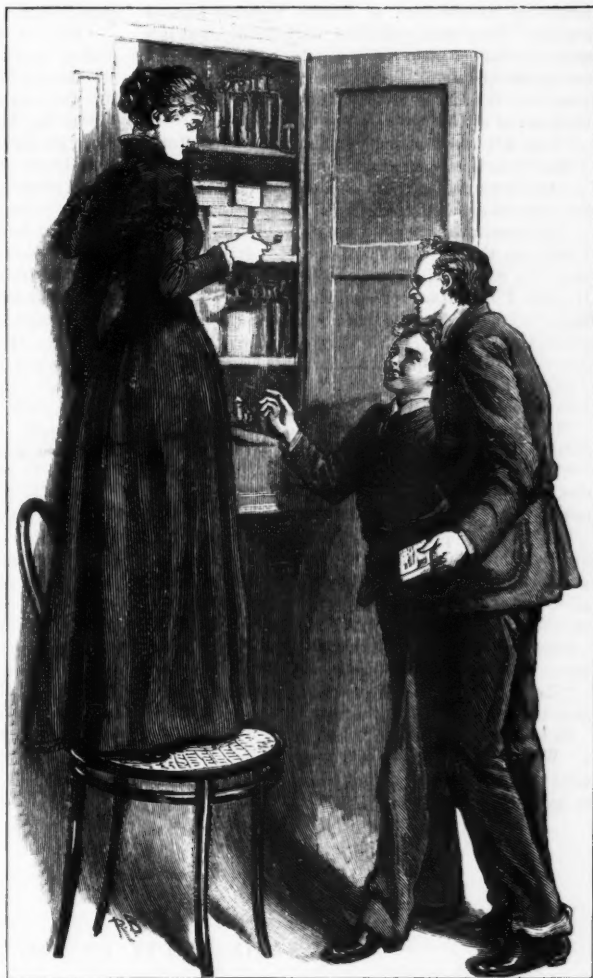
"But——" began Lucy.

"Our first post goes out in fifteen minutes," interrupted her father. "You will just have time for your letters, Mr. Gordon;" and everyone left the breakfast-table.

"Oh, how I wish Lucy had told him I was Felicia! There would have been an end of it. And he only thinks of me as 'a very romantic, flighty young person—Evelina or Pamela.' How silly of me to make so much ado about nothing!" thought Felicia to herself.

"Mother asks me to tell you that Richard is just starting, Ruth," said Dora, rather crossly.

"Oh, I thought he had gone," returned Felicia, with a carelessness which at once piqued and pleased his sister.



"'Splendid, Jack! you have thought of everything.'"—p. 460.

"Can't I do anything for you in town? Do give me some commission!" entreated Mr. Richard Wilson, appearing at that moment.

"No, thank you; I am in the happy state of not wanting anything."

"I wish I were," put in Dora. "But Ruth isn't like other people!"

"I quite agree with you, Dora," said her brother. "Good-bye; I shall be home again on Thursday," to Felicia. "Do remember these are the holidays, and give yourself some rest from those tiresome children."

"Richard never thinks whether I want any rest or not," said Dora, watching her brother's retreating figure as she stood at the window.

"You will be going to Ethel's soon; that will be a pleasant change for you, dear."

"No; Ethel says in this letter they have engagements up till October, so I must vegetate here, I suppose. They seem to think I want luxury, but it's quite a mistake; plain living and high thinking is all one needs—the simplest things, prettily served. What a contrast it must seem to you after that delightful Continental style!"

"I am fifty times happier here," interrupted Ruth. "Kind hearts are more than coronets," you know."

"As if I wanted coronets, or their equivalent!" was the scornful answer.

"But you have no aspirations after anything higher, I begin to think. Books are our best friends, after all; they never irritate, and rub one the wrong way. If only I had time for study! But I shall soon begin to fancy I am 'wasting my time over a book,' as people think it here, when they see me reading one. The other girls were in such a hurry to leave school—I wasn't, I know; I ought not to grumble so—I don't—to anyone but you, Ruth."

The lines in the pretty, troubled forehead relaxed a little under Felicia's kisses.

"Patience, Dora, and 'make the most of the sunshine when it comes,' as my dear sensible aunt used to tell me."

"Between the prison bars, Ruth," added Dora.

"Well, Mr. Gordon's visit is a ray, certainly; his very accent is soothing. He is very kind; one of those letters is to order some books he was talking to me about."

Lucy just then put her head inside the door, shouting—

"Ruth, Jack wants you in the schoolroom directly; he is in such a fury!"

Of course Felicia ran off at once.

"Where is it, now? Give it me this moment; you'll spoil all our morning. I never thought you could be so mean—that key, Ruth!"

"I haven't taken it, really—not seen it, even!" declared Ruth.

"What is the matter, Jack?" asked Mr. Gordon, coming in with his letters.

"The key of this cupboard, sir. Ruth, *did* you hide it? On your honour, now."

"On my honour, I didn't," said Felicia, laughing. "Let go my hands, Jack, and I'll look on the top. Very likely you put it there yourself, out of the way of the children. Here it is, hanging on a nail!"

"Oh, I remember: Lucy pries and peeps about so," grumbled Jack.

"You oughtn't to have it till you make a proper apology," insisted Felicia, still perched on a chair, as she opened the cupboard door.

"Splendid, Jack! you have thought of everything," cried Mr. Gordon enthusiastically, glancing at the collection of bottles and tin boxes. "It is a pity you cannot all come too," he continued, addressing Felicia; "but perhaps the children would be rather tired; we go straight across country. Miss Wilson is very interested in the subject."

"Dora!" exclaimed her brother incredulously.

"Yes, she *is* very interested," put in Felicia. "And when you make a shorter excursion, I know she would enjoy it thoroughly. She is so quick and observant; she would make a good naturalist."

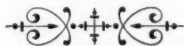
"You always stand up for the D.V.," muttered Jack, "We don't want any girls!—Here comes Briggs, sir. Mother has packed the lunch-basket. Isn't it a jolly morning, Briggs?"

"Then we'll start at once, boys," said Mr. Gordon.

"Your letters and spectacles," said Felicia, smiling, and handing them to him.

"Thank you, Miss Johns. I should certainly have gone without them," was the grateful answer.

(To be concluded.)



## JOY, THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

A SERMON PREACHED AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 26TH, 1893, BY THE VENERABLE WILLIAM MACDONALD SINCLAIR, D.D., ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, CANON OF ST. PAUL'S, AND CHAPLAIN-IN-ORDINARY TO H.M. THE QUEEN.

(Galatians v. 22.)



LIFE is not meant by our Heavenly Father to be mournful. Those of our religious poets who sing of this life as necessarily a dismal exile, a long and dreary business, a night of weeping, a vale of tears and woe, are using artificial, unreal, and affected language. There is not one of them who, if Fate suddenly appeared before them, like Queen Eleanor, with immediate and inevitable death in her hand, would not prefer a reprieve. It is only through the poison of sin and the disappointments of our own failures and misdoings that life is often so

sorrowful. Think when you were last grieved. Was it not because you had lost your self-restraint and committed some folly? When were you last in anxiety and distress? Was it not because you had been guilty of some great stupidity, or had seared your conscience by doing something you knew to be wrong, or had allowed the canker of some evil or defective habit to grow up within you, which would never let you forget its demoralising presence? Or may it not have been because you had allowed ambition and self-seeking to lodge in your heart, which must necessarily set everybody against you, and surround you with suspicion and jealousy, and



set you on a false and mistaken track, where you will find nothing but thorns, stones, morasses, and pitfalls, and be mocked by the fitful flicker of the will-o'-the-wisp of an ever-retreating allurements? If your unhappiness has ever come through the misconduct of others, then, on the one hand, it is true that they have caused the misery, contrary to the wishes of God, and on the other that you have probably made too much of them, and in exaggerating their merits and their importance to yourself have been erring against the law of God which tells you that you are not to set your affections too firmly on what is below, but on things above. And even if your mournfulness has come through the removal of the very light of your eyes from your side, yet if that terrible bereavement issued in a permanent dejection, it is a proof that you do not fully trust the Divine Hand, and that you are not yet ready to say, "It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good!"

It has been said by those who make generalisations in the wish to be thought philosophic, that the age in which we live is joyless and disappointed. That amounts to the assertion that amongst those persons who make up the characteristics of our era there are more who are dismal than happy. If we judge from the standpoint of the world, this may well be so, and it would probably have been always found to be true: the worldly people are always the most prominent, and influence the tone and fashion of society most forcibly; and it is that outward appearance which is most readily estimated. In any period or generation the really glad and happy are those who have a firm, vivid, and unshakable belief in God and in the unseen world, and who exercise themselves to have a conscience void of offence both towards Him and towards men. They are not always easy to discover for the purposes of philosophical generalisation; but all the while they are universally present, here and there, in every section of society, as the salt of the earth and the light of the world. It is these tranquil, radiant, unselfish, unambitious souls who, in their various quiet stations, keep the commonwealth from putrefaction. It is they who support all the glorious and salutary institutions of philanthropy. It is they who know the secret of the Lord, and have His perpetual sunshine in their hearts.

Yes! God meant us to be as happy as the birds that flit about with song and carol in the deep delight of summer woods. The picture of what we ought to be is given us in that beautiful poetical vision which Moses embodied in his story of Adam and Eve in the blessed gardens of Paradise. It is because we have come such a very long way from that idea, and have, in all our history and circumstances, grown so sinful, earthly, and worldly, and have been so miserably misled into placing our delight in what is not really true enjoyment at all, that life has often been to many so dull and sad.

Some of us make the grave mistake of imagining

that joy is pleasure. Some think it must be mirth and fun. Some identify it with perpetual novelty. It is in reality none of these things. Such empty gratifications pass away with a mere flicker, and leave no real satisfaction behind. "Mortal or natural joy is ever on the wing, and hard to bind; it can only be kept in a closed box; with silence we best guard the fickle god, and swift it vanishes if a flippant tongue haste to raise the lid." That is the way the world talks of its ideal objects of pursuit. True joy lies in the improvement of our character, the discipline of our affections, in being on the same side as the Supreme Ruler and Disposer of all things, in becoming more like Him who comprises in Himself all perfection, in sharing His Divine nature of beauty and glory, in understanding what is meant by love of Him and love of our humankind, and in steadily and earnestly carrying out that love in our daily lives. "Joy is the mainspring in the whole round world of everlasting nature; joy moves the wheels of the great timepiece of the world; she it is that loosens flowers from their buds, suns from their firmaments, rolling spheres in distant space seen not by the glass of the astronomer." Every created object that is fulfilling the law of its being is full of joy and unutterable contentment; and the law of our being is to discover and to fulfil the will of God.

Do you remember a passage in that short and nameless but very beautiful Psalm which occupies the forty-third place in our collection? It seems to put cause and effect in its true sequence: "O send out Thy light and Thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling-places. Then will I go to the altar of God, unto God my exceeding Joy." God's light and truth it is that we want first. His truth to teach us the exceeding littleness of all earthly things, and the lasting greatness and importance of all things spiritual; and His light to enable us to see and grasp these truths, to understand where in our past lives we have been so unhappily wrong, and how we may live nearer to Him in the future; His light to show us the curse of selfishness, and the bliss of Christian devotion to His service and to the good of our brothers and sisters of His great family. Then, and not till then, shall we be able to go with praise, thanksgiving, and gladness to the presence of God, to seek Him out, and find Him that is alone real and true, Himself to be our exceeding joy.

My brothers, like the wonderful gift of Christian love, the blessing of joy can only come to us through the Holy Spirit of God Himself, in answer to firm faith and continuous prayer. Joy is a sort of quiet, perpetual effervescence of internal happiness. "They that have a secret spring of spiritual joy, and a continual feast of a good conscience within them, cannot be miserable." Their contentment arises from the consciousness of what is eternal; whereas all the grief, trouble, melancholy, sadness,

despondency, gloom, dejection, and tribulation which from time to time afflict them, like clouds passing over a bright landscape, belong only to transitory and temporal causes. "Worldly joy is a sunflower, which shuts when the gleam of prosperity is over; spiritual joy is an unfading, an ever-green plant." Think what it is to feel our feet placed on the everlasting Rock; to hold daily communion with God, not through another, but in our own persons; to take a daily delight in doing our duty; to be persuaded in our very soul of souls that this life is but the preparation for that glorious existence to come, which has no ending; to realise that everything we do or say has its effect on that unending prospect; to feel under us the everlasting arms, and to know, by the experience of our own consciences, that God is indeed in the midst of us, therefore shall we not be removed for ever. "No joys are always sweet, and flourish long, but such as have the approval of conscience for their root, and the Divine favour for their shelter." Joy is the certainty of acceptance by a Heavenly Father's love; "it is love exulting in its own precious experiences; it is love aware of its own indisputable felicity, and resting in riches which it has no fear of exhausting; it is love taking a view of its treasures, and surrendering itself to bliss because it has no reason for foreboding." "I will see you again," says our dear Lord to each one of us, "and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

My brothers, you must not be disturbed because the world cannot understand the cause of your exhilaration. Remember that the exuberant exultation of the Apostles themselves on the Day of Pentecost was mistaken for the fulness of new wine. "The joys of the Christian are incomprehensible to those who have not tasted them, and yet they are the only real joys in the universe." The world is ever rushing for its amusements, and pastimes, and varied succession of pleasurable sensations. These are the resources for which it lives, and it knows nothing of the peace of God which passeth understanding, or the blessedness of him whose transgression is forgiven and his sin covered.

"Mankind is mad!

Such mighty numbers 'list against the right  
(And what cannot numbers, when bewitched, achieve?)—  
They talk themselves to something like belief  
That all earth's joys are theirs!

"They grin; but wherefore? and how long the laugh?  
Half ignorance their mirth, and half a lie;  
To cheat the world and cheat themselves, they smile.  
Hard, either task! The most abandoned own  
That others, if abandoned, are undone:  
Then, for themselves, the moment reason wakes  
(And Providence denies it long repose)  
O how laborious is their gaiety!  
They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen,  
Scarce muster patience to support the farce,  
And pump sad laughter till the curtain falls."

Do not, I pray you, allow the scepticism of the world to spoil the fulness of your gladness in

believing. There is all the difference imaginable between you, who realise that God has given you a revelation, and them to whom it is nothing better than an idle tale. Do not, as you value your immortal soul, allow the relation between you and your God to be spoiled or weakened by paying attention to the fashions and habits of mind in which the world indulges. If you do believe at all, believe with all your hearts. If you are convinced that your belief is reasonable, do not allow anything whatever to interfere with its hold upon your soul. Give yourselves up to that belief, plunge in it, swim in it, bask in it, drink of it, feed yourselves on it, delight in it, explore it, understand it, let it be the penetrating principle of guidance in your whole life. Then, indeed, your happiness will be complete. It was for an assured peace that our Lord gave us His message: "These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." "Now come I to Thee; and these things I speak in the world, that they might have My joy fulfilled in themselves."

Do not suppose, again, that this flower of your faith will come to you without repentance, or while sin is an accepted guest in your heart. Repentance must be deep and conscientious in the beginning, and renewed from day to day and from season to season. Human nature is never perfect on this side the grave. We are often betrayed into inconsistencies that mar our peace. If we are self-satisfied, not only shall we make no progress, but the real unutterable spiritual tranquillity can never be ours. "As sunshine seems brightest after rain, and calm is most welcome after storm; as pearls are fetched from deep waters, and gold is dug from far down in the mines; so joy is never so real or welcome as after sorrow; the truest joy is that poured into a broken heart." "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice. Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation and uphold me with Thy free Spirit." "The highest joy of the Christian almost always comes through suffering: no flower can bloom in Paradise which is not transplanted from Gethsemane; no one can taste of the fruit of the tree of life that has not tasted of the fruits of the tree of Calvary; the crown is after the Cross."

My brothers, when once you have this quiet, well-founded sense of spiritual tranquillity and imperishable satisfaction in God's Divine presence and grace, there are many things which will seem sad to you, but they will not be able to destroy your peace. "As sorrowful," St. Paul described himself, "yet always rejoicing." "A good man has more sorrows than the wicked are aware of: his own offences, the

sins of others, the dishonour of God, the prevalence of Satan's kingdom, and the present misery of his subjects. When the profane man pours out his blasphemies, the good man cannot help the tear rising, and is petitioning Heaven for his pardon. But he has one joy to strengthen him against all his sorrows, and that is, the truth of God's promises. "Spiritual joy is like the light of the sun, which though it may for a time be overcast with clouds of temptations, mists of troubles, persecutions, and darkness of melancholy, yet it ordinarily breaks out again with more sweetness and splendour when the storm is over. In any case, it has ever the Sun of Righteousness and Fountain of all comfort so rooted and resident in the heart that not all the darkness and gates of hell shall ever be able to displace or straiten it, no more than a mortal man can pull the sun out of his sphere, or put out his glorious eye."

Dear brothers, it is this feeling of spiritual joy that I want you all to cultivate, at all times. Have you received this gracious fruit of the Spirit? Is your joy the pleasure of seeing a brilliant drama, or eating a tasteful meal, or looking on a beautiful face or object, or any worldly and physical sensation whatever? Real joy is as sacred and Divine a thing as there is. You know that it is true that we may, if we choose, begin to enter on our inheritance of eternal things now, here, in this life. Especially is this the case with this Divine gift of the gladness of the soul. Do not rest content with any mere small, finite, temporal thing, and call that joy; it is some

mere passing earthly elevation of spirits. That is merely a selfish impression. That is not connected with any feeling of regret for our imperfection, as true joy must ever be. In true joy there can be no selfishness. It is the delight that comes from consciousness of the nearness of God, consciousness of love to Him, consciousness of sin forgiven, consciousness of living for the good of our brothers and sisters of the human family. True joy, being founded itself on the chastening of repentance and the acknowledgment of sin, will make you feel all the more tenderly and really the awful sufferings and sorrows of others. If your joy at the assurance that God has actually chosen you does not, by its very presence and fulness in your heart, make it more kindly and sympathetic, then you may know it quite well for the poor worthless kind of joy, the joy that is of the world, and passeth away. Let your joy lead you continually to the simple thanksgiving of the Lord's Supper, where, above all other places and times, you are impressed with the reality of your human brotherhood. And when you are at that joyous feast, do not go as a duty, a task, a performance. Go, because God has sent you His light and His truth! Go, because He has shown you both your failures and your hopes; because He has given you an understanding of the right way; because He has put into your hearts love for Him, the One and the True, and love for your fellows. Go, because you find in Him your exceeding great reward!



## THE MASTER OF KING'S HAVEN.

## A SKETCH.

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL, AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS," "A ROMANCE OF MAN," ETC. ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

HERE was a Dorcas Meeting going on at Sandhaven Vicarage, and on those occasions Mrs. Broadhurst, the vicar's wife, was decidedly in her element. It was a hot day, and the July sun was glaring down on the bright geranium-beds and the cool lily-stems with which the old-fashioned garden was set.

But the study was cool enough, with its green blinds and big open windows; and Mrs. Broadhurst, in her brown holland dress, was cutting out striped shirts with a large pair of scissors and an energy which knew no beginning and no end.

The members of the Dorcas Meeting were few in number, and consisted of Amelia Broadhurst, a pale,

lanky girl, with a timid manner; the squire's wife, Mrs. Hawke, and her two handsome, fashionable daughters; Mrs. Seddon, the doctor's wife; the village schoolmistress, and Miss Lettice Fontaine.

"One, two, three, four inches, hem and gusset, and I can really get the collar out of this piece. Really, I do flatter myself that I am pretty good at cutting out and planning," said Mrs. Broadhurst, with a little nod of triumph, as she rent a piece of shirting in halves with an energy that set everyone's teeth on edge save her own.

"And that reminds me that I have an interesting piece of news for you."

Amy and Florrie Hawke looked up from their *dilettante* sewing with a sudden expression of interest. The Dorcas Meeting was an intensely dull affair to them, which would have been absolutely impossible had there been anything better to do in Sandhaven.



But as Sandhaven was intensely dull in July, and times had been too bad to allow of their usual trip to Scotland, a Dorcas Meeting and a chance of a little gossip was better than nothing.

Miss Lettice Fontaine looked up from her diligent stitching, and smiled a little to herself; Mrs. Broadhurst so often had an interesting piece of news to impart, which quite as often proved absolutely uninteresting.

When she smiled, it was evident that Miss Lettice must have once been a very pretty woman.

She was faded now, and her face, with its tremulously sweet expression, looked quite its five-and-forty years, while her brown soft hair, which still lay so prettily on her low white forehead, was streaked here and there with grey. In fact, she was one of those members of society whom the world unites in faintly ridiculing—a poverty-stricken old maid.

Florrie and Amy Hawke, in all the pride of their youth and good looks, did occasionally deign to speak to her, and Mrs. Hawke now and again asked her up to the Hall to afternoon tea; for Miss Lettice was well-born, and her family had owned half a county when the Hawkes had been tillers of the soil.

But the family had ended in her, after a career that had gradually tended downwards, and with her the Fontaines would die out, unmissed and unmourned.

"For goodness' sake let's hear the news, Mrs. Broadhurst!" cried Florrie Hawke, as she leaned her handsome head forward, and arranged the folds of her pink muslin gown with her pretty white hand.

The vicar's wife looked round keenly, to see that everyone was on the tiptoe of expectation. Then she said emphatically, "King's Haven is taken at last. The vicar saw Mr. Lea this morning, and he said that Sir Anthony Vesey was coming in at once, and had already sent some of his boxes down."

"Oh, but *how* interesting!" cried the Hawke girls in one breath. "Is he married?"

"No, my loves," said Mrs. Broadhurst, with a faint touch of malice in her sharp voice. "There is a good chance for you. He is only about six- or seven-and-forty, quite good-looking still, and absolutely rolling in money."

"Do you know if Sir Anthony was in the army?" said Miss Lettice suddenly. Her face had flushed a little, and the hand that held the stiff wristband trembled nervously.

"Don't know, I'm sure," said Mrs. Broadhurst curtly. "Did you ever see him?"

It was so absolutely improbable that Miss Lettice had ever seen the interesting baronet that she asked the question more out of faint malice than any real kindness.

"I—I used to know him very well when I was young," said Miss Lettice simply; but even the Hawke girls, with their sharp eyes, could not detect the slightest change on her mobile face—never even guessed that in that name lay the one romance of Miss Lettice's grey, uninteresting life.

There was a little desultory conversation after this; a few questions asked, a few conjectures made, and the Dorcas Meeting broke up, still discussing the interesting topic of King's Haven.

"My dears," said Mrs. Hawke, as she walked meditating homewards, "you must really have some new gowns. I will get your father to squeeze some money out of somewhere, and write to Elise. Then we must, of course, ask Sir Anthony to dinner."

She looked swiftly at her two handsome girls, both dark and rich in colouring, and straight as young saplings. They would either of them make a very good Lady Vesey, and she only hoped that their strong wills would not clash over the desired prey. She was a little nervous, but she hoped for the best.

When Miss Lettice had folded up her work, and had said good-bye to the vicar's wife, and had paused to ask the schoolmistress after her sick baby, she too went homewards, with a heart in which memory had stirred some sleeping sadness.

Her way led her past King's Haven, and she paused for an instant at the big gates, and looked up the smooth gravel sweep, past the close-shaven grass-plot and the sun-dial and the stone balustrades, where the brilliant peacocks were sunning themselves, to the beautiful Elizabethan house, with its oriel windows and its stately walls.

Was Sir Anthony there already? and what had made him come to this out-of-the-way sea-side village, famous only for the beauty of its sea-line and the majesty of its rocky coast?

It would be strange to see him again, and stranger still to watch him unknown; for she would never reveal her identity to him—never let him know that she was the same Letty from whom he had parted long years ago, as a penniless subaltern, with bitter tears.

So much had passed since then. The father who had forbidden the young lovers to correspond was dead, and the old home long passed into the hands of strangers. But Miss Lettice's heart still beat a little faster as she remembered the boyish, handsome face, and the parting in the cold grey mist of a November morning, when India had seemed the very *ultima thule* of the world, and their own hearts were full almost to breaking.

"What a goose I am, after all!" said Miss Lettice impatiently, as she turned away from King's Haven and trotted homewards.

Miss Fontaine's home was a four-roomed cottage of red brick, with a mass of roses against the windows and a green plot of garden in front, set thick with asters and mignonette.

She paused as she walked up the miniature pathway to sniff at the bush of lavender, which she had brought as a sprig from her old home, and which had taken root and been the foundation of hundreds of bags of lavender in as many linen-presses in Sandhaven.

The drawing-room was, perhaps, a very unattractive room to outsiders, but to Miss Letty each shabby bit of furniture, each piece of cross-stitch, and each faded screen, represented some tender memory which she would not have parted with for any of the best old oak or delicate brocade.

She came into the room now with a little weariness in her step, which, however, passed off in an instant as she caught sight of a slim girlish figure curled up in the arm-chair.



"Why, Lady Dolly, my dear," she said joyfully, "how sweet of you to come! When did you get home?"

The girl had caught her round the waist, and was kissing her eagerly and impetuously.

"Darling Miss Letty, we only got home last night;

"Well, and what has been going on in this paradise of a place? Who is married and who has died since last March?" continued her ladyship imperiously.

Miss Fontaine had taught her the guitar in very early days, and from the moment of their first acquaintance their liking had strengthened into an



"Well done! well done!"—p. 463.

but of course I have come to see you at once, to bring you a little present from the sunny south." And she flung a handsome mantilla of Spanish lace round Miss Letty's shoulders. "There, you look perfectly delicious in it, absolutely adorable!" she cried ecstatically, as Miss Fontaine grew almost incoherent in her delighted thanks.

Lady Dolly Manton was one of those girls who, if not exactly beautiful, yet strike you with a sense of satisfaction which mere personal beauty will never give. She had fluffy golden hair and eyes of a deep tender blue; and if her nose was not absolutely perfect in shape, yet you were quite certain when you looked at her, that it was the most fascinating little *retroussé* nose in the world, and that her smile woke the most adorable dimples in her face.

She wore a dark blue riding-habit, which fitted her pretty figure like a glove, and Miss Letty's eyes fell upon her with a tenderness that made one aware that the softest place in her heart was given to Dolly Manton.

affection which the Misses Hawke thought one of the most ridiculous affairs in the world.

But then they had angled for Lady Dolly's friendship, and had angled in vain.

"Poor old Mr. Porter at the Lodge is dead; yes, and old Elias Vine; and Maggie Holloway is married," said Miss Lettice meditatively. "But that is all. Oh, yes; but I did hear a piece of news to-day: King's Haven is let at last."

"Yes, I know," said Lady Dolly quickly. "Sir Anthony Vesey was with us a good deal in Switzerland."

Miss Fontaine gave a swift glance at her. There was a tender touch of colour in the girl's cheek that could not be mistaken, and the little old maid felt a sudden stab at her heart, which left a dull pain when it had died away.

She got up and went over to where the girl sat, and kissed her tenderly on her forehead.

"It is very sweet to have you back again," she said;

"and it will be nice for you to have Sir Anthony so near the Castle."

She would give him up to her without a murmur, and be humbly thankful that her old sweetheart had won the heart of a girl so lovable as Lady Dolly.

"Yes, won't it?" said the girl absently, and after a minute or two she departed, promising to come again very soon. And Miss Lettice watched her ride away on her chestnut mare with a mist of tears in her grey eyes, which prevented her from seeing the dainty figure very clearly.

"There is no fool like an old fool," she said to herself, as she sat in the twilight, waiting for Anne to bring in the lamp.

"And as for caring for Sir Anthony now that he is rich and great, it is absolutely absurd. I—I really think that I must be in my second childhood."

But the miniature that hung round her neck by a shabby piece of cord could have told that night of a few bitter tears shed over its handsome face.

"She will never know or suspect anything," sobbed poor Miss Lettice; "but I cannot give this up to her; it must be laid on my dead heart in my coffin."

#### CHAPTER II.

THE new master of King's Haven arrived in a day or two, with all his belongings, and Miss Lettice saw him for the first time the next Sunday in church.

He was sitting in the Castle pew, next to Lady Dolly, who looked more radiant than usual in a forget-me-not blue gown, with a fantastic hat on her graceful little head.

Miss Lettice shrank into a seat out of sight, behind a pillar.

The Hawkes were in front of her, and between every verse of the hymn she could see the displeased glances that the girls cast on Lady Dolly. It was some time before she dared to look at Sir Anthony, for her eyes were strangely dim; and when she did, she could scarcely recognise in the elderly bronzed man the stripling from whom she had parted twenty years ago.

But there was still the old gesture as he threw back his handsome crisply curled head. And the well-knit figure, though it was fuller and broader than of old, was wonderfully young and active.

No, after all he had changed very little; and Miss Letty, after a long glance, turned away her head and pulled down her veil. She was so altered, so old and faded, while he was in the very prime of life, ready to love and to be loved.

When service was over, she hurried out of the door into the churchyard, and away down the path, but Lady Dolly was too quick for her, and she heard the girl's pattering footsteps coming after her.

"Stop, stop, Miss Lettice! Anyone would think that it was a winter's day, or that you were walking for a wager!" cried Lady Dolly in her sweet treble.

Miss Fontaine turned, and found herself facing the whole Seabright party—Lady Dolly laughing and bright, Lord Seabright with his usual jovial manner, and his—

"Well, Miss Fontaine! Delighted to see you again;

and you are really looking well—such a bright colour. Well done, well done!"

"Miss Fontaine, this is Sir Anthony Vesey," said Lady Dolly, with a little wave of her hand towards the upright figure.

Sir Anthony made a quick step forward, and took off his hat.

"Lettice Fontaine," he said, with a wondering look of astonishment; but the old maid did not look at him; she could not bear to see the surprised disappointment that she knew was written on his face.

"How do you do?" she said simply, holding out a tremulous hand—"Sir Anthony and I are old acquaintances, Lady Dolly, though we have not met for years."

And that was all, for Sir Anthony, chilled by the coldness of her greeting, fell back a pace or two with Lady Dolly, and Miss Fontaine found herself walking with Lord Seabright, and conversing on mangold-wurzels and prize heifers, with an air of great assurance.

When they paused at her little cottage gate, Sir Anthony took her hand in his, and looked keenly into her face.

"You will allow me to come and see you, Miss Fontaine?" he said, a little sadly.

"Certainly, if Lady Dolly will bring you," was her answer; and no one, seeing her quiet little figure in its trim black silk gown, passing leisurely up the box-bordered path, could have guessed the tumult that was raging within her soul.

Lady Dolly brought him down to the cottage the next day, and they talked of old times, she nervously keeping the conversation from touching on any tender topics, and he growing sterner and colder as the visit drew to a close.

She watched his manner towards Lady Dolly. It was very gentle and tender, and when his eyes fell upon her sweet face, it was with an expression of such affection as left no room in Miss Fontaine's heart for doubt as to his own feelings.

When they rose to go, Miss Letty's kiss and whispered blessing to the girl came from a heart laden with humble love and self-sacrifice; and if Lady Dolly was surprised at the warmth of her farewell, she said nothing.

Later on in the evening, Miss Fontaine felt that her little room was very stuffy, and that if she did not get out into the fresh air she would suffocate. So, slipping on her Quaker-like little bonnet, she passed out through the sleeping fields into the little fir copse that bordered the Castle grounds. The moon was full, and the shadows that the twisted branches cast upon the turf were weird in the extreme.

There was a heavy scent of clover in the air, and up in the highest fir-tree a sleeping wood-pigeon was crooning softly in its nest. It was only when Miss Lettice had entered the wood that she became aware that she was not alone: that two other figures were standing with their backs to her, very close together.

She staggered against a tree, laying hold of a supporting branch with a hand that trembled piteously.

For they were Lady Dolly and Sir Anthony, and she was crying, with her head on his shoulder, and his arm was round her slender figure.

"Don't cry, my dear, my dear!" he was saying. "I cannot bear to see your tears."

And stooping towards her, he touched the waves of her bright hair with his lips.

Through the night air there came towards them the faint sigh as of a dumb spirit in pain, and they started apart.

But it was only the pigeons, Lady Dolly said, with a little nervous laugh; and no one suspected that Miss Fontaine, with a breaking heart, was creeping homewards through the dappled grass and yellowing corn, to watch for the breaking day through the long hours of the night with wide, sleepless eyes.

It was mad folly on her part to remember the past, she moaned to herself; but since his lips had last touched hers in their mute farewell, it seemed to rend her very soul asunder to watch him kiss another woman. Next day was the Dorcas Meeting; and though she felt very tired, Miss Fontaine pocketed her thimble and went up to the Vicarage.

There were just the same little assembly of people as had been there the week before, and evidently some interesting topic of conversation was on the *tapis*.

"I think," said Florrie Hawke, with a toss of her elegant head, "that, after all, it's a very poor match for Lady Dolly Manton, for he's years older than she, and not so extraordinarily rich."

"Oh, well, he's tidily off," said her sister. "But I never could see the attraction of Lady Dolly: *no one* could call her pretty."

"Oh, but so fascinating!" put in Miss Broadhurst, with a little sigh; "her very manner is so—so delicious!"

She paused and blushed, then took up her work hastily, conscious of the finely developed stares of Florrie and Amy Hawke.

Like all plain women, Amelia Broadhurst had her ideal, and in this instance Lady Dolly was the object of her silent worship.

Miss Lettice thanked her with a look for her championship; and though her thin cheeks grew a shade whiter, no one noticed her in the interest of the animated conversation that ensued.

"I hear that the wedding will be in six weeks' time," said Mrs. Broadhurst. "I wonder if they will do anything for the village in the way of coals or beef? Really, I almost hope not; for when Lord Henry came of age all the doles were given to the most undeserving people, and the vicar was never consulted at all."

"I hope they will give a party or a *fete*," said Florrie Hawke; "and I suppose we shall all have to give her a wedding present? What an awful bore! I am sure that we are hard up enough already."

"Oh, we must do that, my love," put in Mrs. Hawke. "The wedding is sure to be in the *Morning Post*, with the list of presents, and it will look so odd if our name is not down."

Miss Lettice's heart smote her sadly.

What could she give Lady Dolly for a wedding present? She was too poor to buy anything worthy of her friend, and the thought tormented her for the rest of the afternoon.

When she reached home again, she began to turn over the few treasures that were left to her, in the

vain hope of finding something that she could give to the girl she loved.

In a little case, in the remotest depth of her writing-table, lay the only ornament of any value that remained to her from her young days: it was a tiny diamond swallow, with a ruby heart in its mouth.

Miss Lettice took the glittering brooch from its case, and sat looking at it in a brown study.

How well she remembered the day that her father had given it to her.

He had been very lucky over a speculation in some mining shares—the same mine that, in the end, proved his ruin; and she recalled the very look on his handsome face as he had tossed the trinket into her lap with a laugh and a kiss, bidding her pin her bonnet-strings with it on Sunday.

She never wore it now, and it looked as bright and new as on the very day when she had first received it. So she wrapped the little case carefully in tissue-paper, and laid it aside in her drawer. Some days passed before Lady Dolly came down to the cottage again.

And when she did so, she was driving tandem, with Sir Anthony at her side, and her smart groom sitting behind.

She sprang down, and ran into the little garden, flinging the reins to her companion.

"Darling Miss Letty, here I am! Did you think that I was never coming to see you again?" she cried, flinging down upon the table a basket of fruit and exquisite hot-house flowers.

It was then that Miss Lettice gathered up her courage in both hands, and faced the girl steadily.

How charming she was in the fresh flush of her youth and strength! and how becoming the sailor-hat was to her piquant face, and the serge gown to her figure!

"Lady Dolly, my dear, I have heard some—some glad news about you," said Miss Lettice tremulously. "But surely it is news that you should have come to your old friend with, for interest, and—and sympathy. Will you take this little present, dear, from me, and wear it often, and think of an old maid who loves you dearly, and wishes you every happiness in your married life?"

The pink flush from her own cheeks seemed to be reflected on Lady Dolly's face.

"You dear, dear thing! but it is a secret; I thought no one knew—for I may not speak about it yet," she stammered confusedly, as she took the neat little parcel into her hand.

"And will you tell Sir Anthony from me how glad I feel for his happiness: how—oh! you know best what I should like to say!" ended Miss Letty feebly.

Lady Dolly looked a little bewildered, then she kissed her old friend warmly.

"You might have been sure that I should have told you directly there was anything to hear, for you are the dearest friend I have ever had in my life," she said. "I will tell Sir Anthony, for he has been so kind about it all. And now, good-bye, and thank you a thousand times."

And she whirled away, leaving Miss Lettice a prey to some surprise and a little uneasiness. How



"Sat looking at it in a brown study."--p. 167.

lightly she had spoken of Sir Anthony! "Kind" was scarcely a word that seemed applicable to the occasion. But Miss Lettice knew that she had not kept pace with the times, and, no doubt, it was the fashion to take these affairs more lightly than in the old days.

Still, "*Kind!*"

She brooded over the word till her head ached and her brain felt bewildered.

In her own passionate wooing, no such word could have found place. But times had altered since then. When she had had her simple evening meal, she threw a lace scarf round her shoulders, and went out into her plot of garden.

It was late evening, though the dusk of the twilight had scarcely become merged in night.

There was a tremulous whisper about the beech-trees as the breeze stole in and out among the leaves. And away down in the village street, every

now and then a light crept out of the dusk, like a star.

The voices of the children at play on the green, the sharp bark of a watch-dog in a distant farm, and the tinkle of a sheep-bell near at hand were the only sounds that broke the edge of the evening. And Miss Fontaine, as she bent over her roses, pulling off a withered leaf here and there, started as the little wicket-gate opened, and clashed to again impetuously.

Surely the witchery of the hour must have been upon her, for it only woke a faint wonder in her heart when she looked up to find Sir Anthony Vesey standing at her side.

She could not speak, but she smiled tremulously, and held out her hand.

He took it in his own firm manly one, and held it tightly pressed in a warm clasp.

"Letty, what has come between us?" he said



abruptly. "When I saw you that Sunday for the first wonderful time—you, for whom I have been looking the whole wide-world through, since I returned from exile—you showed me only too plainly that you had forgotten me, and that we had ever loved one another. What has come between us?"

Her white lips murmured:—

"Lady Dolly—sweet Lady Dolly!"

"Lady Dolly!" he cried, with sudden impetuosity; "why, she loves my ne'er-do-weel scapegrace of a nephew, who is not worthy of the very ground she treads on! How could she come between us?"

Miss Letty's heart stopped beating for an instant, then went on in a wild tumultuous race.

"Do you love me no longer?" he was saying bitterly. "Strange, when my love has never varied for you since the day when we were forced asunder. I have always kept my heart for you, striven to lay up money enough to make a home for my wife. And when a marvellous chance gave me possession of my cousin's title and fortune, I rejoiced only in the hope that now I should be able to search for you and to find you out, even though you were in the utmost ends of the earth. Verily, and indeed,

'Woman's love is writ in water,  
Woman's faith is traced on sand.'

He half turned away, but she caught him by the sleeve.

"Anthony, is it true?" she said wildly. "Can you care for *me*, a faded old maid? Look, Anthony, see my face lined and wrinkled, my hair growing grey, my——"

"Darling!" he said tenderly, "I see nothing but the face I love better than all the world beside."

And with a low cry of wonder, she crept into his arms, and laid her head upon his shoulder.

Their wedding was a nine days' wonder in Sandhaven—a nine days' wonder and a nine days' regret.

"For, of course," as Mrs. Hawke said lamely, "if we had known that Miss Fontaine was ever going to have the chance of marrying so well, we should have been more civil to her. And now, I suppose, the gates of King's Haven will be closed upon us."

But Lady Vesey was not spiteful. She had her husband, the lover of her youth, the faithful lover of her old age, and the pettiness of the whole world was merged in her joy.

## IGNORANCE OF TO-MORROW.

BY THE REV. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

"Ye know not what shall be on the morrow."—JAMES IV. 14.



**THE MORROW HIDDEN.** In other words, translating it into figurative language, the next turning and all subsequent turnings in the journey of life are unrevealed to sight. We cannot penetrate beyond to-day. What may appear at first a trite and commonplace statement will doubtless be found, as it was intended to be, profitable for instruction in righteousness.

In some subordinate—indeed, in some important—senses, we *can* look forward and cast the horoscope of the future. The man of science can register the hour, the

minute of the eclipse. By a more ordinary calculation, founded on the simplest experimental data, each of us can forecast the morrow and the time to come, in respect of the succession of day and night, or the revolution of the seasons. We know that on the literal morrow the sun will rise in the eastern sky. In the green of early summer we can anticipate with certainty the yellow sheaves of harvest. In the waning days of autumn we know that outer nature will ere long go to its grave—with the snow as its winding-sheet; with equal certitude that it will, in

due time, come forth anew in resurrection attire, clothed in the living verdure of spring; while the meteorologist, in one of the latest phases of his study, ventures, with singularly approximate accuracy, to foretell climatic and atmospheric changes. But though the morrow can be thus made matter of prescience and calculation regarding the sequences of Nature, not so regarding human experiences. No telescope has ever penetrated or *can* penetrate that mysterious undeveloped future. No telegraph message can reach us from its shores—no electric spark traverse the depths of its unnavigable sea. No vessel ever yet set sail to that impenetrable silent land, and from amid its fogs and darkness brought back an authentic and authenticated message. *The Morrow!* It often ushers in events with the suddenness of a shock—like the instantaneous upheaval of the earthquake. Life flows on, from day to day, a placid river. We get accustomed to and familiarised with its easy, untroubled current; not a wrinkle obscures or ruffles its surface; no premonition of a cataract at hand. But in a moment, with one furious bound, *down* it is swept in foam and thunder to the rocky caldrons beneath. Ah! the soliloquy is often rudely broken: "To-morrow shall be as to-day, and much more abundant." To-morrow comes, but it comes with chairs emptied and windows darkened. To-day—rings some jubilant chime; to-morrow!—the bells are

muffled, the eye is dimmed, and "man goeth to the long home"!

Take a brighter alternative view and picture. How the future often brings joy and blessing and prosperity, utterly unexpected! How many can tell to-day of the horn of plenty being poured into their lap; realised abundance which in days of youth would have seemed a fairy-dream. They never thought of aught other than a humble mediocrity. The picture (their own mental picture) of "the morrow" was that of Jacob. They set out in life, staff in hand—existence an anticipated hard battle. But, like him, they can say now: "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands." How even our shrewdest guesses and calculations turn out incorrect. What we feared would be our greatest troubles turn out our signal mercies and blessings. We may remember how the mother of Jabez weaved her plaintive, mournful lullaby over the cradle of her child. She had no delight in him. She called him Jabez, *i.e.*, "Sorrowful." But her verdict was at fault, misplaced and mistimed. When the morrow of her child's life came, he was "more honourable than his brethren." He grew up her prop and joy and solace. He became more truly her "Barnabas," a son of consolation—the nourisher of her old age—erasing the furrows from her brow, and, perhaps, closing her eyes in death!

But I need not multiply illustrations, so different is that morrow of life, in the case of most, from what was anticipated; so strange and fitful the transformations in our individual histories, as to lead us at times almost to question our personal identity.

Let me, however, view this ignorance of to-morrow's road as containing a *gracious ordination*. Our Blessed Redeemer, in making a similar statement in His Sermon on the Mount, more positively still than His later Apostle, asserts the kindness and beneficence of this Divine arrangement when He exhorts to "Take no thought for the morrow." It is very true that in some respects and in some circumstances it would be a desirable thing were the future unfolded to us. In the reminiscences of not a few, could they have known the morrow, how many evils, sorrows, sins, might have been spared! "Had I foreseen," one may be heard to say, "that temptation, I would have fled from it. Had I foreseen that sunken rock, I would have steered in time the moral helm and averted moral and spiritual shipwreck. Had I been able to prognosticate that impending sickness and premature death; had I anticipated that my fellow-pilgrim or relative would have so soon succumbed to the last enemy, how differently would I have acted! How I would have avoided the needless irritation, or saved the infliction of the thoughtless pang, or cancelled the unforgiving word; smoothed with tenderness the pillow of pain, or used with greater promptitude efforts to ward off the blow with its irreparable loss:—how I would have spoken and expostulated with the fidelity of tried friendship on the one subject of peerless importance. Ay—more than all—if

I knew that next year my own summons would come, that next year the green grass would wave over my own grave, how differently would I now live! How would these fleeting, fugitive, golden moments be garnered and improved! As I marked day by day, week by week, month by month, the diminishing grains in the sand-glass, till the solemn reality was before me that I had but a day more to live! another sun only to rise, but which would set unseen by me—my watching time and working time vanishing for ever—how would all worldly projects look worthless!—how would the point be driven away from my winged ambitions, and the gold I covet seem as base alloy! Yet, notwithstanding these apparent partial advantages which a knowledge of the future would doubtless confer, there is diviner beneficence in the reverse. The provision of the Almighty is a wise and loving one: "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow."

In order to give definiteness to these remarks, let me proceed to assign a few reasons why this ignorance of the morrow is desirable.

I. *It enables us, in a Christian sense of the word, to enjoy the present.* It allows us to retain present equanimity, and to enjoy the blessings which God has given to us. Were that morrow known, it is not too much to assert that it would make life one long anticipated sadness and sorrow. That friendship—now so sacred—heart answering to heart in blissful communion and interchange of thought, feeling, and interest: some unforeseen, trivial accident interposes, like the jutting rock in the mountain rivulet; the stream is severed, and each, in hapless divergency, pursues an opposite course. How the thought—the possibility of such an estrangement—would have marred every hour and moment of confidential intimacy and affection while it lasted: a forecast of it would have rendered such companionship impossible.

Take a more sacred case: that of the loving parent. Could the mother feel certified that that child, sporting innocently at her feet, or climbing on her knee, was in a few brief years to die, that its tiny bark was to be wrecked ere leaving the home-haven, how sorrowfully would its glad laugh sound in her ears! how grating the music! Ask the father whose soul is bound up in some precious little one, the inheritor of his name and fortunes—every dream of the future associated with his boy—what would be his feelings? How would years of happiness be palled in sackcloth were he to know that in life's earliest morning he would be called to stand by that loved one's grave, or to gaze on the empty cradle and unused toys! I say, again, would not existence be turned into one long season of forecasted misery: its torture increasing as he felt the day was drawing nigh when the remorseless tide would reach the mark and sweep his treasure away? But, blessed be God, no such prescience is ours. We are permitted, as God's children, to enjoy the spring blossoms without foreseeing them scattered and withered with

storms. This, let us solemnly recall, was one special and unique element in our Lord's sufferings which His suffering people know nothing of. He *did* know the morrow! As the Omniscient One to whom the future was all marked out, the dark shadows of Gethsemane's Garden and Calvary's Cross were projected on His path. There is a familiar and impressive tradition which more than one great painter has utilised: Jesus, while toiling in the workshop of Nazareth, being startled by the figure of the Cross formed by the planks on His bench. The tradition is a vain one. But there was a dread reality in the truth it meant to convey; that to the eye of that young Galilean artisan—to the eye which, under human garb, had the glance of Divine foreknowledge, there loomed the shadows of approaching suffering. From us, all coming years of pain and sorrow are mercifully concealed. But what must have been the thoughts, the pangs, which burdened His soul, when, of His last journey to the scene of supreme anguish, it is said: "He set His face steadfastly to go up to Jerusalem"! There was in this respect an awful and special emphasis—because they had a meaning peculiar to Himself—in the words: "Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of, and be baptised with the baptism that I am baptised with?" (St. Mark x. 38).

II. A second reason why there is kindness and beneficence manifested in our ignorance of the future (our not knowing what shall be on the morrow) is that *it leads to a simpler trust in God*. He knows that future. He knows that morrow—every chapter, every page, every line in life's history. It is the joy and prerogative of His child to confide in Him. "Oh, my Father!" he says, "lead me. Unfold to me Thine own plans and purposes. I do not anticipate them. I have no anxious, overweening care. The Lord is my Shepherd. The Lord is my Keeper. The Lord is my Guide, even unto death."

"Father, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out to me;  
The changes that will surely come,  
I do not fear to see;  
I ask Thee for a patient mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee."

Yes, it is this trust in God which distinguishes the believer from the unbeliever; the child of grace from the child of nature. In the context of the words of St. James, the Apostle is rebuking "the men of the world" who have no such trust, who have their portion only in this life; who live as if to-morrow were their own; as if there were no Guide at the helm, and the vessel were plunging and heaving in the waves of wild, wayward, capricious fate. They are their own masters. Their time is in their own hands. They lay their own plans and purposes, as if there were not the chance of divergence or disturbance. "They even rejoice in their boasting." "Stop," he seems to say, "ye arrogant boasters. Ye may not heed me. But this" (he adds in v. 15) "is what ye ought to say, 'If the

Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that.'" Like the rich fool in the parable, they build their barns, they construct their schemes, as if the world were to last for ever. They refuse to open eyes or ears until the crashing sentence startles them from their atheist-dream—"Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee!"

Blessed for us (and for all the children of God) will be this ignorance of what is to befall, if it drive us closer under the shadow of the Almighty's wings; if it lead us more lovingly to trust Him in meting out for us every drop of to-morrow's cup, and to cherish with unwavering assurance the unfailing promise, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." Would that we could thus ever see our lives as a programme, written, as it were, by the great God Himself. In laying every plan for the future, whether with regard to our families, our homes, our places of business, be it ours to say in the words just quoted (not in mere proverbial conventionalism, but in devout acknowledgment of the great Guider and Provider), "*If the Lord will.*" It would moderate all anxieties. It would disarm all misgivings. It would extract the sting from all sorrows. It would take us to the graves of our children and enable us to read, through our tears, words written by Him who knows that future which we do not know—"Taken away from the evil to come."

III. A third reason why it is well for us that we are ignorant of the morrow, is that this ignorance acts as an *incentive to constant watchfulness*. This thought has been already anticipated, so that it is unnecessary to expand. Enough to ponder the solemn words of the Wise Man, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; thou knowest not what a day may bring forth!" You *may* live to a green old age—a goodly cedar in the Lebanon forest. But who can tell? The axe may be laid at the sapling's root. As the Lord liveth and as thy soul liveth, there may "verily be but a step between thee and death!" What an argument, therefore, does this veiling of the future afford for habitual vigilance; that on no returning day when the early beams gild our chamber can we tell whether or no it may be our last. The friend we talked with but yesterday on the street, or transacted business with in the exchange, so full of worldly schemings, so sanguine of a successful future—his air-castle, turret on turret, was being built. We open the morning's newspaper, we read how the touch of an invisible hand had, in the twinkling of an eye, overturned the fabric and written over it, "Gold which perisheth."

"Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell and get gain. Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away!"

Let us be up, and, with the energy of men, remain no longer traitors to our immortal trust. Redeem

the time. It is not "to-morrow"—but "to-day, if ye will hear His voice." We know not how soon the last morrow may overtake—the alarm-bell ring, and the Judge stand before the door. Our ignorance, surely, accentuates the Master's call—"What I say unto one, I say unto all, Watch!" "Wakerif" is a quaint word used by some of the old divines, expressive of calm faith and expectancy—the girded loins and the burning lamps. Let this attitude be ours.

Thus Watching, Waiting, Working, the morrow may be left to evolve itself without anxiety or apprehension. When the unlooked-for summons and the supreme hour arrive, if we have fled to Christ as our Saviour, Christ within us the hope of glory, we shall be ready with the response, "Lo! this is our God: we have waited for Him:" and the uncertain and precarious morrows of time will be exchanged for the cloudless and unending "Morrow of Eternity."



## EARTHLY PARADISES.—II.

BY THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A., CHAPLAIN TO H.M. FORCES, AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH MARRIED," ETC. ETC.



HE wife of one of our most celebrated literary men said, not long ago:—"It is a great mistake for brainy people to marry brains, and, happily, few of them do it. Put two geniuses together in matrimony, and you have two cats in a bag—nervous, fretful creatures, with no patience,

and less common sense, who will be always worrying each other, and tugging in opposite directions at the matrimonial chain. What a clever man wants is a clear-headed, sensible wife, who will forget his vagaries in remembering his brilliancy, and remain a constant shield between his sensitiveness and disagreeable things: something, in fact, like one of those cushions that sailors put down the side of a vessel to keep it from jarring too roughly against the dock. Look at me, for instance. I never wrote a word for publication, painted a picture, composed music, or did anything clever in all my life. But I make my husband just the sort of wife he needs."

If what is here said be a law of nature, it is one to which there are many exceptions. One is the case of the French writer, Alphonse Daudet, and his wife, who loved literature, and was a charming writer and critic herself. They worked together in an earthly Paradise. "She has been," says his brother, "the light of his hearth, the regulator of his work, and the discreet counsellor of his inspiration. There is not a page that she has not revised, retouched, and enlivened." Once Daudet had a sentimental and dramatic scene with his wife, concerning which he remarked:—"This seems, my dear, like a chapter that has slipped out of a novel." "It is more likely, Alphonse," was the reply, "to form a chapter that will slip into one."

I do not recollect any of our celebrated prose writers who was quite so happy in his domestic life, as long as it lasted, as Lever. He nearly died of a broken heart when he lost his wife.

It might be thought that an *autocrat* of a *breakfast-table* could not be a married man; but this Oliver Wendell Holmes was for forty-eight years. That he was happy, though married, might be inferred from his genial writings, even if we had not the direct testimony to this effect of those who have visited him. A friend thus describes the sharer of his home:—"Mrs. Holmes was not a literary woman, but she was a woman of education and refinement, and no one who has ever visited the author's home will forget the gracious charm of his wife's presence. She was a small, dainty woman, with manners of old-fashioned cordiality; and yet, with all her gentleness, she stood as a breakwater between her husband and the prying, pushing world.

The contemplation of Nature's calm and orderly working would seem to exercise a soothing influence upon her students if it be true, as it seems to be, that more great natural philosophers have lived in earthly Paradises than celebrities in other walks in life. After twenty-eight years' experience, Faraday spoke of his marriage as "an event which, more than any other, had contributed to his earthly happiness and healthy state of mind." For forty-six years the union continued unbroken, the love of the old man remaining as fresh, as earnest, and as heart-whole as in the days of his youth.

James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam-hammer, had a similar experience. Speaking of his wife, he said: "Forty-two years of married life find us the same devoted 'cronies' that we were at the beginning."

Considering how weak the health of Darwin was, he would probably never have been able to make his fruitful discoveries if he had not had a wife and children, who saved him from trouble, and the leisure of a very happy home.

It is pleasant to find harmony in the home of a



great musical composer as well as in his compositions. There were no discordant notes in the matrimonial duet played by Mozart and his wife. Being only eighteen when she married, the latter had not attained to a great amount of wisdom, but she had much of her husband's gaiety of heart, which, in the inevitable perplexities of their *ménage*, was the best possible substitute.

In all his family relations Mozart was the tenderest of men. In his darkest moments he had always a smile for his adored wife. For years she was an invalid, and he used to write by her bedside while she slept. When he went out in the morning for a ride, he would steal softly into her room and leave a tender note to greet her waking. Here is one of them: "I wish you good-morning, my dear little wife. I hope you have slept well, and that nothing has disturbed your repose. Be careful not to take cold, not to rise too quickly, not to stoop, not to reach for anything, not to be angry with the servant. Take care also not to fall upon the threshold in passing from one room to another. Keep all the domestic troubles till I come, which will be soon." The home of a man so unselfish as this could scarcely fail to be an earthly Paradise.

It frequently happens that men of letters, artists, clergymen, and people who work at home, do not appreciate their homes as much as men do whose work takes them away from them for days at a time, or at least for several hours each day. These last feel as Burke did when he said:—"Every care vanishes the moment I enter under my own roof!" President Lincoln never failed to get relief from public burdens and responsibilities in the society of his family. He could turn aside from the mob of office-seekers who daily afflicted him, and find in his children's society refreshment of spirit, the bonds of affection being thus strengthened by the cares that too often estrange a busy man from his family.

Another great American who found an earthly Paradise in his home was Franklin. In his early life he paid attention to a Miss Read, but soon afterwards went to London, where he remained several years. During the separation he neglected the young lady in a manner which he himself afterwards condemned. On his return, he found that she had married and become a widow. Franklin's early love revived, and he asked her forgiveness and a renewal of her affections, which were readily granted. Of their union, which continued nearly forty years, the husband remarks:—"We prospered together, and it was our mutual study to render each other happy. Thus I corrected as well as I could the error of my youth."

A friend of Lord Beaconsfield, speaking of the time he was only Mr. Disraeli, writes:—"We were congratulating him upon the result of an election. He had been returned by an enormous majority. One thing he said I particularly remarked: 'My wife will be very pleased.'"

This lady was fifteen years older than Disraeli, and he used frequently to tell her, in joke, that he had married her for her money; to which she would reply: "Ah, but if you had to do it over again, you would do it for love"—a statement to which he always smilingly assented. But if Disraeli did not marry for love, the affection which existed between him and his "perfect wife," as he called her, stood the trials of thirty years, and deepened as they both declined into age. If defeated, he hurried home to be comforted by the helpmate and confidante, who never believed that he could fail, and in his greatest triumph there was to him no place like home. On April 12th, 1867, when he defeated Mr. Gladstone's amendment to the Reform Bill, the younger members of the party extemporised a supper at the Carlton Club, and begged him to join them. But Lady Beaconsfield was never tired of repeating: "Dizz came home to me"; and she would add how he ate half the raised pie which she had prepared in anticipation of his triumph. On another occasion (3rd of April, 1872) this sympathetic wife hastened back from listening to a great speech in order to receive the orator. When she heard his carriage, she hurried from the drawing-room to the hall, rushed into his arms, embraced him rapturously, and exclaimed: "Oh, Dizzy! Dizzy! this is the greatest night of all! This pays for all!"

The picture that is given by his biographer of the home-life of the Right Honourable William Edward Forster is a very beautiful one. He was never weary of acknowledging his indebtedness to his wife, whom he cherished with a chivalrous reverence not too common in the present age. She was the daughter of Dr. Arnold, and his admission into a family of such intellectual distinction insensibly widened his sympathies, and brought his mind into contact with ideas of which he had known comparatively little before. He did his work in the same room with his family, he reading and writing at one table, his wife at another. The library was the scene of their joint life and perfect companionship.

Few couples live in a more complete paradise of congeniality than Prince Bismarck and his wife. And yet the great statesman began his wooing in a characteristic way, that might almost be described as violent. He had once or twice met Fräulein von Puttkammer, but he did not know her parents even by sight when, in 1847, he made up his mind to marry her. He wrote a brief, business-like letter to the young lady's father and mother, demanding their daughter. As his reputation was not the best, they hesitated; but when Johanna, their daughter, intimated that she did not look upon the young gentleman unfavourably, it was decided that he should be invited to come and see them. When the time came for him to arrive, the parents put on an air of grave solemnity, and the young lady stood with her eyes modestly bent upon the ground. Bismarck rode up, and alighting, threw his arms

around his sweetheart's neck, and embraced her vigorously before anyone had time to remonstrate. The result was a betrothal. Bismarck is fond of telling this tale, and he generally finishes with the reflection:—"She it is who has made me what I am." No home into which bores enter can be called a Paradise; and, if it were for no other reason, Princess Bismarck deserves the undying gratitude of her husband because of her success in keeping at a distance these enemies of peace. An ambassador of one of the great Powers called on Bismarck, and in the course of a rather long conversation asked the prince how he managed to get rid of troublesome visitors. "Oh, that is very simple," replied the Chancellor. "When my wife thinks anyone is staying too long, she merely sends for me, and thus the interview ends." At that very moment a servant entered, and, bowing low, begged his master to favour the princess with his presence for a few minutes. The ambassador blushed, as much as

any diplomatist *can* blush, and at once withdrew as gracefully as possible in the trying circumstances.

In much the same way Mrs. Gladstone defends the Castle of Hawarden from the attacks of bores. She at least understands her grand old man—what friends to encourage, whom to protect him against. Mr. Gladstone has publicly announced that every morsel of animal food which he puts into his eloquent mouth requires, for the purposes of digestion, thirty-three—or is it thirty-two?—distinct bites. Mrs. Gladstone, therefore, takes care that he should always eat slowly. It might be said of her as was said of Mrs. Carlyle:—"Her hardest work was a delight to her when she could spare her husband's mind an anxiety or his stomach an indigestion." For more than half a century this grand old couple (we are not speaking of politics) have presented to the world a wholesome and blessed example of happy marriage.



## SHORT ARROWS.

### NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

#### SPIRITUAL DEATH.



HERE are families, districts, aye, churches, where there is to be found a state of things similar to that which is recorded of the whaling ship with its frozen crew. The captain of a Greenland whaler was surrounded with icebergs, and lay-to until the morning. When morning

came, he looked about and saw a ship near by. He hailed it. No answer. Getting into a boat with some of his crew, he pushed for the mysterious craft. Getting nearer, he saw through the porthole a man at a stand, as though keeping a log-book. He hailed him. No answer. He went on board the vessel and found the man sitting at the log-book frozen to death. The log-book was dated 1762, showing the vessel had been wandering for thirteen years among the ice. The sailors were frozen among the hammocks, and others in the cabin; for thirteen years this ship had been carrying its burden of corpses. Alas! how many communities, families, churches are like this ship! Well-preserved death is the most that can be said of them. And so they continue year after year; and when a call of life comes to them, they know it not. God keep us from this frozen state—from ice around—from death within.

#### "COME TO JESUS."

There was a woman who was very ill and was visited by one of the London City Missionaries.

The missionary had to go away, but before going he left with her the little book, "Come to Jesus." On his return, with uplifted hands and a face the missionary never could forget, she said, "I thought I should never see you again. Come and tell me more about Jesus. *This* little book I could eat! Read this page; I have read it again and again." How many are there who will not taste the words of life, much less eat them! It needs a hungry soul too long to appropriate the Word.

#### THREE ESSENTIALS.

It is interesting to notice the progress of civilisation among the wild tribes of Afghanistan. In the year 1885 Mr. Salter Pyne was commissioned by the Ameer Abdur Rahman to establish workshops in Cabul for the manufacture of "what the country needed;" the necessary funds and labour being placed at his disposal. Three months afterwards the Ameer inspected the works, and then made the following speech:—"This is one of the happiest days of my life. I have to-day seen the foundation of what is to be a great event for Afghanistan. Before these workshops can be finished there are three essentials required: 1. God's help. 2. My money. 3. Your work. Your work and God's help without my money are useless. God's help and my money without your work, and your work and my money without God's help, are equally valueless. I will find the money; you will do the work; and we must hope for God's help."

There are those among us in this highly favoured England who work forgetful of the fact that it is God alone who gives the increase, and therefore do not reap their highest reward; and there are those who leave everything to God, and do little or nothing themselves, and then grumble that the result is not altogether satisfactory—disregarding the words of St. James: "Faith without works is dead." Employers and employed may learn a lesson from the swarthy Afghan ruler, and would do well to bear in mind the three points of his remarkable address:—1. God's help. 2. My money. 3. Your work.

## LIFE AND DEATH.

In the midst of life we are in death, and it is well that the thought of this should exercise a solemnising and restraining influence upon our minds. In ancient Egypt, at the end of a fashionable dinner, a mummy richly painted and gilded was presented to each guest in turn by a servant, who said, "Look on this; drink and enjoy thyself; for such as it is now, so shalt thou be when thou art dead." They made a wrong use of the thought of death. With them the teaching of death was, "Eat and drink, for to-morrow you die;" with us it should be, "As thou must die, take heed how thou dost live."



OVER THE FIELDS.

## OVER THE FIELDS.

Perhaps nothing shows Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature more than his representation of Falstaff as babbling of green fields when dying. No matter how we have lived, our thoughts at the end of life generally wander back to the innocent days of childhood. And how children do love the fields! You tell a boy that you are going over the fields to some place, and he will ask with the greatest eagerness to accompany you, whereas he would not care to go at all if the journey were to be made by road.

## IF ONLY THEY KNEW IT!

The amount of money lying in the various banks in the kingdom concerning which there is no clue as to the owners amounts to about two hundred millions of pounds sterling. There are about nine hundred millions sterling in the bank deposits; and of that no one knows the owners as to about one-fifth. Ignorance keeps the rightful owners out of their wealth. And if only in spiritual things people knew what is theirs, they would claim it, and be enriched for ever. But they don't know, and often they don't want to know; and their incredulity keeps them out of their riches up to the very end.

## THE PARABLE OF THE SLIPPER AND THE BOOT.

A slipper once said to its friend the boot, "You have a much better time of it than falls to my lot. My master puts you on his foot, and away out into the world you go to see its sights. You are with him at his business, and with him in his pleasures. You have a goodly time, friend boot, whereas I perforce have to content myself with the humdrum of home, for he wears me only in the house. I would that we could exchange places."—"Oh! brother," said the boot, "yours is a shallow complaint. I truly see the world, but I pay a penalty. The constant tramp over hard stones and rough roads wears out my sole. When first our master wore me I used to creak and groan, for the hardness of the way chafed me, and the dirt into which he trod made me sick. All this I have become used to, and now am silent. But just think for a moment: if I see the world, it is because I have a thicker sole than you and a stouter upper. You do your work, and I do mine; 't were a folly to talk of exchange." *Moral.*—Every man works best in his own sphere.

## OPPORTUNITY.

Shakespeare says that there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. This is probably that one great opportunity which comes

to a man once in his life, and to some men more than once. A sculptor once showed a visitor his studio. It was full of gods. One was very curious; the face was concealed by being covered with hair, and there were wings to each foot. "What is its name?" said the spectator.—"Opportunity," was the reply.—"Why is his face hidden?"—"Because men seldom know him when he comes to them."—"Why has he wings upon his feet?"—"Because he is soon gone, and once gone he cannot be overtaken." The history of many a failed life is that of lost opportunity. The opportunity was unperceived at the time, or it was not taken advantage of. Sometimes these opportunities tarry with us for a while—sometimes they are off as in a moment. Jerusalem had her opportunity—"If thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things which make for thy peace."—But she did not, and so they were hidden from her eyes. "Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him, lest . . ." and the opportunity will be soon gone, and then you will find yourself cast in prison. It is bad enough to lose the opportunities which have to do with the things of this life, but oh! how far worse to lose those which have to do with the life to come!

#### "THE QUIVER" HEROES FUND.

The publication of the list of THE QUIVER Heroes in our January number has led to an awakening of interest on the part of our readers in the work of the Fund, and to our receiving particulars of several deserving cases. The first one brought to our notice was that of the Rev. W. R. Oldroyd, Vicar of Haswell, Durham, who, while visiting the village of Sandsend, near Whitby, rescued a youth who was in danger of drowning whilst bathing in a choppy sea. The strong current running at the point made the work of rescue very difficult, and success was only won at the cost of exhaustion to the gallant rescuer of so severe a character as to lead to three months' illness. In this case we had pleasure in awarding the Bronze Medal of THE QUIVER Heroes Fund to Mr. Oldroyd.—The next case brought to our notice was one which occurred at Crackington Haven, Cornwall, on the occasion of the wreck of the Swedish brigantine *Welm*, on the night of the 29th January last, when two men, Henry James Rogers and William Moyse, in the face of a strong incoming tide and a heavy ground-sea, and despite the fact that it was blowing a gale, scrambled over the rocks and through the water at imminent risk to their lives and saved the mate of the ship. Their danger may be realised from the report that they had to move very quickly to escape the tide which, at the point where the rescue took place, goes quite up to the cliffs. In this case we had the pleasure of sending to the Rev. C. H. Walker, a neighbouring clergyman, a Bronze Medal for each of these gallant men.—The latest case reported to us is that of the conspicuous gallantry displayed by two porters in the employ of the Metropolitan Railway Company

at Portland Road Station on the 8th February. A passenger, Charles Trinter, was seen to fall off the platform on to the metals just as a train was approaching, and the two porters, William Morgan and Ernest Maddock, at once jumped on to the line and between them managed to drag Trinter under the narrow projecting edge of the platform just as the train entered the station. The three men were in this position until it was ascertained that, almost by a miracle, they were uninjured, and then the train was slowly backed out and the three men were got on to the platform. In this exceptional case the Silver Medals of the Heroes Fund were awarded to each of the two men, and are to be presented by the General Manager of the company.

#### "THE TIME IS PAST."

The late Lord Malmesbury, who had been eminent as a politician, was consulted by a friend on a political question. He was now an old man, and in failing health, and his answer was, "Why ask an old man like myself about politics?—the time is past." Those are solemn words—"The time is past." Politics were engrossing, absorbing at the time, but now they were all ended, so far as he was concerned. And very soon for all that we make so much of now the time will have past; all is fleeting—the eternal, the spiritual alone abiding.

#### WORK AND PRAY.

Some persons misuse prayer, by asking this and that from God without using the means which He has ordained for bringing about that for which they pray. Though perhaps they would not do such a thing wilfully, they are really tempting God. God certainly intends us ordinarily to use the means within our reach, and it is on that use that His blessing comes, and it is on that that it may be sought. There was a girl at school who was rewarded for repeating her lessons well. When she was asked how she accomplished this, she said that she always prayed that she might do so. Her schoolfellow said, "Do you? then I will pray too." But, alas! next morning she could not repeat a single word; whereupon she angrily taxed her schoolfellow with having deceived her. "Perhaps," said her schoolfellow, "you took no pains to learn it."—"Learn it! learn it!" answered she. "I did not learn it at all; I thought I had no occasion to learn it when I prayed that I might say it." God is not the patron of idleness. He can work, no doubt, without means, and in many instances has done so; but in all circumstances of ordinary life, He requires us to use the means which He puts into our hands. Jesus took the five barley loaves and two small fishes which were at hand, and blessed them, and then and there came the grand result. A blessing on the means when there are means—a blessing without the means when there are no means—this is what we may look for in prayer to God.





AN OPIUM DEN.  
(From a Photograph.)

#### 'LIVES BITTER WITH HARD BONDAGE.'

Night by night in the opium-smokers' dens and divans all around us in Shanghai (writes a missionary correspondent) may be seen by hundreds such victims of the poisonous drug as are depicted in our illustration; day by day do we meet with them in every rank of life—merchants, scholars, domestic servants, riksha coolies—in the miserable condition which follows their fascinating opium trance, dependent on a constant recurrence to their suicidal stimulant for the artificial strength which alone is left them. And in our own missionary compound, this body-and-soul-destroying indulgence is perpetually brought to view. At the large native hospital adjoining our home, not less than 100 cases of attempted self-destruction by opium-swallowing have been treated during the past year, of which thirty have ended fatally. While in a class of native Christian students, whom my husband is training for mission work, one of the most promising has within the last few days succumbed to the opium craving which had seemed, before his admission to the Church, thoroughly subdued.

#### PRIDE AND HAPPINESS.

It is astonishing in what small and ridiculous things pride comes in to destroy human happiness; but this is found to be the case continually, and all the world over. We met the other day with a curious instance of it. In an account of some of the districts of France it said what great store was set by household linen—the people going so far as to ornament the front of their houses with it. A lady who took a great interest in a young girl found her one day very sad, and on asking the reason why,

was told that it was because she wanted to marry a certain Pierre, and that her family refused their consent. There was nothing whatever to say against the young man and his family; "but," said the young girl, "my father is proud, and Pierre's family is not of our circle." The lady expressed her astonishment, which the girl proceeded to enlighten, by saying, "Why, you see, madam, Pierre's family have cotton sheets." Truly pride shows itself in many ways—in small things as well as great—in ridiculous things as well as in those of real consequence. And many a time it forms a ridiculous obstacle to real happiness, and peace.

#### A CHANGED MIND AND A CHANGED HEART.

There was an awful man, who went by the name of "The Devil." He was called "The Devil," because he had two cloven feet, and was a fearful blasphemer, and awfully wicked. The devil is popularly represented with cloven feet, hence partly the man's name. He owned himself that from the age of twenty to that of seventy, "he was the biggest drunkard, the greatest blackguard, and the most filthy, foul-mouthed man that could be met with." His wife's face had gashes on it as long as the man's knuckles could make them, and her arms were just the same as her face. As a City Missionary was going to his meeting, he saw this man, with broken hat and in a generally dilapidated state, leaning against a railing. The missionary asked him to come to his meeting, but he only laughed at him. However, the missionary still urged him; and at last he said he would go with the missionary under certain conditions. He wanted to get rid of the

missionary, so he said, "I'll tell you what: if you will walk arm-in-arm up the street with me, I will go with you." The missionary said at once, "I'm your man; come on." So he took him by the arm, and with some difficulty, owing to his maimed feet, got him along. The man came out of that meeting with tears in his eyes. For ten years from that night he never touched a drop of drink. He went home to his wife and he said, "Mary, I have changed my mind; I am going to be a new man." This, by the grace of God's Spirit, he became; and instead of going in the early morning to the gin-shop, used to get a halfpenny-worth of coffee and a halfpenny-worth of bread and butter at a coffee-stall, and there stand and preach Christ to the workmen who were having their early refreshment. It was the willingness of the missionary to come into close contact with this poor sinner that was the means of saving him. He followed his Master, who of old let a woman who was a sinner touch Him.

#### BOOKS, NEW AND OLD.

Twenty years have passed since the first edition of Archdeacon Farrar's "Life of Christ" was issued by Messrs. Cassell, and during all that time it has been the companion and assistant of a countless army of teachers and preachers. At the request of the publishers, the author has now revised the work, and in its new form it is issued in a single handy volume, of a size which makes the book eminently serviceable. Many readers who have copies of earlier editions must find them the worse for wear, and be glad to procure the latest form of this indispensable work. And for all who have not got it there is now an admirable opportunity of acquiring it.—From Mr. Elliot Stock we have received "The Psalms at Work," a series of practical notes on the English Psalter, accompanying the text of the Psalms. The notes, short and pointed, are from the pen of the Rev. C. L. Marson, of St. Mary's, Soho. And from the same publisher we have received a small collection of "Hymns Supplemental to Existing Collections," edited by that ardent lover of hymnology, the Rev. W. Garrett Horder, with excellent taste and feeling.—From the office of *Home Words* comes a sympathetic memorial sketch of our friend the late Prebendary Gordon Calthrop, under the title of "Found Faithful;" and, uniform with it, a second edition of a series of lectures at St. Paul's Cathedral by the late Prebendary, which many of his friends among the readers of THE QUIVER will welcome.—What a change has come over the teaching of English

history in recent years since we departed from the bald catalogue of dates and reigns which used to be our staple fare at school! Messrs. Longman send us one of their "Ship" Historical Readers, by Mr. S. R. Gardiner, and devoted to "The Stuart Period." They send us, further, four of their excellent "Stories for Girls," attractive in appearance, reasonable in price, and which all in search of present or prize for a girl-friend should see. From Messrs. Morgan and Scott we have to acknowledge the receipt of the second volume of "The Story of the China Inland Mission."

#### THE BROADS.

During a visit to Norfolk we spent a fortnight amongst them, and never shall we forget the quaint beauty of those tranquil lakes. There are no banks or rocks, but flatness as far as the eye can reach. Were we in Holland, or in the Sunderbunds of India? It was certainly a great contrast to the busy world we had just quitted. These broad solitudes of smooth water made us think of the lines—

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree,  
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow Thee."

#### THE BROKEN GLASS: A PARABLE.

Outside a cathedral lay a heap of broken coloured glass. All the hues of the rainbow were represented



by The Brandy.

among the pieces, and the passers-by remarked how untidily the place was kept that such rubbish should so long have been permitted to litter the ground. The Dean at last heard these rumours of discontent, and ordered that the heap should be cleared and thrown away. But before the order could be carried out many went by, and nearly all had somewhat to say. A little girl picked up a scrap and said: "Mother, how nice this will look in my doll's house!" A man of science came and selected a few oddments to illustrate the laws of symmetrical reflection in a kaleidoscope. A painter of sign-boards took a strip whereon he might mix his pigments. A carpenter chose a piece with a smooth edge to scrape off the roughness of a plank. Yet, whilst some thus found a use for the fragments, the majority who passed concurred in calling it a pile of rubbish. At last an artist came along, and saw in those shattered coloured pieces possibilities of beauty that had escaped all other eyes. He set to work, and soon there grew beneath his hand the picture of a saint, and his creative restoration lives to-day in a window of the church. *Moral.*—That which is outcast may still be capable of redemption.

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

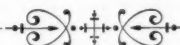
List of contributions received from January 26th, 1894, up to and including February 27th, 1894. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs Fund*: Frank, Liverpool, 2s.; R. Haslemere, 2s.; A. H., Notting Hill, 5s.; A Swansea Mother 5s.; A Friend, 7s.; Anglo-Indian, 5s.; A Sympathiser, Manchester, £1; J. J. E., Govan (76th donation), 5s.; A Well-wisher, Wells, 2s.; A Reader of *The Quiver*, Paddington, 1s. 6d.; A Glasgow Mother (46th donation), 1s.; Anon., Diss, 5s. 3d.; A Friend, Liverpool, 2s. 6d.; For Christ's Sake, 5s.; R. N., Primrose Hill, 2s. 6d.; Ada, Cleckheaton, 1s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: For Christ's Sake, 5s.; A Swansea Mother, 5s.; Sympathy, Liverpool, 7s. 6d.; and the following amounts were sent direct:—Waif, £13 10s.; S., Leamington, £1; Scotland, £1; Freddie, Florrie, and Zeta, 10s.; A. F., 10s.; M. E. B., 10s.; A. C. P., 10s.

For the *School Board Children's Free Dinner Fund*: B. W. H., 10s.

\* \* \* *The Editor will be glad to receive, and to forward to the institutions concerned, the contributions of any of his readers who desire to help external movements referred to in the pages of this magazine. Amounts of 5s. and upwards will be acknowledged in THE QUIVER when desired.*



"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

(A NEW SERIES OF QUESTIONS, BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

QUESTIONS.

61. At what place and to whom was Joseph sold by his brethren?
62. Which of Joseph's brethren took the leading part in the selling of Joseph?
63. From what passage do we gather that the cruelty to Joseph of his brethren was a great source of bitterness and dread to them in after life?
64. From what cause did Joseph rise up to be the second ruler in the land of Egypt?
65. What is remarkable as to the age of Joseph when he became ruler in Egypt?
66. In what way did Joseph test the truthfulness and sincerity of his brethren?
67. Where was the land of Goshen situated, and by what other name was it known?
68. What knowledge do we get from the history of Joseph, as to the Egyptian mode of travelling?
69. When Joseph bought up all the land in Egypt for Pharaoh, what exception was made?
70. What proof have we of the full and complete forgiveness that Joseph gave to his brethren?
71. How long did Joseph live in Egypt?
72. What caused the great oppression of the Israelites by Pharaoh?

be blessed." (Gen. xviii. 18, and xxii. 18; Gal. iii. 8.)

50. He taught them to do judgment and justice to their fellow-men. (Gen. xviii. 19; Micah vi. 8.)

51. It is said that when Hagar and Ishmael were in the wilderness, dying of thirst, "God heard the voice of the lad." (Gen. xxi. 17.)

52. To St. Peter, in order that he might be comforted, and thus assured of Christ's forgiveness. (St. Mark xvi. 7.)

53. "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins." (1 Cor. xv. 17.)

54. Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James and Joses, Salome and Joanna. (St. Mark xvi. 1; St. Luke xxiv. 10.)

55. Twenty years. (Gen. xxxi. 41.)

56. Mizpah, or The Watch-tower, because a heap of stones was there raised up as a witness of the covenant made between Jacob and Laban. (Gen. xxxi. 49.)

57. By the name of Israel or prince. (Gen. xxxii. 28.)

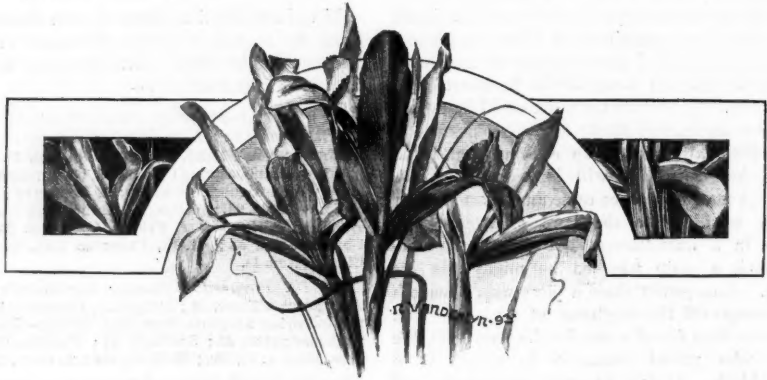
58. The favouritism of their father Jacob, and the dreams of Joseph. (Gen. xxxvii. 4—8.)

59. When his brethren came down into Egypt to buy food. (Gen. xlii. 6; xlv. 14.)

60. They were both present at the burial of Isaac and lived some years together in the land of Canaan. (Gen. xxxv. 29 and xxxvi. 6.)

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 400.

49. "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth



### FOR THOSE WHO SUFFER.

**I** WANT to-day to speak to those who are great sufferers, whose trials are acute, or multiplied, or indefinitely prolonged.

Very often there is scarcely breathing-time between troubles that come one after the other, like waves beating down a struggling swimmer. Or there are repeated attacks of physical agony, almost unendurable, which cast long dark shadows behind as well as before them. Or there is lifelong affliction and incapacity—bereavement, disappointment, loss. There may be overwhelming unmerited disgrace, or the bitter grief caused by the sins of those near and dear. Nights of wakefulness and tears; days of darkness and distress; waters of a full cup wrung out for the breaking hearts, the racked frames, the shrinking souls of God's dear children! Troubles such as these make life at times a burden hard to be borne; they rob it seemingly of its usefulness, certainly of all that made it bright.

"Lord, save me from this hour!" is our cry; but deliverance does not come, and the cry dies into a faint echo of that wail from the cross, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Sometimes the faithless soul is ready to despair—ready to believe that God has forgotten to be gracious.

Is it not true that when we ask for great gifts and graces, we generally expect them to be bestowed in some mysterious, but quite painless, way? We ask to be made holy in body and soul, to love Jesus as well as ever any of His saints loved Him, to be greatly used by Him in bringing others to the cross, and we expect that somehow or other the desired grace will increase within us, while our enjoyment of lesser gifts—love, health, reputation, and the like—will still remain, or even be increased also.

We forget that it is enough for the disciple to be as His Lord, and that He was "perfect through sufferings."

If we will be very near His heart, we must be prepared to feel something of the pang which broke that heart.

Shall we, then, choose to be contented with a lower degree of grace, if haply more of earthly happiness may be ours? Content with less pain and less nearness to our Lord? A lighter cross here, a paler crown there? Surely not; oh, surely not!

Let us covet earnestly the *best* gifts. Let us unceasingly plead for them. Only let us also be ready to take up the cross, and, if need be, to die upon it.

Is it not a blessed privilege to be permitted to drink of His cup? to be baptised with His baptism?

Ah! the angels would count it blessed. And would not love choose always to share the sufferings of the Beloved One, even more than His bliss?

For a little while the agony, for endless ages the joy! For a few years the cloud, for all eternity the light, the sunshine of His Presence!

Oh, there shall be sweetest comfort, special comfort, for the sufferers!

Of the holy virgins, so strong and blessed, who did so much for God, it is said that "They follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." Of those blood-washed souls who came out of great tribulation it is said, "The Lamb . . . shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Will it not be well worth shedding the bitterest tears to have them thus wiped away?

Watch with your dear Lord, then, in Gethsemane for the one hour of this life; weep with Him, agonise with Him; the angel of His Presence is at hand to strengthen you.

Carry the cross with Him along the Way of Sorrows; He will bear the heaviest end of it.

Wear with Him your glorious crown of thorns; you shall rest your aching head upon His breast very soon in the green pastures of perfect peace, beside the still waters of His most sweet, most blessed consolations.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."



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A MAY BLOSSOM.

## A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING COUSIN.

BY MARGARET S. FAILL.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE PICNIC.



THINK this portrait is the best thing you have done yet, Lewis," and the speaker took a few steps backward, still critically examining the canvas on the easel.

"What's that?" asked the other occupant of the studio.

"The portrait of Miss Douglas. I suppose it's finished now!"

"Yes—almost," the artist admitted, somewhat reluctantly, as he strolled over to the spot where his friend stood beside the work in question.

It was the picture of a pretty girl, with dark eyes and brown wavy hair—not a beautiful face, certainly, but there was something interesting about it, which attracted the attention and made one feel it was a lifelike portrait. The eyes which looked out from the canvas and met those of the beholder had an expression at once arch and soft, while the lips left one in some uncertainty as to whether they were actually smiling or not.

The two men contemplated the painting for a few minutes in silence, both looking at it meditatively. The artist was short and inclined to be stout, with a face bronzed and reddened by exposure to the sun, and beaming with health and good-humour. He looked a man of forty years or more, while his companion must have been about ten years younger. The latter's grave, serious countenance, with a dark moustache, was as great a contrast to the other's jovial one as the thin figure was to the stout.

"I don't know much about art," the younger man remarked at length; "but I do think this is the best thing you have done."

"Well, I'm not quite satisfied with it myself," the artist replied; "but I'm glad you like it, Gordon. I wonder what you would say to a very old one I did, about eighteen years ago!" and he turned and crossed over the polished floor and soft rugs to a distant corner of the long studio, where stood an old carved chest. This he opened, and began rummaging amongst its contents of shabby portfolios and dilapidated sketch-books, until he came upon the object of his search. It was a sheet of coarse paper, on which was a rough little water-colour drawing. He placed it, with a smile, on the easel above the large canvas, before which the other man still stood. "What do you think of it?" he asked. "Do you

recognise the same person in each of these?" and he pointed to the two very different works of art.

The water-colour was an unfinished and somewhat crude little sketch of two children seated on a hill. One child had a sun-bonnet dangling down her back, while the other held one in her hand; but this, as far as one could distinguish, was positively the only difference between them. They were pretty little girls in white frocks, with chubby smiling faces, and dark curls falling over their shoulders.

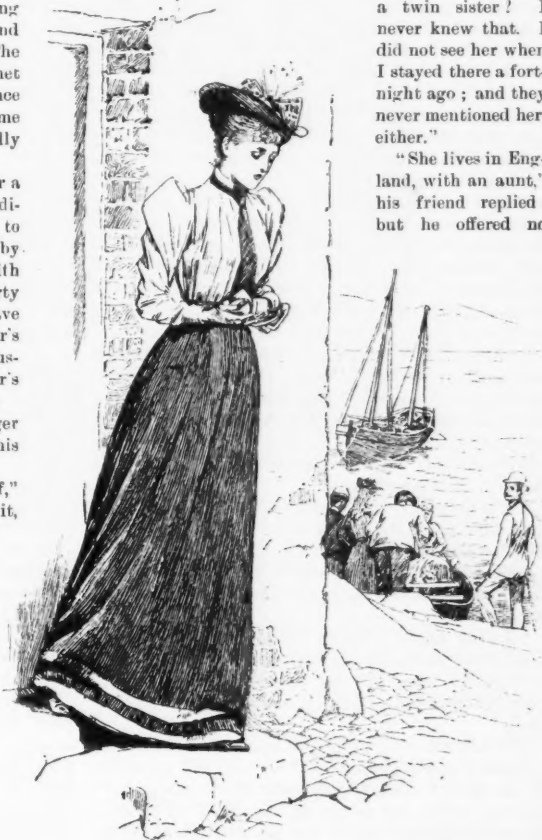
"But which is Miss Douglas?" Gordon asked, when he had studied the little picture for a few minutes.

"Well, they're both Miss Douglasses, of course," the artist returned, laughing. "It's an old thing I did of the twins, and of which I was uncommonly proud at the time. This is Miss Ruth," and he indicated the child who wore the sun-bonnet hanging from her neck.

"The twins?" Gordon repeated in a tone of surprise.

"Has Miss Douglas a twin sister? I never knew that. I did not see her when I stayed there a fortnight ago; and they never mentioned her, either."

"She lives in England, with an aunt," his friend replied; but he offered no



"She was the original of the picture."—p. 484.

further explanation, nor did he comment on the fact that the family never mentioned the absentee.

Gordon's curiosity was piqued at this silence; but as no more information seemed forthcoming, he did not choose to make any direct inquiry. He could not resist, however, making an indirect attempt to learn something more.

"Those two children seem wonderfully alike," he remarked. "Are they so still?"

"I don't know," the elder man replied, shaking his head. "Miss Ruth is the only one I have seen since they were five years old."

He picked up his sketch as he spoke, and replaced it again in the old portfolio, as if to put an end to the subject. "Suppose we go out?" he suggested. "I wish to make a note of a little bit before the shadows lengthen, and the sun should be about right just now."

He pulled aside a thick curtain and looked out, letting in a perfect stream of light, which shone on picture-frames and china plates which adorned the wall, and threw up the rich subdued tones of the draperies, and made some quaint Bohemian glass vases glitter and sparkle till they looked like flashing gems of every colour in the rainbow. He dropped the curtain as if satisfied with his survey; and slipping a few sketching materials into his pocket, he stepped out through a half-open door on to a balcony, where his friend joined him. Outside, a glorious August sun was blazing, almost dazzling the eyes of the two men, after the dimness of the studio. A flight of wooden steps, hanging with creeping plants, led from the balcony down to a cool shady garden, at the bottom of which rippled a loch, with trees growing quite to the water's edge. The two men passed through the garden, out on to a road bordered on one side with high heathery hills, and on the other by the shining blue waters of the loch. They made their way slowly along till they reached a village, consisting of one street with a row of thatched cottages, and a pier at the bottom. A little further off a church spire was seen nestling among the trees. Down on the shore, near the pier, they espied what was evidently a family party gathered round a small boat. An elderly lady and a little girl were already seated in the boat, while a boy was busily handing-in baskets, and a young man stood by, giving directions.

The little girl caught sight of the new-comers as they drew near, and called out: "Oh, here are Mr. Matthew and Mr. Gordon."

"Well, is this a pic-nic party?" the former of these gentlemen demanded gaily, when he reached speaking distance.

"Hulloa, Lance! you've had a good load if you carried that basket all the way."

"You bet I did," the boy responded, with a grin; "but it'll be a jolly sight lighter to carry up the hill again."

"We are going for a gipsy tea to one of the islands," the young man explained, as if he were half ashamed of the project, while all the party shook hands. "If you two fellows care to join us," he added, "I'm sure my aunt would be glad;" and he looked toward the lady in the boat.

"Oh, yes," said the person thus appealed to, "just step in; there is plenty of room, and the more the merrier. We're waiting for Ruth," she added plaintively.

"Of course!" interpolated an unmistakable elder-brotherly voice.

But just at this moment a figure was seen emerging from the nearest cottage—a tall slim girl in a pink blouse. She stepped along lightly over the stones with a free graceful carriage and without any undue hurry, although she saw the group waiting for her. It was clear at the first glance that she was the original of the picture in the studio, although at present there was considerably less of the soft look than one might have expected after seeing the painting, and more of a quick brightness about her eyes, as her glance rapidly took in the new-comers. She bowed, with a half-surprised look, to Gordon, who stood nearest; but she made no movement to shake hands, as hers were full. The artist, however, was not content with a bow. He went over to meet her, and relieving her of some cups which she carried, proceeded to shake hands very warmly, while he laughingly asked what she had been doing.

"Borrowing those cups," the girl said, with a frank smile. "It was too far to bring our own."

"Oh, Ruth!" interrupted the little girl, "you'll have to get two cups more; for Mr. Matthew and Mr. Gordon are coming with us."

Gordon waited to hear his friend refuse, as he had come out ostensibly to do some work; but the sketching materials remained innocently in the depths of the artist's coat pocket, and were never mentioned. Instead, their owner expressed the utmost willingness to join the party, and offered to accompany Miss Douglas back to the cottage to borrow the two extra cups. For a moment it struck Gordon that the young lady did not look particularly delighted at this promised addition to their numbers; but whatever the momentary look had been, it was gone instantly, and she was smiling quite pleasantly as she turned to retrace her steps, escorted by the artist. When they returned they were laughing gaily, the gentleman carrying a couple of solid-looking mugs.

"I hope you can drink tea out of a mug, Mr. Gordon?" the girl said, as she stepped into the boat. This was the first remark she had addressed to him, the young man noticed. But she did not give him time to reply.

"I am going to row," she announced, preparing to sit down.

"Nonsense!" interposed her brother. "Lewis, I suppose you'll take one oar? I'll take the other."

Except for raising her eyebrows slightly, the young lady made no further protest; but the younger brother burst out laughing, as if greatly amused.

"Here, Lance! stop that fooling, and get in, can't you?" and the speaker whisked round angrily, seizing an oar and pushing off with a suddenness which left Lance barely time to scramble on board, and threw Ruth and Mr. Gordon, who were still standing, against one another. Ruth made an involuntary clutch at her companion as the boat lurched, while the lady and little girl both screamed. The boat,



however, righted itself, and the girl quickly subsided on to a seat, blushing a little, but casting a somewhat resentful look at the unoffending Gordon, as if he were to blame for the catastrophe.

"It's all right now, Aunt Lennox," she said reassur-

danger lay, not in anyone's losing their presence of mind, but in one particular person's loss of temper; but if this reflection struck anyone, it was not uttered aloud.

In spite of the inauspicious start, the little party



"She almost despaired of ever reaching the shore again."--p. 437.

ingly to the agitated lady, who still grasped the sides of the boat; "only Jack is rather too quick for us."

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Mrs. Lennox. "We'll all be drowned before we get to the island if you don't keep still, Ruth. Let Katie and me out before we go to the bottom."

"Pooh, nonsense!" said the real culprit, whom nobody seemed inclined to blame, and who dismissed this pathetic appeal in an offhand manner. "The water is as smooth as glass; and nothing will happen if you don't lose your heads."

It might have occurred to an onlooker that the real

reached the island, and disembarked without any more difficulty. They spread their cloth on the grass under the trees, and everybody set about to help—nearly everybody, that is. The two young men fastened the boat, and then stood talking together, until Katie called to them that tea was ready. Ruth presided over the teapot, and when she had supplied her aunt, she turned to Gordon, and smilingly held out one of the mugs to him.

"Very appropriate, isn't it?" she murmured; and Gordon could not understand why all the others laughed, until he set down his steaming beverage,

and discovered the legend printed in large gilt letters on the outside of the mug: "A Present for a Good Boy." The recipient of this charming gift did not join in the laugh with the others; neither did he look annoyed.

"Why do you think it appropriate, Miss Douglas?" he asked quite gravely, looking straight at the young lady.

"Oh, because I am sure you always *were* a good boy," she retorted, throwing him a saucy glance in return for his steady one; but, as she confided afterwards to the artist, she resolved to try no more jokes with Mr. Gordon. He was far too solemn, she declared, and had not the slightest sense of humour; and certainly jokes do fall rather flat with a person who persists in looking perfectly serious, and who does not think it necessary to call up the most fleeting of polite smiles. If the man only had looked angry at being made fun of, Ruth would have been much better pleased. But no; he looked completely unmoved, and sipped his tea with the utmost composure and indifference.

Perhaps the picnic was no great success; and although it looked an inviting enough little group seated under the trees, it is doubtful if anyone found it thoroughly enjoyable. Jack was cross, and Gordon, who was the greatest stranger, contributed absolutely nothing to the general entertainment. Ruth was thankful when the repast was over, and the company separated and strolled about the island. They had not done so for long, however, when Jack's voice, shouting, recalled them again. They would have to leave immediately, he said, or they would be caught in a squall before reaching the mainland. Indeed, the sky, which in the afternoon had been so bright, had already clouded over, and a considerable breeze had sprung up. Everyone was quite ready, when they discovered those signs, to be off as quickly as possible; but as they were stepping into the boat it was found that Lance was missing. They shouted several times, but without any result. What was to be done? The island was large; to have searched all over it would have lost endless time; and the sky became every moment more threatening. It was really provoking. What could have become of him? At last, it suddenly struck Gordon to mention that he had seen a sailing-boat come round the corner of the island about half an hour ago, and a boy in it had called out and waved his cap.

"Of course that would be Lance!" exclaimed Jack impatiently. "It is just like him to go off like that; and he knows every boatman in the place."

This solution was hailed joyfully by everybody except Ruth, who felt doubtful if Lance would really leave without saying a word to anybody. However, her objections were overruled, as the others were eager to start. It was a pretty stiff pull to reach land again, although no accident befell the boat in its crossing. Mrs. Lennox, who was terribly frightened, insisted on being put ashore at the nearest point, which was some distance from the pier where they had started. Her two nieces got out with her, while the three men, with their now lightened load, agreed to take the boat round to its destination.

As the pedestrians trudged slowly uphill on their long homeward walk, one at least felt that the day had been rather a failure, and was glad that it was so early at an end. But had she only known, she need not have congratulated herself so soon, as the events of the day were by no means over.

## CHAPTER II.

### A NIGHT EXPEDITION.

QUITE late that same evening the artist, seated alone in his studio, was startled by hearing a vigorous knocking at the door which led out to the balcony. The sound had been going on for some minutes before he was aware of it, but the howling of the wind and the lashing of the rain, which was coming down in torrents, at first prevented him from hearing anything else. He jumped up, with the book he had been reading still in his hand, and went quickly to the door.

"Miss Ruth!" he exclaimed in the utmost astonishment, as he beheld a dripping waterproofed figure on the threshold. "Are you alone?" and he tried vainly to peer into the darkness behind her.

"Yes, quite alone," the girl returned rapidly. "Is Jack here?"

"Jack? No; he left more than an hour ago;" and a sudden gust of wind, stronger than any preceding one, would have blown out the lamp, had not Mr. Lewis drawn his unexpected visitor into the room and shut the door.

He looked inquiringly at her with some concern, for it was past eleven o'clock, and the Douglasses lived a good three miles away, at the head of a lonely glen, so it must have been something serious to bring the young lady out alone on such a night. But before he could ask what had happened, she burst out quickly—

"Mr. Matthew, we have left Lance on the island."

"What!" he cried in consternation; "and on a night like this!"

"Yes; isn't it dreadful? We expected to see him come home every minute, until it got dark, and then I waited for Jack; and at last I started off to meet him. I thought he was never coming, and the longer I waited the more time we were losing—for of course we must row out again for Lance."

"Yes, of course," assented the artist; "but I wonder how you missed Jack? He was here until ten o'clock, and meant to go straight home, up the glen."

"Perhaps he took some short cuts," suggested the girl; "but we mustn't wait any more for him. I know you'll help me, Mr. Matthew."

"Oh, assuredly! but you don't think of going yourself, Miss Ruth? Wait till I fetch Gordon; he and I could easily take the boat over. It isn't fit for you to be out in such a storm."

Ruth would have preferred to do without the other gentleman's assistance, but she did not see how she could very well object; and Mr. Lewis was already opening the door which communicated with the house.

Left alone in the studio, it all at once struck the girl that in some people's eyes her presence here might look rather singular. In her hurried journey down—when, truth to tell, she had been horribly

frightened at the darkness and storm—her mind had been too full of fears of one sort and another to have any qualms about the proprieties; and then she had expected to find her elder brother. Now that she stood in the lighted apartment, and had leisure for reflection, she began to wish she had gone to the front door and rung the bell, and seen the ladies of the house; or waited a little longer for her brother; or, indeed, done anything rather than be found here, a dripping, dishevelled object, coming in by a private entrance after eleven o'clock at night.

The Lewises were such old friends, and knew her so well: it was not of them she thought, but of Mr. Gordon. She could imagine his look of calm wonder when he beheld her—not as if he were really surprised, but as if he were saying, "What an extraordinary young person! Whatever will she do next?" She thought she would step over to a mirror to see if she looked quite as bad as she felt; but when she discovered what a pool of water she had already made on the polished floor from her dripping umbrella and macintosh, she refrained from carrying her traces further. The artist returned almost immediately, but, to her relief, he was alone.

"Gordon must have turned in," he said, "and the wind is whistling so loudly I couldn't make him hear without disturbing my sisters. Mary has had a sick-headache all day, and they both retired early, so I should be sorry to alarm them by any more noise. I think I could manage the boat alone. Do you mind waiting here by yourself? Jack is sure to return very soon, and he will keep you company until I bring Lance back."

"No, no, Mr. Matthew!" Ruth cried eagerly; "you couldn't possibly take the boat across alone. I must go too. You know I can row as strongly as lots of men; and two people are better than one. We can take an oar each. Don't let us wait any longer for Jack; there's no knowing when he may be back, and poor Lance will be catching his death of cold."

However unwilling Mr. Lewis might be to let the young lady brave the elements, there was so much truth in what she said that there seemed no help for it; so he was reluctantly obliged to agree.

Accordingly they sallied out into the storm, as well equipped as possible, and carrying an extra coat and rug. At the bottom of the garden they found the little boat belonging to the house. There was no difficulty in starting, as the bit of the loch which bordered the garden formed a tiny bay, and was comparatively calm. The rain had abated slightly, and now and then the moon gleamed fitfully through the drifting clouds; but the wind seemed to rush down from the glens in furious gusts, and with undiminished force.

Ruth had said truly that she was a good rower, but certainly never before had her powers been put to so severe a test. Once they were fairly out of shelter of the land, she almost despaired of ever reaching the shore again. Still, she clung desperately to her oar with blistering hands, while every now and then the waves broke over the boat. She was only sustained by the sight of the comfortingly solid-looking figure before her, steadily working away.

"Five minutes more should take us in now," said a reassuring voice from the artist, as he glanced over his shoulder, just as Ruth had begun to think that the next wave must certainly swamp them. The matter-of-fact tone restored her courage in a moment, and she asked herself if she had not perhaps exaggerated the terrors of the crossing. The worst of it was over by this time, although it took fully ten minutes before they slowly ploughed their way under the dark shadows of the trees. Their landing-place was a narrow opening, and everything around being shrouded in deepest gloom, it was a difficult matter to guide their boat aright, when all at once the sound of Lance's familiar voice struck joyfully on their ears—

"Hi! hi! this way!" And as they answered the cry with a couple of strong strokes, the keel grated on the stones, and the two exhausted voyagers felt the bow of their boat seized and drawn on shore. Ruth sprang up instantly.

"I'm so thankful to see you!" she was beginning, although it was almost pitch dark, and impossible to see anything against the dark background of trees, when it struck her that the firm hand which was assisting her to land was much too strong, and came from too great a height to belong to her brother Lance.

"And I am more delighted to see *you*," said a strange voice, laughing pleasantly, which made the girl pause in some bewilderment; for surely she had recognised the first guiding shout! But she was not long left in doubt.

"I say, Ruth, you were a precious long time in coming to look for a fellow!" said another voice, the tones of which were unmistakable; and Lance himself stepped forth from the dark shadows into a patch of comparative light which the half-obscured moon was endeavouring to shed.

"Hullo! there are two of you!" exclaimed Mr. Lewis, as he jumped on shore.

"Yes; companions in misfortune," replied the stranger's voice quite cheerfully; and the figure of a tall young man with a fair moustache was dimly discernible as he moved farther into the light.

Ruth was agreeably impressed with the pleasant voice of the speaker, although she could not see his face; but he was going on easily: "You've no idea what an inspiring sight your boat was, coming across. I call it an uncommonly plucky thing to come out in such a storm;" and he looked at Ruth, who was the most plainly visible of the party, standing with cheeks flushed by her exertions, and hair in the utmost disorder, curling and waving from under her hat.

"It was a pretty hard pull," the artist made answer; "but the tide will be with us going back. How did you come to get left behind?" and he turned to Lance. "We thought you had gone off in a sailing-boat."

"Well, I hadn't," said the boy. "What made you think that? I was over the hill, at the other side; and when I got back I found you had all gone."

"I'm afraid I was to blame for that," interposed the stranger. "If it hadn't been for helping me, you

would have been all right. You see"—and he turned explanatorily to the other two—"I came from the other side of the loch, and when I was more than half-way to this island I found my boat was leaking so dreadfully that it was all I could do to get over at all. I was delighted to find somebody who could assist me; but after we had hammered away at the wretched thing for half an hour, it only made it worse, and it filled with water the moment I tried to get into it. So we gave it up at last, and came round to this side, but only to find the place deserted."

"That was hard lines, certainly," said Mr. Lewis sympathetically; "and no doubt you are thoroughly wet by this time?"

"Oh, wet!" and the young man laughed. "That's nothing. One expects a few wettings in the Highlands; and we were pretty well sheltered by this rock and the trees. I thought myself in luck to fall in with a companion who expected a rescue sooner or later."

It was wonderfully comforting to find the east-aways so cheerful, for Ruth had had dreadful visions of a lonely miserable figure, half-dead with cold and fear, hiding in some remote corner of the island; and instead, here were two people, quite bright, who appeared to have had rather a good time than otherwise.

"Well, the sooner we start the better," said the artist. "I suppose you won't object to passing the night on the wrong side of the loch?"

"Oh! I'll be delighted to find dry quarters anywhere," the young man declared; adding frankly: "And something to eat; for, to tell the truth, I'm ravenous, as I had no dinner, and only an early luncheon on the moors."

In the face of this, it seemed wonderful that he could be so good-humoured; but his manner as he helped Ruth into the boat was as gay and pleasant as if he had never heard of the sensation of hunger.

"I think I ought to take both oars and work my passage across," he suggested, as the others got in.

"Oh no!" said Ruth, smiling; "that isn't necessary. I think Lance should row too; it will warm him."

This, Lance declared, was what he wished to do; and Mr. Matthew remarked that they would find it hard enough work for two.

"But now that the rain has ceased," he added, "and the tide is with you, it won't be so bad as Miss Douglas and I had it."

At these casual words, the young man, who had been looking somewhat attentively at Ruth, now leant forward eagerly.

"Douglas!" he exclaimed. "I thought so. Why, we're cousins!"

"Cousins?" Ruth repeated, in the utmost astonishment. "But I don't see how that can be. I don't think we have any cousins."

"Well, not first-cousins exactly, but still relations," the young man insisted. "Surely it is your sister who lives with old Aunt Douglas down in Surrey?"

"Yes;" but there was a slight restraint in her tone as she spoke.

"Ah! I was sure I recognised a resemblance," he declared triumphantly. "I am Archie Douglas"—

but seeing no answering look of recognition in the girl's face at this announcement, he went on quickly—"one of the Douglasses from Surrey. You must have heard Aunt Douglas talk about our family?"

Ruth shook her head.

"I have never seen Miss Douglas at all," she said, "nor," she added, with something of an effort, "my sister either, since we were children. But all the same," and she smiled pleasantly, "I am very glad to find a new cousin."

She spoke with perfect truth as she looked at the handsome figure in the grey tweed shooting-suit opposite her.

"Glad!" he cried gaily, "are you? I know I never was so glad before to see a cousin as I was to see you to-night—although you never even heard of me."

"You see," Ruth said apologetically, "there was no one to tell us about our relations, as we have no mother, and our father is abroad. But what is the real relationship?"

"Let me see"—and he knitted his brows in thought for a moment—"Miss Douglas is your father's aunt, and my father's second or third cousin. Well, never mind; we needn't go into it. I am your cousin Archie, and you are my cousin Ruth, and—" he looked inquiringly at the artist, who was seated in the stern beside Ruth.

"Oh, Mr. Lewis is not a relation," the girl said, in answer to the look, "only an old friend."

It hardly seemed like the same journey, this return from the island. They scarcely noticed the roughness of the water, so eager were they in talking; and Ruth felt inclined to smile at her former fears and terrors as they pulled into the little bay of Lakeside garden.

Jack was waiting for them on the shore; and to anticipate any probable fault-finding on his part, his sister called out—

"Oh, Jack! we have brought Lance back, and another relation as well."

Young Douglas jumped out lightly, and lifting his hat, advanced towards Jack.

"Perhaps you have heard of our branch of the clan Douglass?" he said easily—"the Hugh Douglasses."

"I think I have," Jack responded, with considerable interest. "We belong originally to the same family, although your people are settled in England."

"Oh, we are cousins, as I was telling your sister," the stranger declared, with conviction; and then, the others having landed, everybody began to pour out an account of their doings. At the end of this, Jack turned again to the new-comer, and said—

"Then, of course, you must come home with us; and we ought to start at once, for my aunt will be very anxious until we return."

### CHAPTER III.

#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

NEXT morning the family at the head of the glen had sufficient leisure and daylight in which to study their new-found relative. He was an exceedingly handsome young man, tall and straight, with fair





"The whole family felt quite at home with him."

curly hair, and bright merry blue eyes. His manners were so frank and easy that by the end of breakfast the whole family felt quite at home with him. He seemed to possess the gayest of spirits, and had a most infectious ringing laugh, in which it was almost impossible not to join. Everybody, from Mrs. Lennox down to little Katie, was agreeably impressed by his good looks and attractive ways.

"I expect," he was saying tranquilly, "that Webster and the other fellows will be dragging the loch or sending out a search party over the hills by this time—that is," he added carelessly, "if they have missed me yet."

"Were you staying over at Major Webster's shooting-lodge?" Jack asked.

"Yes; but I didn't go out with the others yesterday afternoon. I saw the old boat lying on the shore, and thought I'd try it: so unless they notice its absence, they won't know how I left the place."

"I am sure your friends must be in dreadful anxiety," remarked Mrs. Lennox. "Last night, when Lance didn't come home, I was in a perfect fever about him; and when Ruth rushed off alone, I felt quite ill with fear of what would happen."

"It was an uncommonly plucky thing for my cousin to do," said the young man, paying attention to only one part of the lady's speech, and forgetting to condole with her on her past fears, as he looked admiringly over at the girl on the other side of the table. "It's a pity we can't give you the Victoria Cross for bravery, cousin Ruth."

Ruth laughed, and blushed a little.

"Oh, I wasn't brave," she declared; "I was dreadfully frightened."

"Then you had all the more credit in doing it," he promptly protested. "I think," he went on, after a pause, "I had better relieve Webster's mind as soon as possible. How often do the steamers run to-day?"

"To-day?" Mrs. Lennox cried. "You weren't thinking of travelling on the Sabbath Day, surely?"

The expression at the corners of the young man's mouth seemed to betray that such had been his wicked intention, when Lance interposed bluntly—

"He can't. The steamer doesn't run to-day."

"Well, that settles it. I don't think Webster's hair will turn grey with anxiety; so if you don't mind

keeping an uninvited guest for another twenty-four hours——"

But he was quickly interrupted by protestations that the longer he could stay the more his relatives would be delighted. The visitor accepted those assurances with great willingness, and declared that, for his part, he considered it a most lucky accident which had led him to the disabled boat the previous day; so the breakfast ended with satisfaction all round.

In the afternoon, while they were all seated in the little garden, the artist and Mr. Gordon made their appearance. Ruth wondered if the latter gentleman felt vexed at having been asleep during all last night's excitement, for he seemed graver and more immovable than ever. Perhaps, though, it was only in contrast to the gaiety and liveliness of the young stranger that his manner appeared noticeably silent.

Mr. Lewis announced that there had been a man in the village this morning making anxious inquiries about a Captain Douglas, as the small boat had been missed and traced to the island; but that he had been able to solve the mystery, and explain to the man that the gentleman he sought was all right, and staying with relations. He had also taken the liberty of sending the messenger back, as he had come in a sailing-boat, and the tide was favourable. "And," he added, "I presumed you would be in no great hurry to leave your cousins."

"Indeed I am not," young Douglas declared heartily. "The fact is, we shall all be sorry when Monday comes and I must go."

There was a general laugh at this; and then Ruth betook herself into the house, in search of a parasol, she said. She felt a little curious to know what impression the new-comer would make on the other two men, and she would have preferred to remain in the garden; but the advent of the unexpected guest had caused a good deal of commotion in domestic affairs, and she was aware that her presence in the house was necessary. It was some considerable time before she felt at liberty to join the others again; but when she reached the door-step she stood still, watching the group before her, while a half-derisive smile curled her lips for a moment.

There seemed no doubt about the impression Archie Douglas was creating. He had thrown himself in a carelessly graceful attitude on the grass, while round him were clustered the whole party. From his gestures, he seemed to be talking with great animation. Ruth could hear the murmur of his voice, but not the words. Apparently, however, what he was saying was deeply interesting, judging from the faces of his listeners; and occasionally a wave of merriment would pass round, and a burst of laughter seem to testify to the general enjoyment. Mrs. Lennox was seated in a garden-chair, and Gordon stood leaning with his back against a tree, while the others, in various attitudes, were gathered as close as possible to the speaker; but one and all appeared to hang on his words as they dropped from his lips.

Ruth stood looking at the little scene for a few minutes, and then strolled out slowly; but she did not go over and join the group.

"I needn't add to the admirers," she said to herself,

somewhat disdainfully. But Archie's quick eye caught sight of her as she passed.

"Why don't you come over here, cousin Ruth?" he called invitingly. "We have been missing you."

"Have you?" Ruth said, shrugging her shoulders slightly. "I thought perhaps a larger audience might embarrass you."

The young man cast an amused glance round the circle, and then burst out laughing. He jumped up, and went over to where Ruth stood.

"That's one for me, isn't it?" he said, looking into her grave face with such an irresistibly comic expression that, in spite of herself, her lips relaxed into a half-smile.

"You seemed to be telling a very interesting story," she said, ignoring his remark, and still determinedly keeping up an indifferent air. "I suppose it was about a very interesting person?"

"About myself, do you mean?" he demanded, with disconcerting quickness, which made Ruth blush, as that had been her meaning.

"Well, I wasn't talking about myself," he went on, enjoying her momentary confusion, and with such a mischievous gleam of fun in his blue eyes that Ruth, meeting his glance, gave in on the spot, and abandoned all further idea of snubbing him. What was the use? It was enough to make anybody conceited to have a whole party so admiring and so attentive to one's every word; but, after all, it was almost impossible to help joining in the popular feeling. There was a charm about this young man, with his good looks, his brightness, his good-humour, and perfect confidence to please, which made his society most agreeable, Ruth was fain to confess; so when a walk was proposed, she found herself hoping he might fall to her lot as companion. Unfortunately, however, the same idea seemed to occur to everybody else. Everybody wished to walk with the hero of the hour; and as Ruth was merely conscious of the wish, but had no idea of doing anything to further it, she found herself likely to be last in the race. Jack and Mr. Matthew planted themselves one on either side of young Douglas, while Gordon brought up the rear; and little Katie, running after, insinuated herself in between the artist and her cousin, grasping hold of the latter's hand. Ruth turned to her brother Lance, who stood somewhat disconsolately looking after the others, as if he too had been disappointed. This was too much for her gravity.

"Run, Lance; you could crush in yet," she said, with a laugh, indicating the group in front, who had just reached the gate; when at that moment Archie turned round and saw them.

"We must wait for cousin Ruth," he said, and, coolly extricating himself from the others, he stepped back to the two loiterers. "Where shall we go, Ruth?" he began; but then discovering her half-suppressed laughter, he asked with great interest: "Why, what's the joke?"

But neither would tell him; and he glanced round vainly at the figure of Mrs. Lennox disappearing into the house, but could find no apparent cause for merriment.

"It's too bad to keep a joke to yourself," he expostulated; but Ruth only shook her head, and

declared that it would not bear repetition, and then they joined the others on the road.

It was clearly impossible that seven people could walk abreast, so some division of the party was inevitable. As they ascended the hill, Ruth found Archie by her side, and she thought with some satisfaction that now they might enjoy a *tête-à-tête*; but almost before this idea had time to form itself in her mind, Gordon, who was a few steps in advance, turned and placed himself by her other side, with the evident intention of remaining there. This made general conversation necessary, and Ruth was rather surprised to find how much Gordon had to say, as she had formerly considered him an extremely silent man. On this occasion, however, he did most of the talking—in fact, after a while he did it entirely. He was just finishing a somewhat long story when it struck Ruth that Archie's voice had been unusually long silent; and turning her head to make some remark, she was greatly astonished to discover that he was gone. The path had become too narrow for three people to walk abreast; and as Gordon was in the midst of speaking, he had naturally walked on with Ruth, neither of them doubting but that the third person was following close behind. But he was not. A long way off they could hear his voice and Lance's, borne up the hill on the clear, still, summer air, in cheerful tones, with occasional laughter. Evidently they were enjoying themselves. Ruth looked back half longingly. To-morrow this new cousin would be gone, and there was a great deal she would have liked to talk about with him. True, Gordon and Jack would also be gone away to town on Monday morning, but she never thought of that. The walk was finished without any further change of partners; and it was not till Ruth was entering the house, after saying "Good-bye" to the artist and his guest, that she had a few words with her cousin.

"Well, I call it too bad of you to neglect me like this," said the young man, in a tone of half-playful reproach, coming up behind her. "I thought you would have walked with me; and instead of that, you go off with that other fellow."

"Oh, how can you say such a thing?" cried Ruth, turning round with a laugh. "You know you deserted us. I was quite surprised when I discovered that you had gone."

"Yes, there it is," he insisted, still reproachfully. "You didn't even know whether I was there or not."

"I was listening to Mr. Gordon at the moment."

"My goodness! You were!" he declared meaningly.

"Well, couldn't you have listened too? I am sure he was expressing himself very well," she added, with a touch of malice.

"But surely you couldn't expect me to listen to another fellow expressing himself well?" he exclaimed, with such a comical look of surprise that Ruth began to laugh.

"Why not?" she asked. "You can't expect *always* to do the talking yourself."

But the young man took no notice of this thrust.

"It really was too bad of you," he persisted. "You know you neglected me, although you try to justify yourself; and I had ever so much to say to you."

If he had a great deal to say, it seemed that he was to be favoured with a chance of unburdening his mind; for Mrs. Lennox very warmly pressed him to return and pay them a longer visit before he left Scotland. She, like the others, was taken with the young man; but, apart from that, there were a great many questions of family interest which she was desirous of asking, and was only deterred by lack of time. Thus, everybody was pleased when the invitation was accepted—"For a couple of days, on my way home," he said; but even that was something to look forward to.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ARCHIE DOUGLAS.

It was rather a chilly day in September when Archie Douglas, with a bright face, jumped off the little steamer on to the pier, and shook hands with Lance and Katie, who were waiting there.

"It was awfully good of you to come down to meet me!" he said; but his eyes wandered round, as if in search of someone else.

"There's Ruth, coming along with Mr. Gordon," Katie said, answering the mute inquiry.

"Oh! does he *live* here?" asked the young man, in a tone of no great delight.

"No," Lance replied; "he lives in town; but he's staying down here just now, at the hotel, for his holidays."

But they had approached one another almost as the boy spoke; and Ruth hurried forward smilingly.

"I am so glad to see you," she said frankly, and her face expressed even more welcome than her words.

Her cousin took her hand and retained it considerably longer than was necessary, while his face betrayed equal satisfaction; and then at last he turned to Gordon.

"How do you do?" he said, pleasantly enough, but somewhat carelessly.

In the bustle which ensued, collecting the visitor's luggage, at which performance everybody assisted, Gordon thought they were all going off without saying "Good-bye" to him. Ruth, however, appeared to recollect his existence in time to shake hands, and Archie lifted his hat before they gaily set off up the hill, all chattering at once.

Gordon, thus left alone, felt rather out in the cold. It was not exactly pleasant to be utterly ignored the moment the all-conquering Captain Douglas made his appearance; and perhaps it was not to be wondered at that, as he looked after the retreating figures, Gordon should mutter to himself—

"They'll spoil that fellow; and he's conceited enough already."

But the four who proceeded up the glen were blissfully unconscious of having given any offence, and, indeed, forgot Gordon entirely before he was well out of sight.

Mrs. Lennox had fully intended gathering a good deal of information from her guest at the earliest possible opportunity; so on the first evening, finding herself alone with him, she quickly availed herself of the chance. With such a very frank young man, she argued, it would be easy to learn all she wanted; but

somewhat to her surprise, at the end of the interview she found herself very little wiser. Archie had an easy way of turning the conversation when he pleased, and a habit, very disconcerting to a lady with little sense of humour, of laughing occasionally, with no apparent cause, instead of answering. Added to this,

young man said, with a smile. "She looks down on us all."

This did not seem a very satisfactory answer; but Mrs. Lennox tried again.

"And bringing up Rachel away from her family—never seeing her twin sister—I call it downright wrong. She'll think herself far better than any of the others;" but as this leading remark elicited no comment whatever, she asked point-blank: "What is Rachel like? Is she at all good-looking?"

This question seemed to afford Archie some amusement, for he laughed, and repeated—

"At all good-looking! Why, I know someone who



there was a certain *hauteur* visible now and then in his manner, which she had not perceived before, and an indefinable something in his air, which, whether it proceeded only from the elegance of his attire or from some real superiority, she was unable to determine, but was dimly aware that it made him different from the other young men of her acquaintance. However, she proceeded as judiciously as she knew how, first asking with great interest about his family, and then she went on casually—

"And so you know old Miss Douglas? We aren't honoured by her acquaintance. A rich lady like that looks down on poor relations like us, you see."

Mrs. Lennox, although the young people called her aunt, was only their father's cousin, and had therefore less feeling in the matter than if she had been more closely related.

"Oh, Aunt Douglas is the head of the family," the

"It was Archie's turn to flush hotly."—p. 493.

thinks her the prettiest girl in the kingdom;" and this was all Mrs. Lennox could get out of him. She began to think he might not prove so delightful an inmate as she had expected. But his cousins liked him, if possible, better than ever. His "couple of days" lengthened out into a week; and during all the time there did not seem to be one dull minute. Archie was such good company. He was so good-natured, so amusing, and so full of life, that it was no wonder all the young people were charmed with him. Gordon, however, who might be included among the young people, did not appear to share the general feeling, or to appreciate all those good qualities. He



often encountered the cousins in their walks, and generally joined them; so he had plenty of opportunity of judging.

On one of these occasions it struck Ruth that their little party was not very harmonious. It was a fine September afternoon, and they had been tramping over the hills until she felt tired.

"I think I'll wait here for you," she said, sitting down on the heather.

"Oh, we'll all rest here," said Gordon promptly, placing himself down beside her. "I think we've walked far enough."

Archie stared at him for a moment with a sort of nonchalant impertinence.

"Pon my word," he began, in a slightly drawling tone, "I feel inclined to rebel. If our commanding officer had not called a halt, I should have preferred to go on. What do you say, Lance?"

"Oh, let's go further," the boy agreed, grinning.

"Very well. If you'll excuse us, Ruth"—and he lifted his hat with the air Mrs. Lennox had found so baffling—"we shall take the liberty of going on."

Ruth felt the greatest inclination to laugh as he strode off with a dignified step, followed by Lance; but as Gordon, except for a slight increase of colour, took no notice, neither did she. They began to talk on other subjects, and were in the midst of quite an interesting conversation when, about twenty minutes later, the other two returned.

"Have we been long, Ruth?" Archie asked, throwing himself down at her feet with a pleasant smile. "Those moors are so glorious, I've been dying to have a shot."

"And so, Miss Douglas," Gordon went on, carefully ignoring the interruption, "we must do our best before you at the tournament."

"What tournament is this?" Archie asked carelessly.

"A military one, in which the volunteers are to take part," Ruth replied, seeing that her companion did not offer to speak.

"Oh, volunteers!" and there was a distinct note of contempt in the young soldier's tone. "Keep well

out of the way of the awkward squad, Ruth; they are to be avoided in a crowd."

"I think," said Gordon, in measured accents, but flushing angrily, "that, speaking as one of the 'awkward squad,' I can promise that our public behaviour shall be at least as irreproachable as that of Captain Douglas's regiment—which is perhaps not saying a great deal."

It was Archie's turn to flush hotly; but whatever angry retort he was about to make he checked, as Ruth jumped up quickly, saying—

"Oh dear, how disagreeable we all are! Do let us be moving on; it must be past post time now."

They all set off down the hill, looking somewhat heated; but the young officer soon regained his serenity.

"My telegram ought to be here now," he said, taking out his watch as they approached the post-office. Neither his tone nor his expression betrayed the slightest trace of the recent passage-at-arms. He stepped forward, whistling gaily, and disappeared through the door, while the others sat down on the low wall outside, to wait for him. There they were joined by the artist who was passing through the village. Archie reappeared at the door almost immediately, with a beaming face.

"Congratulate me!" he cried, waving an open telegram. "Our regiment has won the Challenge Shield."

"Ah!" said Mr. Matthew, laughing, "I thought you meant other congratulations; but if you'd gained a fortune, we'd all wish you joy."

"A fortune! no, indeed. I only wish it were," said the young man, still smiling.

"Well, are you not going to read your love-letters?" the elder man asked jokingly.

"Yes, that reminds me;" and Archie turned over the packet he held in his hand, and selecting one, he shoved the others into his pocket. He spoke playfully, as if in answer to the artist's bantering tone; but Ruth noticed, without meaning to look, that the writing was clearly in a feminine hand, and he did not once look up till he had come to the end of the four closely written pages.

(To be continued.)

## THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

### A PARABLE.

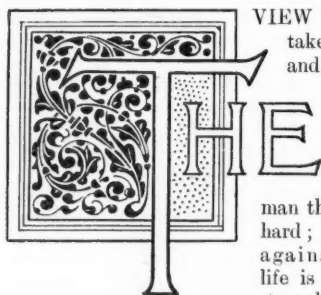
ALL the long day the little one lay  
On its mother's breast a-sleeping,  
All the lone night by the lamp's muffled light  
The mother was praying and weeping.  
Night was just o'er, when close by the door  
Two angels were watchfully staying  
On mission of love from the Father above,  
And they heard how the mother was praying.  
Said the dark one, "I crave this babe to have  
To take to my bosom while sleeping."  
But the fair one said, "Nay, see the first beam of day:  
The little one comes to my keeping."

The grey morning's dawn over forest and lawn  
In luminous ether was breaking;  
Forth the golden sun broke, and the little babe woke,  
And smiled on its mother while waking.  
The glad mother felt, as in prayer she knelt,  
That her darling to health was returning,  
And she knew that the strife between Death and Life  
Was past, as night passes to morning.  
Then the fair angel smiled, and said, "Now the child  
Unto me, O my brother, is given.  
The dark angel Death, to the Life angel saith,  
"Be it so."—And they went back to heaven.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

## THE BOOK OF RUTH.—III.

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.



VIEW which poverty takes of the world, and the view which wealth takes of it, are essentially different. To the poor man the world seems hard; everything is against him; his life is one perpetual struggle. He sees in every quarter the signs of abundance, while his hands can grasp but little; even the necessary things of life are won with difficulty, and he is tempted to look enviously on the luxuries which seem to come so easily to others. To such an one life appears hard, and he deems those more happily placed than himself to be destitute of compassion. Wealth has full hands; but wealth seldom opens its hand to bestow anything on him. The rich seem to him incapable of large and generous deeds; he thinks them stingy in their wealth, and, in his view, their life affords them little scope for heroic action. The rich man, to him, has no chance of self-denial. If any of his family are sick, he can supply their need without effort; there is no tax at such times upon his resources. Self-sacrifice seems hardly to enter into his life. In the view of the poor man, the life of the rich is a life of ignoble ease, unilluminated by the opportunities of those heroic or self-sacrificing actions which brighten the lives of needier men.

Such is the view when we contemplate wealth from the side of poverty; but when we look at the same life from the standpoint of wealth, then we may perhaps mitigate our view. Every sphere of life has its special heroism and its peculiar virtues. It is true that wealth has no chance of practising the same class of self-denial which poverty can show; but wealth, too, has virtues which it can exercise. The possession of riches is a vantage-ground of good. Gentleness and suavity of manner come more readily to wealth than to want, and all men recognise the possibility of an appeal to nobility based upon nobility of position. To some men *noblesse oblige* sounds like a trumpet in the ears, and summons them to thoughtfulness, to liberality of action and generosity of temper in ways and in circumstances hidden from public view.

We see life from the side of poverty and from the side of wealth in the Book of Ruth. We see Ruth driven to extremity and seeking to obtain

her livelihood in the harvest field. We see, on the other hand, the man of wealth, Boaz, the man of many servants, and the lord of large possessions; and the story shows us heroism in both. In Ruth we see the heroism of sacrifice and labour on behalf of another; in Boaz we may see not only the gentle temper, the large-hearted liberality, the stately suavity, of the man of great possessions, but also the scrupulous self-denial and the self-restraining forbearance which marks noble characters.

Few spots can give us in more vivid contrast the picture of wealth and of poverty than the harvest field. There is wealth suggested in the very presence of the golden grain. The wide extent of the fields, the solid structure of the granaries, the vast number of people at work, are features which make up a scene of plenty and ease; but in the corners of the fields may be seen those who are the pictures of poverty. Here the poor gleaners may be seen carefully clutching at every stray handful of fallen corn, glancing suspiciously at each other, hurrying in competition to be first where some chance sheaf may have fallen, looking with grudging eyes at the figure of any new-comer. Here, need struggles with need, and sorrow necessity seems to banish the generosity and heroism of the poor.

Such a scene might have been witnessed in the fields of Boaz. All over his white harvest fields the men were at work reaping the corn, and binding together the sheaves and piling them up on the waiting waggons. It was the season of barley harvest. In the near distance were the roofs of the barns and the out-houses, and further off might be descried the gleaming walls of the white houses of Bethlehem. Under the hot sun the reapers were at work, when suddenly upon the scene there passes a change. A movement as of expectancy takes place. The reaper pauses as he puts in the sickle, or the workman that has idled for a moment hastens to resume his toil; for all in the field have noticed the approach of the master. He is a man of wealth; but he is much more than this. He casts a quick and kindly eye over the fields, and towards the people at work. He gives to all a greeting of piety and of courtesy: "The Lord be with you!" and the murmured answer comes back from the many lips around, "The Lord bless thee!" His bearing is martial, and as the harvest folk turn to greet him they remember that he is no less famous in the field of war than courteous in the homes of peace. As he looks round, his eye is the master's eye: he sees in a moment the whole range of his field, and

he detects the presence of any stranger. Soon his eye falls upon the comely stranger who is now reaping, for the first time, amongst the fields of Israel; and as he is quick to observe, so he is resolved to know the names and circumstances of all whom he employs. Besides, he notes the beauty of the stranger, and he knows the roughness and perils of the harvest field; and it is not altogether unlike a man's nature to show bounty to beauty. So far we see him as man amongst men; but as the story unfolds we get glimpses of his character; and his character, we find, is marked by nobility.

One of the great problems of the religious life is the problem how to preserve naturalness with piety. We are in danger either of being unnaturally eloquent or unduly reticent of our religious feelings. If we give utterance to them, the habit is apt to end in mere talkativeness. If, from a desire to be scrupulously honest with ourselves, we check our speech, we may lose the opportunity of the influence which speech bestows; we may blunt our spiritual perceptions and render ourselves incapable of those very emotions to which we have refused to give utterance. The happy art of preserving the mean between overmuch talking and an unfruitful silence is hard to win. The aim of all should be, that their religion should be so really their own that their utterances on religious subjects should be neither forced nor fluent, but just simply natural. The speech of piety should be like the voice of song, sweet because irresistible, and irresistible because real.

In Boaz there is, we think, a hint of this happy mean. Religion is on his tongue; but religion is in his heart and in his life. It is on his tongue, for his greeting to his reapers is the greeting which recognises the Lord as the Lord of the harvest; and when he speaks to Ruth it is perfectly natural to him to speak as if the Lord were the guide of her life, the recompenser of her toil, the protector under whose wings she had come to trust. His is the speech of one who is urbane and courteous, but through whose courtesy there breathes the strain of natural piety. In harmony with this, his religious life is seen in his character and in his action. His is a religion which is thoughtful for others; it is generous in action, it is scrupulously upright, and it exercises that conscientious self-restraint which makes righteousness, rather than inclination, the guide of life.

He is thoughtful for others. More than once does this thoughtfulness appear. Kindliness, as well as admiration, and perhaps even more than admiration, led him to speak to Ruth. He saw that she was a stranger; he understood that she might feel awkward amongst so many strange faces; a single word from the master of the field would put her at her ease; she would feel no longer any

hesitation about her right to be there; and thus, as he greets her, he makes her, as it were, free of the place.

But his thoughtfulness goes beyond this. He knows the discomforts and dangers of the reaping field; the *habitués* of the place would grudge the presence of a stranger, and many rough and unscrupulous characters were to be found in the fields. Boaz shows his thoughtfulness by seeking to protect Ruth from the hardness of regular gleaners and the roughness of the idlers. He counsels her to work amongst the women in his own field: "Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens: let thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them: have I not charged the young men that they shall not touch thee? and when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels, and drink of that which the young men have drawn." The same thoughtfulness seeks to protect her reputation. After the interview which Naomi had arranged, he sends her home under the cover of the dark. He shows himself careful for her good name.

He is thoughtful in his generosity, and he will not send her back empty-handed to Naomi; he wishes that she should be well supplied with food: "Go not empty unto thy mother-in-law," he said, and measured six measures of barley into her veil. The same generous temperament had showed itself earlier, in the instructions given to his young men: "Let her glean," he said, "even among the sheaves, and reproach her not: and let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not." These little touches indicate character, and picture to us a man who looks with a thoughtful and liberal eye upon all under his protection.

And this generous-handed man was strictly upright. Justice and generosity do not always go hand-in-hand, for liberality is often associated with laxity; but in the case of Boaz there is almost a stern inflexibility and uprightness which is perhaps unexpected in one who was so generous. This integrity is seen in his refusal to take advantage of Naomi's claim without giving the nearer kinsman an opportunity of doing so. He has a resolute regard for the rights of others. His heart is captivated by Ruth, but the right of the nearer kinsman must be respected, and therefore he postponed any action which his inclination might have dictated till all the elaborate ceremony which the law commanded should have been gone through. This spirit of righteousness shows itself also in the scrupulous determination to leave Ruth perfectly free. He is a man past the prime of life. He will not use his position or his wealth to overawe her affections or to over-reach her interests; and as he carefully protects the rights of the

kinsman, so he sedulously guards those of Ruth also. In the language which he uses we feel that Ruth has been left free, and that her choice as well as his has been given in the matter. "Blessed be thou," he says, "of the Lord, my daughter; for thou hast showed more kindness in the latter end than at the beginning, inasmuch as thou followest not young men, whether poor or rich."

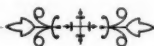
Thus the narrative tells us of one whose character is considerate, liberal, righteous in word and deed, reverent towards the affections and impulses of others. All these qualities were bound together and rooted in a simple faith. The chief thought in his mind was the thought of God. God was the God of battle, and God was the God of homesteads and harvest fields also. The influence of a character such as this made itself felt, for he became not only a noble figure in the eyes of Ruth, but a true representative of all Israel. We judge of creeds by character; we are not wholly right in doing so, for many people are worse than their creeds. Inconsistency is not an infrequent failing amongst religious people, and it is never fair to judge of the moral dignity and beauty of a faith by the base and ignoble lives of those who are its empty professors; but while this is true, it is also true that high qualities of character necessarily commend faith. There is a relationship between what men believe and what men are, and when we find men pure, unselfish, and upright, and worshipping a God whose character is one of purity and righteousness, we are insensibly led from the beauty of the character to the beauty of the faith.

Ruth was a Moabitess; she came from the land where morals were low and faith was degraded. She encountered one who was typical of the Israelite indeed, and the generosity and goodness of Boaz became a revelation to her of the power of the Israelitish faith. It was a happy thing for her that in her early experiences of the people of

Israel she met with two such noble examples as those of Naomi and Boaz. Little by little the influence of these worked upon her heart and mind, and built up within her a higher conception of the meaning of religious life and a deeper reverence for the God of Israel.

Boaz became a shelter and protection of her life. The dignity and force, the gentleness and self-restraint of his character made him as one who became a shelter indeed to the lonely exile from Moab. His name meant strength; and like the pillar (also called Boaz) which stood at the entrance of the Temple, he was a tower of strength to the heart of the fair Moabitess whom he made his wife. The Temple pillar itself must have given voice to some memories which lingered in Israelitish minds of that high-minded, gentle-souled, and courageous Boaz, who had not been merely mighty in his own day, but who was the very one from whom sprang a race of heroes and of kings. The secret of his strength lay in his faith. To him the thought of God was no mere formal thing. God, to him was a protector, the shelter, the guardian of human life; beneath His wings all human beings were safe. He welcomes Ruth to that shelter which he knew and which he had tried—the shelter of the God of Israel under whose wings she had come to trust.

It is this high confidence and faith which gives to men strength. It is this which calms the emotions of the heart and softens the asperities of the character. For faith in its very nature strengthens and soothes, and the man who possesses it can not only meet the dangers of the world with courage, but the trifling anxieties of life with calmness. Circumstances may do much to soften the manner, and ease and wealth, perchance, do give placidity of disposition and foster quietness of demeanour: but faith alone can give that confidence of heart which remains calm amid the waves of this troublesome world.



## MEDICAL MISSION WORK IN PALESTINE.

BY THE REV. DR. PRESTON, RUNCORN.

**W**HEN I paid a second visit to the Holy Land in the spring, I inspected closely the working of various Medical Missions in different parts of the country. That a great and beneficent work is being done is manifest. Through their useful agency, missionary enterprise is receiving considerable assistance, thereby prejudices against Christianity are being gradually removed, the loving fruits of the Gospel are being brought home to the hearts of the people in a very

direct manner, and the Gospel of Christ itself is being received by numbers. It is preached in a practical way, and the preaching is forcibly telling. Many can be approached, and do hear the "truth as it is in Jesus," who otherwise would not be got at, or who would not give it the patient hearing which now they do. The effort is made of seeking a blessing for the souls of men by doing good to their bodies. The principle is the one which the Master employed. He healed the diseases of those who waited on Him, and then He sought to draw them to Himself and to save their souls by preaching the Gospel to them.



From what I have seen and learned, Medical Mission work will tell far more effectually, and will win converts to Christianity more effectively and in larger numbers, than will the efforts of the ordinary missions, however zealous, loving, and active may be their missionaries.

Let us now inspect somewhat of their working in Palestine. We will begin with

JERUSALEM.

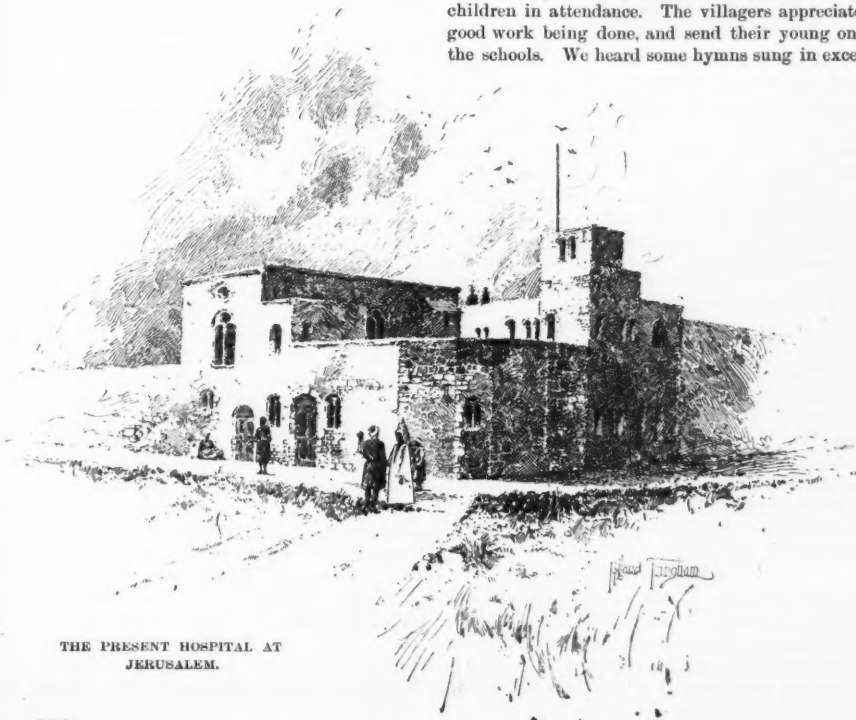
As the Gospel went forth first from the Holy City, so here was first established English Medical Missions. This was done some fifty years ago. After much difficulty the present building, which serves as an hospital, was hired in 1821. It is situated in an unsavoury quarter. Its surroundings are not conducive to a rapid restoration to health. It is within the walls. The streets about are remarkably dirty, and are badly drained. It is for the benefit of the Jews. At first twelve beds were fitted up; a few years later an additional twelve were furnished. Since then further progress has been made. By each bedside there is a locker, on the top of which is seen a Bible, a New Testament, and the English Liturgy. No forced proselytising is permitted. Patients come from many quarters: from Egypt, Turkey, and even distant India. Between 1860 and 1891 over 19,000 in-patients have been admitted; and some 300,000 cases have been treated in the out-patients' room. I spent a morning in watching the *modus operandi* in connection with the latter. The

patients assemble in a large room, to which there is admission from the very narrow street. Adjoining it is another small room, which contains a harmonium and furniture; a door connects them. Here the medical officer (Dr. Wheeler) and his staff meet each morning before any patients are examined, and when these have assembled in their own hall a short religious service is held. A hymn is sung, a portion of the Old Book is read, and prayer is offered. The patients are observers and hearers of what takes place. This concluded, the doctor and nurses proceed to another room, also connected with the waiting-room; and then those who require medical treatment are admitted in turn. Considering the number of cases, the work is skilfully and expeditiously done. The wards are also carefully visited, and the sick are well looked after. Where such loving-kindness is displayed, it is no wonder that prejudices are softened and the Gospel penetrates. Indeed, one of the ordained missionaries in Jerusalem who visits the hospital has confessed he finds it the best place for influencing Jews and bringing before them the claims of the Messiah. It is one of the very best means for casting the Gospel net far and near.

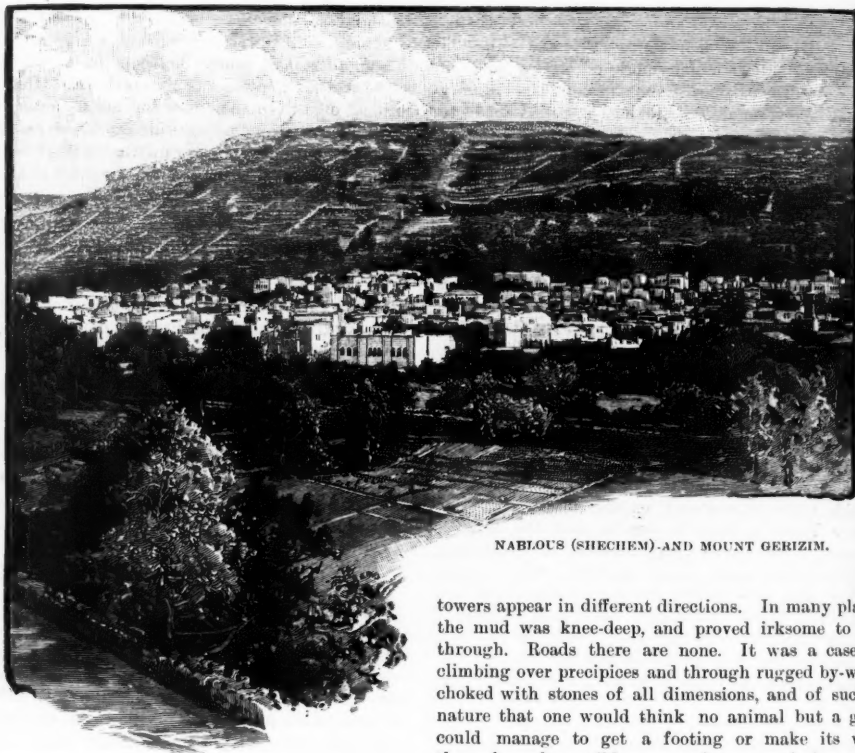
We will now proceed to

BAMALEH.

This place is three hours' ride from Jerusalem. We stayed at the Convent, a fine airy building, which is kept by American ladies. Here are maintained a fair number of girls, who receive a good education. The Sunday-school has some one hundred and ten children in attendance. The villagers appreciate the good work being done, and send their young ones to the schools. We heard some hymns sung in excellent



THE PRESENT HOSPITAL AT  
JERUSALEM.



NABLOUS (SHECHEM) AND MOUNT GERIZIM.

English, and likewise in Arabic. One of them was the well-known hymn of Moody and Sankey, "Wonderful Words of Love." There is a Medical Mission in connection with this institution. It is highly valued by the natives. They come to the dispensary from surrounding distances. Some of them have ideas of their own as to how a cure is to be worked. The following illustrates this:—A woman came from Bethel with her sick baby. The doctor gave her a prescription, telling her to give the child each day a third part of the prescribed medicine. He heard nothing of the prescription at the dispensary as having been made up. In time the mother paid him another visit, bringing the baby, who was now well. He inquired what had become of his *prescription*, when she told him that she had cut it into three parts, and had given her child one portion each day as directed! It was a marvel that there was a recovery at all. Through the agency of this mission the Gospel is leavening this out-of-the-way locality. The Sunday services are well attended.

Next we will visit

#### SHECHEM.

The ride to this place is some twelve hours, through a labyrinth of mountains, sterile and stony. In many places the ancient terraces remain, and here and there are olive groves and numerous fig-trees. The valleys were carpeted with a variety of wild flowers. Watch-

towers appear in different directions. In many places the mud was knee-deep, and proved irksome to get through. Roads there are none. It was a case of climbing over precipices and through rugged by-ways choked with stones of all dimensions, and of such a nature that one would think no animal but a goat could manage to get a footing or make its way through such a wilderness and over such irregular and intricate ground. One descent was so dangerous we had to dismount and walk quietly and carefully down. Darkness came on two hours before we arrived at our destination. We were rounding the shoulder of Mount Gerizim and through shoals of rugged rock and tortuous windings. We had to leave the horses to their own instincts to pick their way as they considered best. On arrival we put up at the house of the Church Missionary Society's agent.

In connection with the Church Missionary Society there is an important Medical Mission here. It is doing genuine work under the genial and active Dr. Bailey. From long distances the people come to hear him, on camels and donkeys, in litters and on foot, bringing the withered, halt, and lame, also diseases of every description. Many a patient has to be supported by his fellows on the animal which carries him. When the Mission was started, the head of the Mahomedans, who here are bigoted and fanatical, greatly opposed the work. So far did he succeed that he induced the Turkish authorities to close the dispensary. In time he fell ill; his native doctor did him no good; he sent for Dr. Bailey, who at once saw what was wrong, and prescribed accordingly. He, at the same time, said to him, "You believe in God. So do we Christians. Now do you pray to God to bless the remedies to your restoration, and I will do the same." Ere long recovery took place, and

he who was formerly the bitter foe of Dr. Bailey is now his firmest friend. He often visits him, and kisses him, after Oriental manner, in the most affectionate way; the bigotry of those under his sway has practically ceased; the assaults against the Christians which were common are not committed. The English doctor is in high repute and great demand; he often takes a long day's journey to visit a solitary patient. Some of the natives treat their prescriptions in a peculiar way. One woman, having got hers, washed the ink off it, and then drank the compound! The piece of paper she kept sacred, and placed it securely on the top of her head. The native doctor used to write his prescription on a circular piece of metal. This the recipient placed, and carried about, on the top of the head. The idea was that nothing more was required. No wonder that diseases spread. The same doctor died of the like complaint which his chief had, and which he was incompetent to deal with. The dispensary is open at nine a.m. Before attending to the many waiting cases, Dr. Bailey reads a short portion from God's Word. He makes a few remarks, and then offers up prayer. This greatly impresses the Mahomedans, for they have had the idea that Christians do not pray. They now say and believe that they do. They also remark that the English church is, like their own mosque, free from all images, whilst the Latins and the Greeks have such things in their churches. I learned that some 10,000 cases passed through the hands of the Medical Missioner in 1892. One thing he urgently needs, and which he is making an effort to secure, and that is a suitable hospital.

It would be of immense service, and would do much to strengthen the good work going on and to promote evangelising. It is to be hoped it will ere long be erected. The present dispensary is of small and insufficient dimensions.

Bidding adieu to Shechem, we will proceed to sacred

NAZARETH,

the city where thirty years of our Saviour's life were passed—"His own city." It is completely encircled by the mountains; these, with the level country at the base, give the idea of a vast extinct crater. The houses are situated on the slope of the mountain. The streets are very irregular and narrow, and are the receptacles of all kinds of refuse; even the animals for human food are openly slain in them. The Church Missionary Society has a mission here, and a pretty English-looking church and missionary's residence. From Dr. Vartan, the medical missionary, I received marked attention and kindness. This mission is doing well. On an average, he attends forty patients daily. These are of all classes of creed. Before he begins his medical work he has a short religious service. He superintends a Sunday-school which has some fifty scholars; he has also a day-school, which is attended by several Moslem lads. This mission is being worked by the Church of Scotland. There are other Christian agencies busily employed; these I pass by, and proceed to our next point—

TIBERIAS.

It has a population of over 2,000, the greater part of which consists of Jews. The streets are narrow, and filthy dirty; the bazaars are not much to boast of. On



TIBERIAS, FROM THE FORTRESS.



WAITING TO SEE THE DOCTOR.

three sides the town is surrounded by lofty crenated walls and towers, which are truly picturesque (the great earthquake of 1837 considerably shattered these); the fourth side runs along the water's edge. There is an old mosque in a state of decay, and a few palm-trees are dotted about. The place is supposed to be identical with the Old Testament Rakkath, in the lot of Naphtali. Herod Antipas (27 B.C.) lavished great wealth upon, and rebuilt it; Roman gates, Grecian colonnades, marble statues adorned it. The famous hot baths lie about one mile to the south. To the Jews it long has been a sacred quarter, and here is the tomb of Maimonides, the famous scholar; the remains of other eminent Jews also rest here. A steep hill rises to the west to the height of 1,000 feet; it is full of caverns cut in the rock. Originally they were tombs, but in our Lord's time they were inhabited by men possessed of evil spirits; to-day the jackals reside there. The view from above is inspiring; it overlooks the Sea of Galilee and the surrounding country. Coming from Nazareth, when from the summit a first sight of the sacred lake is obtained, it awakens emotions which can be felt but hardly described. To the east there is a wall of hills, and there are places where the ridge droops perpendicularly to the water. The destruction of the swine when Christ visited the region can easily be understood. So much for this really interesting place. Next for the medical work here; it is carried on by Dr. Torrence, under the supervision of the Free Church of Scotland. He has built a handsome house as a residence for the medical missionaries; he is likewise erecting a substantial

hospital which will soon be ready for patients. His present dispensary is a wretched, incommensurable concern, with an almost impassable approach; he faces his difficulties with a cheerful, prayerful heart, and his willing services are much valued. I spent some time in viewing his surgical operations—some poor creatures sadly needed them. He has a struggle to meet the demands. The sick in this region are not diminishing in numbers, and, as the report of the mission spreads, they increase. However, the outlook is full of hope. The dispensary book contains the names of 2,242 persons, who paid over 6,000 visits to the consulting-room during the past year (many patients were also visited in their homes); prescriptions to the number of 7,886 were dispensed during the period. A short address is always given in the waiting-room to the assembled patients, who are urged to look to the great Physician above. Many persons come from the east of the Jordan, long distances off, presenting serious cases, some travelling a three days' journey. This speaks well for the repute of the doctor. One poor fellow, who was suffering from dyspepsia, earnestly desired they would cut into his stomach and clean it out! Some operations have to be performed under chloroform, and those that have been carried out all proved successful. I have been informed that, as a rule, most patients lend an open ear as they are told of Jesus of Nazareth. The doctor is persuaded that the Gospel is forcing its way into the heart of Moslem and Jew, and that ere long many will be found to witness for Him "whom to know is life eternal."



## HAIFA.

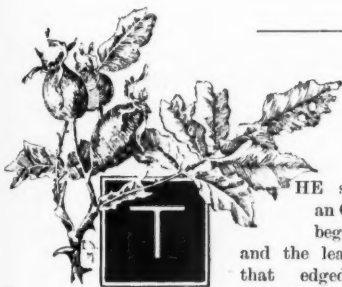
I had not much opportunity of inspecting the Medical Mission in Haifa; I understand that a good work is being done. Bishop Blythe of Jerusalem is anxious to have a suitable hospital, as there is a crying need for such a useful institution. Three days' hard riding and driving, under a broiling sun, along the coast, over sand and by paths of rough and wearisome description, brought us to

## JAFFA,

the ancient Joppa, where foolish Jonah took ship to escape from the presence of the Lord. From here light streams out into the villages beyond, and penetrates into the heart of Jew and Moslem. Crowning a picturesque hill-top, which commands extensive views, stands a noble red-tiled building, with balconies and verandahs around it; it is the English hospital. Its wards are airy and spacious; they contained various specimens of humanity, some as black as ebony. As many as 500 or 600, male and female, pass through them during the year, whilst nearly 12,000 patients visit its dispensary. It is pleasing to learn that there is a real desire among the people to listen to God's word; numbers come for more teaching after leaving the hospital. The creeds of those admitted are diversified; the majority are Moslems. To this hospital patients come from great distances: a father and son came from far-off Mecca. An amusing story is told of the father. He made his way, walking, to Jaffa to get work, so as to "buy a fresh wife." When asked if she was dear, he replied, "No, only six pounds," which he thought very reasonable. The age of the

intended spouse was only eleven years! He and his son in time returned to Arabia, impressed with the Gospel they heard, and with the New Testament in their possession. The women are particularly fond of singing hymns and learning texts; they eagerly engage in this work in the afternoons. Some of the boys are precocious. One youngster, on an occasion, collected the women around him, and made them repeat a hymn after him; he next recited texts, and finally knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer. Attached to the hospital is a neat, commodious chapel; here patients are collected in the morning for a short service (all who come for medical advice must attend). God's blessing has hitherto attended the earnest efforts being made to illumine dark minds with the light of saving truth.

In conclusion, the importance of these Medical Missions cannot be over-estimated. Those faithful workers who carry them on deserve all praise, encouragement, and the earnest prayers of God's people. By their loving and self-denying efforts they are sowing the incorruptible seed far and near. What the result will be, none can tell; the day will declare. They sow in faith, leaving it to a higher Power to give the increase. The process may be long and hidden, but One has assured that His word shall not return void, and shall accomplish that He pleaseth. Through the blessing of the Heavenly Husbandman a rich harvest may yet be gleaned from the fields of the Holy Land. Golden sheaves of saved souls may be cast at Emmanuel's feet when time on earth shall be no more—the harvest gained through the toil and labour of the Medical Missions.



## RUPERT!

BY M. BRADFORD WHITING.

THE soft darkness of an October night was beginning to fall, and the leaves of the trees that edged the roadway rustled in the evening wind.

Few people were about, for a London suburb in October is an almost deserted region, and house after house showed by its shuttered windows that its owners were enjoying mountain scenery or seaside breezes.

A young man came down the road, with a light and active step, and paused near one of the more spacious of the "desirable villa residences" that lined the road. It was a detached house, standing in a pretty garden, and he looked at it with a curious and longing gaze that might have led a casual observer to the conclusion that he was a returned wanderer at his father's gates.

A nearer inspection, however, would not have favoured this idea. Far from being clothed in rags, Rupert Osborne was clad in evening dress, with a

light overcoat thrown back upon his shoulders, and his gold studs and watch-chain gave no impression of poverty. He was a fine-looking man as he stood there, his figure showing darkly in the uncertain light of the street lamp; tall and well built, with broad shoulders and a well-set head covered with closely curling hair.

His reverie lasted some time, but at the sound of distant footsteps he roused himself, and opening the garden gate, walked slowly between the double line of shrubs that led up to the door. On reaching the steps, however, he changed his mind, and, turning to the left, went through a trellis-gate that led round to the back of the house. A heavy dew was falling, and the scent of the flowers filled the air; he stood still again under the trees, and seemed to be lost in thought. All was dark on this side of the house as well as on the other, and there was not a sound to break the stillness of the night. It was evident that some agitating thought was passing through his mind, for his brow was knitted and his hand

clenched; but at last he seemed to take a sudden resolution, and, going up a flight of steps, he gently turned the handle of the glass door that led into the house.

It was locked; but, as one well accustomed to such obstacles, he drew something from his pocket and set to work on the fastenings. In a very few minutes he had undone them, and stood inside looking round him curiously. The house was in total darkness, and, striking a match with some caution, he made his way along the hall and entered the drawing-room.

The room was prettily furnished with comfortable chairs and art-muslin draperies, but he frowned as he lit a candle, and muttered, "Nothing fit to be seen!"

He came out again into the hall, softly closing the door behind him, and was just going up-stairs on a further voyage of discovery, when the sound of a heavy footstep, on the flags outside, made him pause. He listened for a minute or two in breathless silence; then, going through the glass door, he drew it after him, and made his way down into the garden. All seemed perfectly quiet; but, as he opened the gate into the road, a policeman's lantern was suddenly flashed across his eyes, and a harsh voice sounded in his ear.

Rupert made neither start nor sign. "Good-evening!" he said calmly, looking the policeman full in the face.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the man, with rather a disconcerted air, "I saw a light in the window, and, thinking the family was away, I just looked round to see if there was anything amiss."

"Quite right!" said Rupert. "We are much obliged to you, I am sure." He gave the man a friendly nod as he spoke, and passed on down the road, humming softly to himself as he went.

No sooner had he turned the corner of the road, however, than a change came over him; he thrust his hands deeply into his pockets, and his brow contracted painfully. For a moment he seemed hardly able to breathe, then, conquering himself, he walked on quickly, looking neither to the right hand nor the left.

Rupert Osborne had been all his life in the difficult position of a younger son in a noble but poor family. All his friends and acquaintances belonged to that circle of society where money is professedly no object, but where the command of money is absolutely essential. As long as his father was alive he had received a certain allowance, but as soon as his elder brother came into possession he had nothing but his own resources to depend upon, and his own resources were *nil*.

What was to be done? Rupert was utterly unprepared to meet the question; he was not disinclined to work, but he had been taught no business or profession; and a very little inquiry convinced him that appointments are more easily sought than found. In the meantime he must live; and, having borrowed a little money to enable him to do so, he was met by the necessity of paying it back! A stroke of luck on the turf saved his credit and induced him to try his fortunes still further, with the result that, at six-and-twenty, he was without a penny, while his debts amounted to some hundreds of pounds.

There was only one who had any power to lead him in a better way; but Ethel Vaughan's mother forbade her to listen to him, and, though she loved him, she would not disobey her. So, disowned by all, he resolved to think only of himself, and looked about him with perfect recklessness for some means of escape from his dilemma.

Taking up the newspaper one day, he read the account of a daring burglary by a man of good position. While staying in a country-house, he one night excused himself from the dinner-table on the plea of illness, and while the whole household was down-stairs took the opportunity of ransacking his hostess' jewel-cases.

The utter audacity of the thing commended itself to Rupert, and he began to wonder whether he could not achieve something of the same kind. At first he treated the idea as an absurdity, but gradually the temptation grew upon him, returning again and again, and each time with new force, until at last he could resist it no longer. He knew that at present it would not be safe to try a similar robbery; everybody would be too much on the alert; besides, it would require too much scheming and planning for a first attempt. He must get his hand in with something simpler, and therefore he resolved to make his first trial on a house that he knew to be empty.

But the trial had failed. His agitation had shown him that he was a long way yet from being hardened; and though he had succeeded in baffling the policeman, he felt that under a little sharper scrutiny he must have broken down. The state of his feelings could not, however, alter the state of his fortunes; and unless he could find some other way of raising money, he must stifle them as best he could. It would not do to try the same neighbourhood again; and he kept his ears open for useful information.

A few weeks after this, he was dining with some men of his acquaintance, and chanced to hear a remark that set him thinking.

"I was staying at General Gascoigne's the other day," said a man near him, "and I told him it was perfectly absurd for people who had such diamonds to be so careless about their defences."

"And what did he say?" asked another.

"Oh! he said that therein lay their safety. No one would imagine that there were diamonds in a tin box in his dressing-room, whereas if they had an elaborate strong case it would attract everyone's attention."

"That is an original idea. I wish I knew the General; his acquaintance must be worth making."

"Well, you can make it if you like; he and his wife are coming up to stay with us for a night or two next week, and we shall be very pleased to have you to dine."

"Delighted, I'm sure! Which night shall I come?"

"Wednesday, if you have no other engagement. We shall have one or two people that night."

The man addressed made a note of the day and hour in his pocket-book, and Rupert made a note of it in his mind.

"Can it be possible that I have fallen so low?" he asked himself, as he walked away from the house; but this was a question that he had asked many times

before, and dismissing it from his mind he began to think out his arrangement.

He knew General Gascoigne by repute; his house was situated on the Surrey side of London, and Rupert had often passed it, though he had never been inside the gates. He had no fears about effecting an entrance; the maid was certain to accompany her mistress to London, and he knew enough of the habits of butlers to feel sure that if he had not been given a holiday during his master's absence he would take one. But there were still some difficulties before him. However empty the house might be, he would run the risk of encountering some stray servant, and it would be impossible for him to account satisfactorily for his presence. All at once, however, an idea struck him that seemed pledged to success by its own simplicity. Why should he not ring at the bell, and say that Mrs. Gascoigne had asked him to come down and fetch her jewels, as she had to attend a reception that night? She was certain not to have taken all her diamonds with her, even if she had taken any; and as he could give the name and address of the people with whom she was staying, and describe the position of the box, none of the servants would have any scruple in handing them over to him.

He dressed himself with unusual care on the eventful night, and put a flower in the buttonhole of his evening coat. His train arrived at half-past eight, and he walked leisurely up from the station. He rang the bell boldly on arriving, and asked the maid who came to the door whether this was General Gascoigne's house.

"Yes, sir," said the girl; "but he is not at home."

"I know," said Rupert; "he is staying at Sir Trevor Oakshott's; but I have come on an errand for that very reason."

The girl looked at him doubtfully; but his dress, manner, and bearing were all calculated to allay her suspicions, and opening the door wider she asked him to walk in.

Rupert stepped into the hall and began his explanation; but, without waiting to listen, the maid showed him into the drawing-room and shut the door. This was not quite what he had anticipated, but he supposed that she had gone to fetch the housekeeper or someone in authority, and he was still running over his story to make sure that it was coherent, when steps were heard returning, and the door opened.

"RUPERT!"

The words died upon the young man's lips as he heard the cry, and he stood in the centre of the room looking at the figure before him with a stupefied expression. That Ethel Vaughan should appear at this moment was nothing short of a miracle.

"Ethel," he said at last, "what are you doing here?"

The girl looked at him sadly. Now that the first surprise of seeing him was over, she remembered the barrier that stood between them, and a feeling of embarrassment came over her.

Rupert meanwhile was going through an inward storm of feeling. His design was prevented—that was his first thought. No angel could have barred his way more effectually than this slight trembling girl, with her eyes dimmed with tears, and the wild-rose

colour in her cheeks. But how could he account for his presence in the house? No doubt the servant had called her to receive his message, and what plausible tale could he invent on the spur of the moment?

"I did not know that Mrs. Gascoigne was a friend of yours," he said at last.

"They are old friends of my father's," said Ethel in a low voice, and once more silence fell upon them.

Ethel was the first to break it. "I was told that you came on a matter of business," she said; "can I give any message from you to General Gascoigne?"

Now was the crisis, and Rupert clenched his teeth in desperation. Any subterfuge seemed unworthy in this pure presence, and with a sudden resolution he came nearer and began to speak in hurried tones.

"Ethel!" he said, "I have a strange story to tell you, but for the sake of the past I ask you to listen. I came here to-night for the purpose of robbing this house."

A low cry escaped from Ethel's lips, but he went on without heeding it.

"You know how I have been brought up—extravagance on every hand and nothing with which to meet it: I am not trying to excuse myself, but only to show you how this has come about. After you refused me I was reckless; I became deeper and deeper involved, and now my position is hopeless. I made up my mind to steal. Once before I tried it, and was hindered, and now to-night you have stopped me in the very act. That is the whole truth. I know how you must loathe and despise me, and now you can send for the police. I will promise not to escape." He threw himself into a chair as he finished speaking, and buried his face in his hands.

The silence in the room lasted for some time unbroken. Ethel had never believed half the stories that had been told to her about Rupert Osborne; but now she had heard his confession from his own lips, and it was blacker than any of the reports to which she had turned a deaf ear. And yet, even while the dull tide of misery rushed through her heart, she knew that she had never loved him so well as at this moment. What was she to do? She had no hesitation in deciding that she need not send for the police; for Rupert had told her that up to the present he had committed no robbery, and she knew that he spoke the truth. It was the problem of his future that confronted her, for she felt that it lay in her hands.

She was not long in making her decision. "Rupert," she said, going up to him and laying her hand on the broad shoulder, "I have something to tell you."

There was a strange ring in her voice that made him raise his head and watch her face as she spoke.

"I daresay you know that since I saw you last my mother is married again. I am alone in the world now, and I have often felt very sad, but never so sad as you have made me to-night!"

The young man's lip quivered, but he made no answer, and Ethel went on speaking.

"I am going to ask you something, Rupert. Will you give up all that has led you wrong and go out to the colonies and work till you can pay off all that you



"He threw himself into a chair as he finished speaking, and buried his face in his hands."—p. 503.

owe? Will you make yours a life worth living? Be-  
cause—because I love you!"

Her voice faltered over the last words, but Rupert  
heard them and started to his feet.

"And you can say that to me, *now*?" he cried.  
"Ethel, you are an angel!"

"Hush!" she said. "Perhaps I ought not to have  
told you, but I could not help it. I love you, and all I  
ask you is to make me proud of my love."

A look of awe came over Rupert's face, and taking  
her hand in his he kissed it reverently. "I will do all  
that you ask me, Heaven helping me!" he said.  
"There is not another woman living who would have  
had courage to do what you have done, and as soon as  
I can come to you with an unstained name I shall  
claim you for my own."

A step in the hall startled them, and he was  
gone without another word; while Ethel, exhausted  
by the strange interview, gave way to a flood of tears.

It was some years before Rupert Osborne was seen  
again in England; but from time to time a remittance  
was sent to his creditors, and with each debt that was  
discharged a brief letter reached Ethel to tell her of  
the fact.

Ethel treasured those short and business-like epistles  
far more than any outpourings of love. She knew  
that he would not speak of his affection until he had  
cleared his honour, and she felt that his silence was  
the greatest proof of devotion that he could have  
shown. She had always known that he had abilities  
if he would only use them, and though the rough work



that he had to do was a strange contrast to his former life, she did not regret it for him. It was not long before he began to succeed. The sheep-farming company for whom he worked soon discovered his value, and when the post of manager was offered him he knew that his chance was before him.

No one understood why Ethel Vaughan was so obdurate to all those who tried to win her favour; and when Rupert Osborne came back, a bronzed and

stalwart sheep-farmer, there were many voices to oppose her being carried away to a life so different from all that she had been accustomed to.

But Rupert and Ethel had no such fears. The crisis of their life had been passed five years before, unknown to all; and none of those who saw them start on their outward voyage, with faces full of hope, could guess how strange nor how close was the tie that bound their hearts together!



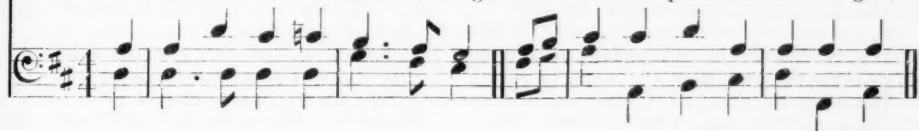
## There was a Time when Children Sang.

Words by T. R. TAYLOR, 1836.

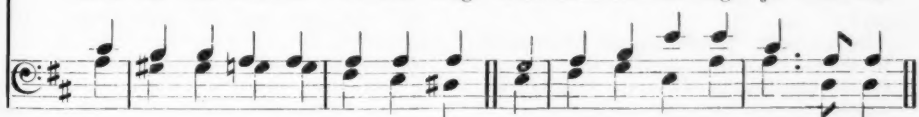
Music by J. W. ELLIOTT.



1. There was a time when chil - dren sang The Sa-viour's praise with sa - cred glee,



And all the hills of Ju-dah rang With their ex - ult - ing ju - bi - lee.



2.

O! to have joined their rapturous songs  
And swelled their sweet hosannas high;  
And blessed Him with our feeble tongues,  
As He—the Man of grief—went by!

3.

But Christ is now a glorious King,  
And angels in His presence bow;  
The humble songs that we can sing,  
O! will He, can He, hear them now?

4.

He can, He will, He loves to hear  
The notes which babes and sucklings raise;  
Jesus, we come in trembling fear;  
O! teach our hearts and tongues Thy praise.

5.

We join the hosts around Thy throne,  
Who once, like us, the desert trod;  
And thus, we make their song our own—  
Hosanna to the Son of God!

## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

## INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

MAY 20TH. THE CHILDHOOD OF MOSES.

To read—Exod. ii. 1–10. Golden Text—Ps.

xcv. 15.



INTRODUCTION. Last lesson told of Israelites' hard toil as slaves in Egypt after Joseph's death; but they increased rapidly in numbers till Pharaoh gave orders that all male children born should be at once drowned in the River Nile. To-day's lesson tells of the birth of their future deliverer.

I. MOSES IN DANGER. (1–4.) A marriage. A Levite marries a woman of his own tribe. After a time a "goodly" boy is born. Called "fair to God," or "exceeding fair." (Acts vii. 20.)

God the Giver of all beauty of body or mind. Must they kill this beautiful boy? They cannot. They have faith that God will keep him safe. So they hide him for three months. (Heb. xi. 23.) Then they put him in a little coffin-shaped basket of reeds (papyrus), making it water-tight with pitch. Then place him among the flags by water-side. Miriam, his elder sister, is left to watch. The father and mother return home to pray. Notice about Moses' parents—

1. *Their strong faith.* God who gave them their child could surely preserve him from harm.

2. *Their use of means.* Hid him in the most unlikely place for him to be found.

LESSON. Trust in God and be doing good.

II. MOSES IN SAFETY. (5–10.) Picture the scene.

A bathing party. The princess and her attendants. Most of the maids stroll along the river-side. Princess keeps one to wait on her while bathing. Suddenly she sees the basket among the flags. Sends to fetch it; opens it; sees the boy. The baby cries; Miriam comes forward. Volunteers to fetch a Hebrew nurse for it. Runs home; tells the tale; fetches her mother. Jochebed engaged to nurse her own child. Moses grew, was brought to princess and adopted. Became learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. (Acts vii. 22.) And a mighty man.

LESSONS. 1. From Miriam—discretion. Came forward at the right time; said and did the right thing.

2. From Pharaoh's daughter—compassion for the helpless.

3. From Jochebed—train children aright; God will reward.

III. MOSES A TYPE OF CHRIST. How?

1. *Made* like his brethren in all things. (Heb. ii 17.)

2. *Persecuted* by a cruel king. (St. Matt. ii. 16.)

3. *Delivered* by God's overruling providence. (Golden text.)

MAY 27TH. MOSES SENT AS DELIVERER.

To read—Exod. iii. 10–20. Golden Text—Isaiah xli. 10.

INTRODUCTION. Moses lived forty years in Pharaoh's Court, becoming well known to the king, learning from the wise men, waiting patiently for what should happen. Heard also and saw the miseries of his own people. At age of forty "visited" them (Acts vii. 23), and determined to give up the luxuries of Court life to live with his brethren (Heb. xi. 25, 26) and deliver them; but acted rashly, killed a taskmaster, incurred Pharaoh's wrath, and had to flee from Egypt. Settled in Midian—married a daughter of Jethro, prince and priest—till after another forty years, God, speaking out of a burning bush, called him to return to Egypt as deliverer of the Israelites.

I. THE CALL. (10–14.) Moses is to go.

Why does God want to send someone?

He has *seen* His people's affliction.

He has *heard* their bitter cry. (Ver. 7.)

He *knows* all their great sorrows.

He has *come down* to deliver them.

So He has determined to send a deliverer.

Moses hesitates—feels his own unworthiness.

God *promises His presence*—He will be with him.

Gives a token—they shall worship on this same mount—fulfilled when Law given. (Ex. xx.)

Moses still hesitates. God is unknown to Israel.

By what name and title shall he make Him known?

God *reveals His name*—"I AM THAT I AM," meaning self-existent, eternal, almighty Lord Jehovah.

Unlike heathen gods of wood and stone, silver and gold, work of men's hands. (Ps. cxv. 4.)

LESSONS. 1. As thy day so shall thy strength be.

2. In God's name shall we tread them under that arise against us. (Golden text.)

II. THE MESSAGE. (15–20.) What is Moses commissioned to do?

Leave his adopted land and return to Egypt.

Gather the elders of the people together.

Tell the tale of God's appearance to him.

Say that the time has come for their deliverance.

They are at last to go to the Promised Land.

Then the elders must go with him to Pharaoh.

God's message must be told to the king.

They must first hold a solemn sacrifice to the Lord.

They must go a three days' march away.

But Pharaoh is certain to refuse this request.  
God will then stretch out His hand on the land.  
He will do great signs and wonders.  
Afterwards Pharaoh will let them go.

LESSONS. 1. God's voice is of love—He pities.  
2. God's word is of power—must be obeyed.  
3. God first gives warning—"Let My people go."  
4. God punishes when His message is despised.  
5. God will put all enemies under His feet.  
Therefore, "seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

JUNE 3RD. THE PASSOVER INSTITUTED.

To read—Exod. xii. 1—14. Golden Text—1 Cor. v. 7.

INTRODUCTION. Moses, and Aaron his brother, gave God's message to Pharaoh; but he laughed them to scorn. They performed the three signs, viz., water changed to blood in a basin, the leprous hand, and the rod turned into a serpent. The magicians by sleight of hand appearing to do the same, Pharaoh refuses to believe in God. God sends ten plagues—most of them directed against some of the false gods of Egypt. The king promises many times to let them go, but does not. At last God hardens his heart, and he refuses absolutely. The last plague is the death of the first-born in each family, connected with which was the institution of the Passover.

I. THE FEAST. (1—14.) Notice—

The author—God Himself; therefore must be kept.

The month—the first month of the year.

All the months to date from this month Abib.

Showing the great importance of this Feast.

The day—the animal to be taken on tenth day.

Kept till fourteenth day of the month at even.

The victim—a lamb for each family.

One in its prime—of the first year—the best possible.

A youngling of sheep or goats.

The sacrifice—to be killed in the evening.

All the people to do it at the same time.

Not a single bone allowed to be broken.

The blood to be sprinkled on the door-posts.

The flesh to be roasted with fire and eaten with unleavened bread and bitter herbs.

Nothing of it to be left till the morning.

Any small scraps remaining to be burnt.

The ceremonies—it was to be eaten in haste.

Loins girt ready for a journey, staves in hand.

Shoes on feet, all ready dressed to depart at once.

The cause—it is the Lord's Passover.

Angel of death will destroy Egypt's first-born.

Angel of life will pass over and spare Israel.

The memorial—similar feast to be kept yearly.

In memory of God's mercy and deliverance.

II. THE TYPE. Point out carefully—

Christ, the Son of God, is the Passover sacrificed for us. (Golden text.)

He is the spotless, sinless Lamb. (1 Pet. i. 19.)

He was chosen beforehand. (1 Pet. ii. 4.)

Killed by the people. (Acts ii. 23.)

Killed in the evening. (St. Mark xv. 34.)

His blood sprinkled on conscience. (Heb. x. 22.)

Not a bone of Him was broken. (St. John xix. 36.)

Eaten with unleavened bread. (1 Cor. v. 7, 8.)

All must share if they would escape everlasting death. (St. John vi. 53.)

No salvation except through His blood. (Rev. v. 9.)

LESSON. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

JUNE 10TH. PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

To read—Exod. xiv. 19—29. Golden Text—Heb. xi. 29.

INTRODUCTION. After the Passover Feast, at midnight of the same day, the destroying angel smote the eldest son in each house of the Egyptians. A cry of agony was heard throughout the land. Pharaoh in haste dismissed the Israelites. The people heaped gifts upon them to hasten their departure. They marched by way of the Red Sea, and encamped between the mountains and the sea. Pharaoh followed them with an army intending to force them back.

I. ISRAELITES SAFE. (19—22.) What happened?

God's angel moved between them and their enemies.

Pillar of cloud also moved behind them.

Was light to Israel, darkness to Egyptians.

Then Moses stretched his hand over the sea.

God caused the sea to divide as by a wind.

A passage stood open before them in the sea.

The Israelites marched through on dry ground.

March lasted all night—half a million men.

Women and children four times as many.

Not one left behind—not one lost—all safe.

Truly the God of Hosts was their refuge.

II. EGYPTIANS LOST. (23—29.) Where were they?

Obliged to keep still till morning light.

At first dawn pursued Israelites right into the sea.

But God sent a mighty storm. (Ps. lxxvii. 18.)

Rain, hail, lightning terrified the Egyptian hosts.

Their chariot-wheels also came off in the sea.

They fled in fear from God's anger and power.

Then followed a fearful catastrophe.

Moses, at God's command, stretched out his rod.

The sea returned in all its strength.

The Egyptians in vain tried to flee away from it.

But they were all overwhelmed in the waters.

Israel saw Egyptians cast up dead on the shore.

No one of the enemy survived to tell the tale.

LESSONS. 1. After Passover Feast came danger.

After great blessings often come great trials.

2. By faith they left Egypt, but faith soon failed.

God, however, continued His work for them.

"What time I am afraid I will trust in Him."

3. The Egyptians tried to resist God.

He turneth the counsels of heathen to naught.

4. They were led by the guiding light.

"Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path."

## THE TWO BENS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLONEL KIT."



**B**IG BEN had just struck seven; little Ben, sitting on a seat on the Embankment, looked across and counted the deep strokes. He nodded approvingly; then, as somebody edged him against the arm of the seat, he got up and moved away. Ben was hump-backed, pigeon-chested, and altogether rather a miserable little object, yet his face

had a bright intelligence and alertness that made him almost attractive.

He was short, and the parapet of the Embankment is high, but by placing his toes on the little projection, and hooking his outstretched arms over the broad top, he was able to look over. It was a very fair scene on which he gazed; the sun was setting, its level rays turned the muddy Thames water into a golden stream; up the river, the Houses of Parliament showed clearly, but the light haze which hung about gave an air of unearthliness to everything.

Ben blinked as the sunlight came into his eyes, but by turning a little, he had the shadow of a lamp to protect them, and he could look on with comfort. The river traffic did not attract him; he scarcely noticed the passing steamboats. This was his favourite time, but it was not always so pleasant. Ben could not understand why the sunset hour made him feel quiet and peaceful, but the sharp look of the London street-boy left his face, and was succeeded by one of gentleness and longing.

Ben's toes slipped, and he came down, grazing his cheek in so doing; he did not climb up again, but sauntered on, taking very little notice of the other ragged children who played about noisily. Across the water was St. Thomas's Hospital, and Ben was fond of watching the sick people, who spent a good deal of time in the fine weather on the verandah outside the wards. There was one young man whose bed used to be brought out in whom Ben took a great interest; but he had not been there lately, and the boy quite missed him.

The sun had gone down now, all the lights had faded out of the sky, and a little chilly breeze came from the water. Ben had crossed the bridge and passed the hospital, and was walking by the archbishop's palace and St. Mary's, Lambeth. He knew nothing of history, or his thoughts might have dwelt on the many things that had happened about there; he might have pictured James the Second's unfortunate

queen waiting in the cold and darkness for her means of escape. Ben knew he liked the place, but could have given no reason for so doing; he liked, too, to look at the curious half-pagan monuments in the churchyard, which was so still and peaceful amidst the stir and turmoil of the sordid life around.

Outside the churchyard a man and woman were "having words;" but Ben did not feel interested, and turned to go back the way he had come. Most of the seats on the Embankment were occupied, but on one there was only an elderly gentleman at one end, and Ben took his place at the other, glancing now and then at his companion, as though to intimate that he was quite ready for conversation. Evening had quite settled down, and the great bell struck eight.

"Same name as me," said Ben, after counting the strokes.

"Indeed?" said his companion, looking a little amused.

"Yes," said Ben; then, as if he must do the honours of the place, "Often come here?"

The gentleman bent his head.

"Wonder I ain't seen you. What, going already, guv'nor? I'll look out for you to-morrer."

Mr. Grange went on his way, feeling curiously interested in the little waif. He had been bitterly disappointed in one he deeply loved, and from that time had shut his heart against love and friendship. Sometimes overtures had been made to him by those who pitied his loneliness, but they had been rejected so decidedly that there was no encouragement to try again. So now for many years Mr. Grange had led a solitary life in his old-fashioned house in South Lambeth. His housekeeper and servants did what he needed, then left him to himself, and lived their own more cheerful life in a different part of the house. Of late, Mr. Grange had taken to walking on the Embankment at night, sometimes not returning home till the small hours. His selfish, bitter life had left its impress on his face, which was by no means attractive now.

Yet somehow little Ben had been attracted by it; and next night, when Mr. Grange took to pacing the Embankment, he found the little arab following him.

Perhaps he was tired of his loneliness; and the boy seemed safe to speak to, and there was no one to notice; so, almost to his own surprise, the solitary man took to talking to his small admirer.

"You ought to be in bed," he said once, when it was late; but Ben's patient little shadow still followed him.

Ben grinned. "Ain't got no bed; sleep under arches if the coppers don't move me," he said.

"But haven't you anyone belonging to you?"

"Only him," answered Ben, with a sweep of his arm.

Mr. Grange was puzzled; there was no one very near him, but the great clock was chiming the quarter.

"Him," explained Ben; "he's just like a brother,



and we've got the same name; and he don't never go on at a fellow, but just speaks kind and cheerful; even when it's too foggy to see him, he speaks up to say he ain't a-going to leave me."

Mr. Grange looked at the eager face rather pityingly, "So that's why you like to be here?" he said.

"Yes; seems as if he looks kind of sorrowful when I've been away long."

"Can you read, Ben?" asked Mr. Grange suddenly.

"No," said Ben. "When I lived with Aunt Bet, before she was took, someone said I had oughter go to school, but Aunt Bet ups and says, 'Bless yer soul! don't bother the boy; he'll never be a growed-up man: and better for him, such a poor little 'natomy,' he concluded, as calmly as if talking of someone else."

"Do you know what she meant?" asked Mr. Grange.

"Meant I shall die," Ben said indifferently.

"Have you ever heard of God, Ben?" said Mr. Grange.

"Him as people speak to, though they can't see Him?" said Ben, in an awestruck whisper.

"Yes, Ben; may He take you to Himself when you pass from this world!"

Ben would have liked to ask some questions, but Mr. Grange had turned away, and was striding hastily homewards. The man was strangely stirred and shaken by the child; the voice of conscience which he had stilled for so long was making itself heard again. For long he had kept apart from his fellow-men, holding out no helping hand to those who were perishing around; now he was making up his mind to help the poor little deformed waif who had come into his path.

Next evening Mr. Grange went to the Embankment rather earlier than usual; Ben was there, but was not looking out for him, and he watched him from a distance. He felt shy and nervous over the task he had set himself, and wondered which would be the best way to put it to the boy.

Ben had hooked himself on to the wall in his usual fashion; his sharp little chin rested on the cold stone, and his great hungry eyes watched his big namesake admiringly; some of the sunset light caught his rough fair hair, then shone out fully, and wrapped him in a momentary glory.



"Altogether rather a miserable little object."—p. 508.

"Chi-ike!" suddenly yelled a voice in his ear; it was only a boy coming up from behind, who was bent on mischief, but intended no harm. Ben was startled; his hands and feet slipped, he struggled for a moment, then fell backwards in a heap.

Mr. Grange looked to see him get up as if nothing had happened; but, instead, when he tried to rise he sank back again with an agonised groan.

"Why, you ain't hurt?"

"I dunno," Ben gasped; but some of the terror left his face as Mr. Grange bent over him. "No, don't touch me; let me be here," he cried out.

"But I must. There, my dear lad, the worst part is over," Mr. Grange said quite tenderly, as he held him in his arms; but he was quite at a loss what to do next. However, the other boy had a suggestion ready. "Take him to the hospital, Mister," he said, nodding towards St. Thomas's; "they'll do him good."

"Thank you," said Mr. Grange, moving off quickly.

The doctors at the hospital looked very grave over

little Ben; there was an internal injury, they said, and they might have to perform an operation; at any rate, they must keep him; and Mr. Grange went away, knowing that the little fellow was in good hands.

When he went to the hospital next day, he was told that Ben was in a serious condition, and must have been before his fall; they would do what they could to relieve him, but nothing else was possible. Had he any relations? If so, they might come to him at any time.

Ben, lying in his white bed in a nest of pillows, greeted his friend with a smile that had something of entreaty in it.

"He wants something, sir," said the nurse who was standing there; "it's someone he wants to see, I think. 'The other Ben,' he calls him."

"The clock; isn't that it?" asked Mr. Grange; and Ben brightened and looked more satisfied. The ward he was in did not face the river; but when the authorities were told of the boy's great desire, he was moved into another; and whenever the weather permitted, his bed was wheeled outside.

"It's very comfortable here," he said one day to his friend; "and the big'un, he's easy in his mind now I'm so well off."

Mr. Grange had bitterly regretted that his resolve to help the little waif had come so late; very falteringly, feeling how far behind he was in practice, he tried to teach the child of better things. It was quite wonderful to see how much Ben could grasp and understand, and it seemed as if the evil amidst which he had lived had not been allowed to harm him. The Good Shepherd had watched and guarded His lamb, and now was leading him into the fold of Paradise.

"He just has been kind!" said Ben one day, as he looked at a picture of the Good Shepherd, "and I can't do nuffin for Him; and the thorns hurt Him so."

"You are doing something for Him now, Ben, as you try to be patient in your pain and weakness," said Mr. Grange gently.

Ben shook his head. "T ain't nuffin!" he said. "He's done such a lot for me."

Such a lot! Aye, He had indeed; but Mr. Grange's heart smote him as he thought of the boy's deformed, neglected, unloved life, and of what his own had been. How was he treating the Heavenly Father who had done so much for him? At that moment he made a prayerful resolve to do better in future.

"Stop with me, guv'nor," pleaded Ben one day, in a strangely weak voice; the thin little fingers grasped his own, the great dark eyes looked at him imploringly, and Mr. Grange stayed.

Ben's was the only bed out on the verandah, and it was sheltered as much

as possible; the boy had begged so hard to be where he could see his namesake, that he had his way. Mr. Grange sat at his side; nurses and doctors came to look at him every now and then, and went away again softly.

Ben lay very still; when Big Ben chimed the quarters or struck the hours he responded with a smile or weak motion of his hands. His fingers plucked at the counterpane; once Mr. Grange laid his own on them, but they would not be stilled.

"Guv'nor, where are you?" he cried presently.

"Here I am, my dear; I have not left you."

"I can't see you; it's getting very dark. Oh, guv'nor, hold me!"

The sun was setting behind clouds, but great shafts of light came from them, while higher still little golden and crimson clouds floated over the blue. The boy's eyes were dim and frightened, and he moved his head from side to side.

"Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord," prayed Mr. Grange, in words with which he had once been familiar.

Ben heard, and the words brought into his mind something he had learnt in the hospital: "Through the darkness be Thou near me; watch my sleep till morning light," he said.

Morning light was very near for him, though over the city the sun had set and twilight was fast turning into darkness. "T ain't dark now," he said, as if surprised, as he turned his head restfully. Then he lay still.

And Big Ben, as it solemnly struck seven, almost seemed to tell of a triumph.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ben's is a very short, perhaps unsatisfactory, life-story; but there is one at least who is ceaselessly thankful for it. Mr. Grange no longer lives a selfish, solitary life; and in helping others he is himself blessed: in making them happy he finds true happiness.



"T ain't nuffin!"

## THE LOVE WHICH IS OMNIPOTENT.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A., CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY.

"Charity never faileth."—1 COR. xiii. 8.



THESE are daring words to utter in face of the wide belief that "all things come to an end": "Charity never faileth." It is true that St. Paul puts it on the same pedestal with "faith" and "hope." These abide, but have what might be called a personal limited range and use. They strengthen a man's own hold

on God's laws and help; they cheer his course and brighten his life. But "charity" concerns our relation to others. It is shown in the way we carry ourselves towards our fellow-men; and it is especially in regard to its "power" in doing this that I wish to notice how it "never faileth." What is this grace?

We can hardly say that it is the same as love. It means, *also*, that deliberate consideration and forbearance which we can exercise in dealing with those for whom we cannot entertain a tenderness prompted by what we commonly call "love." True "charity" involves many efforts. "Love," as generally understood, requires no pressure for its application; we do not command, but obey it. It acts spontaneously, and does not need to be explained. Indeed, it cannot be explained. St. Paul does not attempt to describe the indescribable. The "charity," however, enjoined by him is set forth at some length, so that we may be well advised what it is we have to show and do. It suffereth long, and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but in the truth; beareth, believeth, hopeth, endureth all things.

Love is thus believing and hopeful when we are under its influence, and carry ourselves tenderly towards those for whom we cannot help feeling affection. But charity can be deliberately exercised in bearing, hoping, enduring, under circumstances which do not *compel* us to show kindness. When, on the contrary, we are tempted to yield to provocation, or to become weary in well-doing, we may see that manifold grace which gives its excellence to "charity." It is in chief measure by the use of this that we can find how charity never faileth, not merely as "abiding" when other things "cease," vanish, or are "done away," but as giving us the greatest "power" in bearing or doing what has to be borne or done.

Life is crowded with duties and trials, great and small. We can hardly pass a day without being touched by something which tests our endurance or influence, and in meeting which we want strength. This need is felt on many occasions. It may come

when the *cross* is laid upon us in some presumably depressing shape, expected or unexpected. If it comes, *e.g.*, in the form of natural decay, in the ordinary course of human life, some are tempted to resent and deplore it, to kick against the inevitable pricks of time, the slow result of wear and tear. But as we *have*, as all *share*, the love of God, a door of escape is opened to us. There is no wear and tear of the faithful, trusting soul. The heart in communion with God is in touch with immortality. We accept a condition which is insufferably distasteful to those who have no such sense of resort, but which denotes no failure in our Father's treatment of us, and does not weaken the bond between ourselves and Him.

That bond does not depend upon time and place for its continuance and strength.

So, too, when a trouble is *unexpected*, charity enables us to endure, and feel that the sorrow is no sign of the withdrawal of God's care for His children.

As we apprehend and share the love of Christ, tribulation leads us still more to commit ourselves into His Father's hands. We may, indeed, try to thrust away the cross. We may seek to ignore it with spasms of fictitious bravery, which pass away and leave us, and let us drop into moods of disappointment and vexation.

But there is always some good to be had out of sorrow when we take it as coming from God.

Many of the occasions, however, which prove us and measure our ability in endurance or influence, arise in our dealings with our fellows. Here the "power" of charity is seen and shown when everything else is found wanting. Its might appears in our dealing with the *sick*, who are sometimes, naturally enough, peevish, inconsiderate, and inappreciative, however wise and well-intentioned the efforts to relieve them may be. But charity gives power to our purpose. The very term "Sister of Charity," accorded to those who supplement the physician in ministering to such as are bodily distressed, suggests the use of that power which never faileth.

Considerate and attentive kindness, then works wonders, which no expostulation or reasoning can bring about. So, also, in dealing with the young. I do not mean that punishments are never to be inflicted. God punishes, chastises. And we know that the prospect or perception of some materially unpleasant alternative will sometimes produce a salutary result in the case of children whose obstinacy has to be overcome. But (again and again) wise teachers have found an influence in the charity St. Paul speaks of, which is effective when all other methods of treatment have been tried in vain. This can break down the barrier, dissolve the young but stubborn tenacity

with which a child occasionally tries to hold a position of resentment towards its parent or instructor.

So also when we are confronted, not with the peevishness of the sick or forwardness of the young, but have to bring about some desirable end with perverse, opinionated, or sullen people, who doggedly refuse to listen to the clearest reasons, or even to be moved by considerations which appeal to their best interests. Then St. Paul's charity ignores all these motives, applies an inducement quite apart from the other direct methods which have been tried, and has been found to have an unsuspected effect.

They say that when a stable is on fire it is almost impossible to *drag* a horse away from the approaching flames, but if, in the midst of the uproar and alarm, you simply and gently put a saddle on his back, he is dislodged from his attitude of resistance, and suffers himself to be led quietly out. So in the case of some urgent importance, when the methods of compulsion or impression which most naturally suggest themselves have been used in vain with a seemingly immovable mind, the application of *charity*, if it cannot be said to bring obstinate people to their senses, takes them (so to speak) righteously off their guard, and leads them to the result which is desired. The dullest souls and hardest hearts have been thus reached. Charity never faileth.

So, too, charity prevails when we have to meet

deliberate provocation and survive hindrances purposely thrown in our way. The charity of which St. Paul speaks "endureth all things," "is not easily provoked." There is an incalculable store of resistance and power of survival in *abstinence from rejoinder*. I do not mean that dogged calculating patience, which *lies low* and keeps dark for a time in order to smite all the harder when it sees an opportunity, but the spirit which thinketh no evil, will not impute bad motives, tries at least not to magnify them, though it may be affection to ignore their existence. Charity discerns the best in adversaries, and, if an opening should come, does not use it in leaping on a careless foe, but abstains from recrimination and reproach.

Charity never faileth—at least, the failure is not that of charity itself. Its treasure-house of influence is not empty because its stores are rejected. It does not shrink back, feeling that a mistake has been made, but rejoiceth in the truth, even though the true way may have been scorned.

And it is thus powerful because in all these uses of charity a man is kept up by the knowledge that the excellent way he has adopted in dealing with this or that difficulty is the *Christian* way, the way of Him who, though He was crucified, has all power given unto Him in heaven and in earth, and (which is best to the point) is with His disciples, His brethren, always, even unto the end of the world.



#### PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

GOD, Who once at Pentecost  
Sentest down the Holy Ghost:  
Grant us by that Spirit's light  
Evermore a judgment right;  
Through the Son, Who reigns with Thee  
In that Spirit's unity.

God, Who by Thy Spirit taught  
Humble souls that asked and sought:  
Grant that He to us may bring

All His holy comforting;  
Through the Son, Who reigns with Thee  
In that Spirit's unity.

God, Whose Spirit came to guide  
Faithful people to Thy side:  
Let Him lead us to that shore  
Whither Christ is gone before;  
Through the Son, Who reigns with Thee  
In that Spirit's unity.

ELLEN THORNECROFT FOWLER.



## THE VILLAGE BY THE BURN.

A STUDY IN STILL LIFE.

BY KATHLEEN WATSON, AUTHOR OF "MY LITTLE MAN."



WAY in northern Britain there is, far from towns and the turmoil of the same, the queerest cluster of huts and hamlets that was ever called a village. Milton of Edradour is the long grand name by which it is officially known, yet to none of those who tread as children of the soil its one broken dreamy way was it ever other than Balnauld, which being interpreted is, The Village by the Burn.

Bubbling and gurgling from the distant heights,

down it rushes, that clear yellow burn, widening where the old distillery and the village hamlets lie alongside, making, as it goes, a constant music: sometimes stormy, sometimes sad—a music which, like the love we have always with us, we seldom rightly value till we lose it.

About the little hamlets and the barns, the slanting turf-thatched roofs, the tumbling bridge of pine planks, and the grey stone distillery on the other side, there is a charm which is hardly to be caught, held fast, and straightway set down stiffly and securely in black and white. Should you greatly care to grasp the magic and the mystery of that charm, you must go there often and sit there long, and open heart as well as mind to the gentle old-world influences around, otherwise the Village by the Burn may be no more to you than was the primrose by the river's brim to him of fame inglorious if enduring.

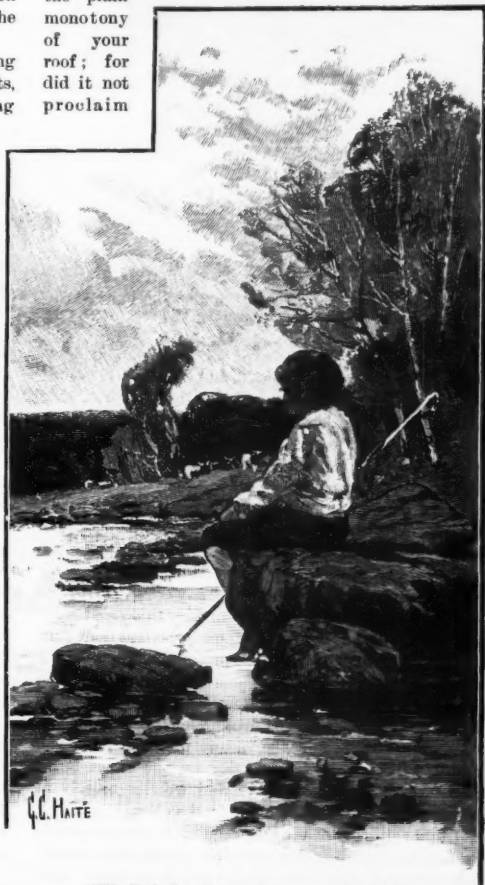
As you draw near it from the east, through the high-lying barley-lands which are whitening to the northern harvest now, you must be made of stern stuff indeed if no faint smile escapes you at first sight of that Village by the Burn. Since, so queerly and irregularly are the cottages pieced and patched and knocked together, that they look for all the world as though they had been flung down from the mountain-sides to the little hollow of Balnauld, and then left standing just as they chanced to pitch.

On certain of the roofs odd little lumps show forth, and compel the inquiring to wonder concerning the necessity of their being. It seems that once, long years ago, the fever of a certain fashion ran its course among the

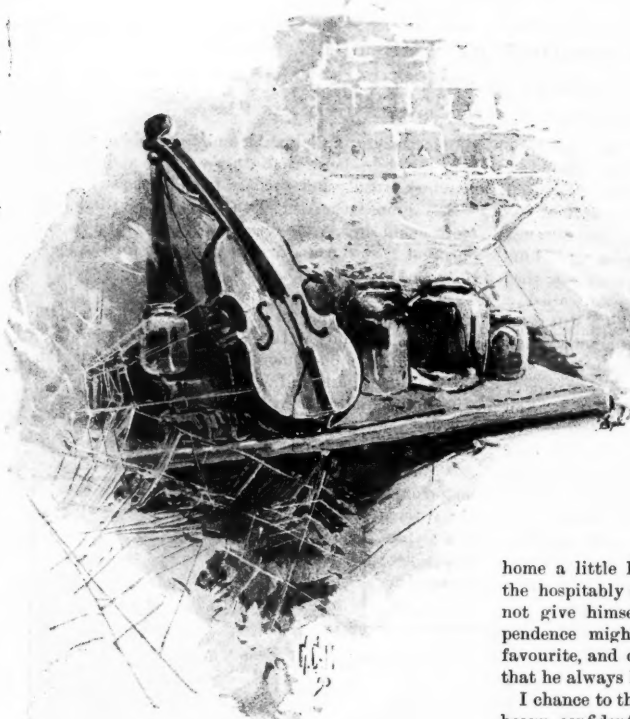
simple natives of Balnauld, and the fashion was—to own an eight-day grandfather's clock, and have it standing proudly and serenely "ben the hoose"!

Now, grandfather's clocks stand high, and Balnauld roofs stand low, exceeding low; and since it was apparent that the clocks were not made for the roofs, it became also apparent that the roofs, or at least little corners of them, must be made for the clocks. Holes were therefore made in the thick brown thatch, the clocks, fitted firmly in the earthy floor below, and the thatch brought once more over the obstruction in a thickly piled-up mound or lump.

I understand that it became rather a mark of honour than otherwise to have this peculiarity attached to the plain monotony of your roof; for did it not proclaim



"His little heart was far away."—p. 514.



"Placed the poor tuneless thing on the topmost shelf."—p. 515.

aloud to every neighbour round, that you at least were of the fortune-favoured few who could afford to live up to the fashion of the hour? Yet, side by side with the humour, there nearly always is the pathos of it too. For dear old Hendry Gelatly, who saved for long and weary years to buy his clock, putting by a bawbee here and another there, till the old tankard on the narrow shelf grew rich and heavy with the fruits of his denial—he even had the hole made in the roof, ready for the reception of his dear one, long before he was near the winning of her. He used to say it encouraged him "powerful" to persevere. Then dark days fell upon him thick and sore, and to ease the dying years of one who had done him grievous wrong, the bawbees and the little "siller" pieces were taken one by one from the old blue tankard on the shelf, and now . . . Hendry's hair is white, and he sits by his fireside looking sadly sometimes at the hole and the vacant place—just as you and I will look back some day on the sweet brave plans we made for our lives, and wonder mutely at the Providence which laid them all so low.

I told this story of the queer old roofs to some people in London the other day—terrible people they were—who rather thought I was trying to "get at them" with the whole thing. But the truth is sometimes very odd

and quaint; . . . and Hendry's vacant clockless hole remains.

The population of Balnault, all told, numbers eighty-seven souls; and, strangely enough, among them all, in things pertaining to the swine, there is but one pig-sty, and one pig only; nobody owns him, it seems. Two old ladies have a life-interest in him; that is to say, they dwell next door to him, and throw their scraps to him, and have acquired an undoubted *prestige* from living in such close and constant intimacy with him; but legally, he is no more theirs than is he yours or mine. His sty is built against one of the tumbling stone walls; split pine-trunks enclose it, old barrels from the distillery are ranged against its one side. Sometimes the hens and chickens stroll up from their

home a little lower down the brae, and look in at the hospitably unlatched pig-sty door. The pig does not give himself the airs which his perfect independence might entitle him to; he is a general favourite, and one, moreover, whose proud boast it is that he always keeps open house.

I chance to think of him just now, because, with his heavy confident strut, he recalls to me one of the saddest scenes I have lived through, a scene at which he, with his suite of hens, chickens, and a couple or so of stray ducklings, assisted also.

It was in this way. Just across the road, opposite the pig-sty, is a tiny white-washed cottage, a trifle ruder and rougher than all the rest, perhaps. Its humble roof was never broken that an eight-day grandfather's clock might stand up, straight and proud, in the one poor room below; for grimdest poverty has ever been the heritage of those who have dwelt and struggled there. There, sixteen years ago, was born a little Highland laddie, the last of a family of ten. At twelve years old, when his brief schooldays were done, they sent him to a hill-side farm where his brothers, one and all, had laboured before him. But while he was cleaning out the stables, tending the lambs and cows, washing the pails, or working in the fields from dawn to dusk, his little heart was far away with the clouds and mountains, the sweet waters and the dancing lights, the waving woods and the braes of heather. All these things, which were mute to those for whom he toiled, spoke, nevertheless, to him in a language which they who once have listened to will count the world well lost if they may but hear it evermore. That is to say, that though he was but a little shepherd-lad, his soul was brave with the passion and the instinct of the artist.

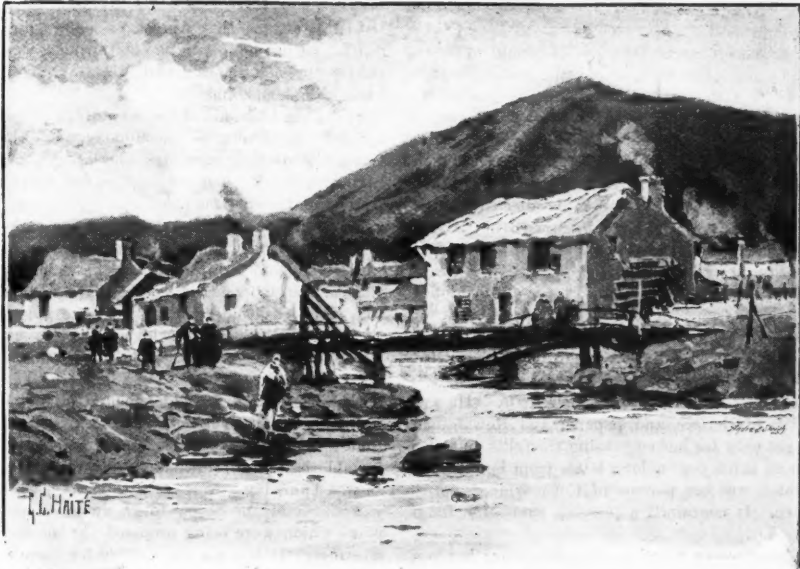
By chance it fell that a stranger sojourning at the farm for a summer week or two, took notice of

the little lad, his earnest deep dark eyes, his seriousness, and his smiles so far away. Before they parted he gave him, in remembrance of their talks together, an old violin which he said he had no longer time to use himself. Then came the deluge, for it was as though one had given wings to a wee caged bird and let it loose into the sunshine. At last the boy had found that through which he might give expression to the beauty of the dear dream-world in which he so continually moved.

But with this great new thing that came into his life, the little trivial things which mean the daily bread were sadly left to slide. He was for ever forgetting what he had been told to do, and doing what he should have left undone, and thrashings made him none the wiser. One day when he had finished planting a plot with potatoes, he deliberately dug each one out again as methodically as he had put it in. As a matter of fact, while his little body had been with the potatoes, his soul was on the mountaintops with a melody of magic meaning. But they

rosy dawn he crept to his home and his broken violin like a little wounded animal. He was never very strong, and after the chill there came a fever, and then a weakness from which there was no recovery. At first they did not know that he was dying: he lay on his low narrow bed so white and still, his eyes turned ever to his violin on the upper shelf, but he never spoke of it or asked that he might be allowed to hold it in his hands just once again.

Until someone passing by heard all the pitiful little story, and had the violin made strong and beautiful once more: and on the afternoon of the day before he died, the echoes of a very sweet old song rang up the broken road without. The pig and his followers came across to listen: the homely procession of beast and bird entered in at the open door and stood in a solemn line against the wall: the sun hung low in a yellow sky: a curious glow shone in through the thick small panes of knotted glass. And this is a fragment of the song to which that little dying boy tuned his violin for the last time—



"The queerest cluster of huts and hamlets."—p. 513.

drove him home with bitter words and blows, and his angry father, with the awful cruelty of ignorance, dashed the violin from his hands, and tore the tender strings asunder one by one, and placed the poor tuneless thing high on the topmost shelf, with a grim stern order concerning its removal thence.

Then that agonised little boy went about his daily work with a heart more truly broken than many a love-lorn lady's has ever been. . . . And one sharp dewy night he lay under the stars on the cold hillside, tending a little lamb that seemed to be dying, and a sudden chill took hold of him, and in the

"It was upon a Lammas night,  
When corn rigs are bonnie,  
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,  
I hied away to Annie:  
The time flew by with tentless heed,  
Till, 'tween the late and early  
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed  
To see me through the barley."

His own melodies were dead within him, but he remembered his mother's favourite song. And surely, somehow, the little Village by the Burn is the richer for the tiny flame of genius that once was born and perished there!

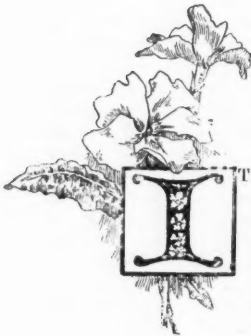
## MISS GAYLE OF LESCOUGH.

BY E. S. CURRY.

## CHAPTER VII.

## A VISIT TO TOWN.

"I walk to love and life alone  
Over these mournful places,  
Across the summer over-  
thrown."



"It sometimes happens in life, as though everything, after apparently agreeing to work steadily up towards a certain crisis, fails at the last moment. We await the event; no one can say what is lacking, but suddenly things are put altogether on

another level of life. A letter which is not answered, a call on business, some little interruption—and our fate is changed.

After that evening at Deepfen, life could never be quite the same again to Rowan. She had let herself insensibly be influenced by the spirit of the place, by Nurse's talk, by the old-world memories lingering there, even by her unusual dress, by Amyot's masterful love-making, into a dreamy acquiescence in a feeling, the recollection of which, the next morning, startled and confounded her. She looked at the fingers he had kissed, and was angry with his daring, until her memory conjured up the vision of the tall strong figure in its becoming evening dress, the gleam of the dark eyes in the half-light of the old-fashioned room, even the curl of the short hair as he leant towards her. Her frame thrilled. She drew her breath quickly, and a light came into her beautiful eyes. What did it mean?

At breakfast her father spoke very little. He was busy with his letters and papers; and Rowan had leisure, not only for her engrossing thoughts, but also to read and think over a long letter from her London aunt, which was her portion of the morning's correspondence. It contained a pressing invitation for a month's visit.

"Too late for any drawing-room this year; but you must see some of the gaieties, my dear, and the pictures. I know these always appeal to you country people more than the study of our manners and customs. At any rate, my dear, come—before it gets too hot and odious."

Rowan sat striving with herself. She did not want to go to London. With amazement she realised that pictures, and manners, and customs, were all equally uninteresting to her. Her thoughts were satisfied with the picture she had witnessed yesterday: the waving green flat, the white-shirted navvies in the distance, the sparkling inflowing sea. Her sympathies were all enlisted in the ambitions of one masterful man. And what picture could present a deeper tragedy than that lonely life on the sea-bank? If Rowan's nature had not been a very sincere one, she

would almost have persuaded herself that, for the sake of that poor lonely woman, she must remain at home now, and try to make up to her in some measure for the long years of exile. The thought did come into her head, but she pushed the hypocrisy aside. She saw the wisdom of her father's counsel after she had narrated to him the scene with her aunt.

"You cannot thrust yourself upon her," he had said. "But I will go, now that you have broken the ice, and see what I can do with her. And yes, my dear," he went on, "I should like you to accept your aunt's invitation. Can you be ready by to-morrow, as she asks?"

"Yes, father."

"Then I will take you up, and come back on Monday for these meetings. You had better telegraph."

And so it was that Amyot, on presenting himself during calling hours the next afternoon, was met by the intelligence that Mr. and Miss Gayle had gone to London that morning.

"For long?" he asked the servant.

"Mr. Gayle returns on Monday, sir. But Miss Gayle is remaining with Mrs. Chester."

He could ask no more, and turned away a disappointed and uneasy man.

He could not help wondering at the cause of this sudden departure, and disquieted himself, in every way possible to a lover, during his homeward ride. Had he been too venturesome? Had he offended her? The blood rushed into his face at the thought. But no. She had given no evidence that his attentions were displeasing to her. She had not seemed to resent his daring.

And then, with a sudden bound of the heart, he recollected that London was not two hours away, that he had many friends there, and a most comfortable base for operations at his very pleasant club. It was Thursday. Now, he bethought himself that it was absolutely necessary to go up to see about some plans which were being prepared for the next week's meetings. It was no use waiting for them to arrive, and be possibly incorrect. He had better go himself, and make certain that they were all right.

So he paid a hasty visit to the fen, filled up the whole evening with business of various kinds, and the next day put himself in the train for London.

But by this proceeding he only ensured much disquiet to himself. After he had satisfied his conscience by inspecting his plans, Amyot spent the next two days in haunting every place frequented by the ladies who have the privilege in this life of doing nothing. He thought Rowan would be sure to ride. So he was in the Row for two hours, gazing steadfastly at every equestrian who approached him. Then he thought that she would be sure to drive. So, in company with a friend whom he had picked up at his club—none other, indeed, than his landlord and neighbour,



Lord Lescough, whom he had already had the art to interest thoroughly in his Fenshire schemes—he, for another two hours, stood by the railings or under the trees in the Park, and saw pass before him some of the youth and beauty of England. At last Lord Lescough, having the use of his eyes, asked with interest—

"Looking for somebody, Hardy?"

"Yes," Amyot answered, his face reddening.

"Oh!" said his lordship, smiling. "All right, old fellow. Good-luck to you!"

But no Rowan drove in the park that afternoon.

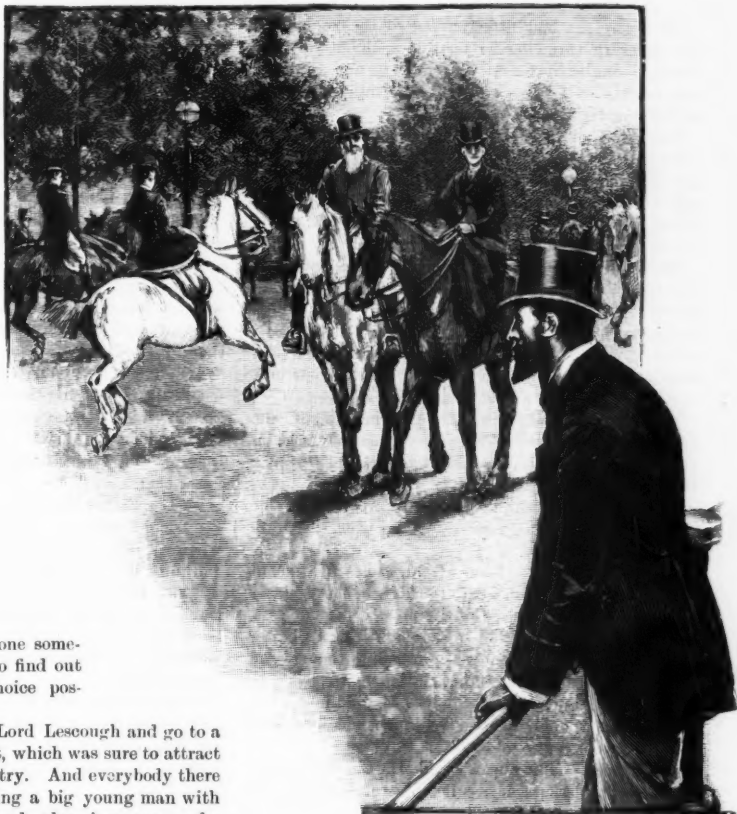
Then he reflected that it was Saturday. She would probably have gone somewhere. But how was he to find out where, amidst all the choice possibilities?

He agreed to dine with Lord Lescough and go to a concert: an especial concert, which was sure to attract a new-comer from the country. And everybody there had the chance of remarking a big young man with a magnificent physique and gleaming eyes, who surveyed the whole house in the most careful manner instead of attending to the music. He was written about in the papers the next week as a distinguished foreign detective. Lord Lescough let him alone. Except just when they parted, he said, smiling, "Try church parade to-morrow. That'll fetch her." Amyot returned the smile, but shook his head.

"Not that sort," he answered. Then he went on, "And you will really come down with me on Tuesday morning? Then we shall get our way. They won't go against you. I see my village built; I can even smell the narcissus."

Some few days after this, Rowan received a letter from her father, together with a *Lescough Gazette*, which, he said, told in detail what was too long to write.

"We have been having quite an excitement down here," he wrote. "Lord Lescough turned up with Hardy for the meeting; they both dined and slept here, my dear. Lord Lescough told me about you. And we had a very full meeting, and tremendous interest shown. Hardy spoke very well: indeed, some of us thought, better than Lord Lescough—and everybody got excited. The result is that Hardy is to undertake the engineering work next spring as soon as labour can begin—provided that what he has already done stands the storms and high tides of the



"Gazing steadfastly at every equestrian who approached him."—p. 516.

autumn and winter. The money is to be raised by a voluntary rate on adjoining property. We shall have to find a large share. But Lord Lescough is as hopeful as Hardy, and guarantees a large amount. And I suspect it is he who has been at Hardy's back all along. So glad you are enjoying yourself so much. No, my dear, I am not lonely. This business is very engrossing."

Rowan was enjoying her gaieties, and acting as an excuse to her sociable aunt for much party-giving and going. Mrs. Chester did not approve of girls hiding themselves away in the country—and such country, too! How could they be seen and known in the heart of the fens? She wished her brother would again let the Abbey, and live in a more convenient neighbourhood: at any rate, until Rowan was properly settled. For she could not possibly marry anyone down there. There was no one to marry. And "down there" was connected with that unpleasant family scandal. It would not conduce to Rowan's success to have that old story raked up against her. Mrs. Chester always pushed the ugly recollection away, whenever it intruded on her.

As a girl, she had bitterly resented the conduct of her sister in throwing so terrible a cloud over the family. She turned deaf ears now to any hints or suggestions of Rowan, and got quite agitated when at last one day Rowan spoke out.

They were sitting in the pretty sweet-scented morning-room in Mrs. Chester's pretty red house at Kensington, overlooking the gardens. Rowan had now been nearly a month in London, and her delicate bloom was giving way to a pallor and air of fatigue which her aunt secretly resented.

She had been much admired, her aloofness and quiet dignity giving her an individuality which was acknowledged to be picturesque even by girls whose manners and appearance least resembled hers. Mrs. Chester was delighted with her success, and was leaving no stone unturned to crown it with a marriage which she felt sure was now in Rowan's power.

"If only she would be a little more interested," she thought, trying unsuccessfully to fathom the meditations which lay behind the abstracted gaze of Rowan's beautiful eyes.

"What are you thinking about, my dear?" she asked at last. "Has your ride tired you? I think you go out too early."

"I prefer it, Aunt. I am afraid I was not meant for a town life. I don't care to ride when everybody rides."

"What does your father say to-day?" Mrs. Chester asked, seeing that Rowan was pretending to answer a letter received from her father that morning.

"Read it, Aunt. I think he will be glad now when I go home, though he was so independent at first. And he wants you to go too."

"No, thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Chester hastily. "I have no pleasurable recollections of Lescough. I never wish to see it again."

And then as she read, her brow clouded, and an angry flush mounted to her pleasant face. She gave back the letter to Rowan, saying wrathfully—

"I wonder at my brother! It is insupportable that he should have any dealings with that man!"

"What man, Aunt?" Rowan asked, startled, taking back her letter and glancing down the sheet.

"Those disreputable Hardys! How he could demean himself to dine there I cannot imagine, or to have any communication with them."

Rowan's eyes flashed out an unwonted fire. She sat up in her low chair, every fibre of her body alert and tense.

"They are not disreputable," she said slowly. "I have dined there, Aunt."

Mrs. Chester gazed amazedly at the transformation in Rowan's aspect.

"You have! You, Rowan?" She almost gasped.

"Yes; why not? I don't know what you mean by disreputable. Disreputable!" she repeated passionately. "It seemed to me an exceedingly well-conducted, simple, home-like place."

"It is unaccountable to me," went on Mrs. Chester, "that Stephen can tolerate even the name. It is a disgrace. A man can do what a woman ought not. But that you should go there, Rowan!"

The tears were in Mrs. Chester's eyes, but Rowan

looked at them mercilessly. She took them for tears of wrath—as perhaps they were.

The grey eyes and the tearful ones gazed at each other in quiet struggle, and Mrs. Chester said—

"Has your father not told you? But how could he? Why, you should not even look at a Hardy!"

"No, Aunt? And I have looked, and am none the worse."

"How can I tell?" the poor woman said piteously. "The last I heard of that household, a year or two ago, was so bad, that it was not fit for a decent person to go to."

"I daresay," said Rowan indifferently. "But all that has passed, and ought to be forgotten."

"And how about your own aunt? She may be there, too."

"Oh no! she is not," said Rowan. "Mr. Hardy would like to get her there if he could, but she won't go. I've seen her too, Aunt Mary."

"Upon my word, you have been very busy!" Mrs. Chester said sarcastically. "And does your father know that, too?"

"Yes. Father is sorry for her; and so am I."

"Then I am not. She deserves all she has to bear, whatever it is. She deliberately chose her own way, and must bear the consequences."

"Not consequences that her own nearest relations can save her from," said Rowan sturdily. "Life may be hard, and punishment will follow mistakes, but we ought not to make things harder. And she has borne enough."

"Then, for her sake, since you pity her," Mrs. Chester said triumphantly, "you ought to have no toleration for the Hardys. If ever a woman was brutally treated—I have heard—she was; and by one of them."

"And yet you have no compassion for her, Aunt! And he who treated her so is dead. Why should his sin be visited on somebody who is innocent? As well argue that her sins should be visited on me."

Mrs. Chester glanced across at the upright, indignant figure, and perhaps saw something in the gentle sternness of her niece's face which made her say falteringly, what a moment later she regretted bitterly having given voice to.

"And so they are, my dear. Do you suppose that anyone who knows that scandalous history would look upon you as they look upon a girl without such a scandal behind her? Such a thing taints a family for generations, unless it can be buried and forgotten. I know how men talk: 'Oh! she! Yes, one of her people ran away, and there was some talk of a murder, don't you know? Something bad in the blood.' And a girl from such a family is game for any man. He need not be too respectful; he can flirt without danger. Oh! I know only too well, my dear."

And then Mrs. Chester realised the mistake she had made.

Rowan was very white, and her grey eyes were fixed on her aunt, with the look of one who sees some fascinating horror from which she cannot turn away her gaze. Her lips moved, and some words were formed. Mrs. Chester, alarmed at the effect she had produced, heard the indistinct whisper—

"So long ago!" and then Rowan turned away her head.

"My dear, don't think of it so," she said, with compunction. "No one knows the story now. And no one would dream of behaving to you otherwise than respectfully," she added uneasily. Rowan was distant and aloof enough now in her manner with attentive eligibles, she reflected. It was stupid to say anything which would make her suspicious that they were ever wanting in respect. And Mrs. Chester, who thought she had very good reason for cherishing an ambitious hope for her niece's future, watched Rowan uncomfortably during the next few minutes.

"We have had almost a quarrel, my dear," she ventured presently, when she considered her to have recovered; "but I cannot help losing my temper about Lescough. I wish your father could be persuaded to come away, and let it or sell it. It seems to me we have every reason for dissociating ourselves from the place."

"It is my home," said Rowan slowly. "And I would rather bear any burden there may be to bear than try to shirk it. If there is disgrace, I am disgraced as much away as there."

She finished proudly, with her head in the air, looking, indeed, as if disgrace and she could never dwell together. And soon she wrote her letter, fixing the day for her return, and then got up softly, and went away to her own room.

But she had had a shock. As day after day passed since she left home, a faint wonder and uneasiness came into her mind at Amyot's silence and withdrawal. She heard of him constantly from her father. He seemed to be coming and going, and to be making himself busy as a citizen, as well as a farmer, land-surveyor, and engineer. He had been in London, she knew. Lord Lescough had mentioned that they had been at a meeting together. Lord Lescough, indeed, talked a good deal of him, which added to his own interest for Rowan; he told her a great deal more about what had been done in the fen than she had heard down at Lescough. It was one of her charms that she could listen with interest to it would seem, quite uninteresting details. And not only listen, but master their technicalities. Several times when they met at evening festivities, Rowan sat listening in peaceful quiet, amid the chatter and noise of moving throngs, to Lord Lescough's description of the work he and Amyot were now doing. And all the time Mrs. Chester was rejoicing, and other people were prophesying.

Why had Amyot never been near her? Why had she never even seen him since that evening, now a month ago, the mere recollection of which was sufficient to bring the hot blood into her face? She got a little angry as time went on; but always she thought of him.

To-day, as she sat by the window in her room, doing nothing but gaze over the trees in Kensington Gardens, picturesque in the blue haze in which a summer's day in London veils its beauties, she again recalled the events of that evening. But there was bitterness in her soul—the bitterness of a woman who believes herself lightly or carelessly dealt by.

"How dare he have done it?" she asked wrathfully, and unavailingly.

Her aunt's words had cut deep. "Game for any man! He need not be too respectful!"

Even while she thought it, Rowan's soul revolted in disbelief as regarded this special man. But why, why had he never come near her? Had he been, after all, only amusing himself? Flirting was a word of abhorrence to Rowan. She could not bring herself to use it or think of it in connection with herself. It was all very humiliating.

It was with a very chastened spirit that she dressed that evening for one of her last parties before returning home. Her aunt had been blaming herself inwardly, ever since her ill-judged speech in the morning, and was not much consoled when she noticed the expression on Rowan's face as they struggled up the wide staircase at Burlington House. Some people might have thought that it expressed but resignation at the press and the pushing; but Mrs. Chester knew that the pretty eyes were shining with a steely light most unusual to them, and that the plaintive curve of the soft young lips was not to be taken as a sign of weakness. Small encouragement would any man receive at Rowan's hands that night.

Mrs. Chester trembled for her scheme.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AN ENCOUNTER.

"The low winds moan for dead sweet years,  
The birds sing all for pain,  
Of a common thing, to weary ears—  
Only a summer's fate of rain,  
Only a woman's fate of tears."

AN hour or two later, Rowan, listening idly, and with little enjoyment, to a renowned band, was sitting by her aunt's side, idly admiring a parterre of flowers, apparently growing in the floor before her. Lord Lescough came up presently with a hurried air, and stood before her.

"At last!" he said, somewhat breathlessly. "I have been looking for you everywhere, Mrs. Chester. I was afraid you had gone or had not come!"

"Not come!" Mrs. Chester exclaimed. "Why, this is Rowan's last festivity. Of course we came. Not that she has been enjoying it very much. Have you, Rowan?"

Lord Lescough thought that the eyes lifted to his were the sweetest, clearest, most limpid orbs he had ever seen.

"I have been enjoying it as usual," she said, a little indifferently. And then she took Lord Lescough's arm, and they sauntered off.

Some people standing in a doorway near, made outspoken remarks as they disappeared. It was apparently nothing to them that Mrs. Chester sat in their immediate neighbourhood.

"Oh, yes—quite settled, I believe," a gentleman said. "It has been going on some time, and was foreseen from the first. She is a nice girl."

"And from his own marshes, I believe. They are neighbours in the country."

"His own marshes are going to be a jolly good thing for him," another said. "I wish I had some marshes. There's an engineering fellow going about who can beat Canute in his commands, and get minded, too. By George! you should hear him. I saw him with Lescough just now. There he is."

"And what does he do to beat Canute?" asked the other. "If it is that big black fellow, I should think he could beat most chaps not prize-fighters."

"Well, he says, 'Thus far you shall go,' etc.; you know the old tale, and the chair, and the seashore, and the courtiers, and the jolly wetting they all got? Well, it's like that. Only this fellow doesn't get a wetting."

"Is he a conjurer?"

"Jim haunts the Egyptian Hall still," laughed the narrator aside to another man. "No, Jim, he isn't a conjurer; but if you'd like to know, let's ask him. I know him a little."

So one of the good-natured trio, catching Amyot Hardy's eye, nodded, and beckoned him into their group.

"This little chap—he calls himself a sapper—is bursting with curiosity about you, Hardy. He wants to know how you rule the waves, and if you're a conjurer."

"You had better come and see," Amyot answered; "that is, if you really want to know. We shall be having an exciting time down there soon."

"How? King says you do the Canute business. He often talks rot."

"I have planted a good many acres of corn on seaboard land some feet below the sea-level at high tide; and nothing but twenty feet or so of dyke keeps the sea from swamping the whole place."

"But what did you do it for?"

"The land was waste. It is only once a year or so that there is really any danger. So I thought we would guard against that and use the land."

"And supposing you can't keep out the sea?"

"But I can, ordinarily. But there may be danger in the autumn; and if I don't get my corn cut before then—why, I shall be anxious."

"Did you really mean I could come and see?" asked the other cogitatively. "I should like it. How if your banks burst?"

"But they won't. They aren't made to burst."

"How if the sea rose up mountains high?"

"But it won't. It isn't its way without warning."

"I knew a girl——" began the other solemnly.

"So did most of us," another voice interrupted.

"This girl was washed away up at Filey. The sea just rose up thirty feet or so, and took her; so the people said who saw it. Sometimes the sea does what isn't expected of it."

"Yes," agreed Amyot. "Well, if it gets in this time I shall be a poorer man than I hope to be. But, at any rate, if you are in the same mind then, come and see. I've only an empty house, and shall be delighted to have you."

He spoke warmly. The boy's interest was soothing to the rather sore and disturbed mind he was now carrying about with him.

The month that Rowan had spent in London had

been passed by Amyot in a kind of nightmare. First had come that unavailing pursuit, immediately after her departure, which he had to give up, in order to attend to his drainage meetings. The night that he and Lord Lescough had spent with Mr. Gayle at the Abbey had informed Amyot as to Rowan's whereabouts, from Lord Lescough's conversation about her. Amyot noticed that Lord Lescough was intimate with Mrs. Chester, and spoke of Rowan in connection with Rome and Florence, as if they had been accustomed to meet there. Amyot had somehow felt "out of it," as he expressed it to himself. Then had followed a week full of business, during which he had found it quite impossible to get in even a flying visit to London. The work in the fen was being pressed on vigorously, with a view to the inclusion of a much longer seaboard than Amyot had at first intended to include in this which he considered his trial attempt.

Meanwhile, Mr. Gayle had been informed by his sister of the hopes she entertained for Rowan—hopes which she had, indeed, good reason for entertaining. Lord Lescough was still a young man, though a widower, with one little daughter, and was a desirable match for any girl. He had met Rowan constantly during her childhood and girlhood abroad, and had always been attracted by her serene aloofness. She was restful, and yet suggestive. And latterly had come into his mind a warmer feeling, as Mrs. Chester had divined; but he greatly feared it was not reciprocated by its object.

In the third week of Rowan's absence Amyot had boldly asked Mr. Gayle if he could carry any message to her when he announced his own departure for London. No message had been entrusted to him, but Mr. Gayle had uttered a few enigmatical sentences which had greatly disturbed and discouraged Amyot. He had called twice unavailingly; but his cards on the hall table had never been seen by Rowan; and if Mrs. Chester recognised to whom they belonged, she had never alluded to him.

He went everywhere where he would be likely to meet Rowan: to picture-galleries, concerts, and even bazaars; but his time was short, and his work at home too important and engrossing, to allow him to neglect it. He returned the second time to Deepfen, feeling not only disheartened, but disturbed by rumours which had reached him at his club.

A few days' serious and successful work; and now a third time he was in London, staying with Lord Lescough for one night only. He had been persuaded to accompany his host to this party, where men—"and such a man!" as Lord Lescough laughingly told him—would be very welcome.

He had been conscious of a slight impatience and hurry in Lord Lescough's manner: an eagerness, in fact, to be off to his dissipation, which, in Amyot's knowledge of him, was unusual. And his own fears had made him guess the truth; though, at the same time, he had willingly snatched at the painful joy of seeing Rowan again. He had felt sure she was to be present, from Lord Lescough's manner; and had only missed approaching her with him, by being stopped on his arrival to speak to a friend.

As he was talking now, his eyes were roaming in



all directions in search of her, high over the head of the good-looking elderly lady sitting close by, who had just turned her eyes in startled scrutiny of himself. For it had just penetrated Mrs. Chester's unwilling mind, from the scraps of conversation she had been overhearing, that this distinguished-looking man could be none other than a hated Hardy.

To say that she was immensely surprised is to give a very small description of the chaos of wonder that filled her mind. The boor, the brute, the clod that she had considered him—this! How came he here? What did it mean? He seemed to know people. An uneasy feeling filled her mind. She could not but acknowledge that in looks and appearance, at least, he was anything but what she had supposed.

And then suddenly, like an electric flash, there came over the face she was observing an indescribable expression. The dark eyes were full of fire, the whole face glowed, the attitude of easy grace became rigid with feeling. A presentiment of evil almost made Mrs. Chester afraid to turn her head, to see what had caused this inexplicable change. She knew—as one does know things one would rather not—that Rowan was moving towards her cool and comfortable retreat, on Lord Lescough's arm. A pang shot through her as her eyes proved her conviction true. If only Lord Lescough had already spoken! But no: she could see that he hadn't.

The girl came forward, sweet and refined-looking, her dress making her more like a picture than ever: a desirable possession for any man, with that air of serenity which was her charm. Her head was slightly bent, her eyes downcast; she was listening to what Lord Lescough was saying, but, fatally perceptible to the experienced gaze bent upon her, here were none of the tremors and falterings of love.

In Lord Lescough's attitude certainly there was a certain triumph of possession, a lover-like eagerness, as he bent towards her. But he was only teasing her about a picture which they had been rather warmly discussing, of which Rowan had expressed great disapprobation. As she neared Mrs. Chester she lifted her head to make some laughing rejoinder. And then—her eyes met Amyot's.

The surprise was great, and for a second she faltered and lost her presence of mind. During that moment, Amyot saw all that he wanted to see—surprise, joy, emotion in the faltering gaze and flickering



“Won't you give me one minute?”

colour. The next, she had bowed slightly, and had turned to her aunt.

But Amyot held out his hand with an imploring look regardless of the interrupting figure, and put Rowan's on his arm before this manœuvre could be carried through, and his dark head was immediately bent in some earnest entreaty.

“Won't you give me one minute?” he was saying. He was not one to let his opportunity slip now he had got it. He pushed aside all his doubts and disturbances in the delight of Rowan's presence, and seized the chance his good-fortune had given him.

“I have so much to tell you. It has been like a nightmare. I found you gone. I followed, and could not find where you were staying. I have called in vain. I have tried to meet you everywhere. I have done all but write; and that I dared not. Come with me,” he went on rapidly. “I want to show you something.”

The eager compelling tones were sweetest music to

Rowan's ear. No trace, here, of the disrespect or want of interest her aunt's words had suggested to her half-credulous imagination. Instead, an eager man, masterful and determined indeed, but tender, courteous, and above all, true.

She gave her aunt a backward glance as she allowed herself to be led onward through the nearest doorway: a glance in which compunction and triumph were strangely mingled.

And the two watchers, following her retreating form, saw the swaying of her slim figure towards Amyot's bending head: one of them, with a deep breath and a fierce tug at his heart-strings, recognising convincingly that his own cherished hopes were vain indeed.

"Who is that rude man?" Mrs. Chester asked angrily, striving to recall her scattered wits.

Lord Lescough gave a little laugh.

"My friend," he answered. "He isn't rude, Mrs. Chester."

"Is the man—I suppose the man's—a constituent? It must be a nuisance to have to be civil to such people."

"A constituent? Well, yes, in a way. He is staying with me. Don't you know him?" Lord Lescough asked a little curiously, for he was acquainted with the histories of his country neighbours.

Mrs. Chester did not reply. She was angrily fanning herself, her *pince-nez* on her nose; and was, perhaps, too much out of breath to have an answer ready.

"It is Amyot Hardy," Lord Lescough went on. "They have never let out, either of them, that—this—" he stopped, in some difficulty, remembering Amyot's anxious watching some weeks before.

"This!" snapped Mrs. Chester. "Rowan mentioned to me casually one day that her father knew the present tenant of Deepfen; but she apparently did not know the history of the place or its owners. Nor is it fitting she should."

"None so blind as those who won't see," was the homely comment on this speech that occurred to Lord Lescough, but he did not give it voice.

"Hardy," he said, later that night, when they were having their final chat in Lord Lescough's smoking-room, "how is it you never happened to mention to me that you knew Miss Gayle—so well?"

Amyot glanced steadily into the mischievous eyes.

"Because I don't know her—well. To be quite accurate, this, I believe, is the eighth time I have seen her."

"Then perhaps you won't mind my saying that you've the very biggest cheek of anyone I know."

Amyot thought a minute or two. Then he said—

"And latterly—since I knew you knew her—so well—I have been afraid to speak of her at all. I heard—" and he stopped. "But I thought and hoped that I had reason not to believe it."

"You heard right," the other said presently, with feeling. "She is a sweet good girl. But I saw to-night that she will never be my little Molly's mother, as I will confess to you only, old fellow, I had hoped. I am afraid, though, you will find a good deal of opposition."

"When I am sure of—her—I shall not care a fig for

opposition. But I should not dare—I should be a poor man, Lescough, if our schemes fail."

"And I," agreed the other, "shall be a poorer than I care for; but they won't fail." And then they parted.

As Amyot rode about his fields the next few days, his mind was full of her. And a change in the weather, which set in wet and cold at the beginning of August, only seemed to him the natural accompaniment to his own gloomy and discomposing thoughts. It gave him a great deal to do and think of, and provided him with much cause for anxiety and foreboding. The works in the marsh were interfered with and delayed: the pumps were in constant use. And, in spite of all, the constant downpour made the ripening ears of grain hang heavy and sodden on their bending stalks. The flat fen country is apt to be depressing in rainy weather, if the accompanying thoughts are also of a discomfiting kind.

As Amyot viewed, morning after morning, his blurred windows, saw the flowers outside heavy with unseasonable wet, listened to the swish, swish of the rainy trees, and beheld the outlines of his wide landscape only in glimpses through enclosing mists which never seemed to rise, faint miserable doubts chased one another through his mind. How could he ask Rowan to come to such dreary exile? What right had he to seek to tie down a bright young life to this solitary and inhospitable fen? And when he remembered Lord Lescough's many advantages, and the very different prospects he could offer, a great impulse of renunciation almost came into Amyot's purpose.

Almost—not quite. Love could overmaster solitude and rainy days, he remembered, and could be lord of all, even in an inhospitable fen. So much the more, indeed, as so much would be demanded of it. And if she loved him—if she would love him! Amyot grew breathless at the thought.

Early one afternoon, after a week of almost incessant toil, when, after riding about all day, he had come home night after night wet through, when he was beginning to be filled with anxious fears, not for his corn only—that would be past caring for if the present weather continued another week—but for the safety of the dyke itself, he was riding again towards Lessdyke, when just as he reached the turning from Deepfen on to the turnpike, his attention was caught by the sight of a brougham rapidly approaching.

Only a doctor would be driving about on such a day, he thought; but this brougham looked too smart to be a doctor's, and the horses were travelling at a rapid pace. A prevision of the truth rushed across his mind, as previsions sometimes will when wishes go before them. One characteristic was always in Amyot's favour. He was not slow to seize upon opportunities. He stayed his horse and waited, recognising horses and coachman, and—yes—Rowan, alone in the carriage.

His hat came off with a sweep, and the horses were pulled up in obedience to his signal. His own horse proving restive, he was off in a moment and at the open carriage window, with a glow of the delight in his heart reflected on his face.

Was it fancy? or did Rowan smile gladly too, as she laid down her book on her lap, and leant forward.

"What a downpour! What weather!" she said. "Father is terribly anxious about the corn. Are you?"

"It is past being anxious for about here," he answered, all his dismal doubts vanishing as his eyes feasted on the soft curves of her cheek and chin, and drew her every soul through the beautiful eyes.

"And he is getting anxious, too, about my poor aunt at Lessdyke. He tried to see her again the other day, after he left you. But she would make no sign, if she were at home. So I am going to try again. Father is very concerned, too, about the dyke. Are you anxious?"

She let her soft eyes rest on his, and Amyot's heart bounded at her tone.

"Anxious! yes. But only"—he pulled himself up, and went on in more restrained accents—"if the work fails now, it will have to be done over again. I shall feel it hard to wait; that is why I am anxious."

His eyes said what his words implied, and her soft eyes fell.

"Yes. I—we have been thinking a good deal about it."

Then she went on—

"Someone told father that there were signs of the bank giving: that is why I came. We wondered if the cottage would be quite safe—if, under all circumstances—"

"Quite safe there," he assured her. "I have never heard a whisper or seen a sign of the bank giving. But even if it did, unless there was a most unusual tide, or the river overflowed in some impossible manner, no danger could reach that cottage. The whole land would be under water first."

"And that isn't possible?"

"No—I think not. Of course, one does hear of an unusual set of circumstances, such as an eagle, feet instead of inches high, and a strong wind and a spring tide all together. You know Jean Ingelow's poem?"

"Oh, yes."

"But that was not quite hereabouts. We are more sheltered—generally. May I come in to-morrow some time, and hear how you speed to-day? I shall be at the sessions."

"Father will be glad. He is very dull. Come to lunch, if you can."

And then, as the carriage drove on, he took his hat off again, and had a battle with his big black horse, who wanted to try a race with Mr. Gayle's chestnuts, and succeeded in exciting them to a suspicious speed, in spite of all Amyot's restraints. So his master put him at a "drain," and landed himself on the edge of one of his own wet fields, whence he had a tiring ride to his destination, a mile or so away.

But the men at work wondered at, and responded to, the new heartiness and vigour with which the difficulties were approached that day. Nothing seemed to daunt or discourage Amyot; he thought of a remedy for all disasters, and foresaw every possible contingency. His own shoulders were put literally, as well as metaphorically, to many a wheel; and if, at times, his keen eyes looked longingly through the haze of rain, across the sodden grain which should have been swaying golden in a ripening breeze,

towards the invisible spot where his love was also perhaps now struggling—who shall blame him?

He would have liked to go to her; but he resisted the temptation. Rowan was not the girl to intrude upon with impunity. And he respected her unprotectedness; and, as he hoped she might come again, he felt his only chance would be to leave her undisturbed now.



"Had a battle with his big black horse."

But as he listened in his lonely home that night to the descending torrents, watching from his open doorway, with his face turned towards Lescough, visions—nay, presences almost—of Rowan stood, and breathed, and lived beside him.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### A TALE THAT IS TOLD.

Only one youth, and a bright light was shrouded,  
Only one morning, and the day was clouded,  
Only one old age with all regrets is crowded."

THE month sped away—that disastrous month which should have seen the harvests of England gathered in, but the close of which beheld them lying rotting in their fields.

To one person, however, those weeks of rains and storms had been a season of rejoicing. Day after day an eager woman had looked hopefully over the grey rain-enclosed flat, and watched the swelling rush of the waters in the river, with a feeling of expectation and triumph. Night after night a tall figure had fronted the buffetings of the angry wind, and had wandered on and on seawards, along the exposed dyke, Nature speaking loudly in her ears, in tones long custom had made familiar and endeared, of the energy of its resistance to the dominion of man. The heaving and swelling waste of waters on one side, which the rain lashed ceaselessly, were scarcely greyer or murkier than the waste of fen on the other. The brilliant eyes could not pierce the mists which, like a wall, shut in the dreary scene. But the watcher would often speed on and on, a buffeted, struggling, forlorn figure, in the hope that they would rise and let her behold the long-delayed fulfilment of her desire.

The huts which had been built for the temporary convenience of the workmen, and which had been pleasant enough shelters in warm weather, had, at Amyot's desire, been deserted; every night seeing the men safely housed in the cottages at Lessdyke and neighbouring hamlets, or carried to Lescough by the train, which once or twice a day straight as an arrow sped its way across the flats.

But as the month went on, a rumour got about amongst the men, that a mysterious figure had been seen hovering round the works, and that strange unaccountable mutterings and shrieks had been heard through the midnight air. There grew up an uneasy feeling, which, together with the depressing weather, had its effect upon the men—that something uncanny was in operation. It is strange how soon such a belief can arise, and how, having arisen, everything tends to foster it. Amyot himself was not wholly free from its influence, when at last the rumour reached his ears, but his uneasiness took the form of a long talk with Mr. Gayle. It was partly in consequence of this talk that Rowan had herself driven over to Lessdyke.

After she left Amyot that afternoon, she did not again take up the novel she had brought to beguile the tedium of the way, but looked out of the windows, with anxious interest at the dreary scene

around. How wet it all was, and how green! Surely out of Ireland was never seen such greenness. Every ditch was full of water. Their fringes of willows, and rushes, and sword-like irises, and huge purple spikes of loosestrife, and delicate green of mints and willow herbs, were bowed and sucked along the stream. The sound of falling rain, the dripping of branches, the purling of rills, filled the air with a soft music of their own, whilst the even tread of the horses' feet sounded in a series of splashes. And presently from the distance came a monotonous and even thud—like the throbbing of some great heart—of which Rowan could not guess the cause. Was it the waves thundering against the shore? she wondered; until she remembered that they were not given to thunder here, but crept and curled about in little insinuating curves, with scarcely any more noise than just a splash.

When she reached the bridge, she got out of the carriage, and sent it to the hamlet, a quarter of a mile away, for shelter. Almost before she reached the cottage door, it was opened to her, and her aunt stood in the doorway, with almost a smile on her face.

"Come in," she said. And there was something triumphant in her tone. "I had a thought that you would come to-day. The work is nearly done, and is worth seeing. Oh, it is a fine work when man thinks he knows better than God, and has to be taught his place! I am glad you haven't missed it."

"What work is that?" Rowan asked, surprised at her cordial reception, sitting down in the window-seat her aunt indicated.

"What work? The work that God is frustrating—which will ruin a man and bring down his family's pride; as if God didn't know best where He means His own sea to end! At last!"

As she spoke, she advanced to the window and stood within the folds of the white curtains—a striking figure, with her soft white cap framing her face, whence the brilliant eyes seemed to be searching the misty distances.

Rowan's fascinated eyes followed her gaze, as she listened in a disturbed silence.

"I have warned him. I told him that the time was come. He did not care. He fills the cottages with noisy men, and they laugh and swagger about, as if it were a small thing to contradict God."

Then she turned to Rowan, and went on, with an indescribable change of expression.

"And he knows that it won't succeed. He is getting uneasy. I saw him last night, in the darkness and rain, at the turn of the tide out there, watching—watching."

"But you should not be out there at night," Rowan answered gently. "It is not safe this stormy weather, in the darkness; you might slip or miss your footing."

"The darkness is nothing to me," Mrs. Hardy answered indifferently. "But it is then that the danger comes, when the wind rises and the water comes creeping round steadily, hungrily. Last night I could have bent down and touched it from the top of the dyke. He sat there on his big horse for an hour or more; and the pumps throbbed through the



night, like a great creature, obeying him. It must be grand—grand to have power like that!"

"Father thinks it will succeed, and Lord Lescough," Rowan said, restive at the assumption of knowledge beyond bounds. "They have all agreed to it now. This weather is unfortunate, but it won't last for ever."

Mrs. Hardy turned and looked at her for a minute in silence.

"And you are Rowan Gayle! This weather?

by an unconscious desire of removing this inimical watcher from the scene of Amyot's labours.

"Go away? Now?" The words came breathlessly. "After waiting for forty years! No; I will see the end."

"I don't know what you mean by the end," Rowan said remonstratively, after a moment. "The end of what?"

She was tempted to the question by the look of triumph in the eyes before her.



"Several lines, Rowan's first glimpse showed her, had been deeply under-scored."—p. 526.

What is it but God's own sending—to show that man that he can't rule the elements? The corn is sprouting in the fields—it is waste—waste! And the dyke will be waste too. I haven't watched day and night for nothing. I know where the weak places are. And still the rain comes steadily down." And she turned, as if satisfied, to the blurred window-panes again.

Rowan felt unreasonably angry. She got up quickly.

"I came—father thought you would be so uncomfortable here in all this storm," she said, her eyes revealing the emotion beneath her words; "so I came to beg you to come home with me. Can't you come for a few days?" she went on, her request emphasised

The other hesitated a moment. Then she said quickly—

"I will tell you; you shall judge. I see, you think me cruel—you are on his side. But you are a woman, and you are Rowan Gayle. I will let you judge. But first you shall have some tea."

She hurried away, a graceful alert woman, in her long grey dress, no evidences of age or feebleness in her bearing. She put up a slender hand and smiled at Rowan's faint expostulation, and waved her back when she would have followed to assist her preparations.

Left to herself, Rowan turned to the window again, an uneasiness she tried hard to combat, filling her mind. She strove against it with all her might; but

the influence of the outlook was in its favour, and it was with a fascination almost amounting to certainty that she watched the rapid current of the river setting landwards. The tide was evidently now coming in fast. Why had Amyot been watching in the night if there were nothing to fear?

Beset by uneasy thoughts, she turned from the window, and let her eyes wander round the pretty room.

A little wood fire was burning in the grate. Some mignonette and heliotrope scented the air. A number of books, new novels, magazines, and papers, lay about the tables and sofa. Her aunt was evidently, if a hermit, a hermit quite in touch with at least the literature of the world. And roaming round, her eye casually fell upon an open pamphlet which lay upon a little table in the window, close by where she stood. Evidently her aunt had been reading it when she arrived.

She took it up. It was an old-fashioned astrological almanack, in great vogue amongst the country people, by whom it was believed to foretell unerringly the events of the year. It was open at the month of September, and several lines, Rowan's first glimpse showed her, had been deeply under-scored.

She read: "September 3rd, great ruin will befall. Storms and unexpected floods will destroy the land. Harvest will rot in the fields. A cloud will arise from the sea, and will spread devastation." And further on: "All building and engineering trades will suffer collapse. Banks will break."

Rowan lifted her head. A sense of lightness filled her mind, and a smile broke over her face. This, then, was what her aunt's prophecies, which had caused her so much uneasiness, were worth. They were the easy guesswork of an almanack-maker. Then a sudden recollection made her glance at the book again. Yes, there was an elaborate table of tides for this coast on another page; and this, too, was scored. On September 3rd it would be high tide hereabouts at five o'clock in the afternoon. Spring tide, too, she saw, with a little return of uneasiness; some words of Amyot's suddenly recurring to her.

Her aunt entered the room, bearing a dainty tea equipage, and during the little meal did not touch on any disturbing topics. She talked with discernment and knowledge of the books which filled the tables, of new music, even of entertainments and pictures; revealing a cultured, even if a prejudiced, mind. And Rowan, on her side, described her late visit to London, the pictures and things she had seen, the people she had met, the places she had visited; keeping back with thoughtful tact the name of her entertainer and hostess, as she recollected Mrs. Chester's vindictive feeling.

"And where were you staying, my dear? Who was your *chaperon*? Was your father with you all that time? You surely are not one of the advanced ladies I read about, who live in flats and go about alone?"

"Oh, no! I wasn't alone," said Rowan, hesitating. "I was staying at Kensington with my aunt."

"Oh!" The face before her underwent an immediate change. Mrs. Hardy sank back in her chair, and

Rowan saw the long slender fingers lace and interlace themselves nervously. "What is she like?" she asked presently. "Is she like me, now?"

Here was a question Rowan could at least answer discreetly and without trouble.

"No; not nearly so good-looking, Aunt," and she smiled. "She looks older, and she is stout and fashionably dressed. Oh, you look far nicer! The middle-aged women in London look all alike."

But Mrs. Hardy was apparently not listening. Her gaze had again returned to the window; and there was the far-away and yet intense look in her eyes, which gave the impression of absolute vision beyond and outside ordinary sight. The mention of her sister had evidently stirred deep feelings. Rowan did not disturb her thoughts.

Presently she moved, and fixed her eyes on Rowan.

"And she has prospered in a happy life; while I——" the eyes shone with suppressed anger. "I said I would let you judge. You are Rowan Gayle too, and I fear—I very much fear you too——"

She stopped for a moment, and began again in low rapid tones—

"I have said you shall judge. When I was a girl, we were not taken every year to London. We had to be satisfied with such gaieties as we could get hereabouts, unless we went sometimes to stay with families a little further off. I was seventeen when Jane and I were asked to go and stay near Lincoln with some friends. There I met Sebastian Hardy. He had been turned out of doors by his father; but his friends had not quite given him up then. I was incredulous in those days, as you are now. He was plausible, and I believed him. So I lowered myself to deceit. I—a Gayle—condescended to meet him secretly, to receive his letters, to reply to them. His eyes—you know, Rowan, what his eyes could look. The same eyes have looked into yours. Women are easily beguiled. I consented to go away with him. I believed all he told me about the wrong his father had done him. And I knew mine would not look at a Hardy. But I loved him more than all. We were married. And then came my punishment. Imagine a girl—an innocent, tender, guileless girl, I was all that, though I had deceived—at the mercy of a brute. He soon had no money. Oh! what shifts was I driven to, to hide our state. My own money was sent to me regularly; but my father would not—no one would—see me. Very soon he took it all—all! And then"—the low tones gathered passion, and the grey eyes kindled—"he struck me—often."

She paused a moment.

"I hated him!"

Rowan shivered at the concentrated hatred in the tone, and involuntarily put up her hands with a gesture, as though warding off a blow. Indeed, the tones seemed to strike like an actual impact. Her eyes grew hazy; she could scarcely see, from the keenness of the mental vision Mrs. Hardy had conjured up.

"Then—we had no money—we came to live in a little cottage near here, on my father's land: a workman's cottage; he thought we should pay no rent there; and he did not care to what indignity he put

me. We struggled along for four years. Oh, that time! He was often away, racing, gambling, drinking; but he would come back always to intercept my money. At last I planned to deceive him. I wrote to the lawyer at Lescough to keep it back. I told him to send it to a woman who was kind to me. Old Madam Hardy, my husband's mother, would send her sometimes to see how I was getting on. He guessed what I had done, and one day he came, furious with drink. I cannot tell you all; but my wrist was broken, and I fainted. Nurse found me so, and so people got to know. And then he was out all one night in the fen in the mist and cold, and when he came home early in the morning I saw he was ill. But I hated him! I was glad that he should suffer. The doctor came, and the days passed, and he grew worse."

She paused, and Rowan, listening with wide-eyed interest, caught her breath. What was she going to hear?

She resumed after a moment, in restrained tones—

"The fever was very high, and sometimes it was almost more than a woman could do to control him. The doctor told his family, but they would do nothing. Only old Mrs. Hardy came once, when her husband was out of the way. But I would not see her; they had never acknowledged me. I left the house, and he told her lies; he said I was starving or poisoning him. And when the end came, that pretty story was brought up against me—me! Do you wonder that I hated them all?"

As Rowan listened, she was feeling the influence of the sharp incisive tones, of the sorrowful proud eyes, of the pathetic face. She did not believe that the crime attributed to her, was hers.

"He lingered on. The doctor said I must have help. And a young woman from the village offered to come. I did not know then, what I knew later, at the trial. One night—it was in a time of rain and storm like this—I can remember it well—I was to sit up, and the woman was to sleep on my bed in the only other room we had in the house. The doctor had sent in an extra sleeping draught, in case we could not send, with a warning on it. There were six doses instead of three—they were to be mixed with water. He was very restless, and as the night wore on, he clamoured for more of the medicine before the proper time. I tried to soothe him, but he called, and swore, and beat out at me, and tried to get out of bed, and I gave in. I poured a dose into the glass."

She faltered, her breath coming quickly, the light in her eyes of this far-gone memory, illuminating her worn face. Rowan, in spite of herself, uttered a low cry, and immediately the brilliant eyes turned on her coldly.

"I moved to fetch the water-bottle from the wash-stand, and whilst my face was turned away, he must have poured out the rest of the medicine. Afterwards, the bottle was found, empty. I did not notice; the light was dim. Just then, as he was drinking, there was a little sound, and the woman stood in the doorway. He saw her, and called out in gasps, 'She has poisoned me! She has killed me! It is too strong!' And I put out my hand to soothe

him. But he struck me—before her. And then she accused me of exciting him, and was insolent. So I took her by the shoulders, and put her outside the house. I ought to have done it before. That was the only sensible thing I did at that time," she added, with a little laugh.

"But he slept on and on, and I could not wake him. I had no one to send for the doctor. And so they said I had murdered him."

There was a silence. Rowan shrank as she thought what the burden of suspicion and the disgrace of the trial must have been to this proud, undisciplined nature.

"I had no one. I was twenty-one; I was alone; my father refused to see me. But the jury did not believe the woman's tale. Though I told them"—with a strange triumph in her voice—"that it was mostly true. So I was set free. And I came here; it is forty years ago. Now you shall judge whether I could go away now, and miss the sight of my vengeance."

She sprang up, and walked quickly up and down the room, as if her feelings were getting beyond her control. Rowan too rose, and put out her hands, as if to stay the passionate steps.

"You have been terribly wronged—by us all. But now—now we want to make up for it; won't you let us? See, there is the carriage. Come home with me. Indeed, indeed, we cannot leave you here alone in this dreary place, any longer."

Mrs. Hardy shook her head.

"No, no; till the end. It won't be long; I can see it coming nearer. A few more days, and then perhaps I will go away."

Rowan paused in hesitation. Then she asked—

"What end, Aunt? What do you see?"

"I see surging waters, and desolation, and a flood."

She spoke with the curious rapt gaze of one really beholding what she described.

"I can see that too, if I try and think of it." Rowan urged, looking out at the falling rain; "but I see also something quite different. Listen to me, Aunt: over there, I see the red roofs of cottages, shining in the evening sun. And inside, the happy wives are getting supper ready for the men coming home from work, and little children—toddling babies and rosy boys—are running about the door, and shouting when they see the first glimpse of their fathers; and the mother runs to the door, and puts up her hand to shade her eyes from the low sun, as she looks to see if it is her man coming. And she catches up the little one, and kisses its soft neck, and goes to meet her husband at the garden gate, and holds up the baby to him. And there is a soft sweet scent everywhere; and I see a golden plain of daffodils, and fields of white narcissus and pink peonies, and tall plants of fragrant lilies, red and white and pink."

Rowan's beautiful eyes were shining now, and her face glowing with her story; and Mrs. Hardy's sorrowful eyes were fixed steadfastly upon her face.

"And there is plenty of corn, too, in the far distance—acres and acres of soft waving green, looking like an imprisoned sea. And soon it is golden too; and the

sun is hot, and the reapers come and gather it in, in the sultry noontide. And then when night falls—there is calm and peace over all that land, and happy homes and sleeping children, safe and cared-for in their mothers' arms. I see it; it is a beautiful picture. And desolation and storm are far away."

Rowan's voice sank. She was almost overcome by emotion at the picture her fancy had conjured up.

Mrs. Hardy's face, too, had softened, and her eyes were moist.

"Yes, yes; your picture is beautiful," she said mournfully; "but it cannot be. It is too late. Must you go?" as Rowan, catching sight of the clock, turned, and took up her hat with a hasty exclamation. "Come again soon—to-morrow—before the end."

(To be concluded.)



## SOME UNFASHIONABLE SLUMS.

SECOND ROUND.—SOUTH LONDON.

BY F. M. HOLMES.



"IT'S a reg'lar mixed-up neighbourhood, that's what it is; some o' the men work at the gas company's, some at the wharves, some at the railway shops, and some don't do nothin'—they lives by thievin'."

"Rather a rough district, then?"

"It is; I tell *you*. There are two of us here, one on the point, and the other patrollin' about. We're on what we call a short beat."

"That is because it is a dangerous neighbourhood?"

"Yes, that's it. I've bin called to two fights among women already this morning."

"Why, what were they about?"

"Oh, one was as to who should pay for half a quartern of gin."

"Yes, I tell *you*," chimed in another constable, "drink is all they think about down here. Some o' the men earn very good money, and then they and the women spend it in drink. They get paid on Friday, or, if they don't, they borrow from those who do, and then they go boozin' till Tuesday. Tuesday to Friday is our quietest time down here, when they ain't got no money."

"And the women buy meat at three pounds for fo'pence, or four pounds for threepence. I've seen 'em do it. There's stuff for their husbands' dinners!"

And he sniffed scornfully; that is, as far as a sedate London policeman could sniff.

"Well, look at the number of public-houses," put in the other constable. "There's one, two, three—there's seven public-houses within three minutes' walk o' the pier, and they must all get a living. That's where the money goes, and then they ain't got it for other things."

The pier referred to is Nine Elms, on the south side of the Thames, and in the south-west division of the metropolis. Not very far off is Lambeth Palace. Large gas-works are near, and here also are the "shops" of the London and South-Western Railway, and some works also of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway; while, in addition, there are the wharves along the river-side. An industrial neighbourhood, one would say, but not necessarily one in which you would look for some of London's worst slums.

"Ah! there's plenty of rows here," continues the policeman. "They says things have improved a little, but I don't see no improvement. I wonder there ain't more illness down here. They say it's the gas-works stops it; the smell is good for fevers and sich-like."

"Well, the stench in the houses is bad enough," remarks his colleague. "I was called to a fight in one the other day, and the smell was enough to knock you back'ards. Some of the houses are in a shockin' state, dirty and filthy, and broken about inside, with plaster off the walls."

Presently we stroll through some of these slums. They mostly swarm with children, wretchedly clad; the head of a dirty woman peeps from an upper window; groups of women, none too clean, throng the mean and dirty doorways; here a drunken woman, in the bright light of the morning, vociferates disgusting and senseless talk, and other women, standing about, laugh at her. Near by, a fish-hawker is loudly endeavouring to sell his poor stock.

Some of the houses present a woeful appearance—broken windows, patched with paper, or sashes barricaded by shutters, appear at every hand, while





"A PIECE OF HER MIND."

open doors reveal dirty passages and broken plaster. The houses are low and mean and squalid in appearance, without a trace of adornment—merely a line of dead wall pierced at regular intervals by the two lines of windows and the doors. The cottages are but one storey high, and their three or four rooms are crowded with inhabitants.

"Often one family to a room," says the constable.

The size of the rooms varies, but ten feet square would perhaps be the average. In one of these a man and wife and family have to eat, drink, and sleep! No pleasant trace of greenery enlivens the dull dead line of the cottages; but here on one window-sill is a small bird-cage, and inside the room, close to the window, is another of larger size.

The inhabitants do not seem to feel the sordid squalor of the place. And here, at last, is a faint gleam of blessed humour which glints on so many aspects of human life. Here is an old man sitting on a doorstep and vigorously rubbing and rumpling the pale, thin, lanky hair of a pale, thin, emaciated little mortal, who appears quite delighted by the elephantine petting. The signs of genuine good-feeling in the old man's heavy caresses appear quite refreshing in the squalor.

The streets are fairly wide, and the men—many of them—earn fairly good wages. These streets, therefore, seem to belie somewhat the idea that the slums make the people, rather than the people make the

slums. No doubt the truth is, that they act and react perniciously upon each other. A man or woman living in a bad neighbourhood will too often yield to its influences. A family finding themselves squeezed into one small room may not unnaturally turn for some sort of comfort and pleasure elsewhere, and the flaring gin-palace is only too ready an attraction.

"The person who has got most influence with these people," says the policeman, "is a curate, I think; but I can't mind his name just now."

In addition to which we learn that the London Congregationalists have taken over a mission hall, not very far off, once belonging to Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., and intend to carry on work in the district. This hall, indeed, would form part of a chain of agencies which that denomination has at work along the south side of the Thames, including the famous Collier's Rents

Hall in the Borough, and Browning Hall in Walworth. A College of Clergy, under the auspices of the Bishop of Southwark, is being established, which, together with the "Grey Ladies"—a society under the headship of Miss Yentman—are engaged in special duties and parish work in South London. The Wesleyans have a "Settlement," under the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, while the Baptists are well represented by the Rev. J. C. Carlile—to mention no other—who probably knows Bermondsey and Rotherhithe as well as anyone.

These efforts—which we do not pretend to suggest exhaust the list—show that various religious bodies are busy in South London, the vast district of which is almost superseding the East End in its unenviable notoriety as Slumdom.

Parts of Bermondsey are covered with nests and networks of courts, running one into the other in a most perplexing way—and some right down to the water-side.

Once a stranger gets into these mazes of courts, he might be robbed and murdered with comparative ease before he could find his way out, and no one know anything about it.

Rumours also of successful smuggling lurk about these courts. And, indeed, they are well adapted for that sinister undertaking. It is strange to think of such an offence being conducted in London, almost opposite the Custom House, and at this stage of our free-trade history; but such are the rumours. And once a case of wine or box of cigars is brought into this spiders' web of courts, all hope of tracing it would seem lost.

But the march of improvement is making itself

felt, and some of these old courts are being swept away. The School Board also reigns here, as elsewhere, and has raised aloft some noble piles.

"Yes, and in that school," says Mr. Carlile, who is himself a member of the Board, "you would probably find that two-thirds of the children attend without shoes and stockings, and the other third without a shirt."

That fact alone speaks eloquently of the character of the neighbourhood. Yet some of these south-eastern slums look fairly clean, and some of the children fairly clean also. A curious explanation of that fact has its humorous side.

"It does not pay here. No one visits these unfashionable slums." A dirty child in a neighbourhood

that is much visited as a "dreadful place" appears to be worth a good deal as an object of emotional sympathy, and an opener of the ready purse. So difficult is it to be wise and discriminating in almsgiving!

Many of the dwellers here are dockers and waterside labourers; but occupations are varied as to "odd jobs," as in other "slums." Here is a groundsel-seller, whose not wholly unmusical cry wakes the echoes, such as they are, of these dingy streets.

"Where do I pick the grun'sel? Oh, out in the nurseries."

"That is, the market-gardens, I suppose?"

"Yes; Messrs. So-and-so lets me go in their grounds and get the bird-seed. Yer see, I got grun'sel here, and plantain and chick-weed!"

"And a little mint, I can see, also."

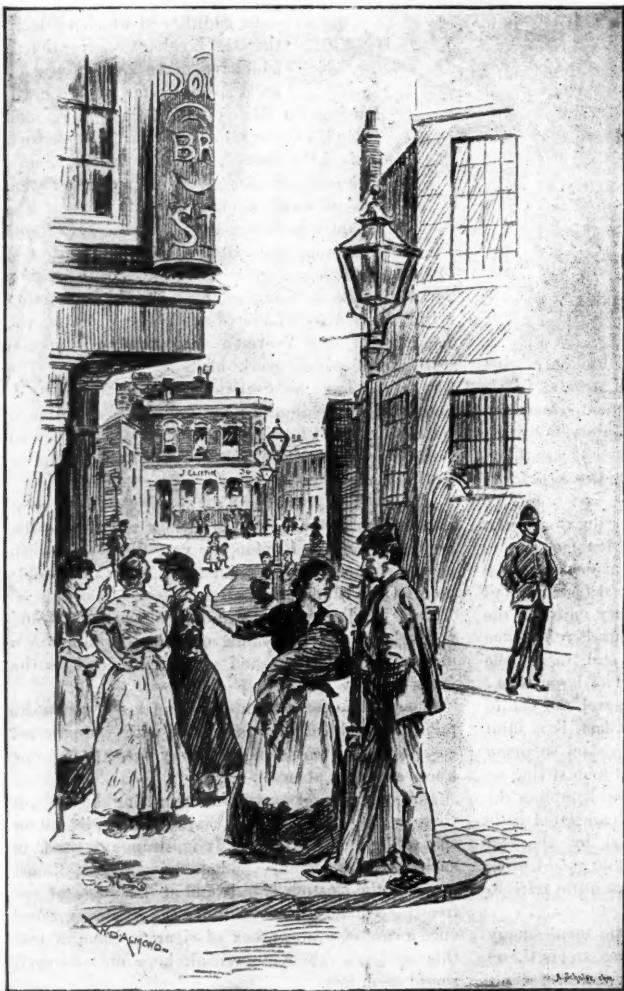
"Oh, ah, just a few heads. Ye see, I walk over there and pick up these bird-seeds. They know me! I wouldn't take no cabbages! Law, bless ye! 't wouldn't pay me to take a couple of penny cabbages and hide 'em in my basket, 'stead o' the bird-seed. I'd sooner 'ave the grun'sel and sell it, and buy a penny cabbage if I wants it."

"And what do you do in the winter?"

"Well, there's water-creases, ye know. Now, my father was a barrister, and I had a reversion to £8,000. I borrowed a loan of a thousand on it, and then I only got about £850 for my reversion. Then I took a public-house—and—and," to cut his story short, here he is, a groundsel-seller in Slumdom!

The details of his story were certainly not remarkable for clearness, and his father appears to have been a solicitor—or, indeed, he might have been a lawyer's clerk, for the man's ideas of the legal profession appear to have been of the vaguest; but, in any case, when a young spendthrift gets in the hands of unscrupulous money-lenders, a few thousands do not go very far.

So, passing by the details, we ask him if he finds groundsel-selling as profitable as public-house keeping.



A CORNER IN NINE ELMS.



A NEW WAY OF KNOCKING AT OLD DOORS.

Poor though the people are, yet many of them manage to pay a few pence weekly to the Industrial Insurance agent.

Into the controversy concerning such insurance we do not propose to enter. No doubt, like some other good things in this puzzling world of smiles and tears, industrial life assurance—and especially the insurance of children—is liable to gross abuse; but the fact is, that very large numbers of the poor do insure, and the insurance agent-collector forms quite a feature of the slums. We saw three busy in one afternoon in the same neighbourhood.

"I suppose," said one of them, "that there is not a family in this street that is not insured."

"And does that sort of thing hold good of all the poor districts of London?"

"Very much so. Every poor neighbourhood, I should say, is vigorously canvassed."

"And do the persons use the money to pay for the funeral?"

"Very likely; but that's not my business. I've got to get my living at insurance-collecting, and I mean to try and do it. One family, I remember, had not enough money to pay for the certificate of death, and we advanced it."

"And how much was that?"

"Two-and-sevenpence. A funeral is our best advertisement, and we make the most of the opportunity."

It seems thrifty and wise for a dock-labourer, for instance, to insure his life for twenty pounds, and after the funeral expenses and the cost of moderate mourning are defrayed, a balance might remain for

He grins, and admits he makes about a shilling a day.

If "live on sixpence a day and earn it" is good advice, our groundsel-gatherer seems following it out; and, truth to tell, his sunburnt face is not unhealthy in appearance. He lives in chambers—as some lodging-houses or model dwellings are called—nearby, and his wife goes out washing!

the benefit of his widow; but should it be wasted in other ways, the assurance society and its collector would argue that it was none of their business. It is another instance of the misuse some people make of things good in themselves.

Some of these boys exhibit noble traits of character. There was a lad who had benefited by the children's free dinners given in the neighbourhood, under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Carlile, and in due time the boy betook himself to boot-cleaning.

As he stood at his post one day in the street, he heard a splash and a cry. A child had fallen into the canal near which he stood.

In another minute Jack was in the water, and was fishing the child out. Then, dripping with wet, he took it home.

The mother received it with abounding thankfulness, and, in the fulness of her heart was endeavouring to collect a few coins for his reward, when Jack, who had been eyeing her closely, said—

"Beain't you one o' the wimmin as was at the kids' dinners?"

Yes, she was.

Then Jack rose to the occasion, and with great fervour, he exclaimed—

"Blowed if I'll take any money from you, then, missus!"

Some of the children early show signs of self-reliance and resource: perhaps because they are forced to do so—they are left so much to themselves.



A GROUNDSEL-SELLER.



AN ALTERCATION.

We noticed a child who, wanting to knock at a street door to gain admission, instead of wailing and weeping or seeking the help of a passer-by, hauled herself up to the door-handle—for this portal actually rejoiced in such an adjunct—and, clinging to the handle by her 'nees, caught hold of the knocker and rapped vigorously. That child ought to work its way out of the slums by sheer force of determined hard work.

In various of these London slums we come across traces of decayed respectability. The rotting door may have its bits of old carvings or mouldings, a big handle, and possibly even a brass knocker. In the days of the first George or of ancient Queen Anne it was, probably, a very highly respectable door, giving entrance to a very highly respectable house of irreproachable sentiments, and possibly also of stiff and starched demeanour.

Now, how are the sentiments and the demeanour fallen! It is a tenement dwelling in a London slum. No one cares for it; and, going gradually from bad to worse, it yet shelters half a dozen families in its sad old age—an old age so different from the mellow, happy, wholesome old age of some people and of some buildings. Presently it will be condemned; the house-farmer will know it no more; and a pile of modern

model dwellings will arise in the street, capable of housing a hundred and fifty families or more at three shillings or four-and-six a week.

But all slums do not exhibit such signs as these. Some seem to consist of comparatively recently built houses. Their descent has been rapid—if they ever stood fairly high; and the houses themselves seem modern.

In some of these courts and streets pleasant traces of greenery can be seen, and one beautiful small-leaved creeper seemed so well grown and firmly rooted that it must have been there a number of years. But other courts and thoroughfares, again, are frowsy, dirty, squalid, sickening.

By the extraordinary irony of events which often happens in things human, some slums bear the grandest names. If you come across a Golden something, or a So-and-so Gardens, it will most likely

prove a very unpleasant place. In one crooked court named after her gracious Majesty, some children were playing, and a stalwart young woman was knocking nails into a box with much noise.

"What a grandly named place you live in!"

"Yus!" replied the stalwart young woman, answering for the children. "Ye don't want nothin' to eat when you looks at that, do ye?"

An ironical way of saying that fine words do not fill hungry mouths. And it may be added that, though the children attended the Board-school, they appeared to have no idea who Victoria was, after whom their court was named.

"Ye don't want nothin' to eat!" said the woman.

It seems the first thought of the dwellers in the slums.

Food and warmth! Yes, these seem to be the two chief wants. They are, so to speak, woven in the bed-rock of need. In such a climate as England's, they are two of the prime necessities. With impoverished resources, we soon get down to the most primitive wants; and these unsatisfied, appear to loom so large and to rise so imperiously as to dominate and, indeed, absorb every other.

Food and warmth! It almost seems as though Slumdom said: Give us these and we care for



nothing else; we can gratify other wants ourselves.

So it comes about that some people, if they can only get a little food and old clothes by begging or cadging, never dream of work; and so it is that I have seen in the pale light of early dawn human beings groping and scratching with bent sticks among the garbage of the last night's street-market, if haply they can find any broken food or discarded fruit, or anything whatsoever that they can eat.

What is the cause of Slumdom? There is no one cause. I distrust all persons who say glibly there is but one cause, and that all remedies are to be built up on that idea. It will prove, probably, but a pet fad or a sentimental theory; and the sentimental view of Slumdom is as misleading as a purely sentimental view of anything else.

The causes of Slumdom are many and various, and the remedies must be many and various likewise. Yet, if there be one thing more than another, I should

be inclined to seek it in character; though, after all, character is but one name for a number of attributes. Where you get thoroughly thriftless, and unskilled, and casually employed people with no money, you get chronic poverty; and where you get chronic poverty you will probably get the one-roomed tenement so characteristic of a slum.

Yet we freely admit that poverty alone need not make a slum. There is usually poverty and a sordid viciousness and squalid thriftlessness, and often downright crime. A loafer of forty-five will probably remain a loafer to the end; a confirmed street-door woman of the same age will probably remain such all her life.

The bad environment of the slums acts upon the people, and the people perpetuate the slums; so events move on in a vicious circle, and it will need all the combined efforts of churches, missions, School Board, and County Council to break its malignant power.



## HEDGED IN

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH, PRESIDENT OF THE BAPTIST UNION.

"Hast Thou not made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side?"—Job i. 10.

Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?"—Job iii. 23.



PLACING these passages side by side, we are presented with a curious coincidence. We have Satan and Job complaining of the same thing. They are complaining of something which they agree in regarding—though for different reasons—as a hind-

rance, an obstruction, which they would like to have removed. They are both complaining of a hedge which God has created, and with which He has encircled His servant Job. Satan and Job are on two different sides of this hedge. So far as they respectively are concerned, it serves two very different purposes, and, viewed from different sides, it awakens different feelings; but both to the one and the other—to him who is inside and to him who is outside—it is an occasion of irritation and discontent. Satan complains because, as long as that hedge remains, he cannot get in to inflict any real injury on God's servant Job; and Job complains because, in painful and straitened circumstances, shut up to endure loss, bereavement, personal affliction—literally "hedged in"—he can discover no way of escape. As he exclaims elsewhere: "He hath fenced up my way, that I cannot pass." Satan complains of the hedge because it will not let him get in; Job

complains of it because it will not let him get out. We see, then, that this hedge is both a protection and a restraint; a protection because it is a restraint. If Job could have easily got out, Satan could as easily have got in; and if Job had availed himself of the opportunity of getting out, Satan would have had no need to get in. If we would enjoy the protection which the hedge affords, we must submit to the restraints and limitations it imposes.

The history of this hedge which God planted round His servant Job—or, rather, perhaps, the hedges with which He encompassed him—is very remarkable. When we first meet with Job, he is occupying a very large place; the protected area is very extensive: larger than that occupied by any other man in all the East. We see a series of concentric circles of defence, shutting in and protecting Job's property and servants and family; and there in the centre is the small innermost circle—the citadel, as it were, the impenetrable hedge which God had planted round Job himself.

At first, the protecting line encompassed and safeguarded all Job's property and possessions—sheep and camels, and oxen and asses, and a very great household. It was about all that he had. Another line of defence was drawn around his family, and then another around himself.

God for purposes of His own allowed these external defences to be destroyed; we know how hedge after

hedge was broken down, and how, in swift and terrible succession, unexampled calamities broke in upon him—a very sea of troubles; and he saw all his vast possessions and his hitherto prosperous and happy family swept away. But we have Job himself left—ruined, desolate, personally afflicted, yet safe: the man himself unharmed within that innermost circle of defence. There, in that narrow place, he who a little while ago was the greatest man in all the East, the head of a large and powerful and prosperous family, sits in poverty and distress, his only company being a complaining wife, and three friends, who come to inspect his misery and talk with him through the hedge, and whose ambition seems to be to convince Job that he would not be shut up there to the endurance of all these miseries unless, in some unacknowledged way, he had brought this trouble upon himself by misdeeds, which they implore him without any further delay to confess and repent of.

We need not wonder that Job having, as he thought, so little left to protect, should undervalue this remaining hedge as a defence, and think of it chiefly as a restraint, as a limitation, as that which shut him up to the endurance of what he found to be very hard to bear, fencing him in on every side, so that there was no room to pass.

We see here as in a picture or a parable what God is ever doing. He is putting round all of us a hedge which is at once a protection and a restraint, and which is a protection because it is a restraint. Around men are placed providential and circumstantial safeguards, through which they have to break, with more or less of difficulty and pain to themselves, before they can get into serious mischief. In a country like this, and certainly of the class of persons such as would be found in Christian congregations, it may be said that before they can go very far wrong they have to break through many a thorny hedge. There are many who do not respond to the highest motives, and who do not enjoy the protection of the best and truest safeguard of personal religion, who yet are kept out of a great deal of mischief by those social, circumstantial, providential restraints which are seldom thought of, but which in a Christian country are constantly and powerfully operating. God has ordered human life in such a way that we not only suffer for wrong-doing after the wrong is done; but we always find that there is some impediment, some hindrance, some obstruction which has to be removed or overcome ere the wrong can be done. There is some hedge of thorns that must be broken through.

It is not easy to realise what we owe to the restraints imposed by a Christianised civilisation. We, as a nation, are far from being what we ought to be, and have often occasion to hang our heads in shame and penitence; but with all these drawbacks, Christianity has done great things for us. There is the subtle and powerful restraint of public opinion, which, if it be not moulded, is at least modified, by the Christianity that dwells in our

midst. In a country like this there are almost innumerable restraints and limitations, the value of which cannot be estimated till we visit countries where life is lived under different conditions, and where such restraints do not operate at all, or only in the slightest degree.

But we have to consider not so much the hedges of limitation and protection which are placed more or less around all, as the way in which God deals with those who place themselves under His protection. The hedge referred to in the Scriptures quoted at the commencement of this paper, and of which both Satan and Job complained, was a hedge which God put around His *servant*—a good man, who feared God and eschewed evil.

Let us, then, look again at the position of Job, and see what lessons we can learn from the Lord's dealings with him. He is in a very strait place; he has not much room to move; he is in what men would call "a tight corner." He has lost his property, been bereaved of his children, he has lost nearly everything that men ordinarily value; on every side of him there is a thorny hedge; no way of escape to a more prosperous condition; he is fenced up; hedged in. His way is hid; there is mystery, perplexity, painful restriction; but there is light above; and if he cannot move forward in any direction, he can rise up.

We learn from this that a good man may have to complain that his way is hidden, and yet have to acknowledge that light is given. In every life, in varying degrees, we have those two things of which Job speaks—*obscurity* and *illumination*. These two things always go together. Where the darkness is thickest there is some illumination, and where the illumination is strongest there is always some remaining obscurity.

The way is hidden. In all life there is a measure of obscurity and of consequent perplexity. We cannot conceive of anyone whose way is more completely hidden than that of Job as he lies there in the dark shadow of that sheltering hedge. Every way seems closed. Moving in any direction, he comes almost at once upon the sharp prickles of this impenetrable hedge. It is not given to many to have such an experience; but while that extreme is not often reached, we may be often so bewildered and perplexed that we know not which way to turn or what next to do. There seems no open, available way. Behind, there is Egypt, and we can hear more and more distinctly the tramp of the pursuing host; on either side are the mountains, which offer no shelter, and open up no way of escape; and before us is the apparently impassable sea, the wash of whose waves we can already distinguish. We are hedged in—our way is hid.

But we learn from Job's experience that where the way is hidden light is given. Where the obscurity is most dense and the perplexity most bewildering, there is always some illumination. However straitened our circumstances, there is room

above; and however dark and discouraging our outlook, we find there is some lingering light left in the heavens.

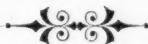
By means of this light we discover that, though our way is hidden, it is not hidden from the Lord. He knoweth the way that we take.

There is light enough given us to reveal the meaning and merciful design of the hedge which encompasses us, and of the restrictions and limitations imposed by it, of which we are tempted to complain. It should silence our complaints to remember that our bitterest, most implacable, most dangerous foe is complaining of the same thing. We complain because we can discover no gap in the hedge through which we can creep and run away from what is so little according to our mind; and there is Satan complaining because he can find no gap through which he can gain an entrance and get us more completely in his power. Let us not forget that the hedge which means restraint and limitation means also protection and safety.

We have light enough to read the assurance which God gives us that when the time comes for it He

will open up a way of deliverance. He did so in the case of His servant Job; God brought him out into a large place: The sharp, searching discipline answered its purpose, and Job came forth as tried gold; and the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning.

It is not always that God deals thus with His people. They are sometimes kept closely hedged in all their lives. But while they may not have a door of immediate deliverance set open before them, there is the door of hope in the Valley of Achor, and they know that deliverance is coming and that deliverance is sure. The narrow and painful limitations of this life will be for ever left behind when once they pass through the gates into that City which no enemy can enter, and the gates of which may be safely left open night and day. But in this world, so full of perils, and crowded with watchful and malignant foes, they have reason to thank God for the hedges He has planted around them, which, if they often obscure their view, and sometimes limit their activities, are a protection as well as a restraint, and a protection because they are a restraint.



## FELICIA JOSCELYNE'S LETTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANN PRESCOTT'S FORTUNE," "COUSIN WALTER," ETC.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

### CHAPTER III.

HE weather was everything that could be wished, but the days were not half long enough for the busy collectors. The school-room was turned into a veritable naturalist's den; Martha wondered privately if it ever

could be clean and tidy again.

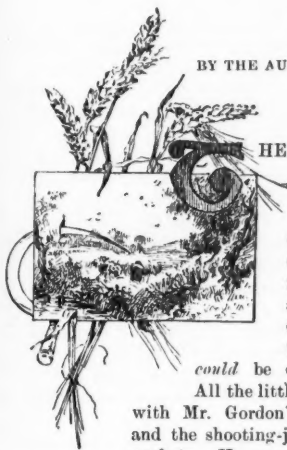
All the little town became familiar with Mr. Gordon's tall stooping figure, and the shooting-jacket with the bulging pockets. He was a universal favourite;

Amy loved to hear his wonderful stories of ants and bees. Lucy stored up new facts about the wicked ways of her enemies, the slugs and caterpillars, and Jack had never been so peaceable in any previous holiday on record. "I really think Mr. Gordon begins to like me a little, since I caught that runaway spider for him," thought Felicia. "I shall introduce myself to-morrow when we are in the woods. I can do it quite easily and naturally with the children rushing about, and preventing any elaborate explanation, and then I shall send a long letter to his mother."

This was on Thursday evening; Felicia had just

returned from a walk to the other end of the town, where she had been to take a mould of Mrs. Wilson's famous stone cream to an invalid friend. She had taken off her hat, and was giving a mechanical pat to some unruly curls, when there was a knock at the door, and Dora came in, throwing herself into a chair with a weary sigh.

"Life grows more and more difficult!" she began. "If you only *know* how much better it suits you to wear your hair simply, Ruth," rousing a little—"comb it off your forehead, *please*, for my sake! You know," she continued, after a short pause, "that I have always tried to keep a distinct, definite aim before me—to be a social reformer! There are plenty of people at work on the 'submerged tenth,' but who thinks about, and works to remove, the utter dullness of the middle classes? I felt that might be *my* vocation—to elevate and rouse them. One is always told that charity should begin at home, so I determined, when I left school, to attack and rout the enemy here. But what a weary fight it is! They are so satisfied with dullness; absolutely apathetic! If I read aloud the most beautiful passages from Browning or Ruskin, they fall asleep. Months ago I traced some of this intellectual numbness to the way we live—the heavy middle-day dinners, and substantial suppers. Then the kinds of food! think how much phosphorus for our brains there is in fish, and how seldom we have any, except those



vulgar bloaters for breakfast, which I detest. You need not laugh: I am certain it *does* affect people wonderfully. Excuse me, Ruth, but I have noticed how the edge of your intellectual sensibility has become dulled lately."

"Oh, Dora, how awful! I'll turn hermit, and live on water-cresses," cried Felicia.

"Ruth!" said Dora, annoyed, "it is no joking matter. I believe Mr. Gordon would understand me."

"If you expect him to do so, you had better open your heart to him at once, before *his* sensibilities get blunted, Dora; for didn't you notice how very thoroughly he appreciated a hot supper when he and Jack came home yesterday?" asked Felicia, with mock gravity.

"He only pretended to, out of politeness," said Dora.

"Then virtue was its own reward, evidently," returned Felicia.

"We'll say he enjoyed the sacrifice, not the supper."

"Well, we need not discuss *that* point," resumed Dora. "I had a little comfort yesterday. Mrs. Taylor noticed the improvement I had made in the drawing-room; the round centre table was moved before your time."

"Yes, I have it in the schoolroom," said Felicia.

"It took just a year to move it," said Dora solemnly, "and longer still to have those dreadful wax flowers banished."

"Your mother was fond of them because her sister made them," remarked Felicia.

"Yes; but, as I tried to make her understand, that was the very reason why she should treasure them in her *own* room, not in one supposed to belong to—*to* society in general! We might as well *let* the drawing-room, though," relapsing into her former despondency. "A fire in it once a week to keep it aired, and *then* no one will sit there!"

"Dora!" whispered Felicia, "Mr. Samuel Briggs' views are just as advanced——"

"Felicia!" cried Dora, starting up angrily, "how *can* you make such allusions?" And without another word, she ran down, and joined the rest of the family in the large cheerful dining-room. Richard had come home before tea, and was in the midst of a game of chess with Mr. Gordon. Mr. Wilson had his newspaper, his wife her knitting; Jack and the little girls were busy at the table. A bright fire was burning, for the early spring evenings were still cold.

"What are you doing, children?" asked their father.

"We are putting Ruth's desk tidy," replied Lucy. "It is her Indian one; everything in it smells so nice and foreign. She was looking for something in a hurry before she went out, and turned it all topsy-turvy. I asked her if I might put it straight, and she said 'Yes.'"

"Where *is* Ruth?" asked Richard.

"Gone to inquire after Miss Bateman, dear," replied his mother.

"Why didn't you send one of the servants?" said Richard.

"Your move!" said Mr. Gordon.

"Ruth has come back; she is in her room," said Dora, looking up from her book.

"That's the pencil-case I gave Ruth on her birthday," said Amy. "Isn't it pretty, Jack? What are you feeling about for?"

"We are looking for secret drawers," said Lucy.

"Ah! that's right. What dear little things! *Such* a lot of money in this one!"

"Shut it up directly, Lucy," said her father.

"Yes, father," said Lucy calmly. "Ruth ought to put this money in the post-office—I shall tell her so. She is rather rich; that aunt in Jamaica, you know, Jack, sends her money to spend, as well as what father pays her for teaching us. Why, there is nothing in the other drawer but one letter. I wonder why she keeps it there?"

"Check!" said Mr. Gordon sharply. "That is my bishop!"

"I beg your pardon," said Richard.

"Lucy, don't touch it," cried Dora. "No doubt it is one of her father's."

"It isn't a love-letter," remarked Lucy, "because she told me once she never had had one; I asked her: and it isn't her father's, I'm sure, Dora, for I saw her take it out of the desk months ago. She read it over—stamped, and looked so angry and cross; she didn't know I was in the room. I wonder who it's from! Look, Jack: what a funny, squiggly hand!"

"Why," spluttered Jack, "it's old Grubs' writing."

Richard started up, overturning the chess-board. Mr. Gordon drew himself to his full height, strode over to the table, caught hold of Jack's shoulder, and said, with a look which terrified Amy, "Are you crazy, Jack? I never wrote a letter to Miss Ruth in my life."

"It is very like your writing, sir," murmured Jack.

"It is your crest, Mr. Gordon—a dog begging," remarked Lucy, turning the envelope over: she was the only one of the party quite at her ease.

"This letter is addressed to Miss Felicia Joscelyne," said Mr. Gordon, examining it with a bewildered air, and then a start of recollection; "but how could Miss Ruth have it in her desk?"

"She *is* Felicia, not Ruth," said Lucy. "Amy gave her that name when she was so ill, and we have all called her Ruth ever since. I was beginning to tell you so once at breakfast, and then somebody interrupted."

"Miss Joscelyne will explain it quite nicely, no doubt," said Mrs. Wilson hurriedly. "Richard, don't forget yourself; sit down quietly."

"Ruth," she called, opening the door, and Felicia quickly appeared.

"What *is* the matter!" she exclaimed. "Amy, why are you crying?"

"Because everyone is angry with you, Ruth. They say you have been hiding up one of Mr. Gordon's letters."

"Of course not, dear Ruth," said Dora, taking her hand. "Lucy was turning out your desk, and found a letter——"

"Lucy, have you been reading it aloud? Give it me this minute!" cried Felicia breathlessly.



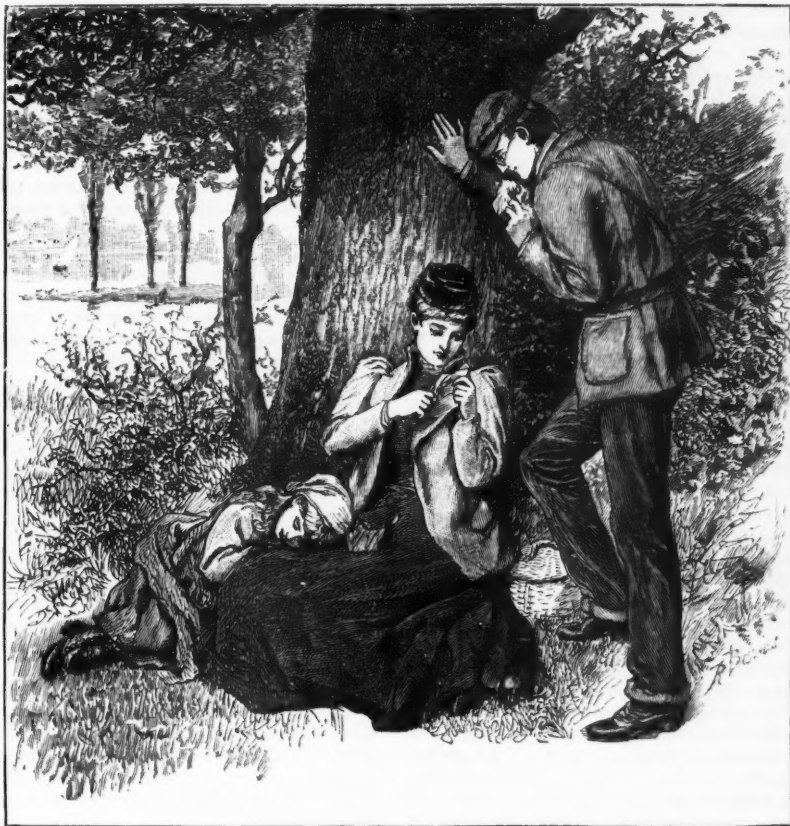
"As if I should open it, even," was the indignant answer.

"You did not tell me that you had even met Mr. Gordon," said Mrs. Wilson.

"We never had seen each other before," said Felicia, recovering herself.

"If you had honoured me by introducing yourself,

to Felicia, "and had no idea I should have the pleasure of meeting you here. I don't think that my letter was worth such careful preservation," he continued; "in fact, I have almost forgotten its contents;" and opening it, he read it through. What would Lucy have given to have looked over his shoulder? Felicia was crimson. "I will burn it, with your permission,"



"Why did you keep that ridiculous letter of mine?"—p. 538.

Miss Joscelyne, it would have spared a very unpleasant and embarrassing situation," said Mr. Gordon, looking down very sternly at the culprit before him.

"I was going to tell you to-morrow," murmured Felicia.

"I will explain at once, Mrs. Wilson, that Miss Felicia Joscelyne is the daughter of an old friend of my father's," said Mr. Gordon. "At his death, my mother was anxious that she should make her home with her, but an unfortunate misunderstanding arose, and Miss Joscelyne left the house. My mother was much distressed, and at her wish I wrote to ask her to alter her decision—that is at least three years ago.—I thought you were still on the Continent," turning

he said, frowning a little; and, not waiting for an answer, he tore the sheet across, and threw it on the fire.

"That is soon explained," said Mr. Wilson, rubbing his hands.

"If Ruth had just told us when she heard you were coming—" said his wife, with a hurt expression.

"I suppose Miss Joscelyne felt it difficult to explain the reason why she found it necessary to leave my mother: it was nothing *very* dreadful"—with a slight smile—"but a family matter, which my mother would not certainly wish to have discussed. Now," turning to young Wilson, "would you like to have your revenge?"

"My revenge?" said Richard blankly. "Oh, another game of chess! No, thank you."

"Richard looked like fighting a duel just now," said Lucy, in a stage aside to Jack.

"Lucy," said her father severely, "you ought to have been in bed half an hour ago;" in which opinion more than one of the party heartily joined.

"Briggs says his cousin Sam is coming to the woods with us this afternoon," said Jack next day to Felicia. "I expected he would look us up, after what Lucy told Briggs."

"What did she tell him?" asked Felicia resignedly.

"Why, that Mr. Gordon thinks everything of Dora. You weren't in the room the other day when I brought her the note on the big tea-tray; you know Dora is always worrying about Martha using a waiter. Well, I didn't notice Old Grubs sitting in the window, but he flew up as if he was shot—sent me out with the tea-tray, and made me bring the note in properly, talked to me about behaving like a gentleman, and no end of a row. We made it up afterwards, and he was very jolly, and Lucy needn't have put *her* finger in the pie! Sam is all right, but of course he isn't a patch on Mr. Gordon. It's quite certain the D.V. would never turn herself into Mrs. Samuel Briggs."

"Lucy wants a thorough scolding," said Felicia energetically. "At her age she ought not to think about such things; she would be better at a good boarding-school; I shall tell your mother so. Amy is tired, and not well to-day; you won't tease her with worms and things if she goes with us, Jack dear?"

"I shall most likely be too busy," was the satisfactory answer.

The party reached the woods in high spirits, and quickly dispersed in all directions, except Felicia and Amy, who kept to the more open part, near the entrance, at Amy's earnest entreaty; her legs ached, she said; also, in spite of lessons in English history, she had a lurking terror of hearing a wolf growling somewhere in the thick undergrowth, and really expected to make the acquaintance of a fox or two during the afternoon. So while the others, oblivious of the peace and quietness of aristocratic pheasants, pushed through the tangled bushes into the very heart of the wood, these two were filling a large basket with the primrose roots which grew around them in such abundance, and at last Amy was glad to be wrapped in a shawl, and settling cosily on a cushion of moss and dry leaves, leant her head against Felicia's knees, and was soon fast asleep. The sunlight touched the newly opened leaves of the hawthorn and young elms; there was a distant view of a broad river, with the glistening sails of little fishing-boats looking like the wings of white butterflies; the woodpecker's cry came loud and clear. Felicia, like Amy, was beginning to yield to the dreamy influences of the afternoon, when the apparition of a tall stooping figure, with be-scratched face and hands, made her feel wide awake in a moment.

"Is Amy asleep?" asked Arthur Gordon, mopping the bridge of his nose with a much-enduring handkerchief. "I was going to show her a tree with a woodpecker's hole. She does look tired, poor mite! I will stay with her if you want to join the others."

"No, thank you," said Felicia; adding, "That is a bad scratch on your face, Mr. Gordon. Mrs. Wilson always provides plaister when we go on an excursion like this; Jack generally manages to get in the wars. I had better put a piece on your nose; it is no use rubbing it in that way. Will you look for my case in that little basket, please? It is under the biscuit-bag. Can you put your head down; I don't want to wake Amy."

Opening the case, Felicia cut a strip of plaister, and applied it to the wound with great gravity.

"I don't believe in the existence of Miss Felicia Joscelyne!" said Arthur, as he thanked her.

"That 'very romantic, flighty young person,' as you called her. No; her dreams of a wounded knight never called up the picture of a hero with scratched nose and battered-in hat!" said Felicia, with her merry laugh. "She disappeared years ago, poor thing, and left a very prosaic ordinary young woman, called Ruth."

"Why did you keep that ridiculous letter of mine?" asked Mr. Gordon, putting Amy's shawl more closely round her.

"As a kind of moral corrective, I think," said Felicia, flushing a little, "to remind myself what an absurd creature I was."

"I am glad it is burnt," said Arthur.

"Will you tell your mother that I am not quite so silly as I used to be?"

"I can't draw any contrasts; but when I have told her what a 'ministering angel' you have proved yourself, I am sure she will forgive you on the spot. Are you quite happy here?" he asked, with an affectionate elder-brother air.

"Yes, very happy," she said quietly. "They are kind, warm-hearted people, and treat me as if I were Dora's sister. Poor Dora! You have been hearing some of her troubles, haven't you? Her woes will look very trivial when she knows a little more of the real sorrows of life."

"But she is thoroughly in earnest; she has been telling me how she wants to make the family life more orderly and beautiful—to give it refinement and polish; but, like so many reformers, she begins as an iconoclast, and throws down—or would like to—so many old-fashioned idols of middle-class comfort," he added, laughing.

"Dora is restless and discontented just now, as many girls are; young men from eighteen to twenty-two, everybody allows, have turbulent ideas, and are generally an immense anxiety and worry. Richard is going through the same stage, but his unrest takes another form," said Felicia. "They will both settle down in time into douce, respectable members of society."

"I am glad you can still remember your own youth through the mist of years," remarked Mr. Gordon.

"You are laughing at me!" said Felicia; "but I am older than both of them—years in knowledge of the world!"

"Indeed? Richard, I am sure, does not realise that."

"I do, and shall remind him of it when it is necessary," returned Felicia, with dignity. "But we

were talking about Dora," she continued. "She thinks she would be happier with some definite work, but her father does not like her to leave home, and says she can help her mother; but Mrs. Wilson is as energetic as ever, and would not wish to give up, or even share, housekeeping duties. I'm sorry for Dora; her family hardly understand or appreciate her."

"I am dreadfully old-fashioned, of course: in fact, I often feel I belong to the last generation," said Mr. Gordon; "but I must confess I am of Mr. Wilson's opinion. If I had a sister, I should like her to stay at home with my mother."

"If there were plenty of work for her," insisted Felicia. "There isn't for Dora; and she wants to live for something higher than tennis and evening parties, and a prospective husband."

"Forgive me, but surely Miss Wilson's natural duty, after the really good education her father has given her, is to teach her young sisters."

"I suggested that to Mrs. Wilson long ago," said Felicia, "but she told me she wished Dora to be free to pay visits and enjoy herself. You make me think I am one of the poor wandering amoeba—isn't that their name?—that you were telling us about yesterday, trying to attach myself to something or other. Of course, you consider me a very inefficient teacher!"

"I hope you won't attempt lessons in natural history," he returned, with a slight smile. "You know, there is a niche for you to fill: I mean, that my mother would be delighted—," and then he stopped, embarrassed.

"Pray don't explain further. I am not likely to misunderstand your meaning, Mr. Gordon. Though your letter is destroyed, I perfectly remember its contents," said Felicia, deeply mortified. "Oh, there is Jack!" with a sigh of relief, and a great shouting and crashing of boughs announced Jack and Lucy.

"How stupid of you to have stopped here the whole afternoon!" exclaimed the latter. "Why, Ruth, you do look cross!"

"She thinks Mr. Gordon is angry with her about that letter you found," said Amy. "I have been awake ever so long. He says Dora ought to be our governess, Lucy: we shouldn't like that, should we? Oh, my legs do ache so!"

"Where is Dora?" asked Felicia.

"Having a long talk with Mr. Briggs; here she comes, and all the rest of them. I'll walk home with you," taking Felicia's arm.

"Mr. Gordon, there is a nice clean little stream outside the gate, if you would like to wash your face: it is smeared with mud, and has been bleeding. Who put the plaster on for you?"

"Mr. Briggs has found such a curious spider: he wants to ask you about it, please, Mr. Gordon," said Dora, coming towards him with a pretty blush.—"We will all go on, Ruth, and you can follow more slowly with Amy."

"You are so tired, Amy: would you like a ride on my shoulder?" said Mr. Gordon.

"That will be capital," said Lucy. "Then Ruth and I will hurry on first, and tell them to have tea all ready by the time you get in. Come along, Ruth; you had better carry these eggs for Jack. See if we

are not home twenty minutes before the rest of you!" she shouted back.

"How nice it is to be so high up in the air!" exclaimed Amy. "Mr. Gordon," she whispered confidentially, "I *do* wish you would be kind to Ruth, too!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

"I HAVE been looking for you everywhere. I didn't think you would be sitting in the midst of all these nasty spiders and beetles! That letter is not very particular, is it, Ruth? Do put down your pen!" and Dora drew Felicia to the old schoolroom sofa with its broken springs. "You know, I have no secrets from *you*!" she said reproachfully. There was a pause.

"What did you want to tell me, Dora?" asked Felicia.

"I have been thinking that perhaps, after all, I have been too impatient for results; certainly I used to prefer Tennyson to Browning myself, and mother and aunt may have the same feeling about Cowper. If I have a home of my own, Amy could come and stay with me; dear mother is so kind to us all, I know I should miss her dreadfully—and—and—no one has ever spoken to me like Mr. Gordon, Ruth. I seem to know him completely, and yet a fortnight ago I was not aware of his existence! He is so clever, and yet so simple-hearted and so *good*, without being in the least priggish."

"I thought that 'not impossible *he*' was to be blue-eyed, fair, rather consumptive-looking—"

"Oh, stop, stop, Ruth!" said Dora, laughing. "Surely I could never have been so silly?"

"Still, perfect as he is, I should hardly have thought Arthur Gordon could transform your ideal to the actual," remarked Felicia.

"You are too much influenced by externals, Ruth: it is quite your failing. If Mr. Gordon had a smart little moustache like Richard, and always wore perfect gloves—"

"Instead of none at all," said Felicia. "Well, Dora, I will try and appreciate him for your sake. I never knew till this minute that I was such a vain, surface creature in other people's opinions; it is good for us to see ourselves as others see us, I suppose. How does Mr. Gordon see me, by-the-bye, Dora?"

"Well, he asked *me* about you!" said Dora slowly. "I don't remember that he told me his own opinion. But I didn't mean to talk about that."

"Of course you did not—such a stupid subject!" said Felicia, starting up.

"Oh, dear Ruth! don't go; I have been longing for a talk with you."

"Have you, Dora?" said Felicia penitently, kissing her. "I *do* wish you to be happy, indeed, dear."

"Then you've guessed it, without my telling you. You clever girl!" exclaimed Dora, her eyes sparkling. "Oh, Ruth! do you think I can make him happy?"

"Of course, if he loves you. There is Lucy calling me. I can't stop, Dora."

Later in the evening, Mr. Gordon went to the schoolroom, and was busily packing up some bottles and tin boxes, when he thought he heard a sound



"Advancing absently, scissors in hand"—p. 512.

like a stifled sob, and then noticed for the first time a little figure in the window-seat.

"Miss Joscelyne!" he exclaimed.

"I have such a bad headache; I came here for a little quiet," she said.

"Can you stay a few moments? I may not have another opportunity of speaking to you. I meant to have told you this afternoon—if I had not floundered in such a conversational bog—a little of our family history. In spite of my mother's admiration for French customs," said Arthur, with a slight smile, "she married my father against the wishes of all her friends—it was a runaway match, in fact. They were very poor, and would have suffered real privation if it had not been for Colonel Joscelyne—he was only Captain Joscelyne then, and did not give his friend that which cost him nothing: in short, he was our good angel. And all I have been able to do in return was to frighten away his little daughter. Ruth, I really can't bear to see you crying. It is ridiculous for you to be a governess; you ought to be taken care of."

"Father told me so once; but many girls are as lonely as I am," said Felicia.

"We spoil so much by our own impatience," said Mr. Gordon, half to himself.

"I used to be impatient; I don't think I am now," said Felicia.

"I was not thinking of you, poor child. I would rather manage half a dozen boys than one Lucy."

"Lucy will grow into a practical, business-like woman—the prop of the family. She is very fond of me in a superior sort of way; like you, she does not think much of me as a governess," said Felicia, brightening up a little. "I have often longed to write to your mother, but felt that I didn't deserve she should care for my letters."

"She would care a great deal more than I can tell you."

"Then ask her if I may send a letter every week; it is better than only writing at odd times. Good-night, Mr. Gordon; it is such a comfort to know that your mother was romantic and flighty once on a time."



"We shall all quite miss you, Mr. Gordon," said kind Mrs. Wilson, at breakfast next morning. "You have been so good in interesting the children, and all of us, indeed, with your microscope and wonderful things. I should insist on your staying longer, but I know your mother must want your society. It is so nice to think that you know Miss Joscelyne in a sort of way. She looks brighter this morning. The foolish girl fancied last night that we were not wanting her to stay with us. She will be more necessary than ever now."

"Ruth is always up and down," said Lucy. "Richard calls her Lady April. But why is she more necessary *now*, mother?" looking curiously at Mr. Gordon and Dora. "I hate secrets.—You were up early, Dora, talking to Mr. Briggs in the drawing-room before breakfast: about such silly things, too! I heard him at the front door saying you looked like a pink rosebud. Once you told me he was the only person about here who had read anything of Mr. Ruskin's; and if *his* books are about such nonsense——"

Mr. Wilson broke into a hearty laugh, and his wife, to hide Dora's confusion, said—

"Miss Joscelyne and Jack are tying up your specimen-boxes in the schoolroom, Mr. Gordon. Perhaps you would like to see if they are ready. The dog-cart will be round in a few minutes;" and of course he went at once.

"The parcel is just ready; I have written your full address on it," said Felicia, laying down her pen.

"Does the world seem a little less miserable this morning?" asked Arthur.

"Oh yes!" said Felicia. "I had been a little hurt about something Dora said——"

"And she has explained——"

"Not that, exactly."

"I shall hear about you all, then, through my mother.—Jack, you will send me a message about those caterpillars!"

"Yes, sir. Have you heard the news that Dora is going to marry Sam Briggs? So Briggs and me will be sort of cousins. He isn't half a bad fellow—Sam, I mean. I'm going to drive you to the station, sir, and will get your things into the cart," said Jack, going off with the brown-paper parcel.

"You knew about Dora's engagement, Mr. Gordon!" exclaimed Felicia.

"I did not know it was finally settled—Miss Wilson did not honour me so far; but I could see that the chief objection to Mr. Samuel Briggs was—Samuel Briggs."

"It is a dreadfully ugly name—hideous!" said Felicia, laughing. "And *you* think so much of names—Pamela or Evelina.—Ah! here is Dora."

"I am afraid we must not keep you longer," said Dora.

"You will let me offer my very sincere congratulations, Miss Wilson," said Mr. Gordon.

"I owe a great deal of my happiness to you for advising me so wisely," said Dora shyly: "I mean, about caring principally for things beneath the surface. Everybody is in the hall waiting to say good-bye, and

the children are quarrelling about going with you to the station."

Then the adieus were quickly said, and Jack drove off in triumph, quite ignorant that Lucy had climbed into the back seat at the last moment.

The Easter holidays were soon over, and comparative quiet settled down on the Wilson household, in which Mr. Briggs' fortnightly visits were now the chief events. Happiness wonderfully improved Dora; I think it suits most of us. She was very busy now, the scheme for the social and domestic middle-class reform of the poor little town was abandoned, and she now took practical lessons in housekeeping from her mother. Then, too, she made the acquaintance of Mr. Briggs' two step-sisters: clever, intellectual women, who were delighted with their brother's pretty, girlish *fiancée*.

Mrs. Gordon and Felicia kept up their regular weekly correspondence; Felicia wrote very pleasant letters, full of sunshine and life. Mr. Gordon had asked his mother if she thought it would be a breach of confidence if they were sent on to him, as he took a great interest in the Wilson family.

"Of course not," Mrs. Gordon had instantly replied. "And if there is anything in one that I think Felicia means to be private, I shall not let you have it."

Apparently, this never happened; Arthur evidently did not consider the letters of sufficient value to return to his mother, though he did not destroy them himself.

Felicia was to spend the summer holidays with Mrs. Gordon; Arthur had joined some friends in a short trip to Norway, and found, when he did return home, that Felicia had quite her own place in the household—she might say or do anything she pleased; the merry voice and flitting figure certainly brightened up the old house. And yet, to his mother's great concern, Arthur grew more and more dull and thoughtful as the weeks went by; and one day, when Felicia, clearing up his den, had emptied a bottle of most valuable infusoria and extremely dirty water, he said it didn't matter. Mrs. Gordon felt that things had indeed become serious, and told her old friend, Dr. Hewitt, that she feared Arthur was sickening for a severe illness. Mr. Gordon came into the room with Felicia whilst the conference was going on, and laughed in rather an embarrassed way at his mother's fears.

"I am only getting middle-aged and dull, mother," he added, with a half-sigh.

"Nonsense, Arthur! Pray how old would you make *me*, then? in my dotage, I suppose. If you were to smarten yourself up a little—have your hair cut, for instance, and take more pride in your personal appearance. Look at your hands," patting the one that lay in her own, "so brown and scratched; and it is very well shaped—just like your father's—if it is rather large. Besides, as to being not exactly a boy—I'm of Felicia's opinion, and think very young men extremely objectionable."

"Is that your opinion?" asked Arthur, turning to Felicia.

"Very likely I should have said so if I had known you before you went to college," replied Felicia.

"Ah, Miss Felicia! there is hope for us old fellows, then," said Dr. Hewitt, with whom she was a great favourite.

"Get your microscope, Arthur, and show me that Norwegian moss you were talking about."

Mr. Gordon obeyed.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" said the old gentleman. "Just look here, my dear," making way for Felicia; she was a long time adjusting the focus, etc.

"Can't you see it, Felicia?" asked Mr. Gordon.

"My eyelashes get in the way so," said Felicia.

"That's awkward," remarked Mr. Gordon, advancing absently, scissors in hand.

"Mercy on us, Arthur!" cried his mother, "you are not going to cut them off! such beautiful eyelashes!"

"Of course not," said Arthur, annoyed. "I was going to take a fresh specimen of the moss."

"Anything in the cause of science. Now, Arthur, confess you didn't know Miss Felicia had eyelashes!" laughed Dr. Hewitt.

"If I had been a kind of Vorticella, for instance, with particularly long cilia, they *would* have been worth noticing, wouldn't they?" said Felicia brightly. "I can see the moss at last; it is lovely!"

"You must take some of it back with you for Mr. Taylor to examine," said Arthur.

"I have left the Wilsons," said Felicia.

"Indeed, I did not know it!" he exclaimed, surprised.

"Yes, Felicia had very sufficient reasons—she has told me all about it," said Mrs. Gordon, nodding significantly.

"Gordon, man——" began Dr. Hewitt.

"Lucy is going to a boarding-school, and Dora will give Amy lessons for the present, until she marries," interrupted Felicia, with flushed cheeks. "They were all very kind to me. I have not made any plans for the future yet."

"Of course not, dear," said Mrs. Gordon, kissing her affectionately. "Your little pet, Amy, is coming to us for a long visit; I love to have a child in the house. —Dr. Hewitt, I want to show you my pteris ferns in the conservatory; the fronds are twice as long as yours."

There was a silence after the door had closed.

Felicia was diligently studying the moss, shutting first one eye, then the other.

"Ruth," said Arthur, at last, "Jack told me, a few days before he went home, something Lucy had written to him: that his brother Richard—is *he* the reason why you left Elmston?"

"He was very silly," said Felicia, embarrassed, "and thought he cared very much for me; but he will soon get over the fancy. A 'romantic young person, flighty' too, cannot hope ever to be loved by anyone whose affection was really worth having." And she turned away with something suspiciously like tears on the much-criticised eyelashes.

"Dear Ruth," said Arthur, starting up, and taking her hand in both his, "*could* you care to know that one dull stupid fellow at least will never love—never has loved—anyone but you!"

"But I don't think I should care for a dull stupid fellow myself," returned Felicia, looking down.

Mr. Gordon dropped her hand.

"I ought never to have let myself hope you might learn to love me," he said despairingly. "Do you remember the poem Dora read to us that one wet evening: 'By the Fireside'? One verse of it has been running in my head all these weeks. I ought to have feared to touch the last leaf. Dear, don't let me 'lose a friend,' at least."

"Arthur, I shan't have to learn to—love you. I believe I began to care for you from the very moment when I declared I never would or could."

"My darling Ruth!" cried Arthur, his whole face beaming with happiness.

"Oh, how conceited you would grow if you knew just what I think of you!" said Felicia, smiling through her tears. "I shall like even blackbeetles for your sake some day, perhaps."

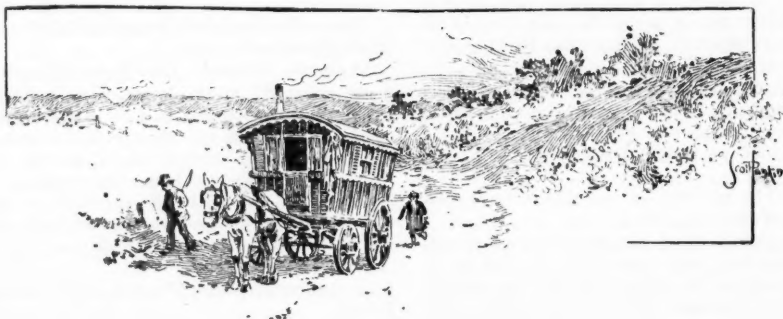
"How glad mother will be!" said Arthur.

And when Mrs. Gordon came in, a few minutes later—

"Can you guess our secret, dear mother?" he said, Felicia's hand still in his own.

"Of course I can, silly children!" she cried, kissing them both (Arthur first). "An interfering old woman did not do so very much mischief, then, after all."

"And to think I have given my heart to somebody who promised me faithfully never, *never* to ask for my hand!" whispered Felicia.



"THE FATHER OF THE MAN."

STUDIES IN BOY LIFE.

(In Photographs by Agatha M. H. Seawey.)



HIS SPECIAL EDITION.



"BOOTS."



THE MORNING TUB.



"TAKE A BITE."

## FRESH LIGHT ON NEW TESTAMENT TEXTS.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. GARDEN BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.



WE have heard much recently of fresh light on the Old Testament, through the Egyptian, Assyrian, and other monuments; but though less copiously and less formally, some parts of the New Testament also have been coming into clearer light through modern observations. I do not refer to such an absorbing question as the site of Calvary, although it seems to me that Major Conder and others have done much to settle that point; but to some smaller matters, of no great importance in themselves, yet interesting when we find them illuminated from unexpected sources.

## I.—ST. PETER WARMING HIMSELF AT A FIRE AT EASTER.

THE incident mentioned by two of the evangelists that, owing to the cold, a fire had been kindled in the hall during the trial of Jesus, might have passed without notice, were it not that in countries of the latitude of Palestine, April is generally so warm a month that a fire would be superfluous. It happens that for many years the Meteorological Society of Scotland have had one of their stations of observation at Jerusalem, and are thus able to explain this anomalous circumstance. From their registers it appears, that though the winter is past in April, a cold week is usually thrown into that month as a sort of legacy from the retreating season, just as in this country we often find, after the milder weather of spring appears to have set in, that a new spell of frost and snow is by no means uncommon. With us this occurrence is incidental and irregular, but at Jerusalem it appears to be a stated experience. But who, save an eye-witness, or one who had received his information from an eye-witness, would have thought of adverting to so incidental a circumstance? It helps to fix the date of the Gospels, and it certainly disproves the rationalist position that they were not written till the second century. Evidently the scene was vividly before the writer, or at least the writer's informant; the fire, not regularly supplied, but improvised by the servants and officers for the occasion, "for it was cold"; the very material, *ἀνθρακία*, either coal, as in our version, or charcoal, as in the margin of the revised version; the company not seated, but standing round, and Peter with them; the glow of light bringing Peter's features into relief, so that the maid-servant was able to recognise him; the rapid assurance of the maid that he was a disciple, and the angry denial of the unhappy apostle.

A friend of the present writer, the Rev. Dr. Wells, of Glasgow, Convener of the Free Church of Scotland's Committee on the Conversion of the Jews,

furnished him a few years ago with an unexpected confirmation of this explanation. In one of his visits to the Holy Land, he went down during Easter week from Jerusalem to the Jordan, in order to witness a well-known scene, the bathing of pilgrims in the river. In this journey he encountered a storm of snow and sleet so severe that it was with difficulty he could keep his horse's face to the east. Nor was this an unwonted occurrence; pilgrims are often exposed to something worse than discomfort, owing to the severity of the weather.

## II.—THE COCK CROWING TWICE.

IN three of the Gospels our Lord's warning to Peter is, "The cock shall not crow till thou hast denied me thrice." In the other Gospel, that of Mark, the warning is different, "The cock shall not crow twice till thou hast denied me thrice." Usually this discrepancy has been accounted for on the principle that the inspired writers were not guided supernaturally to express things in precisely the same terms, but that they gave the substance correctly, with verbal differences, or even slight differences of fact. But in the present instance that explanation is hardly relevant. The insertion of the word "twice" is a significant circumstance, and not likely to have been made by any careful writer without due cause.

An explanation has lately come all the way from the New Hebrides Islands. In an interesting work, entitled, "Bible Illustrations from the New Hebrides," by the late Rev. John Inglis, D.D., a highly respected and successful missionary, sent out many years ago by a branch of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, the author has remarked that since clocks and watches have become so common, the habits of such animals as the cock are not so carefully marked as they were in our Lord's time, and as they are still in Aneityum, and other islands of the New Hebrides group. There, indeed, as among the Jews of old, the cock-crowing was the best marked hour of the night. Indeed, there are two cock-crowings, but of a different character, and here lies the point of the explanation. The first occurs between two and three in the morning, and is called the false cock-crowing; the second, between three and four, is the true cock-crowing. But after going to Aneityum, it was some time before Dr. Inglis and his friends became aware of the double cock-crowing. The discovery was made in this wise. A brother missionary, twelve or fourteen miles distant, had sent him a proof-sheet which he wished to be returned at an early hour the following morning. Dr. Inglis instructed the two native boys who had brought it to be ready to start by the cock-crowing.



"But which cock-crowing do you mean?" they asked.

"Which?" said the missionary. "How many are there?"

"Oh, you know," they said, "there are two cock-crowings, the true one and the false one."

"And what is the difference?"

"The false one is the first, and then after a while is the true one."

Dr. Inglis, beginning to observe the habits of the animal more carefully, found that if disturbed it would crow at any hour of the night, but if left unmolested, the two cock-crowings were as regular in their occurrence as the rising and setting of the sun. His house was in the neighbourhood of some twenty families, every one of which had poultry; the birds roosted on the trees standing round about the houses. No fewer than from thirty to fifty cocks were within hearing. Every morning, therefore, they could hear both crowings. About two o'clock one cock would crow, and a few others would follow, feeble and drowsy-like, as if half asleep; then all would be still. About an hour or rather more afterwards—about three o'clock or a little later—when one cock crowed, immediately there was a full ringing chorus, a perfect storm of crowing, every one more alive than another. This true cock-crowing marked the time with unmistakable distinctness, and was loud enough to arrest the attention of the most indifferent listener; as Robert Burns describes it, "a cottage-rousing crow." Dr. Inglis quotes from a letter of Mrs. Thomas Carlyle, describing the effect on her poor nerves of a cock-crowing at Troston Rectory in Suffolk: "Then about four o'clock commenced never so many cocks, challenging one another all over the parish."

It is likely that our Lord used the words of Mark, so that if Peter had been attentive, the feeble, earlier cock-crowing might have been a warning to him, and in that case the threefold denial would not have occurred. But our Lord foreknew that the first cock-crowing would not be thus observed by Peter, therefore he made his warning more precise—"The cock shall not crow twice." The other three evangelists deemed it sufficient to give our Lord's words in the abbreviated form, omitting the reference to the first and feeble cock-crowing, and making the other, which was loud enough, no doubt, to be heard over the whole hall, the emphatic proof that he had taken the right measure of Peter's courage.

### III.—ST. PAUL'S INFIRMITY OF THE FLESH.

**S**T. PAUL'S ailments, real and imaginary, have been a fertile subject of speculation. We pass over what we look on as a very silly hypothesis, the product of rationalists and unbelievers, that he was subject to epilepsy, and that it was an attack of that disease that prostrated him on the way to Damascus. Unbelievers have always shown themselves as weak as children in

estimating the great moral forces that have moved the world. Even some physical forces are beyond their comprehension. That a poor epileptic should have been able to lead the life that St. Paul led; to endure all the perils, and worse than perils, of which he gives so pathetic a catalogue in 2 Cor. xi. 24—27; keep from swooning in the prison at Philippi, or recover himself after being stoned at Lystra; and generally play the part of one of the greatest men the world ever knew, so as to influence thought, feeling and action, not only in his own generation, but for eighteen centuries, as no other mere man ever did—is too absurd a proposition to deserve serious refutation. But St. Paul speaks of two ailments—though possibly they were but one—which in themselves were real obstructions to his work, although by the operation of a beautiful divine law of compensation they were overruled for good. The one is the well-known "thorn in the flesh," which some have thought to have been defective sight, and others have interpreted in many different ways. But this too we must pass by. The other is an "infirmity of the flesh" which had been apparent to the Galatians, when Paul preached to them first (Gal. iv. 13). On this an interesting light has been thrown in a very learned and acute work which has just been published—"The Church in the Roman Empire," by Professor Ramsay, of the University of Aberdeen. Professor Ramsay has spent season after season traversing Asia Minor, and gathering all manner of minute information touching its condition at the time when St. Paul was going through his missionary journeys. To reach Galatia, he had to traverse Pamphylia. "Everyone," says Professor Ramsay, "who has travelled in Pamphylia knows how enervating and exhausting the climate is. In these low-lying plains, fever is endemic; the land is so moist as to be extraordinarily fertile, and most dangerous to strangers. Confined by the vast ridges of Taurus, the atmosphere is like the steam of a kettle, hot, moist, and swept by no strong winds. Coming down in July, 1890, from the north side of Taurus for a few days to the coast east of Pamphylia, I seemed to feel my physical and mental powers melting rapidly away." Professor Ramsay quotes the remark of an Indian officer that the climate of Cilicia, which is like that of Pamphylia, reminded him of Singapore or Hong-Kong.

It is supposed, then, that St. Paul caught fever on reaching Perga. Though, as a native of Cilicia, he had been accustomed to a similar climate, yet, after travelling on foot through Cyprus amid great excitement and mental strain, he was peculiarly liable to be affected by the sudden plunge into the enervating atmosphere of Pamphylia. If he encountered a severe attack of malarial fever, it would not only explain the "infirmity of the flesh," through which he preached first to the Galatians, but might throw light on the "thorn in the flesh," the effects of which were often so bitter. Bishop Lightfoot describes the illness as "a return of his old malady, the thorn in

the flesh—the messenger of Satan, sent to buffet him, some sharp and violent attack, it would appear, which humiliated him and prostrated his physical strength.” “I appeal to all who have experience,” says Professor Ramsay, “whether this is not a singularly apt description of that fever which has such an annoying and tormenting habit of catching one by the heel just in the most inconvenient moments, in the midst of some great effort, and on the eve of some serious crisis when all one’s energies are specially needed.”

But, apart from the question whether the “thorn in the flesh” was the same as the “infirmity of the flesh,” spoken of to the Galatians, we have certainly in the coincidence between the fever-breeding climate of Pamphylia and Paul’s condition on his appearance in the Galatian country, an “undesigned coincidence” which escaped the acute mind of Paley, but which marks a very close correspondence between the narrative of the Acts and the Epistle to the Galatians.

#### IV.—THE WATER-MARK OF PERSECUTION.

**P**ROFESSOR RAMSAY has found a very ingenious way of throwing light on the time when certain parts of the New Testament were written, by observing the particular phases of persecution under the Roman authorities, of which mention is made in the several writings. Thus, the earliest form of persecution to which the Christians were subjected was that of false accusations: very horrible crimes were laid to their charge, and those who were bent on injuring them had little difficulty in finding witnesses who would swear falsely against them. Nero persecuted them in order to throw on them the odium of his own act, when he set fire to Rome, but ostensibly because they were held guilty of horrible wickedness, especially in connection with their religious rites.

A great advance in the history of persecution was made at a somewhat later period, when the mere fact of their venerating “the Name” of Jesus was enough to demand their condemnation. Professor Ramsay finds no proof of this latter practice in the Epistles of St. Paul—a fact which confirms the early date commonly ascribed to them. Even the pastoral epistles, for which some critics demand a date in the second century, and a non-Pauline authorship, have no reference to this form of persecution, and are, therefore, allotted to St. Paul. On the other hand, in the first Epistle of St. Peter, persecution for “the Name” was manifestly known, as well as the earlier forms, for it is recognised that one may “suffer as a Christian,” hence a later date has to be assigned to that Epistle than to the writings of Paul. When we go to the Apocalypse, we find traces of a practice which did not begin till towards the end of the first century, when some of the emperors demanded to be worshipped as gods. This is symbolically brought out when it is said, “And they worshipped the dragon

which gave power unto the beast; and they worshipped the beast, saying, ‘Who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war with him?’” On the ground of this and other statements in the Apocalypse, a later date—near the end of the first century—is assigned to that book. Whether the author has made out all his positions we do not profess to decide, but the criterion of dates, so far as we know, is new, and is very interesting. But there is another internal water-mark, applicable to some of the New Testament Epistles, which does not fall within Mr. Ramsay’s scope, but well deserves investigation—the marks of moral and spiritual degeneracy which had begun to appear, and which drew forth from the writers the severest and most scathing denunciations. The analogy of religious revivals in later times is fitted to throw some light on the time when the degeneracy began.

#### V.—BE COURTEOUS.

**C**OURTESY is a virtue very expressly called for in the New Testament. Not only is it enjoined by St. Peter (1 Ep. iii. 8), but St. Peter’s Master before him—“If ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?” It is evident that it was counted of great moment that the Christians should be marked, not only by good conduct, but by good manners. Dr. Inglis’s experience in the New Hebrides enables him to appreciate this. The most barbarous natives (he says) are able to distinguish very quickly between rudeness and politeness, between good and bad usage. “Many would scarcely believe it; but there is, perhaps, no place where politeness is of more importance than among savages.” If you reprove them roughly and publicly you make them resolute enemies; but if you speak to them of their faults privately, but kindly and pleasantly, you find them ready to listen and perhaps ready to mend.

The truth is, there is no class of men among whom personal influence goes so far as savages. When one first speaks to them on religion, he speaks on a subject which burdens and oppresses them, and they listen with timidity and aversion. But if by personal conduct the missionary has first won their hearts, and if he takes pains to show them that his religion will prove not a burden but a benefit, the case is changed. If he go like a mere schoolmaster, bent only on driving hard truths into their brain, he is sure to prove an utter failure. How many of our greatest missionaries have been men of winsome hearts and winning manners, and what a wonderful influence they have come to have! Dr. Inglis mentions the cases of John Williams and John Hunt, and to these we may surely add that of David Livingstone. With Livingstone, to conciliate the natives was more than half the battle, and he knew of no other way of doing this than by “good principles, good conduct, and good manners.” How came Frederick Schwartz to have such authority with the native rulers of India? or Alexander Mackay with the people of Uganda,

but by kindly, courteous, honourable dealing, never taking advantage of their ignorance, or irritating them by an overbearing manner?

In the pages of Dr. Inglis it is interesting to read how readily the natives accepted the new habits of courtesy which the missionaries taught them, and how happy an alliance was formed between courtesy and Christianity. It is ridiculous to sneer at courtesy

as if it were a mere code of artificial rules enacted by silly men and women, who look on neglect of society manners as a mark of vulgarity. Real courtesy is an emanation of Christian love, designed to sweeten intercourse, to save pain, and to promote happiness even in little things. The old definition of the gentleman is one that will stand the test of all time and all space—"gentle is that gentle does."



### POSTMAN HICKS'S LAST DELIVERY.

BY THE REV. H. W. BRADLEY, M.A., VICAR OF BIRTLES, CHESHIRE.



OUR old postman Hicks had drawn his last pension, anybody could see that. The doctor, who looked in occasionally just to feel his pulse and change the medicine, told him plainly that the clergyman was the one who could do him most good now. He owned himself that he was "wore out." At the head of his bed, with a red pocket-handkerchief over it, hung his hat "handy in case he got well"; but everybody knew he would never need it again. An old overcoat which still had a few bright buttons left on it (witnessing to the days when it decked Her Majesty's mailcart), was degraded now into a sick man's dressing-gown, and lay over the coverlet trying to infuse a little more warmth into the tired old limbs. Mike Hicks's days were nearly done.

And to think of him ending them in that little dingy, dirty London back street; as much out of his native element as the blackbird down-stairs, which hung in a cage over the fruit-stall, and piped sadly on until ten o'clock at night, kept awake by the gas-jets. Mike and the blackbird had drifted there from the country some years ago, part and parcel of a stepdaughter's encumbrances.

As he lay up-stairs, in the top storey of the house, alone and solitary (for it was washing-day below, and they were too busy to do more than now and then just come and look at him), old Mike was suddenly conscious of a strange stillness in the room. Outside in the street, for a marvel, there was not a sound. It was just the drowsy time of afternoon. The gossipers had disappeared from their doorways, the children were not yet let out from school. A piano-organ had discharged its tunes and gone by, nor, strange to say, was there a single costermonger bawling his wares the whole length of the street. Absolutely was there rest, a delicious, drowsy stillness, intensified because so unnatural. Instinctively the old man felt it. He closed his eyes, and for a blessed interval his spirit wandered. Yes, and the past came to him again.

Suddenly and vividly it rose up before him; as if by magic the discoloured walls of that dingy attic-prison danced right away, and just for one brief spell he was out under the open sky, young again, joyous, active,

free, breathing all the freshness of those early mornings on Piper's Hill as the sun was rising. Yes, he is on his mailcart again. He is starting out for the day with fourteen miles of turnpike road in front, and behind him the clocks just chiming six. There sure enough is old Bob's head joggling up and down, as he digs his toes in and tugs his load to the top of Piper's Hill. There is the Twyford spire, and the towers and factory chimneys of the town he is leaving behind him down in the valley, all rising out of the early mists like the tops of sunken vessels. To-night, when he comes back again, he will see the *lights* of the town twinkling below like lights at sea; and Bob and he will then begin to start thinking of the little home in Gossamer Street, where "the missus" is waiting for them with everything in readiness—bran-mash, warm slippers, baked potatoes, and cosiness generally.

Yes; he is on the turnpike road once more, with the sun just getting up and making gleamy side-shadows through the hedges, all the stubble glistening, a nibbling hare scattering sprays of dew as she moves quietly about amongst the sheep, and the larks tuning up. Some farm-lad is turning out of a stackyard with his team, to begin their day's work, and he is whistling merrily. Mike is *there* as sure as can be, elated—in raptures at travelling the old familiar road once more. Forty years had he taken that selfsame journey, out at daybreak and back at night. He never thought to see it again. Every bend and turn he knows, every house, every landmark. What memories it all awakens! Ah, here is Horrington, where he has to drop his first consignment of post-bags. What a quaint little straggling village street it looks, with its multiplicity of public-houses! And there is the "walking post" waiting, as he used, to take on the Ropsley letters, and Curtis the gamekeeper to know what orders there might be before he goes the round of his spinnies. Then Ockley comes, a village overshadowed by elm-trees and resonant with rooks and cackling jackdaws. Here is old Stubbs outside his cottage—village shoemaker, district postman, and parish clerk combined—also waiting for the mail-bag. Two miles on comes the Hollow, where the snow in severe weather always took to drifting. Not once nor twice had he and Bob been embedded there. Once when he was a walking post (in the days when

Gawsworth was the end of his beat), at this very spot, Mike had been waylaid. It was one Christmas Eve, and he was heavily laden. He had reached the bottom of the Hollow, where it was all overshadowed by the trees above, when he was accosted by three ferocious-looking fellows. They were out on strike and rather desperate. They demanded the bags.

was a literary man; so he had agitated to such a degree, and so increased the delivery by requesting everybody he knew to write to him, that he got things attended to. Sunbury hereafter was to get its letters delivered from the Twyford centre by half-past eight in the morning, and Mike was to bring them—in a mailcart. It was a capital arrangement,



"'Nearly home, Mike?'"—p. 549.

Mike had resented the claim, and hours after was picked up senseless and nearly frozen to death. However, he had not defended himself in vain, for one poor fellow was so beaten that they easily traced him, and his discovery led to the conviction of the other two.

It had been due to Rector Bell that Mike first got his mailcart. Before the rector came to Sunbury-on-the-Hill Mike had been only a walking post, and his destination only as far as Gawsworth. Sunbury then had got its letters from an opposite direction, and they were not delivered till twelve and collected again at two o'clock. This hardly suited the new rector, who

and Mike well remembered the first day he was promoted to wheels.

See! Here *is* Sunbury; certainly sunny and certainly on the hill. You can see it for miles away, with its spire overlooking all the country round. Bob always pricked up his ears when Sunbury came in sight. Like his master, he felt here the journey ended. Sunbury was their second home, their day quarters. A comfortable stall in the blacksmith's shed was always in readiness: but more often Bob was tethered to graze along the roadside, whilst Mike made his delivery on foot. Then during the rest of the day, from half-past ten till five, Mike was his own master.



Believe me, it had been a dangerous time at first, for "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," as the old hymn says. "Postman" was good-natured; he got to be looked upon in the village as universal handy-man. If a farmer wanted an extra hand in the harvest field, or a neighbour was hurrying to get in his hay, or his lordship wanted an additional beater, or there was a slaughter of rats going on in a stack-yard during threshing-time, it was always "send for postman." And what was the result? Too many friendly glasses. One night the mailcart never arrived at Gawsworth. They went to look for it, and they found Mike lying by the roadside, and his pony grazing near with bleeding knees. It was hushed up very generously, and supposed to be an accident. But after that he signed the pledge; and this was the very wisest thing he could do. Also he took an allotment and set to work to garden, which gave him a great deal of profitable enjoyment. He began, too, to wood-carve during the winter afternoons; and hardly a house in Sunbury but had a specimen of his handicraft, to say nothing of the lectern in the church. Yes, those were happy days. How their memories came back to him!

But the dream has changed. Suddenly there comes over it a mist, a chill, and a darkness. Once more he is starting out, this time for home. Night is setting in. The last late-comer has been and gone, and now the office is closed and the post-bags being sealed up. Outside, by the blaze of his lamps, Mike is harnessing to his pony. He is late and must lose no time. How numb and stiff his fingers are, and how cold it is blowing! The few idlers, waiting to see him start, come out from the cheerful ruddy light of the blacksmith's forge, and one says, "Good-night; see yer to-morrow, Mike." But something tells him he is driving out into the darkness for the last time. Then the snow begins to fall, beating in his eyes flake by flake and blinding him. He is measuring his remaining strength and thinking, "Can I last out?" One longing possesses him: it is for rest and home. Will the journey never come to an end! At every stage they tell him he is late and *must* hurry. He hears them, as in a dream; it is not being fined he is afraid of. More

hills, more slipping back, and the snow as blinding as ever; till at last there are the Twyford lights twinkling in the valley below, and Mike Hicks knows he is nearly home.

"Nearly home"; he woke him up by saying it. A blaze of light burst suddenly over everything, and he was convinced he saw four walls jump into their place again. He stared at them for a moment in amazement, and then he recollected they were his bedroom walls, and he had been dreaming.

"Nearly home, Mike; yes, I don't think it will be long," said a voice at his side.

Mike looked round, and saw the clergyman sitting by his bed. "I am afraid I've been dozing, sir," he apologised, trying to raise himself on his side, but failing; "ay, but I had a lovely dream." And then he told it.

"Well, that *was* a look into the past, certainly," replied the clergyman. "You can count your mercies, can't you? and your sins and shortcomings too. Well, well, ask the One above to forgive them all; and then, Mike, look forward, for you are nearly home. You've often told me you've got loved ones waiting for you there. You'll soon join them. But, postman Hicks, may I remind you, you have one more delivery to make first? I hope you will be ready with that? Do you understand what I mean?"

"I think I do," said Mike; "but go on, sir."

"Mike, God when He created you gave you an immortal, precious soul. 'Don't let anyone rob you of it,' He said; 'it is Mine; keep it safe through the journey that is before you, and at the end deliver it up to be safe and unspotted.' Can you make your last delivery, Mike?"

After a pause the old postman answered, "Yes, sir, I think I can, for the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

They parted. Next morning a "gentleman" called, dressed in seedy black, and announcing that he was from Mr. Jones in the Commercial Road. He was shown up-stairs immediately. It was the undertaker's assistant, and he had come to take the measurements for the coffin.

Poor old postman Hicks was "gone."



## YOUNG OXFORD OF TO-DAY.

A TALK WITH PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



MR. PHILLIMORE.

(From a Photograph by H. W. Taunt and Co., Oxford.)



MR. PITMAN (STROKE OF THE EIGHT).

(From a Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.)



MR. C. B. FRY (A "TRIPLE BLUE").

(From a Photograph by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.)



**N**ORHAM GARDENS is a quiet part of Oxford which lies just off the main road; a scholarly calm, a deep stillness, pervade the whole neighbourhood. It is an ideal residence for an Oxford Don. Here then, appropriately enough, lives the

world-famed scholar, Professor Max Müller. There is, however, little about him to suggest either the rather ridiculously pompous and self-important person one usually pictures an English University Don to be, or the deeply learned man buried in abstruse science and the lore of a long-forgotten past. Professor Max Müller is a delightfully simple-mannered person, with all the pleasant cordiality and the perfect self-possession usually found in a man of the world. About the middle height, with grey hair, fast becoming silvern, that surmounts and surrounds a singularly handsome, well-cut face, he does not in the least give one the impression of a man who took his Doctor's degree just fifty years ago. And his voice and manner are as youthful as his appearance. It is impossible to realise you are talking to a man who has reached the limit placed by the Psalmist to the age of man.

"I came here in 1846," he tells me, "to look after the printing of the Veda, the most ancient book of India, possibly of the whole world, which I was engaged to publish at the expense of the old East India Company. Here I met many charming men, many nice fellows—Froude, Palgrave, Grant (Sir Alexander), Sellar, Stanley, Jowett, and others. One of the professors to whom I was acting as deputy fell ill. He died. 'Why should not you take

his place?' said my friends. That is how I, a graduate of Leipzig, came to be an Oxford professor. And so I have lectured here in Oxford for many years, Professor Sayce and then Professor J. Wright being my deputies. Now I lecture but rarely. I am entirely given up to literary work, chiefly to the translation of the Sacred Books of the East and to new editions of my old books. Last year I varied the quiet monotony of university life by a tour to Constantinople, where my son is one of the *attachés* at the English Embassy. The Sultan gave me two of his highest Orders, and treated me with the greatest possible kindness and attention. Before I left he presented me with this beautiful cigarette-case"—and as he spoke, my host placed in my hands a magnificently jewelled gold cigarette-case, the value of which must have been very great indeed. "This morning," he continued, "I received this autograph letter from the King of Siam, in which he encloses an order for £1,200 to enable me to carry on the translation of the Sacred Books of the East. His Majesty is the chief Buddhist king now reigning in the world."

After a while, Professor Max Müller and I drifted into a conversation upon the condition of young life at Oxford of to-day. I referred to a remark that Mr. Froude had once made to me, in which he had spoken of the young men of his day having been so much more sophisticated than those who go to the university nowadays.

"That is very true," replied my host. "They are far less sophisticated than they used to be. Extravagant shops have come to an end; 'wines' have almost entirely died out. Indeed, many young fellows who come to my house to dine never touch wine at all. There is very little gambling. When

I first came here, one frequently saw batches of from twenty to thirty red-coated young fellows riding off to the neighbouring meets. Such a sight is rarely seen nowadays. This is attributable, for one reason, to the agricultural distress, which has much impoverished our great landowners, who cannot, therefore, make big allowances to their sons, and to the fact that the smaller schools send up a great many of their boys, who are naturally much poorer than the men of old were. All these things work a slow change not only in the *personnel* of our students, but in their very character and habit of life. To many of these young fellows the getting of a good degree is a matter of life and death. They therefore eschew high living for high thinking. Work, not ease and comfort, is the rule of the day with them. The whole spirit of the place has changed in consequence. No doubt there is much more pushing than there was before; much more striving at what they can get out of the University Chest. Another cause of change is that whereas young fellows going in for the Foreign or Colonial Office or for the Army used first to come here, they now go to a private tutor, and so are three years ahead of their contemporaries. This, however, is but a momentary advantage, which does not last. A university education in the end is not only not detrimental, but it makes life fuller than it would otherwise have been. The Oxford honour-men always beat in the end."

"And is university life generally, is the whole

genius of the place improved by the New Era, if I may so term it?" I asked.

"Ah! that is difficult to say," replied my host. "The lower stratum is lifted up, without a doubt; and that is a good thing. More work is done than used to be done, but the freedom of work is gone. The luxury and beauty of scholarly leisure have passed away for ever. It is quantity to-day rather than quality, I fear. The tutors become teachers far too young, and they work so hard that they have no time to look to the right or the left; and what is life if not a continually glancing to right and left? They give themselves no time to develop. They take a good first-class, and then give out what they have learnt, as teachers. This engenders the money-making spirit. I have no word to say against it, but still it all tells on the spirit of the university. To a certain extent, so far as these young tutors are concerned, this state of things is remedied by readerships, which give them more time for special and research work."

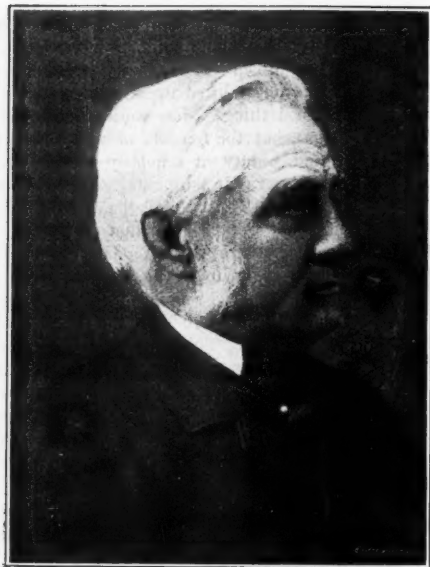
"How do you like the present system of constant examinations?"

Professor Max Müller slowly shook his head.

"Ah! we suffer sadly from these constant examinations; they stunt our young men. They have no time or opportunity to be idle. Now, do you know, it is my idle friends chiefly who have become distinguished men in later life. I believe in *cultured* idleness. It gives a man time to read for himself.



PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER'S STUDY.



PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

(From a Photograph by H. W. Taunt and Co., Oxford.)

But look at these examinations; why, a man knows exactly what he has to read frequently to the very page. You don't call that *study*!" continued the professor, with a keen sarcasm. "These young fellows haven't time to attend any professorial lectures. They don't pay. I quite own that the examination system benefits—temporarily, at least—the great majority who by means of them creep into the varied posts which are safeguarded by the examinations; but vast harm is done to the select minority."

"Is the present generation, hurrying and pushing as it is, affected to any appreciable degree by the traditions of the place?" I asked.

"Oh yes!" replied my host, with much enthusiasm, as who should say, "We haven't *altogether* gone to the dogs"; "the traditions of each college are very strong. The genius and solemnity of Oxford tell on all our young men. For instance, in any foreign university you will find the walls and tables much defaced; but here they are too much loved and venerated. Now and again, it is true," he added, with a smile, "we have a bonfire, but that is rare. Indeed," he went on, drifting into another current of thought, "it is wonderful how, with the little real power we have, we are yet able to keep these three thousand young men in order! There are very few excesses. Of course, our final punishment is very severe, but it is very rarely resorted to. And yet, think how helpless we should be if they rose in rebellion against us! I am often amazed at the way in which discipline is kept up in these days."

"In some ways they are wonderfully docile. Chapel

and hall are faithfully kept; no resentment is expressed at the iron-barred windows. An American student here the other day, thirty years of age, was forbidden to use a certain arm-chair in his rooms. When he objected, the reply was, 'You can leave, if you like.' Now, no Continental university, except perhaps in Russia, could carry out such a system; the men wouldn't stand it. There is nothing of the kind in Scotland, though there, I grant you, is the safeguard of poverty, which keeps the men quiet *willy-nilly*."

"The socialistic spirit of the day," continued Professor Max Müller, in reply to an observation I made, "is quite exceptional here. Now and again there is a debate on the subject, but as a rule the great majority don't care two straws about socialism. For the majority is decidedly conservative."

"Are they equally conservative in religious matters?" I asked.

"Some have very free religious views. Balliol men, for instance, followed their late Master very faithfully. One hears now and again the views of certain very clever fellows, but I don't think we harbour many Shelleys. There is less theological interest in conversation"—which rather surprised me to hear; "there are but few signs of opposition to established forms of belief. But then, freedom of thought is so general nowadays. Fifty years ago Froude's 'Nemesis of Faith' was burned in a lecture-room; to-day anyone might write it without attracting attention." As my host spoke, my mind went back to the day when Mr. Froude himself told me of this memorable and curiously mediæval incident in his life. "But the old High Church leaven is still here. Liddon was a great influence, but he has no real successor."

"How do they regard the establishment of such colleges as 'Mansfield' and 'Manchester'?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I don't think they resent them. You know, Stanley always fought to make the university *national* in the widest sense of the term: a place where *all* could mix on one footing. We seniors regret these new denominational places—Kemble, Mansfield, Manchester—which do away utterly with such a spirit. We wished that young men should not think too much of religious differences while at Oxford, but by this system *all* are labelled. I fully expect a Roman Catholic College next."

"Now for the great athletic question," said I.

"Of course," replied my companion, "athletics are excellent, but they are far too much to the fore. The whole afternoon is given up to them. A little is well and good. Men are apt to forget that we are composed of mind and spirit, as well as of bones and flesh."

I asked the professor how he compared life at an English university with the life at a German one.

"Well," he replied at once, "it is very difficult to compare the two, for there are wonderfully few points of contact. A German university is not for



teaching only, but for pushing on the work in every branch of learning. There is no corporate life, as here. The students, again, take a much more independent line; there is therefore much more independent work done, and the work seems more congenial to the men. Each professor has a sort of seminary, or society, for which he picks out the cleverest men. To begin with, there is a *Maturitäts-examen*; all the men have to be up to a certain level when they enter the university; and as a rule, they are better workers. Oxford will never be what it ought to be, till the University resumes its *entrance examination*."

"And what as to that other feature of 'young

with the poor husband. The enthusiasm of the women, and their consequent superiority of regard, are apt to be just a little irritating to the average "human" man.

"But," went on my host, "I feel much of their work is wasted. As soon as women leave their college they enter a different atmosphere, and nothing tangible comes of all their work, whilst if only they could get fellowships, they might do a great work. They have infinite patience, but the difficulty is, *where* are they to live and to work? If I had a dozen of them, I could give them all work to do: MSS. to copy, records to hunt up. This work they do so well; just like their needlework: mustn't



A COMFORTABLE GARRET. (AN UNDERGRADUATE'S STUDY.)

(From a Photograph by H. W. Taunt and Co., Oxford.)

Oxford of to-day'?" I asked my host; "I mean the girls' colleges?"

The professor smiled.

"I opposed them at first; but they are a great success, and it is a real pleasure to me to see the young girls so eager to learn. Young men do as little as they can, young women do as much as they can: too much, indeed. Again, they work more systematically and their knowledge is better arranged. It tends wonderfully to the improvement of the whole of their character. I wish the men could be shamed and spurred on to further effort. Indeed," he added, laughing outright, "a friend of mine and his wife went in for the same examination; she took a first class, he only a second."

I am afraid my sympathies as I listened were

leave a stitch undone. Mrs. Humphry Ward used to collate and copy MSS. at the Bodleian; that was how she learned to work. But many of these really learned young women are wasted. Oh, the pity of it! But then," he continued, "how much waste there is! Look at the brilliant and most promising young men who go from here as curates, barristers, doctors—all wasted, I mean," he explained, "so few of them get the posts they really deserve and are best fitted for. These girls go home to be laughed at by their brothers. Here they would be a power if we could bestow fellowships upon them."

"Does their life here encourage what Mrs. Grundy would term laxity of thought?" I asked.

"Pooh, no!" replied Dr. Max Müller; "not a



AN AESTHETIC MAN'S ROOM.

(From a Photograph by H. W. Taunt and Co., Oxford.)

bit of it. The girls are very ambitious; and perhaps certain foolish ideas which old ladies might consider essential are driven out of their heads, but nothing more. Believe me, the women's colleges here are not hot-beds for the cultivation of the Emancipated Woman. They send out students and scholars, and that is all."

"And what about the University Extension system?" I asked.

"Very successful. It is opening up new avenues for thought throughout the whole country. I look upon it as an invigorating work. Here is an instance: A mining village wrote to say they would like a course of lectures on the Greek Tragedies. That is a new phase for them; and I believe in new phases. Even if the education it confers is a little superficial, it gives a fillip to life; they will have some other interest beside mere town and local gossip.

"But there is one evil in connection with the system: our cleverest men waste the most critical

years of their life in daily travelling and daily lecturing. They make a fair income, doubtless, but I doubt if they grow intellectually richer themselves."

"Is young Oxford generally much influenced by the thought of the day?"

"Not much," was the rather hesitating reply. "They read current literature, but with no deep thought upon it, I should say; though, of course, I can speak with no certainty, as I see but little of our young fellows now. You see, here in Oxford nothing is permanent. All is change. There is a constant pulling up of plants to see whether they are growing. We seniors have no power of resistance, for the young dons walk together and talk together, dine together and smoke together, and naturally vote together in Convocation and can carry whatever they want. We have new life, it is true: sometimes a little too much of it. Wave succeeds wave, and the old is swept away."



### SHORT ARROWS.

#### NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

"IS YOUR MIND AT EASE?"

"**I**S your mind at ease?" asked Dr. Turton of Oliver Goldsmith, as he lay sick of his last illness. "No, it is not," answered the poor poet; and these were his last words. There are few people in

this hurrying, restless age who can say that their minds are quite at ease. Some are anxious about business or their children. For others the competition of modern life is too much. Others, again, have done something wrong of which conscience hourly

reminds them. To the minds of these and of hundreds who may be met every day there is only One who can give ease. "Cast thy burden on the Lord." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

"FREE INDEED."

We read in Scott's "Ivanhoe" how, in the days of serfdom, Gurth the swineherd wore round his neck, as though he were a dog, a brazen collar, on which were the words: "Gurth, the Son of Beowulf, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood;" and how, after great and gallant services, Cedric had the collar filed off, and said: "Thrall and bondsman art thou no longer. Be free in town, in forest, and in field." What Cedric the Saxon did for Gurth the swineherd, for his good deserts, that Christ did for all humanity in spite of their ill-deserts. When He makes us free we are free indeed.

ACROSS THE MEADOWS.

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,"

we are indeed pleased, after walking long upon a hot dusty road, to find a path across them. On either side are cows feeding that seem to be emblematic of trustful peace. A river flows along, babbling to us lessons as from a book. A simple peasant or two we meet returning from their small transactions in the market. Still however delightful a path across the meadows may be in comparison to the ordinary beaten road, it is

sometimes very deceptive, and leads us astray, or causes us to be late for our engagement. So is it with the old highway of duty. It is not at the time as pleasant as the "primrose path of dalliance," but it is far safer.

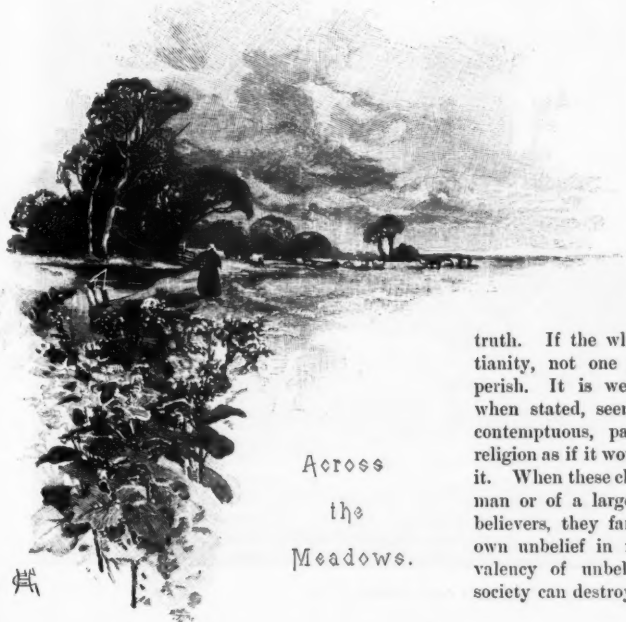
THE BATTLE OF THE SQUARES: A PARABLE.

The chessmen were put aside in their box. It was a tight fit to get them in, and their owner found it difficult to make the lid shut closely down. The men themselves felt cramped in such narrow quarters, and there arose no small contention about the matter. "There are too many of us here," said the knight. "The pawns must emigrate; there is nothing like change of air for the lower orders." "Quite right," answered the bishop. "I have always contended that overcrowding is at the root of every social distress." The pawns, when they heard this, rose up in rebellion, and, being stronger in point of numbers, took the law into their own hands and turned out the kings. "These kings are bigger and more useless than any other piece," they shouted. "They can only move one square at a time, and are powerless to protect themselves. They shall depend on us no longer." Next time the men were set upon the board the players found no kings, and, until they were discovered lurking out-cast in a corner of the cupboard, no game could possibly proceed. "Ah," cried all the men together, "how foolish have we been! We are undone without the kings." *Moral.*—Every man has his part to play in the game of life, be he high or lowly.

TRUTH INDESTRUCTIBLE.

When Jehoiakim, King of Judah, cut with a penknife and threw into the fire the roll of a book upon which were written God's threatenings against the sins of himself and of his people—when he treated thus contemptuously the Word of God, he may have fancied that he had killed truth. As if truth depended upon men and could be killed by them! They may believe or they may not; but though this matters to themselves, it cannot destroy

truth. If the whole world ceased to believe Christianity, not one jot or tittle of its truth would perish. It is well to remember this fact, which, when stated, seems so obvious; for many have a contemptuous, patronising way of talking about religion as if it would perish if they ceased to believe it. When these clever people hear of some celebrated man or of a large number of people becoming unbelievers, they fancy that there is safety for their own unbelief in numbers, and that the mere prevalence of unbelief in certain noisy sections of society can destroy eternal truth.



Across  
the  
Meadows.

## CONSPICUOUS INCAPACITY.

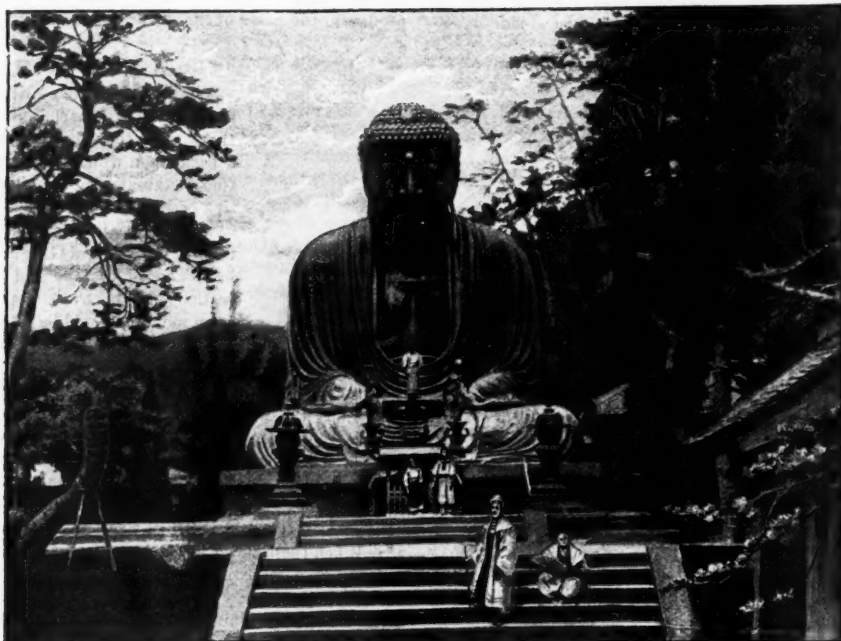
People are often discontented because they have not obtained high positions in their professions, but before being so they should be sure that they would well fill larger places. "The way to fill a large sphere on earth is to glorify a small one." It is a check to grasping ambition to ask oneself—"Have I glorified my small sphere?"

## BUDDHA THE GREAT.

For six and a half centuries, during which the monastery walls, which once enclosed it, have crumbled away, has stood the gigantic bronze Buddha of Kamakura in Japan. The image is fifty feet high, ninety-eight feet round the waist. The eye is four feet long; a full-grown man can enter the nostril. The interior of this huge idol forms a temple, into which we were admitted by a door under its left elbow. The day was gloomy, and there was a solemn impressiveness in the scene, deepened by the shadow of overhanging clouds, and the sombreness of the dark fir trees surrounding the majestic figure. Certainly Buddhist worship is seen at its best and grandest in Japan; yet what is there, we asked ourselves as we turned away, more satisfying to sad and sinful human hearts, what more comforting for dying men and women, in such a spectacle as this, than in the tawdry doll behind the guttered candles which we passed a few yards distant on our homeward way?

## SOME NEW BOOKS.

To say anything fresh of "The Expositor's Bible" is difficult in the narrow space at our disposal. Like many of our readers, we are always on the look-out for new volumes in this series, and welcome one with avidity. The latest is Archdeacon Farrar's admirable volume on "The Second Book of Kings," which does credit alike to its distinguished author and to its publishers (Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton). There was room enough and to spare for this careful exposition of a portion of Scripture peculiarly rich in suggestive story and pictorial detail. And Archdeacon Farrar was pre-eminently the writer best calculated to guide preachers in their choice of subjects from this rich mine of historical teaching.—From the same publishers we have received a little volume of "Essays Suggested by Bible Figures of Speech" under the title of "Sayings in Symbol." The writer is our contributor the Rev. David Burns, and two of the chapters in his book have already appeared in our own pages. We wish his little work all the great success it deserves.—All students of Church history will welcome a new volume of lectures and addresses from Professor W. Bright, of Oxford, under the suggestive title of "Waymarks in Church History" (Longmans). As a whole, the subjects of the Professor's chapters are too recondite for enunciation in such a note as this, but they are of interest to many of our readers who will understand and appreciate our advice to turn to the book for themselves.—While



IMAG : OF BUDDHA THE GREAT, JAPAN.



the International Sunday School Lessons are showing Sunday by Sunday God's dealings with his ancient people, the issue of Mr. Telford's volume on "The Story of Moses and Joshua: its Lessons for To-day" in Messrs. Cassell's Series of Bible Biographies, is peculiarly seasonable. It is not so long but that every teacher, however busy, can spare time to read it, and it is so thoughtful and practical that no one could do so without being helped in preparation for his work. And in all senior classes, the book would make an excellent hand-book for the scholars themselves.—Our contributor the Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., is responsible for a deeply interesting little work, published by Messrs. Isbister under the title of "The Heroic in Missions," giving an account of pioneer-work in six different mission-fields.—Messrs. Cassell have just commenced a new issue in monthly parts of their "Cathedrals, Abbeys, and Churches," in a form and at a price which bring within reach of all our readers this interesting and well-illustrated description of the chief monuments of ecclesiastical architecture in our land.—We have also received a copy of a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Hardy's "How to be Happy though Married" (T. Fisher Unwin), of which there is nothing new to be said, except that it well deserved its former success, and merits the attention of the wider public to which it is now brought.—Another interesting new edition is that of "Lay Down your Arms," a translation of a German work, written in the interests of International Arbitration, and published by Messrs. Longmans.—We have also to acknowledge the receipt of "A Retrospect" (of the China Inland Mission), by J. Hudson Taylor, published by Morgan and Scott; "A Year With Christ," by the Rev. F. Harper, M.A. (John F. Shaw and Co.); and "Treasures of the Deep, and Other Poems," by Robinson Elliott, published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

#### BEATING OUT THE BUBBLES.

A visitor to a famous pottery establishment was puzzled by an operation that seemed aimless. In one room there was a mass of clay beside a workman. Every now and then he took up a large mallet and struck several smart blows on the surface of the lump. Curiosity led to the question, "Why do you do that?"—"Wait a bit, sir, and watch it," was the answer. The stranger obeyed, and soon the top of the mass began to heave and swell. Bubbles formed upon its face. "Now, sir, you will see," said the modeller, with a smile. "I could never shape the clay into a vase if these air-bubbles were in it; therefore I gradually beat them out." It sounded in the visitor's ears like an allegory. Is not the discipline of life, so hard sometimes to bear, just a beating-out of the bubbles of pride and self-will, so that the Master may form a vessel of earth to hold heavenly treasure? The work is slow and painful, but the beauty of the result may make amends if we yield ourselves to the Love that shapes.



MISS AGNES E. HENDERSON, M.D.  
(From a Photograph by James Ewing, Aberdeen.)

#### A LADY'S WORK IN NAGPUR.

At a time when both the Philistines and the Sadducees are too much given to sneering at the missionary as one who seeks, by taking up the cause of the heathen, to gain social and pecuniary advantages which would otherwise be out of reach, it is peculiarly gratifying to be able to point to an instance of devotion to mission work which is so clearly the outcome of love and duty as that of Miss Agnes Henderson, daughter of Sir William Henderson, lately Lord Provost of Aberdeen. Surrounded from childhood with all that wealth and social position could give, her heart was in higher things than usually occupy young ladies of her class and age. Her father, a large shipowner and an eminently successful man of business, had repeatedly received the highest honours that his fellow-citizens could confer. He was widely esteemed as one of the most able and arduous leaders of the Free Church of Scotland, and as an energetic and munificent supporter of educational and missionary work. These sympathies were equally strong in his wife, and when she was cut off in her prime the mourning husband could think of no fitter tribute to her memory than the establishing of a Medical Mission to Women at Nagpur, Bombay. He therefore provided an endowment for such an institution in connection with the Free Church of Scotland Mission. In 1885 Miss Henderson, having resolved to devote herself to the work, entered the London School of Medicine for Women. On presenting herself for examination at the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh, she at once, and without difficulty, gained her diplomas as L.R.C.P.E. and L.R.C.S.E., and at the Glasgow College she had equal success. Many medical practitioners of excellent standing have no higher credentials, and

if Miss Henderson had chosen to go no farther she had the excellent excuse that the M.D. degree was not then granted to women in this country. But, with the tenacity of her townspeople, and in the determination that nothing on her part should be wanting to ensure success, she proceeded to Brussels, where she duly took her degree as Doctor of Medicine. She next spent some time in Vienna, studying the most advanced medical and surgical science of the capital as applied to the diseases of women. In the autumn of 1890 she left for India, and after spending some time in the hospitals of Madras and Bombay, gaining insight into the diseases peculiar to the country, she took up her work at Nagpur. Though of slight and delicate physique, Dr. Henderson has been able to devote herself assiduously to her duties. How her work has prospered may be gathered from the last report, which states that for the previous three months new patients numbered 300, of whom sixteen were Christians, 125 Mohammedans, and the rest Hindoos. During the same period over eighty cases were privately dealt with. A few months ago it was felt that the work was growing at a rate with which it was impossible for any one agent, however energetic, to cope, and Dr. Henderson was recently joined by Miss Wells, daughter of an eminent minister of the Free Church of Scotland and a Licentiate of the Glasgow Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. To comment on the zeal and self-denial involved in such labours is as needless as to speculate on the mighty consequences to which they may ultimately lead.

#### HE FORGOT HIS BREAKFAST.

An absent-minded man of our acquaintance, having finished a very good breakfast, left the breakfast-room only to return a few minutes after, ring the bell, and ask the servants crossly why they were so slow in bringing his breakfast. They thought their master had gone mad, and assured him that he had just breakfasted. Still, it was only

when they had pointed to the shells of eggs consumed by him that he realised the truth of their assertion. When we have partaken of the daily bread and other blessings which our Heavenly Father gives to us, are not many of us equally oblivious?

#### A GOOD DEFINITION.

There could scarcely be a better definition of true politeness than that which Madame de Sévigné gave to her daughter. She was advising her to lay aside

her haughty manners, and she said: "My child, remember that politeness is the small change of Christian charity."

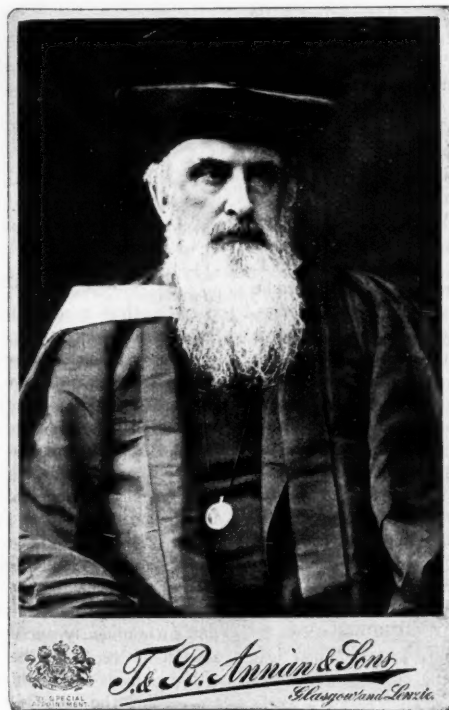
#### GRATITUDE AND INGRATITUDE.

A nurse told us lately an agreeable experience which she had with a patient in her hospital. He was a negro with white wool on his black face. Twenty-five years ago he had been a slave, and on his liberation became a sailor. Meeting with an accident on board ship, he was carried to the Devon and Cornwall Hospital on landing at Plymouth, where he lay in pain many a weary day and sleepless night. Still, he was quite enthusiastic in his expressions of gratitude for the care bestowed upon him. With him it was always, "Oh thank you, miss!"

"How good you are to me!" "Very sorry to trouble you!" "God bless you for your kindness to poor black sailor!" Contrast this man's conduct with that of another whom we know. He is healthy and wealthy, has a nice wife and children, and what should be a most happy home. Yet this man, with everything to comfort and amuse him, often speaks of his life as one long misery, and has frequently been heard to say deliberately that he has nothing for which to thank God!

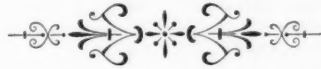
#### THE OBLIGATION OF RANK.

The following illustrates the strength of that motive to which St. Paul appealed when he exhorted the Ephesians to walk worthy of the vocation



THE REV. DR. STORY, MODERATOR DESIGNATE OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

wherewith they were called. In the old coaching days the Rev. Matthew Wilks was seated near a young nobleman whom he knew by sight. The nobleman began to talk on improper subjects with the coachman. Waiting for an opportunity, Mr. Wilks attracted his attention, and said, "*My lord, maintain your rank.*" The nobleman felt the reproof, and, turning away from the driver, directed his attention to his reprover, in the most gentlemanly manner, through the remainder of the journey. When they parted, he asked him for the name of his "kind companion," and said that he hoped always to remember the just reproof. The same thing might be said to every Christian who is not walking worthy of his vocation. Maintain your rank. Remember that you are a child of God, a member of Christ, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven. *Noblesse oblige*—in a wider and a higher sense than its usual restricted proverbial meaning—your rank imposes obligation.



### "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

(A NEW SERIES OF QUESTIONS, BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

#### QUESTIONS.

73. To which of the tribes of Israel did Moses belong?
74. From what passage should we gather that Moses was a great warrior while living at the court of Pharaoh?
75. What reference is made to the parents of Moses in the New Testament?
76. What promise made by God to Abraham was renewed to Moses?
77. In what way did God seek to encourage the children of Israel and assure them of their deliverance from captivity?
78. From what words should we infer that the children of Israel during their captivity in Egypt had some form of local government?
79. What change took place in the Jewish calendar when the Israelites left Egypt?
80. What three signs was Moses commanded to give to the people of Israel in proof of his Divine commission?
81. With what event was the institution of the Pass-over connected, and from which it received its name?
82. In what way did the keeping of the first Pass-over differ from those which came after?
83. In what way did God restrain the Egyptians from following the Israelites when crossing the Red Sea?
84. It is said that God "troubled" the host of the Egyptians at the Red Sea. What reference is made to this in the Book of Psalms?

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 479.

61. At Dothan, to a company of Arab merchantmen. (Gen. xxxvii. 17, 28.)

#### "THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

List of contributions received from February 28th, 1894, up to and including March 29th, 1894. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*," *Waifs Fund*: J. C., Dublin, 5s.; J. J. E., Govan (77th donation), 5s.; Toft, York, 2s. 6d.; Mary James, East Harling, 3s.; A Glasgow Mother (47th donation), 2s.; L. M., Perth, 5s.; Anon., Manchester, 41; Readers of *The Christian*, 45; Hope, 10s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: Toft, 2s. 6d.; C. H., Bristol, 10s.; H. Johnson, Islington, 3s.; "Rauceby," 5s.; B. Price, British Columbia, 410.

For the *School Board Children's Free Dinner Fund*: B. W. H., 10s.

\* \* \* *The Editor will be glad to receive, and to forward to the institutions concerned, the contributions of any of his readers who desire to help external movements referred to in the pages of this magazine. Amounts of 5s. and upwards will be acknowledged in THE QUIVER when desired.*

62. His brother Judah, or, as it is also known, Judas. (Gen. xxxvii. 26.)

63. From the words used by them in Egypt: "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear." (Gen. xlii. 21; see also xlv. 24, and l. 14—20.)

64. He interpreted the dream of Pharaoh, which none of the magicians of Egypt could understand. (Gen. xli. 8, 16, 28.)

65. Joseph was thirty years of age, the same as Our Blessed Lord when He began His public ministry. (Gen. xli. 46; St. Luke iii. 23.)

66. He caused Benjamin to be taken away from them on a charge of theft, to see if they would forsake him. (Gen. xlv. 12—18.)

67. It was situate in the extreme east of Lower Egypt, and was known also as the land of Rameses. (Gen. xlv. 10 and xlvii. 11.)

68. That they used chariots and other wheeled vehicles, and had asses as beasts of burden. (Gen. xlv. 19 and xlv. 29.)

69. The land of the Priests was not taken by Pharaoh, that being property held by them for the maintenance of religion. (Gen. xlvii. 22—26.)

70. Joseph not only bids his brethren not to fear him, but promises to take care both of them and their children. (Gen. l. 17—21.)

71. More than ninety years. (Gen. xxxvii. 2, and l. 22.)

72. The great increase of population among the Israelites, which made Pharaoh fear they would become too powerful for him. (Ex. i. 9, 10.)

## TO THOSE WHO SUFFER.

BY A FELLOW-SUFFERER.



HERE is the marble block — shapeless, unhewn. It is untroubled and at rest. So it may remain, but in that case it will be a shapeless, useless block to the end.

The sculptor comes with his sharp tools. He sees — what none other could perceive — sublime

capabilities in that inert mass. He sees within it the perfect form of an angel, instinct with divine beauty, such as shall stir the hearts of all observers, and raise their desires heavenward. He will make that rough block—if he can obtain possession of it for his purpose—a thing of beauty, a power for good.

It becomes his own, and the work is begun. With heavy blows the sharp chisel is driven into the stone. The chips fly in all directions. The marble suffers: it loses bulk, it seems more shapeless than before. Then the faint outline of the perfection that is to be, appears—very imperfect yet. The imprisoned Ideal emerges slowly, until at length hammer and chisel are put aside, and the angel is set free from the encumbering mass. The rough unlovely block is now become the glory of the sculptor, the pride of a nation, the wonder of all ages!

Such is the story which is familiar to us—a parable easy of interpretation.

Dear suffering reader—you who can say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His"—you may see in the sculptor an image of your Lord; in the marble, yourself. In the imprisoned angel you may see the Idea which He embodied when He created you, and which—if you wholly resign yourself into His hands, if you are "still and let Him mould" you—He will set free from all that holds it captive, till it shall stand forth to glorify the Master-Hand that wrought the work. That is the "afterwards;" at present you are undergoing the process, and it seems to you "not joyous, but grievous." The chisel is sharp, the hammer is heavy. Day after day they pierce and smite you. Sore are the blows that strike off pride,

selfishness, worldliness; and in their place bring forth and perfect humility, Christly love, holiness. At first, even under the sculptor's hands, the marble appeared more shapeless than before it was disturbed; it appeared to lose instead of gaining. So it seems to be with many a sufferer. Pain, laments such an one, induces impatience; trouble, despondency; weakness, irritability.

Have *you* felt it to be thus?

Well if so, don't lose heart. Only resign yourself, by an act of entire consecration, wholly into the hands of the Divine Sculptor. Join with Him—for you may—in the work, by unceasing prayer that His will be done in you. Say to Him, "Dost Thou will that I should suffer pain, heavy trial, constant disappointment? Be it so, Lord; I will it too. I will to have no will but Thine, for Thou desirest nothing but my sanctification!"

Let this thought help you, too. Each blow that falls on your quivering flesh, your wounded heart, is felt by the power of His exquisite sympathy, in His own Person.

It is the *Loving* Jesus—Whose flesh was torn, Whose heart was broken once for you—Who deals the heavy stroke. He feels your anguish. He marks your tears. He heeds the faintest sigh you breathe. He understands all the weariness, the faintness—bears the sorrow with you, carries the grief.

His is love so very great, so very pure, so utterly selfless, that it will not spare one necessary bitter pang. Nay, it "will bear its own anguish of refusal," when the weak flesh pleads—"Lord, spare me! I can endure no more! Take away this cup from me!" and will finish the work and perfect it—for your sake.

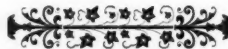
Ah, dear reader, the day is coming when you will not know how to praise and thank God enough, that He did *not* spare, did *not* remove the affliction which has worked for you a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!"

Will you not make Him glad now, with a sweeter praise even than that which you will be able to offer Him then? a song in the night, a song of love and trust and thankfulness, out of the depths of your pain?

"I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."

"Every day will I bless Thee; and I will praise Thy Name for ever and ever."

S. W.









[From a Photograph by The London Stereoscopic Company.]

MRS. GLADSTONE.

(See p. 634.)

## CHILDREN'S DAY AT THE ABBEY.

(SOME NOTABLE CHILDREN'S SERVICES.)

BY F. M. HOLMES.



TINY LISTENERS.



"I HAVE heard a clergyman preach in a lantern."

"You have not," replied Hilda scornfully.

"I have," reiterated Bob.

"There were no candles in the lantern," interrupted little Oliver.

"Yes, there were, Mr. Confident."

"Why, how could there be candles?" exclaimed Oliver. "The

lantern must have been very large."

"I know! It was a lighthouse lantern," suggested Hilda triumphantly. "You heard a clergyman preach in a lighthouse."

"No," replied Bob mysteriously, shaking his head.

"It is only some silly joke," remarked Hilda, pretending not to care about it, but really most anxious to know what her brother meant.

"What I say is quite true," declared Bob. "I heard a clergyman preach in a lantern, and I think mother said it was one of the most notable Children's Services in the year."

"Oh, a Children's Service!" exclaimed Hilda. "You mean, then, that the children carried lanterns?"

"No, I do not; I mean what I say. The clergyman preached in a lantern," persisted Bob.

"And where were you?" asked Hilda. "Were you in the lantern also?"

"Yes; and a number of other boys and girls besides."

"And it was lit up by candles?"

"Partly."

"I shall ask mother what you mean," said Oliver, giving up the puzzle in despair.

"Was I there with you?" inquired Hilda, thinking that she had been to most places with her brother.

"No, my child," answered Bob, rather patronisingly; "but I think mother means to take you this year."

"When? To-morrow is Innocents' Day, and we are going to the Abbey."

"Yes, that is it," said Bob. "The service is partly held in the lantern, and it is there where the clergyman's pulpit is."

"Are you not making a mistake?" said his mother, who had just come in with Oliver. "The lantern of a church is a structure over the dome or

centre (when it is built in the form of a cross), and admitting light."

"Well, mother, we were in the centre of the Abbey last year, and the verger said that that was the lantern, and the space on one side was the north transept, and on the other the south transept, and another space the choir; and—they were all full of people."

"Many children?" asked Hilda.

"Numbers of children. And it was a dreadfully foggy day—so, besides the gas-jets, there were many candles with glass shades round them to light up the building."

"But the light could not penetrate far," said their mother, "and the lofty roof and fine stone piers were all lost in the darkness. You could hear the beautiful organ, but could not see whence the lovely music came."

"The people crowded up one of the transepts, and were gradually admitted to the choir and to the square space in the centre, which I thought the verger said was the lantern," continued Bob; "but many persons, I believe, were admitted to these places by tickets through the west cloister door, and were there long before three o'clock, when the service begins."

"Yes, the Abbey was thronged, certainly," observed their mother; "and a beautiful sight it was to see so

many children in the lovely building. The service is so suitably arranged for children, and the Dean preaches so appropriately to them."

"I liked to hear the Christmas carols they sang," said Bob.

"And is there a collection?" asked little Oliver.

"Yes; and for a very suitable object," answered his mother. "It is for the Destitute Children's Dinner Society, which has fifty-three dining-rooms for poor school-children in London."

"I wonder what they have for dinner?" said Hilda.

"Meat stew, vegetables, rice, and bread. Mr. Punch started these dinners. In the winter of 1863-4 he published a paper in his genial journal called 'Dinners for Poor Children Wanted,' and that was the origin of the Society. About 200,000 dinners each winter, on an average, have been given, the children paying about a penny each—the meal, however, costing threepence each; and the collection at the Children's Service on Innocents' Day at the Abbey was for this Society; and I daresay it will be to-morrow when we go, so be prepared to give something."

These Children's Services were originated by the late Dean Stanley in 1871. "He had always enjoyed the companionship of children," says Mr. Rowland Prothero, in his recent biography of the Dean, "and the interest which he displayed in them in public was a most marked characteristic of his private life."

At these services, we learn from the same source, "the Psalms were specially selected for the occasion," the eighth Psalm being chosen to indicate "'how little children may find out the glory of God in the great works of Nature';" the fifteenth Psalm in order that they may see "'how, from our earliest years down to our latest age, that in which God finds most pleasure is the humble, pure, truthful, honourable mind';" the 127th Psalm to "impress on parents 'what precious, inestimable gifts are given them in their little children.'"

In the same manner the lessons were specially chosen: the first "'to remind you how little Samuel knelt upon his knees morning and evening, waiting for the voice of God to tell him what he was to do; and the second to set before us the example of our Saviour Christ Himself as the little Child.'"



"Adults with children only."





SINGING CAROLS IN THE ABBEY.

In the brief sermons which Dean Stanley used to preach at these services he was wont to seize upon topics suggested by the day and by the great building itself in which they were held. So, in 1877, Mr. Prothero tells us, the Dean collected "the remembrances which the Abbey contains of 'little boys and girls whose death shot a pang through the hearts of those who loved them, and who wished that they never should be forgotten.'"

On another occasion, when Innocents' Day fell on a Sunday, the Children's Service took place on the 27th, which is St. John's Day, and the Dean treated of stories and traditions of that Apostle. So also the conduct of the lads on board the training-ship *Goliath*, which was burned in 1875, on the previous day, furnished him with a subject; and, again, a few years later, the legend of St. Christopher, of which a sculpture appears in Henry VII.'s chapel, was utilised.

These services became extremely popular, and were very largely attended. Thus, in the same biography, we find it stated: "The service on Innocents' Day, 1876, was, he [Dean Stanley] says, 'attended by hundreds of children. I was glad, for it was a service in which my Augusta took the greatest delight.'"

Dean Bradley, who succeeded Stanley, has continued the services, which are specially arranged for

the occasion. The opening sentences, read by one of the clergymen, were, on the last Innocents' Day—"Come, ye children, hearken unto Me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord," and "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me." These texts were taken respectively from Psalm xxxiv. 11 and Proverbs viii. 17.

A portion of the Evening Service from the Church of England Prayer-Book followed, and then three special Psalms were chanted: viz., Psalms viii., xv., and cxxxiii. The Lesson came next, the portion of Scripture selected being from the First Epistle of St. John, chapter iv. This was followed by the *Nunc Dimittis*, the Apostles' Creed, and four collects: for Holy Innocents' Day and for Christmas, and the second and third collects at Evening Prayer. After the last collect a hymn—

"I love to hear the story  
Which angel voices tell"—

was sung, and then came the sermon by the Dean.

Like Dean Stanley, he referred to some object of interest connected with the Abbey itself, more especially to a scene in a stained-glass window in the chapter-house, which illustrated a story of King Edward the Confessor, the founder of the great church in which his hearers were gathered.

But first he spoke of the day on which they had

met, and addressing his audience as "My dear children," reminded them why the service was held, and why the day was called Holy Innocents' Day, insisting also that it was good and wholesome to celebrate special days. Innocents' Day had been called unlucky, even as sailors, for instance, regarded Friday as an unlucky day on which to commence a voyage because Christ had been crucified on that day. But they need not regard Innocents' Day as unlucky, for it was the day on which Westminster Abbey had been dedicated, more than eight hundred years ago.

The story of Edward the Confessor, the Dean told his young hearers, had been written in rhymed Norman-French six hundred years before, and given or dedicated to Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry III. It told how King Edward, on his return from exile, was shown by his courtiers much money in his treasury. They showed him this, thinking to gladden him. But the good king saw a black demon crouching o'er the gold and mocking at the misery of the people; and the sight reminded him of the sufferings of his subjects from whom the money had been extorted. Forthwith, then, he repealed the tax; and he enjoyed a rich reward.

From this incident the Dean gathered that the Spirit of Jesus had wrought no small work in the world even in that day, and it led him naturally to speak of the blessedness of relieving distress and of

thinking of others. This was the lesson which he drew from the old story, and which he urged the children to learn.

After the collection, which, as Bob's mother had said, was for the Destitute Children's Dinner Society, the hymn "Brightly gleams our Banner" was sung, the General Thanksgiving and the Prayer of St. Chrysostom were offered, and then two Christmas Carols: viz., "In sorrow and in want, amid the winter wild," and also "The First Nowell," were sung, and the service closed with the Benediction.

"Did you see that dear little girl just behind us?" asked Hilda, as the children and their mother threaded their way home through the winter twilight. "The candle-light in the Abbey, perhaps, made her think it was bedtime, and she folded her hands and said the Lord's Prayer when the clergyman did."

"Yes, I know what you mean," answered their mother: "the solemn service seemed to have taken her quite out of herself."

"It was solemn, but it was cheerful too, mother," said Bob. "I saw that little girl, and there were two other children with her, and they all took hold of one paper, and sang 'Nowell' with the choir."

"They seemed quite to enjoy it," replied their mother; "and it is well that the children should have their day at the grand old Abbey—the priceless heritage of the whole English race, and with which so much of our history is entwined."



THE DEAN ADDRESSING THE CHILDREN.

## MISS GAYLE OF LESCOUGH.

BY E. S. CURRY.

## CHAPTER X.

## GLAMOUR.

"As the in-hastening tide doth roll,

Dear and desired, along the  
whole  
Wide shining strand, and  
floods the caves—  
Your love comes filling  
with happy waves  
The open sea-shore of my  
soul."



At last the heavens grew  
tired of shedding  
moisture, and the last  
few days of the month  
rejoiced in real  
harvest weather.  
The sun shone  
brilliantly all  
day long, the  
wind blew sufficiently  
from the east to be of  
a very drying quality,  
the bosom of the earth  
grew warm, and the  
puddles disappeared.

Amyot's men returned to the allegiance and belief in him and his powers, which the persistent wet and dreary days, together with the uncomfortable rumours afloat in the district, had disturbed. The work was proceeded with in vigorous earnest, and Amyot, freed from distracting fears, had even leisure to hope something from his harvest. The grain was lifting its head, and swaying merrily in the embracing breeze. Nothing, in fact, was quite so bad as he had feared. Some of the wheat, indeed, now that he could observe it, he saw gave good promise. Another week of such weather as the last, and his harvest would begin.

He was in the highest spirits as he rode down one morning to the Fen. The whole earth smiled at him, and the waters, gleaming and sparkling in the sunshine, returned the smile.

He had taken a roundabout way by a farm, where he wanted to give directions for housing some harvesters, and had crossed the river by a bridge higher up, and ridden down its right bank towards Lessdyke.

As he went along, he had observed carefully, not only the state of his crops, but the state of the river and its banks, and noted the possibilities which his engineering skill and knowledge and foreign experience suggested.

His way led him close by Mrs. Hardy's cottage, and his observant glance noticed that it looked unoccupied. No door or window was open this brilliant morning, no smoke was issuing from any chimney, and most of the blinds were down, giving to the house an uninhabited look, as of a body without a soul.

"I wonder," he thought in passing, "if she's away? Has Rowan"—his thoughts lingered on the soft syllables—"succeeded in persuading her to go?"

He reached the bridge, when some impulse made him turn his head to glance again at the cottage.

Was it fancy, or was it a face he saw above the blinds? Some little movement of the white curtains he felt sure had taken place.

Thinking it over, he persuaded himself that he had even discerned a slim white hand beckoning to him. For the space of a moment, during which his thoughts dwelt upon the fancy, he paused; but nothing further being visible, he turned and rode on.

The beauty of the morning filled his mind with longing for Rowan. As he rode along the dyke an impulse came to him to go over to Lescough, and hear his fate from her own lips.

His plans were succeeding. The reaction from the last month's depression had produced a corresponding hopefulness about them. Soon the smiling lonely plain would be bustling with life and production; and the equally lonely and gleaming sea would be busy with its fishing fleet of boats. And ahead, his mental vision produced at will, a bright little watering-place along the sand-swept dunes. Amyot's was a distinctly creative beneficence. He rejoiced in finding work for man, and in making Nature yield up to him her blessings.

As he cantered on, his face bright with his dreams, he gradually heard the monotonous throbbing of his pumps at their work. The dyke had been completed a few days ago, and the men were now chiefly busy in strengthening weak places and in carefully providing for the spring tides, which a few days would bring.

Amyot presently noticed a man at work in the field below him, and he paused to observe his occupation. Then, interested, he guided his horse down the sloping bank, green with turf and bents, and watched him till he paused, leaning upon his spade.

"What's the cause of that, William?" he asked, pointing to a little rill of water at adily trickling from the bank into the wide drain prepared to receive leakage.

"Can't say, sir; it do beat me: there must be some leakage in at t'other side. I mind me when this was built—afore your time, sir, a goodish bit—there were a difficulty here. Somethin' to do with the current, and with the bank not bein' slanting enough. The time and time it were washed away till it larnt us what were wrong."

Amyot looked anxious.

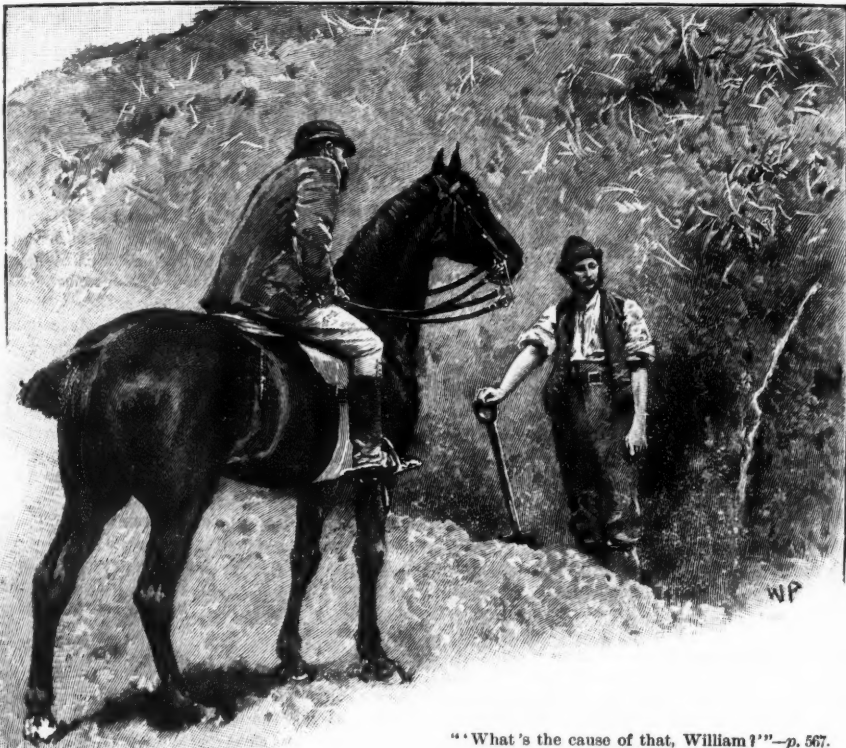
"Remind me to look when the tide is down; and get some piles and faggots here, in case it might be well to do something. By-the-bye, William, is it your daughter who waits on the lady at Lessdyke—Mrs. Hardy?"

"Yes, sir; she have waited on her many a year."

"Is she away now, do you know?"

"No, sir; she do never go away."

"The house looks empty this morning," persisted Amyot. "When you go home to-night, will you remember to ask your daughter? I suppose she goes every day?"



"What's the cause of that, William?"—p. 567.

"Well, yes, sir: she go, but she don't always get let in—madam sometimes won't answer no manner of ringing—and then Car'line come away."

"But what would happen if she were ill and couldn't let her in?"

"She never are ill, sir; she have too much sperrit to be ill. My! I allus tells my missus it would be a good thing for husbands if all women were to be as spry as her."

"Well, don't forget to ask your daughter about her to-morrow," said Amyot, recalling with pity the poor sickly woman who called William husband.

And then he got back to the dyke and rode on.

What a suggestive scene it was before him, viewed from this comparative height! A busy scene of white-shirted men, with their background of golden corn, bounded by an apparently illimitable plain of the greenest verdure. Above, the sky as deep and dark a blue as the sea below, a few feet from Amyot's path.

How men could call and consider this region uninviting, Amyot could not understand. Its width and largeness, its soft neutral harmonies, its amber and gold sheen, its magnificent skies, the movement and immensity of its banks of clouds, its flying shadows, its flocks of white-winged gulls, its possibilities, the engineering feats it invited, together with the fact

that some miles away inland was living Rowan Gayle, made it to him a beautiful paradise.

He rode about, carefully inspecting every point, and in his own delight promising the men unlimited work in the future, if they cared to return to the neighbourhood when the further work should be begun.

"It will be best to leave all the sheds," he said—"they will do to start from again. I am having plans made for a row of detached cottages on the sandhills there, which could afterwards be enlarged, if necessary; and we might set to work on their foundations next month."

His voice rang across the fields. The corn waved and the waves sparkled, and the fresh breeze was like wine in his blood.

He had brought his lunch with him, and he ate it sitting in the shade of a shed, whence he could see the misty quivering level of the grain, on which the sun was beating down in almost visible waves of heat. And the brightness and sunshine were but the environment of Rowan, tempting him with visions of her in her soft white dress sitting under the cedars with her book; lifting up grave eyes now and then in thought, or strolling down the shady alley revelling in the summer beauty, or perhaps, later, riding towards Less-dyke in the cool of the evening to see her aunt.

He had always scrupulously avoided intruding on her on these expeditions, though he often saw her



from afar, or heard of her being there. And he had had his reward; for once during the wet season, tempted by a comparatively fine afternoon, she and her father had taken Deepfen on their way home; and though he was absent, Peter and Nurse had been equal to the occasion and had speedily provided a delicious and dainty tea. And though Amyot had bewailed his misfortune in being absent, his absence had done his cause no harm; for Nurse, in a very cunning manner, had managed to insinuate such delicate praise of him as could never have been delivered in his presence.

He sprang on to his horse after his frugal lunch, with a half-purpose in his mind which thrilled his soul; and as he rode homewards, his purpose grew. After all, what reason was there for being silent any longer? He loved her; he was succeeding—his plans must eventually succeed. And he was not a poor man. If thoughts of Lord Lescough now and then made him uneasy, he pushed them aside. If Rowan loved him, she would not marry Lord Lescough, no matter what pressure might be put upon her—he felt quite certain of that. And he absolutely derided Mrs. Chester's sentiments concerning himself, of which Lord Lescough had told him.

He went home and wrote a few letters, dressed himself with extreme care in a fresh riding-suit, conscious that no dress could be more becoming, ordered the horse Rowan had admired, and, under the delighted and well-wishing eyes of Nurse and Peter, who perfectly understood the purpose of all this preparation, rode away through the summer afternoon.

"You'll maybe not be back to dinner, sir?" Nurse asked, lingering in the hall after finding some gloves he had asked for.

"Oh, yes—I think so," he answered. "I don't know of anything—any meeting that should keep me."

As he rode along, his vision was sensitive in an unusual degree to the bright aspects of nature presented to him by the sunny afternoon: the flat green country under the azure sky, quivering with misty heat; the soft and welcome shade of the elms and hazels, and some beautiful horse-chestnuts lining the road in front of a large white-gabled farmhouse; the lush growth and efflorescence of the plants which fringed the still waters of the "drains" on either side of his road, purple and red and delicate rose alternating with the creamy white of the fragrant meadow-sweet, and the madder of the flowering rushes and grasses.

He rode slowly, in a mood of tender expectancy, rejoicing in the wealth of beauty around him, and in the unconscious sense of his own youth and health and vigour.

As he passed the old church, grey with age under its protecting elm-trees, at the entrance to the town, he noticed that it was a little after five o'clock; and a sudden inspiration made him—instead of riding towards the High Street and presenting himself at the front gates of the Abbey—turn up a narrow grassy lane, from which a gate led into the Abbey courtyard. It was a short cut into the country, avoiding the town, which once or twice he had taken with Mr. Gayle, and now it served him in good stead.

When, at the sound of his horse's feet and the vociferous barking of several dogs, a groom ran out to meet him, he was told that Mr. Gayle had just driven away to a meeting, but that Miss Gayle was in the garden.

So, inwardly blessing his fate, he decided to be daring, and to present himself, without invoking the unnecessary aid of a servant. Could anything have been more timely?

At the little gate leading to the lawns he paused, his keen eyes searching the shady recesses of the trees on their further side. There were evidences of her presence—a flutter of white revealed the little tea-table; a newspaper or two on the grass near a big chair showed whence her father had departed; a crimson parasol lay open beside a low basket-chair; several books he could distinguish on the garden seat—but Rowan was not there.

His eyes searched the garden in all possible directions during the moment's space that he allowed himself to pause; and then he guessed with the sure prescience of one who knew her tastes, where she had gone.

He passed through the gate, and, with the thrill of a man going in uncertainty and doubt to learn his fate, crossed the lawn.

Fate had been good to him, he thought, as on reaching the green alley between the cedar hedges which led to the rose garden, a flutter of white at its further end showed that his guess had been correct. She was moving away towards the rose-garden, and, as all footsteps were inaudible on that velvet floor, he followed slowly, not wishing to startle her before she had discovered his presence.

Some premonition, perhaps, of his nearness made her presently pause and glance round—just as she was on the point of emerging into the open pleasance where the roses bloomed, and masses of tall lilies swung gently in the breeze. After a second's hesitation she turned and awaited him.

And so they met.

It was like a picture, had anyone been present to paint it. Behind Rowan, serving as a delicious background to her white figure, the sunshine gleamed on the pink and yellow, the red and white, which contrasted so vividly with the deep gloom of the foreground—the cedar and cypress hedges between which Rowan stood. Above was a perfect arc of blue, below a floor of emerald. And coming towards her, nearer, nearer—as she stood, an arrested, trembling creature, mastered by an unknown power—a man, looking every inch a man, with a gait which only centuries of command could have rendered so masterful, his brown dress in harmonious keeping with the old-world surroundings, and on his face the eager glow of love.

A second's glance as their hands joined, and, in spite of herself, Rowan's eyes fell before that ardent gaze. Amyot's dark eyes feasted on the tender curves of her face, on the flickering colour which mounted in warm glow to her cheeks, on the drooped eyelids whose thick fringe of dark veiled the beautiful eyes. Not thus, he knew with delight, does a woman look who does not love.

She had not withdrawn her hand. He wondered

whether she could hear the loud beating of his heart, during the silence before he could find breath to speak.

They were in a world alone, together. Amyot unconsciously blessed the thick screens which hid them in this enchanted garden.

Then the words came.

"Rowan!" he whispered softly, putting his arm round her slender form—"Rowan!—sweetest—do not tremble so! I would not vex you for the world. Look up! Let me see your eyes: I want to read your soul."

She bent her head back against his shoulder, and slowly lifted her eyes to his. How beautiful they were!—deeply, unfathomably grey—liquid now with the unmistakable light of love.

For a second he paused, thrilled to the soul with the keenest bliss that God gives to man—the certainty of love returned. Then he bent his head and kissed her softly, lingeringly, rapturously, on the lips. The whole world was still around them as soul met soul.

After a second, with a sigh, a little soft sigh as of one returning to life after unconsciousness, Rowan gently withdrew herself, and half-turned as though she would pursue her way.

"You were going to gather roses, Rowan?" he asked. "My sweetest rose of all! This is an enchanted garden. How can I hope to transplant you to my solitary wilds!"

"Your wilds will not be solitary long," she answered, softly, letting him place her hand upon his arm and slowly pacing beside him. She spoke tremulously. Joy is a wonderful upsetter. And this joy had come suddenly, unexpectedly—as probably it mostly does to the people chiefly concerned. "Not solitary, if your plans prosper."

"No. And then I shall have to fence in my home, to keep it at least solitary for my wife. My wife," he repeated, exultingly—"I like her best—aloof and still."

"Indeed!" she laughed, tremulously; "then you didn't like me—in London, for instance?"

"My Rowan!" and again his lips sought hers. "I was filled with fears then. It was not a happy time. I thought I should never find you. And people said——" he stopped.

"No matter what people said," she answered, lightly. "I wondered you did not come;" and then she, too, stopped, ashamed of her admission.

"You loved me then?" he hastened to inquire. "Rowan, you have not said it yet. Darling, whisper—say you love me!" He took her again into his embrace, and gazed down into her eyes.

There was a silence. And then, across the roses, borne along the fragrance of the sweet summer air, a soft, low sigh was breathed out over the garden.

"I love you."

Was it Rowan speaking? Or was it some exquisite air imprisoned in the flowers, hidden away till then in the rose-petals and lily-cups, and now unloosed?

A rapture filled Amyot's mind as he heard. Rowan loved him.

After a time the lovers found a shady garden-seat under the old brick wall, where, with the roses and lilies blooming all round them, they talked over future plans. And then Amyot remembered the cottage at Lessdyke, and asked—

"Have you seen your aunt lately, sweetest? I passed this morning, and thought you must have persuaded her to come away."

"No," said Rowan, her face clouding. "I have tried in vain. What is to-day?" she asked, a sudden recollection occurring to her.

"The most blessed day of my life," replied Amyot, fervently.

"Yes?" assented Rowan, after a pause for thought. "But what day in the calendar?"

"The thirtieth of August."

"Are you getting very anxious?" she asked.

"I am anxious for nothing now, but to be worthy of you, sweetheart."

"Not about Friday?" she asked, rapidly calculating.

"Why Friday?" he asked, revelling in the upturned questioning gaze of the candid eyes.

"It is the third of September."

"What is in your mind, dearest? I am too happy to think of anything but you," he answered.

"There is an almanack called the 'Holland Sooth-sayer,'" she began. "My aunt believes in it."

"So do many people," he answered, laughing. "It is quite safe hereabouts to believe in it."

"Do you?"

"Well, I haven't, hitherto," he replied frankly. "But I will now, if you wish it. Oh, Rowan!" he broke off passionately, as his words brought to his mind how great would be the sweetness of common interests shared together. "You cannot dream what your love is to a solitary man who has had no one."

After a short interlude, Rowan began again.

"It said that September the third would bring ruin and desolation and flood. And my aunt believes it. It is strange it should happen to be the day of the high tide!" she questioned, uneasily.

"Yes; the tide will be worth seeing," Amyot answered. "If this weather lasts, dearest, you must come over. And we will have a picnic on the dyke. Nurse and Peter shall bring everything from Deepfen. We will celebrate our victory."

"I suppose nothing could happen?" she asked, soberly, thinking of her aunt's evil prognostications.

"Nothing in this weather. I suppose if there were to be a gale from the north-east we might get a little water. But then I should not let you come, sweetheart."

"Not let?" she asked, smiling. "And would it do much harm?"

"I hope not any."

"What time is the tide high on Friday?" she asked, presently.

He brought out a thick pocket-book with elaborate local tide and other tables.

"Most conveniently for our picnic. About five."

"And will that be the highest of all?"

"That is not possible to foretell, dearest. Change of wind, or a distant storm, or the eagre, might make Wednesday's, or Thursday's, or even Saturday's tides as high or higher."

"Then you won't feel quite safe for several days," she pondered. "And if the weather changes?"

"There is a change of moon. It probably will change," he replied.

And then the tides were forgotten in the temptation offered by the sweet curving lips; and life, and love, and the fragrance of flowers in the sunset, became one dream of unmixed bliss.

## CHAPTER XI.

### LETTERS.

"And what's the earth,  
With all its art, verse, music, worth,  
Compared with love found, gained, and kept?"

MR. GAYLE was in much perplexity. As he sat in his study reading over again his morning's correspondence, his face was a good index to the unwonted perturbation of his mind. The room had the same outlook as the drawing-room, and from where he sat he overlooked the lawn. There Rowan had been flitting about, gathering flowers, and the gleam of her white dress and the slim gracefulness of her figure was still photographed on his mental vision, long after she had disappeared up one of the green alleys.

On the table before him lay several letters. One, a very angry one, was from Mrs. Chester; another was from Lord Lescough, a third was from his lawyer. The last was just now causing him the chief part of his trouble; although the other two, coming as they did to accentuate it, acted like the proverbial troubles which come in battalions.

The lawyer's letter told him of money difficulties and pressing claims, and suggested selling some of his farms, or letting Lescough and retrenching abroad. It would not be possible to keep up the Abbey in proper repair at its present cost, and also do justice to the rest of the estate. He ended by hinting in a vague way that a rumour had reached him which presented a very pleasant way out of the difficulty, and he hoped that it might prove true.

With a knitted brow, Mr. Gayle laid down the letter and thought. It would not be possible to live at Lescough at a less expenditure than at present. Of that he was certain. The house and garden would go to ruin unless they were kept in constant and vigilant repair. So, after a few minutes, he put that alternative out of his mind. And it hurt his pride terribly to think of selling even outlying bits of his estate. If he wanted to sell, who would buy? There was no landowner in the neighbourhood to whom his land would be of the least value, except Amyot Hardy and Lord Lescough. But he did not feel inclined to go a-begging to either of them. Supposing that Amyot's scheme succeeded, there might indeed be no reason to sell—if he could tide over the present stress. His wedge of land was so favourably placed, as to make it the best site for the proposed little watering-place. In all Amyot's plans, Mr. Gayle's co-operation was necessary in his private capacity as owner of the land, as well as in his public capacity as chairman of the Drainage Commission. He did not mind owing any possible advantages which might accrue from the watering-place scheme to Amyot; but he minded very much offering to sell him his land.

And then he took up Lord Lescough's letter.

This promised to solve all his difficulties, but he nevertheless laid it down with a sigh. In some things he was an unworldly father. Rowan was very dear to him, as a motherless girl is almost always dear to her father. And Lord Lescough's manly letter, in which he avowed his love for Rowan and his desire to make her his wife, was such as to warm any fond father's heart. But yet, Lord Lescough was a man of the world, twenty years at least older than Rowan; and somehow, Mr. Gayle shrank from the idea of giving up to him his young daughter. And that was what made him sigh; for if he could have made up his mind to it, it would have smoothed away all difficulties.

It did not enter into his head that Rowan could have anything to say in the matter. For he was so blind as to believe her still absolutely heart-whole.

Lastly, he took up Mrs. Chester's letter, which made him angry. She wrote as an angry, rather unscrupulous woman would, who feared her pet schemes were being wrecked by carelessness and folly.

"What is this I hear from Rowan of constant intercourse with Lessdyke!" she wrote. "Surely that unhappy woman brought disgrace enough upon us in times gone by, without your giving her a chance of repeating her injury. I can scarcely believe that you allow Rowan to be there so much. I was also much vexed to find in London how intimate young Hardy seemed to be with Rowan. He took her away from Lord Lescough and myself in quite a rude way one night. I thought him most overbearing. And Lord Lescough, who is staying here, has just given me to understand that he thought the acquaintance between them was of a more intimate kind than one of mere neighbourhood. I took care to put that right, and to explain your reasons for allowing the acquaintance. I believe it both astonished and relieved him very much. It was evident in London that he admired and sought out Rowan. So I told him that the coast was clear for him. And I congratulate you; for he is a splendid match. And I should recommend that, except for business purposes, young Hardy should be discouraged. He struck me as a very forward young man, who had no idea of his proper place."

If Mrs. Chester had known it, the tone of her letter was more calculated to advance Amyot's cause than to retard it, with so obstinate a man as Mr. Gayle. He had returned from his meeting and subsequent dinner, too late the night before to find Rowan up; and had been too obviously occupied and perturbed by his morning's correspondence to encourage her to seek him with her story.

Amyot, on leaving her the evening before at the garden gate, had said that he should ride over the first thing in the morning to see her father, and she was content that he should be the first to plead his cause. If Mr. Gayle had not been so preoccupied, he could not have failed to notice Rowan's manner that morning. She was tremulous with happiness, and languid after a nearly sleepless night, during which all solemn thoughts had visited her. If a smile stole to her lips at a remembrance of Amyot's tenderness, it was speedily chased by a trembling doubt of her own

power to be to him all that he would demand. Love-making and love receiving—whatever poets and storied say to the contrary—are not all bliss. They are a medley of feelings; uncertainty, doubt, fear, as well as rapture. So when she saw her father too busy with his own thoughts to attend to her, she not unwillingly withdrew to the garden, there to live over again the scene of the preceding evening, to conjure up again Amyot's words and looks and tones, even the caresses which brought the quick blushes to her cheek, and the tremulous quiver of happiness to her lips.

Meanwhile, with her father, Amyot was contesting step by step his claim to those blushes and tremors. Mr. Gayle, at first hardly believing that he was hearing aright, and afterwards absolutely incredulous as to Rowan's part in this surprise, was hard to plead with. He at first angrily refused to listen to any claim from Amyot—said the whole thing was impossible, and the marriage not such as he hoped for his daughter.



"In spite of herself, Rowan's eyes fell."—p. 569.

Amyot kept his temper, and heard, to all appearance imperturbably, all Mr. Gayle's objections, one by one. Feuds were out of date now, he had smilingly answered to the first, and he was merely a collateral heir to the inimical representatives of his family. He declined to be responsible for the follies of his forbears.

To the rest he listened indulgently, feeling its force. It would be a lonely life for Rowan, but he hoped that she need not necessarily live at Deepfen all the year. Certainly she need not, if his plans succeeded. To the third, that Lord Lescough had been before him, he answered simply—

"Not with your daughter; and I think, from what he said to me, that that letter is written under a mistake."

To the fourth—that Rowan could not care for him, or her father would have known her feeling—Amyot said—

"It is a feeling girls never allow, I believe, even to themselves. But now, if you will ask her, I think she will allow it to you."

Mr. Gayle gave in at last, however unwillingly. In spite of the feud and a good deal of family pride, he had grown to like and trust Amyot so thoroughly in their business relations, that he was not at heart averse from making these relations more intimate; and whatever had been his family history, he himself was a son-in-law of whom anyone could be proud.

So it happened that after an hour's hard pleading, Amyot went out victorious to find Rowan, leaving Mr. Gayle to write very different answers to his correspondents from those he had at first intended. One was very short; it ran thus:—

"DEAR JANE,—You will be interested to hear that I have this morning consented to an engagement between Rowan and the very forward and overbearing young man whose acquaintance you seem to have already made. You are quite right—he is very masterful!"

That evening Rowan received her first love-letter, sent by a labourer who came home from work by train.

"Do not think my motive a selfish one if I ask you to ride over to Lessdyke tomorrow, dearest. I hear that your aunt has not been well for some days, and I fear she is rather an unruly patient for her usual attendant to manage."

The result of this letter was to see Rowan in the saddle on the following morning as soon as her housekeeping duties were ended. Her father had driven off early to shoot over a few distant farms, and Rowan had the day before her.

When she arrived at Lessdyke, she found her aunt ill with a feverish cold, unwillingly kept in bed by the clumsy



efforts of Caroline and her own weakness, which refused to allow her to rise. The doctor whom Rowan promptly sent for, reported so seriously of her condition that a nurse was telegraphed for.

Mrs. Hardy watched the progress of these arrangements with eyes bright with fever, and with some irrepressible excitement, of which Rowan could approximately guess the cause.

Much encumbered with her habit, when all her arrangements were made, Rowan resolved to leave Caroline in charge whilst she rode back to Lescough. Besides her own dress, many necessaries were wanted for the sick-room, and this would be the quickest and surest plan of action.

As she rode away she was conscious of a faint feeling of wonder that she had neither seen nor heard anything of Amyot during the day. She strained her eyes over the golden plain of corn waving gently in the soft breeze, towards the distant sandhills near which she guessed Amyot would be hard at work.

As she looked, she was conscious also of the moving plain of sea alongside, which was surging in somewhat tumultuous waves across the broad estuary of the river; and as she watched the strange sight—the blue waters sparkling in the sunshine, perilously near as it seemed, to the summit of the enclosing bank, separated only by that raised band of green from the golden corn some feet below—Rowan remembered the picnic they had arranged for the 3rd, and hoped that her aunt would be well enough for her to keep her engagement. Then, chiding herself for selfishness, she rode quickly home.

When she drove up again to the cottage some three hours later, with many appliances for the invalid's comfort during the night, and accompanied by her maid, the big black horse she knew so well was tied up near the cottage, and Amyot hurried out to meet her. He looked troubled and anxious, though as he greeted her, the tender love-light in his eyes almost banished the serious expression from his face.

"I am sorry to hear so serious a report from the doctor," he said presently, when together they stood for a few minutes in the pretty sitting-room. "I suggested that Mrs. Hardy should be taken to Deepfen, where she could have more comfort. But he feared the risk of moving her in her present state. Now, dearest, as soon as I reach home I shall send off old Nurse to be with you to-night, in case the nurse shouldn't arrive. Caroline is not much of a sick-nurse, I should think—her father objects to illness on principle; and if you should want anything"—he hesitated a moment, unwilling to frighten her—"put a candle in this window—I shall be at hand."

She looked at him, her sweet eyes grateful for this tenderness and care.

"How should you be at hand, Amyot?" she asked presently, softly returning his caress, and, with the intuition that love gives, divining something of his anxiety. "Are you uneasy about the tide?"

"It would not harm you, dearest," he said evasively. "You are safe here. Oh, Rowan! my sweetest, if—whatever comes, you have loved me, dearest?" he questioned eagerly.

"I do love you," she corrected gently, letting her

soft arms be lifted round his neck, as he strained her close to his beating heart.

"And no one else?" he whispered.

"Never anyone else," she answered softly. "My heart is not big enough for two."

For a minute or two they stood, heart to heart, in the keen rapture of love, his lips pressed to hers in what seemed more than a lover's short farewell. Rowan was uneasily conscious of the pang of renunciation in his lingering arms, as slowly he released her. Afterwards, many times during the unrestful night, she recalled his look as he turned away, and wondered at its solemnity. She watched him mount and ride off hurriedly, and then she went up to her sick-room.

Mrs. Hardy's room was, for the size of the house, a large and airy one over the sitting-room; with a bay-window looking eastward over the fen and sea, and two smaller ones forming part of the front of the house. As the evening and night wore on, Rowan had many times cause to feel grateful for Amyot's forethought in sending Nurse. The hospital nurse did not arrive, and Rowan's maid, besides being inexperienced in sickness, was somewhat alarmed at the incoherent mutterings and delirious questionings which the sick woman uttered. Many times Rowan bent over her in vain striving to soothe and satisfy the perturbed mind. Her ministrations were received with half-suspicious distrust, and the glittering eyes followed her movements about the room, as if in doubt of her motives and knowledge. Now and then Rowan thought she must be mistaking her for someone else, so unmistakably inimical were her gestures and glances. But to Nurse she submitted quietly, thanking her gratefully as her poultices, and the ice brought from Lescough, after a time brought relief in the more acute accessions of pain.

It was a strange night. Towards morning, in the early dawn, her attention attracted by the rising gusts of wind, Rowan drew aside the curtain of the bay-window to look out. A black figure on horseback, silhouetted against the horizon just paling with the coming dawn, caught her vision. It was some distance away, but there was no mistaking the upright, soldier-like figure, slowly advancing along the dyke. Behind him faintly gleamed the sea, and Rowan noticed that the waters in the river were rushing by at a rapid rate. A wave of tenderness surged into her heart.

"He is anxious," she thought.

Presently, as he gained the nearer elevation of the bank on which the cottage stood, he saw Rowan, and raised his hat with a quick gesture of greeting. She returned it, and slowly let the curtain fall, pondered a moment undecidedly, and then running lightly down stairs, opened the front door and went out to greet him.

"I hoped you were sleeping, dearest!" he said, as he sprang from his horse on to the soft turf beside her.

"I have been. Have you been here long?" she asked. "Tell me, Amyot, are you uneasy? The water seems to be very near the edge," she said, glancing along the dyke in a fascinated way.

How sweet and fresh it was, in the cool of the dawning, with the fresh wind bringing in the clean scents from the sea! Almost irresistibly, Amyot was reminded of that other time, half a year ago, when as yet he had scarcely seen this girl whose fingers were now clasping his; when he had stood in just this same spot with the other Rowan, looking over the sea. Then, and now! What bliss the short months had brought him! He bent his ardent gaze on the loved face beside him, pale now in the grey light. And then their lips met.

"My Rowan! my sweet one!" he said softly. "Yes; I will not deceive you. I am anxious. Oh no! not for you!" as he saw her glance back at the cottage. "You are safe up here. But there is a spot in the dyke which seems to be leaking and is puzzling us. It is for my work and my reputation, and—yes, also for my harvest—that I am anxious. You see, I have so much at stake."

Something in his tone made her glance up anxiously.

"So much?" she questioned.

"You, my sweet. I could not ask you to come to a poor man's home at Deepfen. And I should be poor for a year or so if this dyke were to give now.—Why, Nurse—!" as the pleasant old face appeared at the door.

The old woman made a gesture for silence, and beckoned them in.

"Tie your horse to the rails at the back, Mr. Amyot, and come into the kitchen. I've got some hot coffee there. And then this young lady shall go to bed. Mrs. Hardy is easy now, and is sleeping quietly at last."

The cosy kitchen had its bright fire burning, and a table laid for breakfast. And presently the two lovers were enjoying some coffee and bread and butter, old Nurse waiting upon them as if they were children. After it was over, she left them for a few minutes together, before taking Rowan away to rest.

Nurse had the wisest intuitions. She saw that one needed comfort.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE THIRD OF SEPTEMBER.

"And all the world was in the sea."

Two days had passed since Rowan had ridden over to Lessdyke. Mrs. Hardy was going on favourably. The temperature and the pain were both much reduced. It was conjectured—for she would give no information—that the many nights of the last wet month she had spent upon the dyke, had induced the attack of pneumonia from which she was suffering.

During these two days she had become more reconciled to Rowan's presence, although she seemed still to prefer Nurse's ministrations. Old Nurse was still at Lessdyke, but Rowan had sent her own maid away, Nurse and Caroline being as many as the house could comfortably accommodate. It was the afternoon which had been proposed for the picnic on the dyke, the fateful 3rd of September. Rowan was now standing in the window of her aunt's room, anxiously looking over the fen for Amyot. He had sent her a little twisted note during the morning to say that,

although their picnic was denied them, he would still be with her about four o'clock. Rowan unwittingly held it in her hand now, as she stood by the window; and something in her attitude and the look upon her face as she read and re-read it, suddenly attracted Mrs. Hardy's attention.

The sick woman had lain all day with her pillows raised, gazing out of the window. The blinds and curtains at her request had been pulled aside, and the dark eyes, languid now and, as ever, sad-looking, had been fixed upon the wide lands apace within their range. Many times during the morning she had startled Rowan by her observations. It was almost with a belief in some uncanny power possessed by this sick, sorrow-worn woman, that Rowan had said to her uneasily at last—

"Aunt Rowan, you look as if you were expecting something. What is it?"

"I am expecting vengeance," was the quick response. "Get a Bible, Rowan; read to me about Elijah—that about the cloud no bigger than a man's hand coming up over the sea."

Rowan, in startled apprehension, turned a quick glance towards the sea, before crossing the room to do as her aunt requested. Since the preceding day the weather had changed. The sunshine had gone, and dark gloomy clouds, driven in from the sea, scudded low across the wide flats. The wind blew roughly in fitful gusts, and the waters tossed and tumbled in, in hurrying, overlapping waves, between the river's banks. Out over the sea the gloomy grey of the sky was reflected; and occasionally sharp scudding showers temporarily obscured the landscape.

Finding the Bible, Rowan had quietly read in low, even tones the story demanded by her aunt, feeling a responsive thrill of attention and expectation as she reached the end and lifted her eyes.

Then had come a diversion in the shape of a messenger from Amyot, and Rowan had been beckoned from the room by the sympathetic Caroline, to receive her lover's missive. She had stood for some time in the kitchen to hear Caroline's remarks upon the latest news from the fen, which she had gathered from Amyot's messenger. And now, in the afternoon, in the window, she was thinking it over and re-reading his note.

All the men had been ordered to leave the works at four o'clock, instead of five, that day, and to take away all their tools with them. It was reported that Mr. Hardy did not like the look of the dyke at some place not specified, but Rowan, for her comfort, gathered that it was at a part he himself had not built. The wind was very high, and the tide had run in to a great height during the night. Mr. Hardy, who had been watching, had seen the water himself within a few inches of the summit of the dyke. If it went on blowing, the water might be over, and it was long odds but the corn would all be swamped.

This was the chief part of the news, as it had filtered through Caroline, which was now filling Rowan's imagination; when her aunt, suddenly observant, startled her by a question—

"What is that, Rowan?"

"It is a note, aunt."



"Rowan drew aside the curtain to look out."—p. 573.

"From your father! I hope he won't come to-day."

"No," Rowan answered, her face flushing.

"Then who is it from?" Mrs. Hardy persisted, curiously.

"It is from Mr. Hardy," Rowan

answered. "He is coming here presently."

The sick woman's eyes glanced from Rowan's restless fingers to her face, and then out across the grey landscape, now again obscured by an advancing shower, which presently pelted on the window-panes.

"Here, is he? What brings him here?"

"He is in the fen, down there. We had arranged a picnic on the dyke—to see the tide. But it rains and is cold. So he says he will come here instead."

"You will see the tide here; but you will not see him," the sick woman said quietly. Her tone, and the glitter in her eyes, had the effect of terrifying Rowan against her reason. She turned from the window trembling a little, but speaking courageously.

"Aunt Rowan, you do not know. Why do you wish harm to him? I love him. I am going to marry him. You do not wish me harm?"

Mrs. Hardy glanced curiously at her glowing face.

"You cannot marry a ruined man, Rowan. Ha, ha!" and she laughed harshly.

"I should marry him, ruined or not, Aunt Rowan," said Rowan quietly. "Why do you hate him? He is good. It was his doing that I first knew about you. He pitied you, and took your part before anyone."

"Silly girl!" was her aunt's scornful answer. "It is a pity that you ever saw him. Oh, I grant he is a man and good-looking. But you are young."

"Not so young as you, Aunt Rowan," Rowan answered, goaded into a speech she regretted the moment it was uttered.

"And do you wish to expiate your folly by a lifetime of loneliness, as I have done?" Mrs. Hardy said passionately. "I tell you, the Hardys are a doomed race."

"Hush, hush!" interrupted Nurse's voice, as she entered softly. "Miss Gayle, you will find tea ready down-stairs.—And you, madam, must be quiet."

She came forward, and bent over Mrs. Hardy, gently replacing the disarranged pillows, and soothing her excitement.

Rowan, on her way down-stairs, tired with her long morning in the sick-room, and possessed by an unacknowledged fear induced by Mrs. Hardy's words, was seized with a sudden impulse to go out of doors and meet Amyot. She turned into her room to get her hat and thick shoes, and then, after glancing into the sitting-room

to make sure that he had not arrived, she opened the front door and went out.

As she fronted and struggled with the rain-laden wind, her spirits rose. She would go and meet her lover. If the elements were against him, she would not fail him. She stood on the bridge for some few minutes gazing around, and gratefully receiving the fresh gusty wind across her heated face.

What a desolate scene it was now, in the afternoon's gloom! How great a contrast to the sunny, smiling landscape through which she had ridden only two days before!

Across the flats, the only signs of life were the peewits crooning their monotonous plaint, and flying madly hither and thither as if from pursuit or fear. Whole flocks of them were coming in from the sea, as if driven before the wind. Rowan noticed also the big white-winged sea-gulls swooping up and down and screaming around her. It was a dreary scene. And the mud-coloured waters swirling tumultuously under the bridge, and mounting up its arches at each attempt to fling themselves through, added another touch to the desolate picture.

There was no sign of Amyot. But Rowan guessed that he would be watching on the dyke, and took her way thither accordingly. As she passed through the gate, some impulse—she could not tell how originated—prompted her to leave it open, to fasten it back even, against the wooden palings. On the dyke the scene was a striking one.

The water was rushing by, in breaking white-crested wavelets, sucking and lapping at the bank with a satisfied sound within a few inches of her feet. Surely the tide would rise no higher, or— She glanced downwards and around, in apprehensive pity, on the draggled grain which swayed wet and sodden-looking before the wind. She walked on, gazing ahead, striving to pierce the misty rainclouds which

now and then came down almost to the ground and blotted out the landscape.

Her aunt's words kept running through her mind; and an undefined sensation of pain and anxiety and even fear took possession of both her consciousness and reason. Almost she wished she had not come, as an angrier gust made her stagger and pause, under the sense of oppression and dread that the whole scene induced. Where was Amyot? Surely it was later than he had promised. What if he were not here after all? He would surely not be so mad as to remain in danger, when he could do no good? Was there danger out there in the grey and dismal distance, whose misty depths her eyes were striving in vain to reach? She held her breath in a sudden thrill.

She glanced back. Only the distant red roof of the cottage was visible behind the masonry of the intervening bridge; the road to which, raised above the fields on either side, completely shut out the other houses of the hamlet beyond. A deep sense of loneliness fell on Rowan. Only the birds which soared and swooped and screamed in mad and agitated flights about her head, as if trying to convey some warning she could not understand, gave any indication that she was not in a desolate and lifeless waste alone.

She glanced at her watch. It was five o'clock, and Amyot had said he would be with her by four. She paused irresolute. Perhaps he had arrived, and was awaiting her.

And then, the grey masses of clouds over the sea lifted, and the wind seemed suddenly to lull, and in the unwonted hush and stillness, a wave, bigger than its fellows, curled up and up, as if striving to touch her feet, as she stood on the soft turf of the dyke. And in the lull, she heard, or thought she heard, the sound of a horse's galloping feet.

The sound made her look up eagerly, and gaze along the dyke. And her gaze was held, fascinated.

Far away, along the horizon, out at sea, it looked to Rowan, was surely the little cloud about which she had been reading in the morning—a small white cloud, looking like the crest of a wave along the dark gloom behind it. And coming towards her, thundering along the summit of the dyke, was the big horse she knew so well. But why was Amyot urging him so, she wondered, as he drew near; and her eyes as well as her ears testified to his rapid approach.

Presently he saw her, and called out some rapid order of which she could only distinguish the words, "Back—quick!" But almost before she could turn to obey, with a sudden certainty of something unwonted and terrible pressing upon her senses, he was pulling-up beside her, reining-in with difficulty his excited horse.

"Quick, Rowan—your hand, sweet!" he urged, bending low over the saddle, "your foot on mine. There," as he passed his arm round her, and hastily swung her light figure into the saddle before him. "Your arms round my neck, and cling tight, sweet, whatever happens.—Now, good horse, on, on!" he urged. What could it mean? Rowan wondered, as again the horse was urged on at full speed. And then she glanced back over Amyot's shoulder along the path which he had ridden.

What was that? Rowan thought her eyes must be deceiving her, and uttered a little cry.

The white cloud she had seen a few minutes before so far away, was advancing rapidly across the mouth of the river, breaking on either side over the banks in a wave of foam-covered water, circling hither and thither, spreading far on either side and yet appearing to gain in height as it advanced up the narrowing channel of the river. And, alas! for Amyot, over the fen the white wave was spreading, as it curled and broke along the dyke.

Then Rowan understood what had befallen. The eagle was upon them—that strange wave which she had sometimes seen in the river at Lescough. She had seen it a foot or two high—not a monster like this, with savage curled crest, "like a demon in a shroud."

Involuntarily, her arms clung tighter round Amyot's neck, as the good horse they rode gained the gate.

Ah! how Rowan blessed that impulse which had made her fasten it back!

It seemed then as if the heavens broke in rain upon them, shutting cottage and bridge and even wave from sight.

She heard Amyot say softly: "Thank God!" as turning his face for a second, he glanced back and across the bridge. "T'en—" "I dare not risk it, sweet," as he guided the horse on to the firm raised road, and they seemed to leap along. They could hear behind them the thunder of the breaking waters, the crash and clash of falling masonry as the wave reached and burst upon the bridge, and rushed headlong on its course up the river.

To Rowan's horrified eyes, the seething hissing sea seemed to be crawling round them.

"The cottage!" she whispered.

"It is higher than this—it is safe," Amyot answered.

And, as Rowan hid her face on his breast, he bent down and kissed her quivering lips.

"Sweetheart, the worst is over.—Good horse!" he went on gratefully, soothing and patting his trembling horse, "you have saved us a wetting."

As the storm-cloud passed, they could see across the water, which now in spent strength circled and curled and sobbed in shallow white swirls around them, the cottage standing, a desolate-looking landmark, above the surrounding water. They were too far off to see more than that it did stand, and that it was impossible to reach it, though, in fact, Amyot did reach it later, after Rowan had been safely housed at Lescough, and the waters had receded and settled.

The inmates of the cottage had, meanwhile, a time of terrible fear and anxiety. Nurse had been too much occupied in soothing and settling Mrs. Hardy to be aware that Rowan had left the house, and it was only a startled exclamation from that lady, whose eyes seemed to be ever searching, searching the landscape, that drew Nurse's attention to the slight figure crossing the bridge. She divined in a moment where Rowan had gone, and for what purpose, and would have thought little about her going out if it had not been for the increasing excitement of her patient.

"Send for her back—do you hear?" Mrs. Hardy



entreated, sitting up and wringing her hands; and her agitation could only be appeased by Nurse retreating to send Caroline after her.

"But you need not go far," Nurse said, smiling. "Mr. Hardy will bring her back safe. But Mrs. Hardy

She could see the galloping approach of her master, a few moments—as it seemed to her—ahead of that curling death; and then the blinding storm hid what further passed. The thunder of the breaking wave, the waters rushing round the horse, told that Rowan,



"Again the horse was urged on at full speed."—p. 576.

won't be satisfied without your pretending to go—she's got some fancy into her head."

Whilst the woman began leisurely to make her preparations for following Rowan, Nurse went into the sitting-room to look after the neglected tea which had been prepared.

She was suddenly startled by an agonised scream and the sound of hurried movements in the room above; and, running up-stairs, was confounded by the sight of her patient standing at the window.

"Oh—save her! save her!" she cried in helpless terror; and Nurse, hurrying forward, was just in time to receive the swaying white figure before it fell, and to see the terrible scene taking place outside.

if not Amyot also, must have been in imminent danger; but Mrs. Hardy's condition of exhausting agitation was for a time so serious that all their efforts were directed to calm and allay her remorseful fears.

Amyot's visit—when the moon had risen sufficiently for him to brave the unknown dangers of the receding waters—was like a message from heaven to the anxious household. And he rode back to Lescough that night, to carry news of its safety to Rowan.

Together they rode over to Lessdyke some few days later, and Amyot was presently summoned to Mrs. Hardy's room.

"Don't you contradict her, Mr. Amyot, whatever she may say," recommended Nurse; "sayings do no

harm—leastways, when you take no notice of them.”

Amyot entered the room softly, flashed a glance at Rowan, who stood in the window looking over the desolated fen, and then bent gently over the figure lying on the bed.

So they met for the second time, those two, with a vivid remembrance of their first meeting out in the moonlight six months before, present to the minds of both. The dark eyes of the sick woman, darker by contrast with the white brows under which they gleamed, fixed themselves in a triumphant gaze on Amyot.

“Do you remember?” she asked.

“Yes, I remember,” he answered, more willing to humour her, as his eyes took in the ravages that her illness had made in her thin passion-worn face. “You were a true prophet.”

She scrutinised his face closely.

“Ah, you bear it well!” she said at last. “And now what shall you do? It has come: ruin and desolation, and a flood! What shall you do?” she repeated.

Amyot looked down at her in wonder. The hatred and satisfied revenge in the tones were almost appalling to him.

“I cannot tell until I know exactly the damage,” he answered. “This is an unusual flood. I suppose the eagre has not been so high as this for a hundred years—but it will make no difference in my plans.”

Mrs. Hardy glanced towards Rowan, whose delicate sympathetic face was turned towards Amyot.

“And Rowan?” she almost whispered—“she is free now? You cannot expect her to share your ruin?”

“Aunt Rowan!” put in Rowan quickly, coming to Amyot’s side and laughing; “you should not hit a man when he is down. I will not have my lover—my love”—her tones lingered softly on the word—“made to perjure himself whilst he is feeling troubled. Ruin!—there is no talk of ruin!” she went on. “Only a little loss and delay, which we can put up with.”

As she spoke, she clasped her hands together over Amyot’s arm.

Mrs. Hardy looked curiously at the two as they stood side by side, in all the flush of love and youth, and for a minute she kept silence.

“Ah!” she murmured at last—“together!” Then a little pause. “And I—have been alone for forty years!”

Amyot bent down.

“But not any longer,” he said gently. “Forget those past years—we will try and atone.”

She turned her vivid eyes from his to Rowan’s.

“He is a Hardy!” she said warningly, her penetrating gaze fixed on the girl’s delicate love-lighted face—“they are a cruel race.”

And then, as if satisfied with having borne her testimony, she turned her head with a little sigh, and seemed to wish to be left alone.

The devastation along the river’s banks was great. Where the banks had been neglected they were

washed away, and much land was flooded. Damage was also done in the lower part of Lescough, where, for a short time, some lives were in danger.

But the flood had an unexpected result for Amyot. The Commissioners were convinced—by the loss consequent on this damage—of much that Amyot had been trying for months to make them believe and understand. Instead of finding himself and his opinions and schemes scouted, he was suddenly raised to the position of a prophet, whose prophecy had come to pass. The dyke had indeed given way, but it was at a place built long anterior to Amyot’s time, and he himself was the only loser by the inroad of the sea on the fen.

When she was well and down-stairs, Mrs. Hardy had another visit from Amyot, Rowan sitting by to give the solace of her presence to her lover. After his first greetings, he sat down in the chair pointed out by his hostess, who he felt was scrutinising him closely, from under her heavy brows. He scrutinised too, in his turn. What a sad pathetic face it was, and what a history of sorrow and passion was hidden behind it! Amyot forgave her hatred when he remembered what she had borne. Yet the face was vivid still, in spite of the languor and weakness of illness—vivid as an extinct volcano is vivid in its tale of past fires.

“And so, do you still think you can master the world?” was Mrs. Hardy’s first question.

“I never thought so,” Amyot answered quietly.

“What is this that Rowan tells me about a village over there?” was her next query.

And Amyot told her all that he hoped to do, she studying him intently the while, with the eyes which looked as if they had indeed seen visions.

“You are ambitious and hopeful, but I don’t see that ambitions and hopes will do to live upon. Is it true that you are still expecting my niece to marry you?”

“Quite true that I am hoping it,” Amyot answered.

“On what ground? What have you to give her?” asked the persistent querist.

“Love!” answered Amyot; and his eyes sought Rowan’s, with a tender light in them that brought a mist to the dark orbs fixed on his face.

“Pooh—all men say that! and you Hardys can promise anything. Another Hardy promised me the same.”

“I am myself; I am not another Hardy,” said Amyot quickly, transferring his gaze—with pity in it now—to Mrs. Hardy’s face.

“And you seem pretty sure of yourself!” Mrs. Hardy went on satirically. “Where do you mean to live?”

“At Deepfen chiefly; but that shall be just as Rowan likes—always,” Amyot answered.

“And what about Lord Lescough and Mrs. Chester?” laughed Mrs. Hardy, who had been indiscreetly entertained by Mr. Gayle with Mrs. Chester’s letter. “I could feel almost reconciled to the marriage, when I think of Mrs. Chester’s foiled ambitions.”

And then it was that Rowan delivered a prophecy, which made her husband in after-years declare that she had borrowed her aunt’s mantle.

“Amyot will be a far bigger man than Lord

Lescough," put in Rowan, smilingly silencing her lover's answer. "Why, when our fortunes are made, and the harbour there has its fleet, and in the Fen a big town toils where now the curlews cry—is that a quotation, Amyot?—Amyot will be made a lord—a labour lord, I shouldn't wonder; and I shall be a labour lady. I think Lessdyke is a prettier name than Lescough, and so that shall be my title. Do you hear, Mr. Amyot Hardy?—or would you prefer Lessand or Lessbeach? Lord Lessand of Deepfen will do nicely, I think."

And she stopped breathless with so long a speech.

"A Gayle needs no title," Mrs. Hardy said proudly.

"No, but I shall not be a Gayle," Rowan said, a little sadly. "The Gayles of Lescough will vanish with father and you and me. But, at least, we will

vanish grandly," she finished, "and our monuments shall be the stones of a new town—not the grave-stones of an old churchyard."

A pretty yacht, whose name is the *Rowan*, was at anchor last summer in the little harbour at Lessdyke; and a pretty Lady Lessand, surrounded by a cluster of sturdy little boys on ponies, used to ride about the flats, and make the acquaintance of all the visitors in the new bright little watering-place which has grown up along that eastern seaboard.

But before that there were days of patient waiting and trust, and some disappointed hopes, during which the man and the woman together, loving one another truly, learnt the discipline which life offers to all.

THE END.

## BIBLE JEWELLERY.



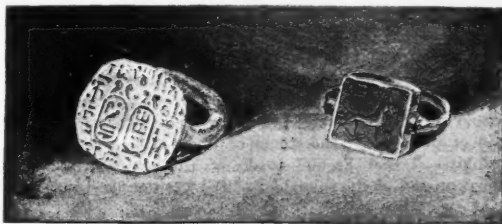
Chalcedony cylinder or seal of King Darius.

are told that Abraham was very rich in cattle, in silver and in gold, even before Abimelech gave him the thousand pieces of silver when he restored Sarah to him. He weighed out four hundred shekels of silver as the purchase-money of the field with a cave in it that he bought for a burial-place for Sarah; but ornaments are not mentioned till he sent his steward to find a wife for Isaac. Then, we learn, when Eliezer and his tired camels rested by the side of the well, and Rebekah came out of the city and filled her pitcher

and allowed him to drink out of it, and then filled it again for the camels, he took a golden ear-ring of half a shekel weight and two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight of gold and gave them to her. When stating his errand and recounting his proceedings to Laban, the steward said he put the ear-rings upon her face and the bracelets upon her hands; and when Laban consented that she should be the wife of Isaac, he brought forth more jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gave them to Rebekah, as well as other precious things which he gave to her mother and her brother.

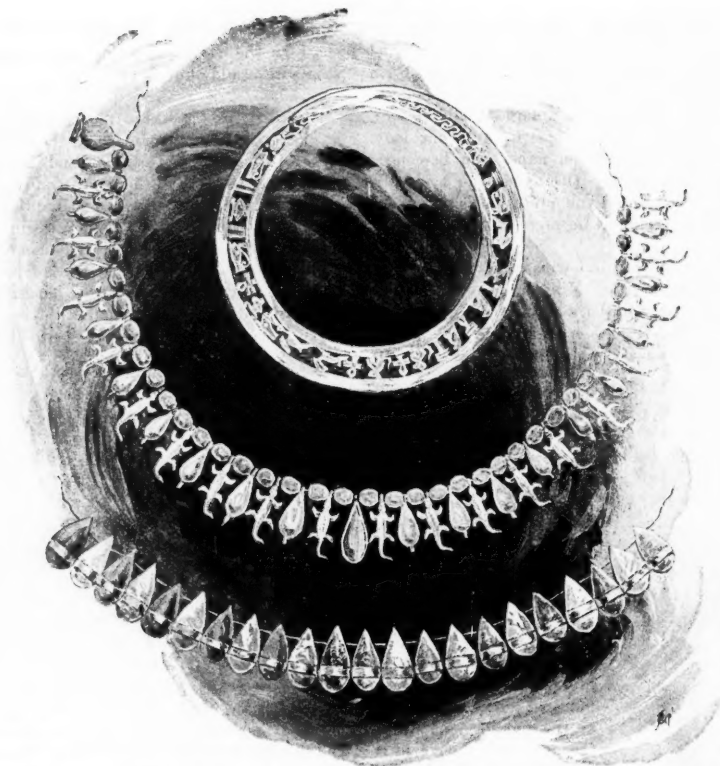
When Jacob went up to Bethel, he said to his household, "Put away the strange gods that are among you, and be clean, and change your garments." Whereupon they gave him all their strange gods—small images, perhaps, like those that Rachel stole

from Laban—and took out all their ear-rings from their ears. We are brought face to face with Egyptian jewellery in the days of Joseph, when Pharaoh took off his ring and put it on Joseph's hand and put a gold chain about his neck. A little later we are told of the order to the Israelitish women to borrow jewels of gold and jewels of silver from the Egyptian women; and soon after, the same order for every man to borrow jewels of gold and silver from his neighbour. Then we find minute instructions concerning goldsmith's work given to Moses. The ark was ordered to be made of shittim wood, but it was to be overlaid within and without with pure gold, and a crown of gold was to be made round about. Eight gold rings were to be made for it, one for each corner, and two for each side. The staves that were to be passed through these rings, to lift or carry the ark, were also to be overlaid with gold, as well as the mercy-seat with its cherubim at either end of it. The table for the shewbread and its rings and staves were, likewise, to be overlaid with pure gold, and have a crown of gold round about; and the dishes, spoons, covers, and bowls, were to be of pure gold. A candlestick was also ordered to be made of beaten work of pure gold,



Silver ring inscribed with name of Shashank (Shishak), A.C. 966. (1 Kings xl. 40.)

Ring of gold and lapis-lazuli inscribed with name of Thothmes III. (possibly the Pharaoh of the Exodus).

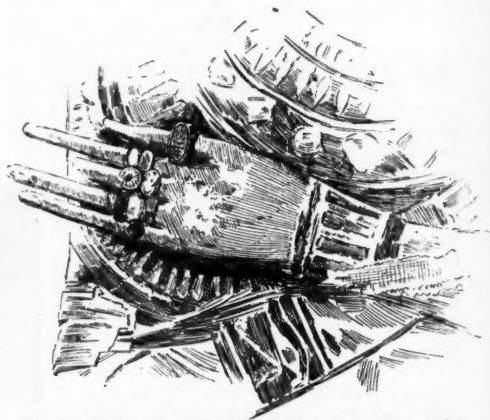


1. Bangle of gold, inset with gold and silver. 2. Necklace of carnelian beads with gold drops and lizards, the centre drop inlaid with lapis-lazuli. 3. Necklace of lapis-lazuli and spar (alternately) with bands of gold.

with shaft, six branches, bowls, knops, flowers, tongs and snuff-dishes. Similar minute directions are given concerning gold work and silver sockets for the tabernacle. In the description of the ephod we come to word of onyx stones, two of which were to be worn on the shoulders, and have the names of the children of Israel engraved upon them, six on each. The breast-plate was to be composed of four rows of precious stones, and on each stone was to be engraved the name of one of the children of Israel. In the first row were to be a sardius, a topaz, and a carbuncle; in the second, an emerald, a sapphire, and a diamond; in the third, a figure, an agate, and an amethyst; and in the fourth, a beryl, an onyx, and a jasper, all set in gold. The sardius was a ruby. Some authorities think the topaz was a green stone, and others that it was the colour of gold. The sapphire was esteemed second only to the diamond in lustre and value. Job said of the earth, "The stones of it are the place of sapphires;" and Ezekiel speaks of this stone with others as part of the splendour of the King of Tyrus.

At this time we again hear of ear-rings, for when Moses did not come down from the mount when expected, and the people did not know what had become of him, Aaron said to them, "Break off the golden ear-rings which are in the ears of your wives,

of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them to me," and having received them, he made them into a golden calf, which Moses, soon afterwards, burnt



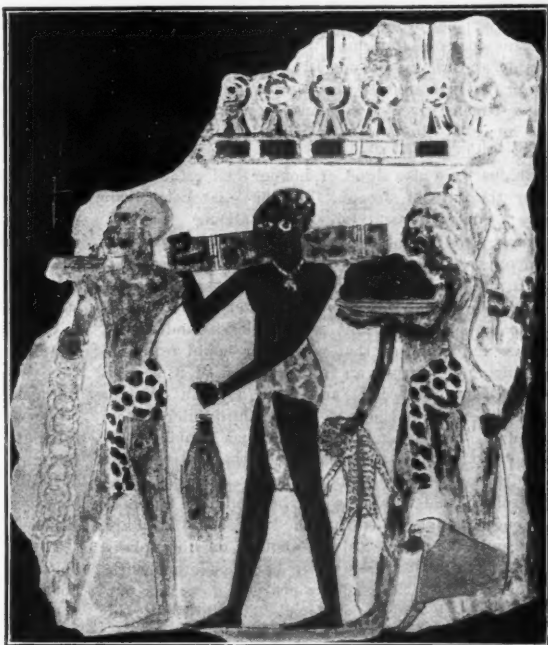
Thumb and finger rings of gold, silver, precious stones, and a shell, on the hand of mummy case of Katebet, an Egyptian lady of the College of Amen, B.C. 800 (time of Uziah). From Thebes. (In British Museum.)



and ground to powder. They are mentioned again in the enumeration of wrought jewels brought to Moses and Eleazar the priest as an oblation after the destruction of the Midianites; jewels of gold, chains and bracelets, rings, ear-rings, and tablets, amounting to sixteen thousand seven hundred and fifty shekels. Gideon too, is recorded to have required at the hands of the Israelites the ear-rings they had taken from their enemies, for, we are told, they had golden ear-rings because they were Ishmaelites. And when they had spread a garment and thrown all the ear-rings down upon it, their weight amounted to a thousand and seven hundred shekels of gold; there were also collars and ornaments, and purple raiment that was on the kings of Midian, as well as the chains that were about the camels' necks. Equally interesting is the record that among the gifts brought to Job by his brothers, sisters, and acquaintances these ornaments were specially mentioned: "Every man also gave him a piece of money, and every one an ear-ring of gold." Isaiah, Ezekiel and Hosea also mention this form of jewellery. One of the proverbs of Solomon says, "As an ear-ring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reproof upon an obedient ear"—meaning, probably, that receptive minds will receive judicious admonition and advice with as much appreciation as they would accept an offer of jewelled earrings, or other ornaments and advantages.

There is frequent mention of seals and signets through these early centuries of old times. Many of them appear to have been worn as rings. Various letters and decrees are recorded to have been sealed with the king's seal, as in the instance of the letters that Jezebel wrote to the elders of Israel urging them to accuse Naboth and stone him to death, which she sealed with the king's seal; and in that where Haman sealed the decree of King Ahasuerus against the Jews with that monarch's seal, for which purpose the king took his ring from his hand and gave it to Haman, which ring he subsequently took back and then gave to Mordecai, when Haman was hanged on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai. And when Mordecai was instructed to write to all the lieutenants and deputies, and rulers, counter-ordering the decree that Haman had sent forth, he was told to seal his writing with the king's ring, because the writing that was written in the king's name and sealed with the king's ring no man might reverse; and he accordingly did so, and sent the letters by posts on horseback and by riders on mules, camels and young dromedaries, into the various provinces, where the king's commandment was received with joy and gladness, a feast and a good day. "And Mordecai went out from the presence of the king in royal apparel of blue and

white, and with a great crown of gold, and with a garment of fine linen and purple." We learn they were used to give greater security to ordinary contracts likewise, of which two deeds were drawn up, one to be kept by the person in whose interest the agreement was made, and the other to be sealed and



Negro tribute-bearers (about the time of Moses), wearing ear-rings, necklaces, and bracelets. (Wall-painting from tomb at Thebes, now in British Museum.)

deposited in a public office. When Jeremiah bought the field in Anathoth of his uncle's son, and had weighed out seventeen shekels of silver for it, and had signed and sealed the evidence, or deed, in the presence of witnesses, he took both the sealed writing and that which was left open, and in the presence of the witnesses that subscribed the book of the purchase, charged Baruch to put the evidences in an earthen vessel for their preservation. There is word, too, that when Daniel was cast into the lions' den a stone was brought to close up the mouth of it, which the king sealed with his own signet and with that of his lords.

The great crown of gold mentioned as worn by Mordecai when he came out from the presence of Ahasuerus, was, of course, intended as a token of the high estate to which he was promoted. The same king ordered his seven chamberlains to bring Vashti the queen, with the crown royal, to show the people and princes her beauty; and when she fell into disgrace this same crown was given to Esther. We may gather that newly married men and women wore crowns on their wedding-day. In the Song of Solomon we read: "Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion,

and behold King Solomon with the crown, wherewith his mother crowned him on the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart." The high priest likewise wore a crown, on the front of which was engraven, "Holiness to the Lord." The kings were anointed from the beginning; but when Joash was made king, besides the anointing, a crown was placed on his head as part of the ceremony of ascending the throne. Extra precautions were taken on this occasion, the guard was armed and lined the temple, and then the young king was brought into the temple, and we are told the crown was put upon him, the testimony given to him, and they made him king, and anointed him, and they clapped their hands and said, "God save the King."

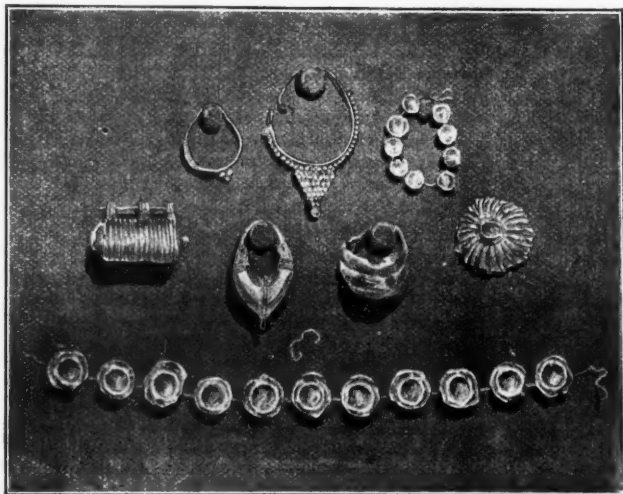
Chains were also signs of honour and estate long after the days of Joseph. At the feast Belshazzar gave to the thousand lords, when all the gold and silver vessels that his father Nebuchadnezzar had carried off from the temple at Jerusalem were brought forth, and the guests all drank out of them, and the fingers of a hand wrote upon the plaster of the wall of the palace, the king sent for astrologers and soothsayers, and promised that whosoever could read the writing, and give him an interpretation of it, should be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and should be the third ruler in the kingdom. The queen told the king that Daniel would be able to tell him the meaning of the writing, who was thereupon sent for, and promised the scarlet robe, gold chain, and third place if he would do so; and although Daniel replied that the king should keep his gifts and give his rewards to another, on his explanation of the mysterious writing he was clothed with the promised scarlet, and the chain of gold was put about his neck, and he was made the third ruler in the kingdom. When Ezekiel, likening Jerusalem to an infant, enumerates the benefits conferred upon it,

both a chain and a crown are in the list of ornaments. He said, "I decked thee also with ornaments, and I put bracelets upon thine hands, and a chain on thy neck. And I put a jewel on thy forehead, and ear-rings in thine ears, and a beautiful crown upon thine head." In the Song of Solomon we read, "Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold." Our chief magistrates and sheriffs, we may notice, carry out the use of this decoration as a sign of office, even now.

There are various precious stones studded about in the sacred writings, besides those that were placed in the breastplate of Aaron and his successors. The Queen of Sheba, for instance, when she came to Jerusalem with her train of attendants, brought spices, very much gold, and precious stones which she gave to King Solomon. Hezekiah made himself treasures for silver and gold and precious stones, and for spices and for shields, and for all manner of pleasant jewels. The merchants of Sheba and Raamah occupied themselves in fairs with spices and all sorts of precious stones and gold. Jewels, too, are frequently mentioned in the same wholesale and uncounted manner. The Revelation of St. John the Divine is specially rich in this way. The new Jerusalem was lit with a light like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; the wall round the city was of jasper, and the city was pure gold; the foundations of the wall of the city were jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius, chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprasus, jacinth, and amethyst. The gates were made of pearls and the streets of gold.

The sumptuousness of Oriental riches is made very apparent when we read that silver was accounted nothing in the days of Solomon, for all his drinking vessels, two hundred of his targets, and three hundred of his shields were made of gold; and that the weight of gold brought into his kingdom in a year was six hundred, three-score and six talents. "And all King Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold, and all the vessels of the house of the forests of Lebanon were of pure gold; none were of silver: it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon," for the king made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones, just as he made cedars to be as sycamores for abundance. There were so many precious jewels among the vanquished enemies of Jehoshaphat, that when he and his people began to collect their riches, there was more than they could carry away; "and they were three days in gathering of the spoil, it was so much."

It is interesting to look over the more miscellaneous work of the goldsmith in those past centuries and in that Eastern land, though it be with the mind's eye only. There were the five golden



Assyrian ear-rings, and other ornaments from Kouyunjik (Nineveh). (In British Museum.)



Egyptian ladies at an entertainment (about the time of the Exodus), showing massive gold ear-rings of the period. (Wall-painting from a tomb at Thebes. In British Museum.)

mice that, with other gold work, were placed in a coffer by the Philistines and sent to Beth-Shemesh with the ark as a trespass-offering; there were the two golden calves that Jeroboam made and set up for worship, one in Bethel and the other in Dan; there was the calf of Samaria; there was the image set up by Nebuchadnezzar in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon; and, to go further back, there was the molten calf made by Aaron, not to dwell more particularly upon the golden floors, and general overlaying with gold of the temple, including its oracle, altar, cherubim, palm trees, and other features. Then, we must not forget one portion of the great wall round Jerusalem was repaired by the goldsmiths. Various lengths were allotted to different companies to rebuild or repair, and the goldsmiths and the merchants built the portion between the going up of the corner and the sheep-gate. A certain Malchiah, the goldsmith's son, repaired another length specially recorded; and Uzziel, the son of Harhaiah of the goldsmiths, repaired another.

There is word too, much later, of a silversmith, one Demetrius, who objected to the preaching and teaching of Paul, that there was no God that was made with hands, on the score that it was disastrous to his business prospects, as he wrought and sold silver shrines for the goddess Diana. We read he called his fellow-craftsmen together and stated his views, and the whole city was filled with confusion. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," the mob cried. For about two hours the mob kept up this cry in the great theatre in which the assembly was held, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians;" till, at last, the town-clerk appeased the people, and spoke to them and dismissed them.

As we call these things to mind, this profusion of jewellery and gold scintillating through the centuries and the distance—kings taking off their rings and giving them to those they chose to invest with authority; victors casting down their thousands of ear-rings taken from vanquished enemies; Queens Vashti and Esther, almond-eyed, full-lipped, and of infinite

grace, doubtless, arrayed in sumptuous apparel and wearing royal crowns; other beautiful women with chains, bracelets and ear-rings—sometimes, perhaps, with Egyptian hieroglyphics on them, sometimes with magic gravings, such as Rebekah, Rachel, Abigail, Bathsheba, the daughters of Job, than whom no others were so fair in all the land; merchants selling precious stones in Oriental fairs; Job's friends and relatives bringing him ear-rings; the wedges and vessels, the shields and targets of gold; the golden thrones and sceptres; the glitter of rubies and other gems, not to count the jewellery borrowed of the Egyptians; apples of gold in pictures of silver, as it were:—as we call these things to mind we must feel we have seen in the sacred

writings more than the splendour of the Arabian Thousand and One Nights. And as we close the sacred volume, when we have looked upon the last page with its presentment of the golden city with golden streets, jasper walls and gates of pearl, lighted as clear as crystal by the glory of God, it is as though we, too, had seen somewhat of that which St. John saw as he stood by the side of the pure river of the water of life.

SARAH WILSON.



Ashurbanipal, King of Assyria, B.C. 667-647 (time of Manasseh) enthroned and crowned, and wearing ear-rings, necklace, bracelets, and armlets. (Slab in British Museum.)

## A VACANT PLACE.

"It is very mournful, yet not useless, to see and know how the greatest and dearest in a short while would find his place quite filled up here, and no room for him."—CARLYLE.



I.  
HERE is nothing wrong with your eyes," said Dr. Westby abruptly to the timid little woman who had just been ushered into his consulting-room. She smiled faintly, and said—

"No, sir."

"Then, my dear child——"

said the great oculist: and he stretched out his hand towards the door, at the other side of which half-a-score of anxious mortals were waiting. But this slight little creature stood her ground womanfully.

"It is about my mother that I want to speak, sir. She can't come herself; and I want to know if you would be so good as to come to her, and what it would cost?"

Dr. Westby smiled, in spite of his impatience.

"I always charge my patients exactly what I think they can afford," he said; "so that is disposed of. What is the matter with your mother?"

"Cataract."

"Write your address here, and I will come the first day I possibly can."

She wrote a few words rapidly and firmly, and went away; and the next in order entered the consulting-room.

In the course of the evening he remembered her visit, and thought of looking in the address-book. It was out of consideration that he had allowed her to write in it herself. Being a keen observer of details, he had noticed that her face and speech were superior to her clothes, and, conjecturing that also her soul might be superior to her surroundings, he had wished to spare her the pain of naming them. The sight of her handwriting made him feel glad that he had done so. The entry informed him that her name was Smith, and that she lived in the Bowery; but the writing might have been that of a refined and well-educated lady. He looked at it side by side with an invitation which he had just received from a great house in Fifth Avenue, and decided that the latter was but a characterless scrawl compared with the clear, delicate caligraphy of little Miss Smith. Then he wrote to accept the invitation, and thought no more about the matter for that time.

The first day that came to him with a spare hour in it, he kept his promise, and set forth in an unaccustomed direction. He did not drive straight to the house where Mrs. Smith and her daughter lodged, but left his carriage at some little distance, and reached the given number on foot. He did not want to set the neighbourhood staring at these poor people, as he would inevitably have done had he arrived in state.

He was directed to a third-floor room, neat and clean, furnished with two small beds, disguised

during the daytime as lounges; a chest of drawers near a curtained corner, which might be supposed to contain toilet appliances; a large table, two upright chairs, and one arm-chair, in which sat Mrs. Smith, nursing a cat—the only amusement left to her in her state of darkness. There was a number of shelves and pegs on the walls, the former containing large mysterious cardboard boxes, the latter supporting gowns in various stages of development. The table was littered with material in process of cutting-out, and the girl who had invaded his consulting-room was working at a sewing-machine.

It seemed to him that she looked quite different here, divested of her ill-fitting jacket and dowdy hat. He had seen before that she was very young, but he could see now also that she was pretty. That soft wavy hair about her forehead made all the difference in the world; and she had no "bang," which he observed as a distinct sign of superior character. Her simply-made dark gown fitted a neat little figure closely and well, and her linen collar was as perfect in its way as his own.

She rose to greet him with a beaming face. Here, in her own home, such as it was, she was less shy, more confident, but still diffident and deferential to a degree quite unusual among girls of her class. Dr. Westby, however, had no time to waste in the contemplation of trifles, and he gave his attention immediately to Mrs. Smith's eyes.

"You have called me in just at the right moment," he said, turning back to her daughter. "The cataract is exactly ripe for operation."

"Then no time has been wasted?" said the girl eagerly. "I am so glad!"

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Had you heard of me only last week?"

"Oh no," she said. "I have known about you for ever so long, but I—I was not able to go for you sooner."

"Why not?"

"I'll tell you, sir," put in the blind mother; "Emmie won't tell you herself. She's a good daughter, she is, and her days should be long in the land if she gets her dues. 'We won't run any risks, mother,' said she. 'If you have an operation, it must be done by the very best eye-doctor in New York, and for that we must have money.' And for six months she slaved nearly double hours at her dress-making, until she had fifty dollars saved and put by; and then she went to fetch you, brave an' independent. That's what Emmie did."

Only the day before, Dr. Westby had received five hundred dollars for just such an operation; but not the faintest trace of amusement was visible in the grave lines about his mouth—indeed, he felt none. His knowledge of the poor had hitherto come entirely from hospital experiences. He knew nothing of them in their own homes, so that the present



interview was a revelation to him; and this supreme trust in the efficacy of fifty dollars seemed to him something like a touch of tragedy. He had as little wish to take the girl's savings as to snatch a crust from her plate, but he felt that to speak just then of

this place plaguing my Emmie. There's a dozen of 'em in love with her—you need not try to shut me up, Emmie: it's a fact. And it's easier for her to keep them at the other side of the door while she has her old mother here to do dragon, if she can do nothing else."



"She rose to greet him with a beaming face."—p. 584.

refusing a fee would be in every way an offence against good taste.

"You did not think of going into hospital?" he asked the old woman gently.

"No, sir, I didn't; nor I won't," she said, with sudden patches of faint colour showing in her faded cheeks, and her voice trembling a little. "I ain't going to leave Emmie."

"No, of course not," said Emmie soothingly. "Mother never likes to have anyone around doing things for her but me."

"It isn't only that," said Mrs. Smith, "and she knows it. I don't want any of the louts that live in

"Oh, mother! the doctor doesn't want to know about these things; and there is no one in love with me, indeed," murmured Emmie, in great distress.

"That's the first lie I ever heard you tell," said her mother; "and I hope it will be the last.—I don't want to trouble you, sir, about our affairs, but I thought right to give you a good reason for not taking your advice."

"Oh, I wasn't advising, I assure you," said Dr. Westby quietly. "I merely asked. I shall be very glad to attend you here in your own home, if you prefer it; but as I expect the operation to be a grand success, you must run no risk of disappointment, and

therefore you must allow me to arrange everything as I think best."

"I'm willing. I'm not an obstreperous one," said Mrs. Smith; and Emmie, who had a clearer idea of the doctor's meaning, uttered a few deprecating words, and blushed rosily; but he was not to be put off.

He saw the lodging-house woman, and engaged a second room on the same floor; a trained nurse arrived next day, and later on a supply of wine, game, and fruit, sufficient to provision a garrison. In this way he arranged things as he thought best, and entirely to his own satisfaction.

## II.

"Ah, Dr. Westby at last! I was afraid you meant to disappoint me, after all; and you must know you are the lion of the evening. I have a host of learned men here on purpose to meet you. There are three poets eager to claim you as a brother on the score of 'Wandering Minstrelsy'; quite a dozen novelists ready to tar your eyes out with jealousy of 'A Simple Maid's' success; and a select coterie of scientific men, who ask only to see the author of 'Modern Optics,' and die. You are a deservedly fortunate man!"

"You flatter me," said Dr. Westby, meeting the gushing welcome of his hostess with his habitual grave smile, but feeling by no means so indifferent to the flattery as he looked.

There was really nothing of the charlatan about him, but it would be unreasonable to suppose that he did not act with the idea of increasing his fame and popularity in giving to the world simultaneously three such entirely different works as this complacent lady mentioned. His novel had been written some time ago, and his poems were the accumulated thoughts of years, but he had kept both back until the completion of his great scientific work, in order that all should appear together, and place him at once on a pinnacle beyond the reach of those less fortunate beings who could only do one thing at a time—or, at the most, two. Having made his arrangements to this effect with absolute deliberation, he now, in the depths of his own heart, called the proceeding a tricky advertisement, and felt profoundly disgusted with the bad taste of it.

Fortunately, however, no one else seemed to view the matter in this light. Compliments were showered on him. Literary men, to whom he had long looked up as his superiors in art, treated him frankly as an honoured equal; professional men, of wider experience and deeper learning than his own, received his scientific opinions with respect; mothers with marriageable daughters paid court to him, and the daughters themselves smiled kindly. He was famous.

He had not a great deal more vanity than the generality of mankind, but he had quite as much; and, in spite of his misgivings, his grand triumph was very pleasant to him. Only one thing was wanted to crown it, and that one he had some idea of securing on the spot.

Cicely Mellicott was standing only a few yards off, surrounded by admirers innumerable, but keeping

persistently close to the side of her chaperon, waiting, as he hoped, for him. She was not only one of the most beautiful girls in the city, but one of the richest too; and she was also clever and well bred—altogether exactly the kind of wife that Dr. Westby wanted, and perhaps modestly felt that he deserved.

He thought—no doubt with some justice—that he was choosing a good moment to approach her. If the world was not at his feet, at least that little corner of it in which his interests and hers were bound up had assumed a very respectful attitude towards him; and he knew that Cicely was not without the last infirmity of noble minds.

Perhaps if he had loved her more passionately he would have preferred to stand before her without the aid of those very accessories which smoothed his way; he might even have been guilty of the extreme folly of wishing himself obscure and unknown, so that he might be quite sure she loved him for himself alone; but he stood proudly superior to such foolishness and sentimentality, and questioned very little as to the share which the opinions of others might have in winning her for him.

Yet it was a marriage of affection as well as of convenience that he was planning; and it was with a pang of disappointment and chagrin that he saw his chosen fair move away with one of her attendant swains just as he approached the party.

He turned to her aunt, Mrs. Greenwood, and cut short a profusion of congratulatory speeches, asking in a low voice—

"Why does Miss Mellicott avoid me?"

Mrs. Greenwood took his arm unasked, and led him away, ostensibly to get her an ice.

"My dear Dr. Westby," she whispered significantly, "you may be a wonderfully clever man, but you don't understand women."

"So far am I from being wonderfully clever that I must ask you to explain yourself," he said, in not the friendliest of tones.

She gave an uncomfortable laugh, and began to fidget and fiddle with her great black fan.

"You have evidently never made the discovery that it is not in woman's nature to march straight to the point, as you do."

"I am discovering it now," he said, "and also the truth of the saying that 'Example is better than precept.'"

She glanced sharply at him, and he added suavely—  
"After what you have just said, you can hardly blame me for falling in with your ideas."

"Possibly not," said she; "but if you want your question answered you had better treat my grey hairs with respect."

"I shall certainly do so, Mrs. Greenwood—when I see them. But you will not, surely, require me to wait until then for an answer?"

She laughed good-humouredly, and began to look more confident.

"I know you are dying to say that my dearest foe could not accuse me of inconsistency with my theory; only you are afraid to be too impertinent, even though lions are privileged in that respect. However, my remark was made more with regard to Cicely than

myself: and, if you were not the densest of lions, would require no explanation."

"I fear that bad eminence is mine. Pray go on—if, indeed, you have begun."

"They are the best friends who chaff each other, are they not? But now I am going to talk seriously, and you must not take that as a sign of enmity. Do you know Cicely so little that you expect her to rush at you, and load you with compliments, like the rest of the people? You have not overwhelmed us with attention lately—oh yes, I know you are a busy man, but still— Then to-night you arrive late, when some of the guests are already leaving, and yet you feel injured because the child shows a proper spirit, and keeps you at a distance. Well, there is no other man whom I would treat so frankly, but I know you care for her, and I do not mind telling you for your comfort that I am quite sure she would have greeted you like the rest if she had no other feeling for you than one of indifference."

"You are very kind," he said coldly; "but I do not think such speculations are fair to Miss Mellicott. I merely thought that you might be able to point out to me some definite offence of which I had unconsciously been guilty."

Mrs. Greenwood was prevented from having the last word by their hostess, who came to carry off her lion to fresh fields and pastures new. She could not afford to give Mrs. Greenwood a monopoly of him.

"Who is that youth talking to Miss Mellicott?" he asked, as they moved away together.

"Oh, don't you know?" she said. "That is a person of some consequence among our beauties: a young English viscount. Between ourselves, I think he looks rather silly, don't you?"

"Well, rather. But then, so many of us look to be even greater fools than we are. Is this gentleman a favourite with Mrs. Greenwood and her niece?"

"All society knows there is a still greater favourite," she answered, with a meaning glance; "but for holding in reserve, a lordling is not to be despised."

"Oh, the divine charity of women!" murmured Dr. Westby. But the bitter little remark chimed in only too exactly with his own opinion of Cicely's aunt.

### III.

A FEW weeks after that, it happened that Dr. Westby paid a visit to the Smiths a little later in the day than usual, and he found the mother and daughter sitting at their small tea-table in all the comfort of simplicity. He was very tired, their tea was excellent, and he sat down and joined them, to their infinite delight.

He knew that he was pleasing them, but not how much. His natural modesty, although it did not cause him to disclaim the homage of his social equals, was still sufficiently great to blind him to the fact that these two poor women regarded him with a most extravagant measure of hero-worship. He would have laughed incredulously had anyone told him that the chair he sat on and the cup he drank from would henceforth be held as sacred objects, and that all future tea-drinkings at the Smiths' would be as mystic rites performed in his honour rather than

necessary meals taken for their own sustenance; yet such statements would not have been very far from the truth. Mrs. Smith's cure was now complete, and her gratitude was boundless; and as for Emmie, if this great man had saved her own life as well as her mother's sight, her feelings of devotion could not have been more intense.

"This is my last professional visit," he said, as he rose to go away; "but if you will let me come to see you sometimes as a friend, I shall be very glad."

"Oh, you will come again?" asked Emmie, with a little gasp. "Perhaps you would even come in some other evening, and have tea with us?"

"Most gladly, indeed. One does not get such tea as this every day."

Mrs. Smith instantly favoured him with some precepts of her grandmother's on the subject of tea-making, which, she said, entirely accounted for her own proficiency in the art. When she had quite finished, Emmie put in a little word:—"Every evening a place shall be set for you. We shall always be ready; always expecting you." And her eyes shone strangely as he took her hand, and promised that he would come.

Dr. Westby had not proposed to Cicely Mellicott, after all. Not that he had given up all intention of making her his wife; but he was a prudent man, and Mrs. Greenwood's remarks had disturbed him. That astute lady had been just a little too managing, and she had shown her cards too plainly. Her game was clearly exposed to Dr. Westby, and he was not a man to allow himself to be played for with impunity.

Mrs. Greenwood wished him to marry her niece, but she was anxious that he should declare his intentions at once, because it was just possible that he might not be serious, and in that case no time was to be lost about securing the delectable young Englishman. Naturally, Mrs. Greenwood's scheming was nothing in the world to him, but the chance that Cicely might lend herself to such a game was much. Perhaps, again, if he had loved her very passionately his prudence would have been less; but as it was, he felt no inclination to run the risk of taking to himself a wife who might in time develop into a likeness of her aunt. Going home that evening, he tried to fix his mind on Cicely's charms; but always there came between him and his chosen bride a vision of the little dressmaker's sweet face, and her shining eyes drew him on insensibly to a comparison of social humbug, as represented by Mrs. Greenwood, with retired simplicity, illustrated by the Smiths. He was a long way off from having his mind made up.

There were letters waiting for perusal when he reached home, and among them one that was to decide the question for Cicely and him.

It was a sad letter.

"Years ago," said the writer, "when I saved your life, I said you should repay me by coping to me if ever my sight were in danger. Little as I then expected it, that time has come. I can hardly see the words before me on this sheet of paper, and I doubt if you will be able to decipher them. But, dear old fellow, don't for a moment suppose that I mean to



"You must have been a long time away?"—p. 589.

hold you to your promise. It would not be very civil—possibly not true—to say that where others have failed you would not be likely to succeed; but here, in New Zealand, I am beyond your reach; and to leave a flourishing practice in New York for an infinitesimal chance of mending me, would be a degree of Quixotism of which, I am sure, your own good sense will at once show you the absurdity. It is just because the thing is so completely out of the question that I am talking unreservedly to you about it. I wish I were like you, without wife or child depending on me; the coming helplessness would not then be so hard to bear."

This pitiful story came from his oldest friend, a professional brother, who had once in their student days nursed him through a dangerous fever, when his life had been despaired of by all his other attendants. Dr. Westby did not hesitate for a moment. He sent in hot haste for the young practitioner who had been in the habit of taking charge of his patients during a few occasional short absences.

"Your chance has come, Robertson," he said, smiling pleasantly. "I am going away for at least a year; perhaps longer. You have nothing to do but to step into my shoes. I suppose it will depend on yourself whether you have to step out of them again or to keep them on for good."

The younger man flushed with pleasure. This was just such a chance as he had been longing for. He felt very happy, and even grateful—temporarily.

"You will have to explain matters for me," Dr. Westby went on; "for I find I must start in twelve hours if I would catch the next Australasian mail from Frisco. Come into the surgery, and help me to leave the books as straight as I can for you in the time."

When Dr. Robertson had gone, he sat down to write a note of farewell to Cicely. There was very little in it but a short explanation of his sudden disappearance, and the question, "Might he hope to be remembered?" He made no effort to bind her to him even then.



"If she loves me," he thought, "she will wait for me. If she does not, we are both saved much future unhappiness."

Then he lay down to snatch an hour's sleep before it should be time to start; but in all the hurry of preparation he never gave a thought to little Emmie.

## IV.

NEARLY two years passed before Dr. Westby saw New York again. He arrived unexpectedly, and felt a little hurt that Robertson should appear rather more surprised than glad to see him.

"I have cured my patient in New Zealand," he said; "and as to the future—events must decide it for me. Can you dine with me this evening, Robertson? I have a great many questions to ask you."

Robertson could not. He was bound to honour with his presence a large and fashionable assembly, and could only suggest that Dr. Westby should accompany him. Westby agreed, feeling not a little amused at the idea of going among his own old set, under Robertson's wing, to a house to which, two years ago, Robertson would have had about as much chance of an invitation as the cabman who drove them.

"I suppose," he said, "it is going to be a big crush affair, so I shall not be observed in the crowd; and I want you, like a good fellow, not to mention my name too distinctly. I have a fancy to try how many of my old friends will recognise me without assistance, in spite of my beard."

"All right," said Robertson. "Your beard has certainly altered you immensely, and I daresay you will be able to act the prince in disguise entirely to your satisfaction."

It happened that one of the first persons with whom Dr. Westby had an opportunity of conversing at the reception was the lady at whose house he had met Mrs. Greenwood and her niece on a memorable evening in the past. He addressed her as an old acquaintance, but although her courtesy did not allow her to make a deliberate betrayal of her ignorance, it was soon plain to him that she had not the least idea of his identity.

Dr. Robertson was mentioned, and he asked her tentatively if that young man was considered to be as good an oculist as his predecessor.

"I know that he is very much the fashion," she answered; "but I am really not quite clear as to who his predecessor was."

"Dr. Westby?" he answered, feeling very like a sneak and a spy as he pronounced his own name.

"Oh yes, of course! He died, or something, didn't he? But was there anything particularly remarkable about him? I don't exactly remember."

"He had a good name in his profession, and some little reputation as a writer, I believe," he answered, recollecting, as clearly as though they had been spoken an hour before, the words of flattery and adulation with which she had received him at that other assembly only two years ago.

"Really? What are his books? I forget completely."

Dr. Westby told her the names of his own books,

and felt thankful that his newly acquired whiskers helped to hide his blushes.

"Dear me!" she said thoughtfully; "I am so glad I asked you; because, do you know, I actually had got into my head an idea that it was Dr. Robertson who wrote 'Modern Optics'? And I might have made a stupid display of my ignorance to some professional swell. As for the novel and the poems, one cannot reasonably be expected to remember anything about light literature that came into being such a long time ago."

"I suppose not," said Dr. Westby. "Is not that Mrs. Greenwood over there? Is her niece here this evening?"

"Which niece?"

"Miss Cicely Mellicott."

"Oh, you mean Lady Montrevor. I had almost forgotten that Mrs. Greenwood was related to her. The Montrevors were here for a short time about six months ago, but they have lived for the most part in England since their marriage."

"And when did that take place?"

"Nearly two years ago—perhaps not quite so long since. But, dear me! this is like talking to Rip Van Winkle. You must have been a long time away from New York!"

"Yes," he said; "I have been in New Zealand for two years; and I find a good many changes—small and unimportant, no doubt, but still changes, and not altogether easy to be realised."

He thought he would go away without waiting for Robertson. As he made his way towards the door, a few former acquaintances addressed him, and at first he felt glad to think he was not quite forgotten; but the comfort was short-lived. One man said—

"How do, Westby? Been away for a month or so, ruralising, haven't you? How on earth did you manage to grow such a respectable beard in the time?"

And this was the only one who, having by chance a keen eye for faces, recognised him through his hirsute disguise. Another mistook him for a celebrated African explorer, and began to make depreciatory remarks about Mr. Stanley; and another mystified him completely by allusions to some pending law case of which he had never heard before.

All the next day he shut himself up, and thought things over; and when evening came he had almost made up his mind to go back to his friend in New Zealand, and stay there.

But another experiment remained to be made. He went out in the gathering twilight, and took the old familiar turnings in the direction of the Bowery. He wondered if the Smiths had left their old lodging. He wondered if Emmie had taken on the hue of her surroundings as she grew older, and if she had married one of the numerous lovers of whom Mrs. Smith had spoken so contemptuously. He tried to persuade himself that was what must inevitably have happened; and the more he argued against himself, resisting the persuasion, the more he felt inclined to laugh cynically at his own interest in the question.

Well, he was at their door, and he would soon know all about it.

Yes, they were still living there ; and he went up to the old room, and tapped at the door.

Emmie's clear voice answered, "Come in" ; and as he entered, he heard a quivering *sotto voce* remark from her mother to the effect that some folks didn't know when to stay at home.

The light was too dim for them to see more than that their visitor was a tall man ; but he spoke, and then no light was needed to tell them who he was. Mrs. Smith clasped both his hands, wept over them, dried her tears, and assured him with the utmost cheerfulness that she had firmly believed him to be dead. But he understood it all, and the old woman's welcome came to him like waters in the desert.

Emmie had not moved. She was leaning against her mother's chair, white and trembling, and feeling thankful for the darkness.

After all, perhaps it was only the mother who cared. Emmie had no welcome for him ; and it was with a sigh of disappointment that he turned to her.

"Light the lamp, Emmie," said Mrs. Smith. "The doctor will take tea with us once again."

And when the lamp was placed on the table, which was already laid, Westby noticed that a third place was set, and wondered if it was for one of the lovers, countenanced at last by Mrs. Smith.

"I shall be in the way," he said. "You are expecting someone."

Emmie's glance followed his to that third place at the table.

"Yes," she said ; "we have been expecting you for two years, and we have been always ready."

Then he looked into her bright honest eyes, that shone just as he had seen them shine before—and he understood.

An hour later he said "Good-bye !" to Mrs. Smith, and Emmie came, as she had done once or twice long ago, to open the front door for him, and say a last word. A Bowery doorstep is not a romantic spot, but the moonlight flooded it impartially, and showed clearly to each other the faces of the two who stood there.

"If you had met me in the street, Emmie, would you have known me, notwithstanding my beard ?" he asked.

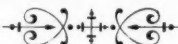
"Oh yes ! I should have known you anywhere."

"After all," said he, "it is not so very long since I went away ; and yet I was quite forgotten—not missed, nor wanted by anyone—except by you."

"Oh, always by—us," she said, and looked up at him in the clear, pale light.

He held out his hand—not exactly as he had ever held it out to her before ; and she laid hers in it with a prayer in her heart.

M. PENROSE.



## THE SIN OF LISTLESSNESS.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON G. R. WYNNE, D.D., CANON OF  
ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

"The years when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."—ECCLES. xii. 1.



THE Book of Ecclesiastes is a perplexing one. So long ago as the time of the forming of the Jewish Talmud we find disputes among the rabbis whether the book should be received as part of Holy Scripture. The Jewish Church decided that it was so, but that it was better that the young should not read it. Did they

fear that the young would get too sad and morbid a view of life from its gloomy pages ? There is no fear for the young from that source. They will not be made sad by a book, unless it be the passing sadness when a hero of fiction dies. These tears are soon dried. It is not from reading, but from living, that the young by degrees find their sky becoming overcast. Long may it be bright for them ! Long may health and happiness be theirs, all made the brighter by the blessing of God ! Guard the young, you who have the care of them, from sadness as long as you can. Show that your faith makes you happy. Do not make your moan before them. Do not say things

to damp their ardour or to cloud their skies. Give them time to be happy ; leave it to the years to introduce them to sorrow.

In the Book of Ecclesiastes the saddest phrase, perhaps, is that which tells of years "when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." The writer was primarily alluding to old age ; but middle life and even earlier years may, in many cases, be so described. Perhaps some of us have days when we say, "I have no pleasure in them." They may be only occasional days—days when the east wind blows, or when we happen to be lonely, or when our nerves are unstrung, or when we have had bad news or disappointments, or when we see quarrels going on which we cannot reconcile.

But it is likely this writer was referring to a more permanent state than this. There are not a few now, and perhaps there have always been some, who have lost too soon all zest in life, and who find the power of enjoyment rapidly declining. Let me suppose that they are persons to whom the truths of religion are of great importance, who have long trusted in the Lord, and tried to live prayerful and useful lives : for I do not speak of persons whose

lives have been utterly careless or given up to self-indulgence. By some strange combination of circumstances, inward and outward, they seem to grow weary and dissatisfied. They read their Bible with reluctance; they pray without fervour, or desire, or faith. They never are lifted up by genuinely thankful thoughts. They feel a growing indifference to the progress of the Gospel and to religious effort. And at the same time their own spiritual state becomes clouded. Doubts visit them more frequently; they may even take little healthy pleasure in friendships, and become indifferent to society. They think, What a weariness is this daily round of eating, sleeping, working, visiting, resting! To summon up their energies for earnest effort and to throw their hearts into it seems impossible. And this is not a question exclusively of age. You will see men and women of eighty full of vigour, interest, and power of work. You will see others of thirty or forty complaining already that pleasure is gone out of life, that "the grasshopper is a burden," and that all they care for is a sunny day, a quiet corner, and an interesting magazine. And still they scorn themselves for having fallen back on merely physical comforts for any pleasure they have.

This unwholesome state generally has lying at the root of it bodily weakness. The effort should be made, under good advice, to brace up the nervous system, and live a strictly healthy and temperate life, and get change of scene, if possible. But it is a mistake to suppose that bodily causes are always at the root of this apathetic and heartless state. You will find men and women whose health is good suffering from it at times, and no change of scene does them good. "I have no pleasure," they say, "in living: no strong feeling about anything." There are many who owe this state of apathy to too much brooding on painful social questions, too much reading of unbelieving literature, too much pondering in secret over the insoluble questions of our human life.

Listlessness is often the offspring of uncertainty about faith or about duty. "What is the good of effort, when I do not know for certain whether the cause for which I work is really true? I observe endless efforts made to win the world for Christ, and they seem to be made in vain. I find the Church hopelessly split up into factions. I observe sin wielding much more power than holiness, drink a stronger lever to move men than the Bible; and the characters of professing Christians I find full of self-seeking and littleness."

I shall not spend more time in describing the state of pleasureless indifference or morbid sadness which is a real fact in these days, though it is often hidden by a forced smile and hollow levity of talk.

But I am sure it is the duty of preachers and writers to recognise that this tone of mingled pessimism and apathy is not an uncommon one, and to suggest some ways by which it may, as a

spiritual disease, be healed. Can you not imagine how our Lord Christ would have met such a person, and said, with that brave and earnest voice of His, "I charge thee, thou gloomy and morbid spirit, come out of the man!"

Now, what should be done if any person prematurely comes to say, "The days have arrived when I say, I have no pleasure in them"?

First of all, let it be well noted that to indulge and permit willingly this habit of mind to become fixed is unquestionably to *commit sin*. One of the so-called seven deadly sins noted in the Middle Ages was of this kind. They called it *sloth*, but it was the sloth of spirit, springing from such causes as unbelief, prayerlessness, or discontent with one's lot, and leading to inactive sadness, apathy, and unhelpful indifference.

And now for some remedies. It is well for any tempted to this state to begin the day with a mental tonic like this:—

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice."

These wholesome words of Bishop Ken's may well meet us every morning, and help to give a tone to the day.

The will must not consent to be apathetic. It is a sin to yield to apathy. Can we conceive Jesus Christ without feeling pleasure in good and pain in evil? It is impossible. Then, having made up your mind not to give way willingly to this sin, brace yourself by such bodily acts as shall give tone to the system, to the skin, nerves, and brain. Avoid all forms of luxurious ease and dependence on stimulants and narcotics. Then, with an effort to lift up the heart in prayer, set yourself to see the bright side of things. Instead of wearily thinking of the Church's failings, fix your mind on its successes. How steady a growth of energy is being shown in all directions! No form of misery is known which some kind hand is not stretched out to relieve. Think of the growth of the missionary spirit in the nineteenth century, of the vast increase of the numbers of Christian workers. Choose your reading on a plan. Read the lives of men of energy, who have risen from little to great: who, though few or feeble, have brought about great reforms. Read of heroes in English history—heroes of discovery, heroes of philanthropy, heroes of the faith. Throw aside sentimental and sensational books and morbid poetry. Read science, read history; above everything, read the Bible, and obey it.

Bear in mind that there must always, from the nature of things, be a number of questions about religious truth and God's ways in Providence which anyone can ask, and no one can answer. But remember that none of these overthrow the proofs or evidences that Christ's religion is a fact, a truth. For example, if you cannot understand why God should not at once answer your prayer to restore a sick

child, say, "I must submit; I am not competent to judge His wise and secret ways." These difficulties do not overthrow the historical evidence that Christ rose from the dead, and that many witnesses laid down their lives for their testimony to His miracles, death, and resurrection.

And there are further wholesome counsels. Think of others. It may make you sad to see others suffer in a far more real way than you do, but that keen sadness is itself a better thing than your apathy. And if this sadness drives you to *work* for others, it has done you good. If you hear of children neglected or ill-treated, say, "Here is a call for me to do something for some neglected child." If you hear of back streets and filthy garrets where life is in danger from foul air and want of sanitary arrangements, rise up and do something, at least for one person. You may begin on a small scale; but do not despise the small effort. You will do good to someone else, and certainly you will do good to yourself. Instead of saying, "Another dreary afternoon!" and sitting at your window with your chin in your hand, watching the dull twilight die away, go out, taking a gift with you, and visit someone who is equally sad, and with much better cause than you, and cheer him up a little.

There are many other things which help to chase away this irreligious spirit of listlessness. Let me mention but two. Seek the company of *children*. "Trailing clouds of glory do they come from God, who is their home." The freshness of their spirits is infectious. Their eager engrossment in their actual surroundings, however trifling, is wholesome. If they enjoy the present moment, and take no thought for the morrow, are they not nearer to Christ than you? Anyhow, their healthy spirit often acts like a charm on the morbid. And if you go a step further, and actively minister to the happiness of children at your own fireside and elsewhere, you will be both doing and receiving good. Instead of sitting in your arm-chair, looking

into the fire and brooding over your want of pleasure, give them pleasure by reading stories to them or making things for them. Give up your time and strength to them now and then. You don't know how much good it will do to devote an hour each evening to children.

And again, make friends with *Nature*. Possibly the warm sunshine on a sheltered bank may be the one thing you do still truly enjoy. Sunshine is dear to everyone, even to the apathetic. But consider what sunshine is doing for the world. Study the habits of plants, which owe their existence to God's sunshine as His instrument. Cultivate the closest friendship you can with birds and flowers, with rocks and sand, with sea and clouds. Continually observe Nature, and associate Nature with its Maker, your Saviour, your Master, your God.

And lastly, look up and look forward. "Passing away" is written on every earthly thing. But these are passing that those things which are eternal may remain. The scaffolding is being taken down, but the temple will stand. The generations which have gone by have left each one its mark. Men have lived and loved, struggled, hoped, and trusted, and laid down their lives. You now take your part in the long procession, but it is not an aimless procession, leading to nowhere. It is making its way towards "the one sublime event to which the whole creation moves." Christ is gathering out of this strange perplexing world a great family to set forth His eternal praise, to enjoy with a keenness beyond conception Himself, His Father, His Kingdom, and His works. And you should say, "Shall I cut myself off from that bright hope, by miserably yielding to temptation to caring for nothing earthly or heavenly? Shall I not rouse myself and resolve to be brave and strong and useful now? and then at last, for the merits of the Redeemer, who with such intensity loved and lived for me, He may grant me to take some lowly place near His feet in that wondrous City of God?"



## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

### INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

JUNE 17TH. THE WOES OF THE DRUNKARD.

To read—*Proverbs xxiii. 29—35. Golden Text—*  
*ver. 31.*

**I**NTRODUCTION. Lessons for last half-year have shown the spread of sin. Disobedience to God in Paradise punished by expulsion; widespread forsaking God followed by the flood; later on Pharaoh's defying God caused plagues of Egypt and the king's destruction in Red Sea. One sin very common in all lands at all times is the sin of drunkenness. It also must be punished. This the lesson to-day.

#### I. EXCESS OF WINE. (29—31.) Notice:

Who are the persons here condemned?

Those who go on drinking wine too long.

Those who mix it with myrrh and spices, to make it stronger, instead of with water to weaken it.

Such strong wine is not even to be looked at.

Nor must it be poured out freely like water.

For wine was intended by God as a blessing.

Was used as a drink from the earliest times. (Gen. ix. 21.)

Was drunk at feasts. (Isaiah v. 12; St. John ii. 3.)



Was used as a drink-offering in worship of God.  
(Ex. xxix. 40.)

With corn denoted temporal blessing. (Ps. iv. 7.)

Given in plenty to the Jews when obedient.  
(Zech. ix. 17.)

Taken away as a punishment. (Is. xxiv. 7.)

Said to cheer God and man. (Judges ix. 13.)

Used to illustrate Gospel blessings. (Is. xxv. 6.)

Made by Christ at marriage-feast. (St. John ii. 11.)

Why then denunciation of it in this passage?

Because of its use in excess—its awful abuse.

Its excess condemned all through the Bible.

See effects in ver. 29. Leads to woe and sorrow.

Causes quarrels, fights, wounds, and disorders.

Infuriates the temper (xx. 1); impairs health  
(Hos. iv. 11.)

Inflames the passions; leads away from God.  
(Is. v. 12.)

Therefore drunkenness condemned as terrible sin.

No drunkards enter God's Kingdom. (Gal. v. 21.)

II. PAINFUL RESULTS. (32—35.) Too much  
drink brings disaster both to body and soul.

Body feels as if bitten by a deadly serpent.

The man is inclined to other sins of the flesh.

He rolls about unsteadily, like those at sea.

He talks foolishly and wickedly when tipsy.

Yet when awake he seeks drink again.

LESSONS. 1. God's gifts abused lead to sin.

2. Refrain thy feet from every such evil way.

3. Cultivate the opposite virtues of temperance,  
sobriety, and chastity.

4. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see  
God.

#### JUNE 24TH. REVIEW OF QUARTER'S LESSONS.

*Golden Text—Deut. xxxii. 2.*

INTRODUCTION. Have had three lives this  
quarter—viz., Jacob, Joseph, and Moses. What  
have they taught us about God and ourselves?  
Golden text says that God's doctrine (or teaching)  
"shall drop as the rain." St. Peter tells us that "all  
Scripture is profitable for instruction in righteousness."  
The eleven lessons have been about Jacob's  
prayer before meeting Esau; Joseph hated and sold  
by his brethren, his forgiving them when ruler of  
Egypt; Moses' childhood and his deliverance of  
Israelites after the first Passover.

I. TRUTHS ABOUT GOD. 1. *His sovereignty.*

In bringing about Joseph's exaltation (xli. 40).

In making Israel enlarge under affliction (i. 12).

In destroying the Egyptians in the sea.

2. *His faithfulness.* In fulfilling Joseph's dreams.

In delivering Israelites from bondage.

3. *His justice.* In the punishment of Joseph's  
brethren for their cruelty to him.

In the plagues of Egypt—because in almost all  
the objects of idolatry were used for punishment.

In the overthrow of Pharaoh in the Red Sea.

4. *His mercy.* In hearing Jacob's prayer for help.

In subduing Esau's anger towards Jacob and turn-  
ing his heart towards him.

In sending seven years of plenty before famine.

In permitting Jacob to see Joseph again.

In providing for Jacob's family in Goshen.

In inclining heart of Princess to rescue Moses.

In looking on the affliction of the Israelites.

In sending Moses to them as a deliverer.

5. *His condescension.* In wrestling with Jacob  
under the form of an angel. (Gen. xxxii. 30, &c.)

In speaking to Moses at the burning bush.

II. TRUTHS ABOUT MAN. *From Jacob.*

Earnest prayer will receive an answer.

The blessing of reconciliation and brotherly love.  
(Ps. cxxxiii. 1.)

*From Joseph's brothers.* No sin can be hidden.

God will punish all sin sooner or later.

Conscience makes cowards of us all.

Evil is often overruled for good.

*From Joseph.* Let brotherly love continue.

I will not fear what man can do unto me.

In all thy ways acknowledge God, and He shall  
direct thy paths.

*From Moses.* Even a child is known by his  
doings.

Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord.

Before honour is humility.

*From the Israelites.* Whom the Lord loveth He  
chasteneth.

Man's extremity is God's opportunity.

*From the Passover.* The duty of household re-  
ligion.

Children are to be instructed in God's ways.

God's mercies are to be had in remembrance.

LESSON. Whatsoever things were written afore-  
time were written for our learning.

#### THIRD QUARTER, 1894. LESSONS FROM THE GOSPELS.

JULY 1. THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

*To read—St. Luke ii. 1—16. Golden Text—ver. 11.*

INTRODUCTION. Have had six months' lessons  
from Old Testament; now turn to the New. Has  
been well said that the "New Testament lies hid in  
the Old, and the Old is made clear by the New."  
Remind how coming of Christ was foretold in the Old  
Testament lessons. In Paradise God told of the  
"Seed of the woman" who should "bruise the  
serpent's head." To Abraham He gave the promise  
that in his seed "all nations should be blessed."  
Isaac—offered up—foretold in figure a suffering  
Saviour. Moses delivered Israel from their enemies,  
and now the time was come for the birth of the  
world's Saviour from sin and death.

I. JESUS BORN. (1—7.) *The time.*

Herod the Great—now old—King of Judaea.

Roman emperor had ordered universal census.

Each family to be registered in its own original  
city.

*The place.* Bethlehem, as prophesied by Micah.  
(Micah v. 2.)

A little village ten miles from Jerusalem.

Therefore Joseph moved there from Nazareth.

*The circumstances.* Joseph and Mary arrive at the wayside inn.

Crowded with people—no room for these poor and humble travellers.

They lodge in the stable, with cattle around.

Christ is born there at night and laid in a manger.

All is comfortless, mean, poor, and bare.

What a contrast to birth of an earthly prince !

No outward joy, ringing of bells, festivities.

But this Prince was to bring joy to whole world.

LESSONS. 1. *Christ poor*—poverty no disgrace.

2. *Christ lowly*—therefore can sympathise with such.

3. *Christ endured suffering*—learn contentment.

II. VISIT OF THE SHEPHERDS. (8—16.) Notice :

*The time.* Midnight. Shepherds watching sheep.

Same fields in which David kept his flocks.

Wild beasts to be feared as when he killed lion.

(1 Sam. xvii. 34.)

*The vision.* Suddenly a bright light appears.

Shepherds crouch together in great fear.

Angel in bright array comes near and speaks.

*The message.* Good news ; no need for fear.

God sends to them and all a message of peace.

God's Son is born—a Saviour, King, Deliverer.

He will be found in the manger-cave of the inn.

*The song.* The air suddenly all full of sound.

An angel chorus bursts out into praise.

Glory to God in the Highest for His love.

Peace and good-will on earth to His people.

*The journey.* Shepherds hasten to see the sight.

They find all true. They break out into praise.

LESSONS. Christ's coming affects us all.

1. *He is Saviour*—came to seek and save the lost.

Therefore lay burden of sin before Him for pardon.

2. *He brings peace.* Therefore live in love.

Love, joy, peace are marks of His disciples.

(Gal. v. 24.)

JULY 8TH. PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

To read—*St. Luke ii. 25—38. Golden Text—ver. 32.*

INTRODUCTION. Jesus was born of a Jewish mother, and must therefore undergo all ceremonies ordered by the Jewish law. When eight days old was circumcised in the Temple, and the name Jesus was given Him as revealed by God to Joseph. (St.

Matt. i. 21.) When forty days old He was brought to the Temple, according to Jewish custom, to be presented to the Lord as holy, being Mary's first-born son. This is the scene of to-day's lesson.

I. THE AGED SIMEON. (25—35.) Who was he ?

A devout man of God, living at Jerusalem.

Daily praying and watching for Christ to come.

Had received a special revelation from God.

His life should be spared till he saw Christ.

Led by the Spirit, he came to the Temple this day.

He sees the Holy Family : Joseph, Mary and the Babe.

He takes Christ in his arms and blesses God aloud.

He praises that he has seen the Saviour Christ.

He asks that he may now depart in peace.

He tells how Christ is for all people everywhere.

A light to bring the Gentiles out of darkness of ignorance and sin.

A glory to Israel in fulfilling the promises made to their fathers.

No wonder that Joseph and Mary were amazed.

They hardly realised yet the greatness of Jesus.

Then Simeon prophesied again to them.

Christ would bring many sons of Israel to glory.

But Mary must suffer in seeing Him suffer.

For He would be despised and rejected of men.

LESSONS. 1. *Early dedication* to God's service.

None too young to be blessed by Him.

2. *All are called* by Christ to His service.

Gentiles, Jews, and all are to come to Him to be saved.

II. THE AGED ANNA. Notice :

She was a prophetess—learned in God's Law.

Probably accustomed to teach it to others.

Now in old age could do no active work.

Could only pray and watch and worship in Temple.

Was present as usual this day in God's House.

Saw what was going on—heard Simeon's words.

Realised that this Babe was Christ—object of her hope.

At once goes and tells the glad news to all friends.

The Saviour has come—to set His people free.

LESSONS. Try and copy Anna in—

1. *Love* for God's House.

2. *Faith* in God's Word.

3. *Zeal* for the good of others.



## MRS. LEONARDS NURSES.



"WHO is that?"  
 "A friend."  
 "What friend? Your voice ain't like any o' my friends."

"But I am a friend; I am come to nurse you a bit."

"Oh, a nurse! That's why you wear those queer clothes."

"Not very queer, are they? Just a plain, useful uniform of black and white. And now, how are you to-day?"

"Very bad."

"Why, what is the matter? Tell me all about it! But first let me see what your temperature is."

"Eh! That ain't no good."

And the patient looks askance at the little clinical thermometer.

"Oh, yes; it is a great deal of good. Because if the heat of your body is higher than it ought to be, we can tell better how to act. Come, now, just let me put this under your tongue—it won't hurt you in the least."

So, with a little coaxing, the patient submits to have the bulb of the thermometer placed under her tongue.

"Is it—is it much wrong?" she asks, when presently it is removed and the nurse reads off the number of degrees.

"Well, not so good as it might be," says the nurse; "but you will soon get better. I shall bring you some nice nourishing things, and help to take care of you every day."

"Every day?" says the patient in surprise.

"Oh, yes; every day. I have to go round and see another patient in another court close by, so——"

"What yer doin' now?" interrupts the patient, as she sees the nurse writing something on a paper she has taken from her bag.

"I am writing down your temperature," replies nurse. "This paper we call a chart, and I shall put the temperature down every day, and other things too—such as what medicine and food you have; and the doctor——"

"Yes; the perrish doctor—he comes sometimes."

"Well, the doctor, he can write down his instructions and pass his remarks on the paper; so if I can't be here to see him, he can tell me about your case, you know, and can see what I have done."

"Oh, yes," says the patient feebly; "but the medicine don't seem to do no good."

"It will soon," says the nurse encouragingly. "Now let me see if I can wash you a little—you will feel so much better—and then we will have something nice to eat."

"I don't want to be washed," complains the patient.

"Yes—yes, just a little; I shan't upset you. Now,

have you got a bowl or basin?" and the nurse pauses and looks around.

"Oh, how you do worry!" means the patient. "No, I don't think we 'ave a basin."

"Anything that will hold water?" perseveres the nurse.

"I think there's an old cracked pie-dish somewhere."

"Well, that will do," says the nurse gaily. "Where I have just come from, I washed the baby in the half of an old butter-tub, and it did famously."

"Yus, the pore has to put up with a lot o' odd things," whines the patient.

A remark as to the comparative merits of crockery-ware and gin trembled on the nurse's lips, but she forbore. Just then her mission was to soothe and comfort; so she found the pie-dish, warmed some water over a neighbour's fire, and commenced to gently sponge and wash her patient.

The skilful ways of the nurse, acquired by thorough hospital training, caused the operation to be less irksome to the sufferer than she had feared, though it did not quite conquer her lurking aversion to soap and water all at once.

Much more appreciated was a warm little meal of beef-tea and bread which followed, and then, much



Talks of going to work again

refreshed, the patient wanted to know who the nurse was, whence she came, and who had sent her.

In a few words we may put the answer. She is one of the nurses of the London Bible and Domestic Mission, founded some years ago by the late Mrs.



THE LATE MRS. RANYARD.

(From a Photograph by W. and A. H. Fry, Brighton.)

Ranyard. At first the Mission only employed Bible-women, but in the course of their visits they found so many sadly sick persons with no one to attend to them, or with ignorant attendants only, that Mrs. Ranyard determined to introduce nursing among the operations of her mission. This branch of the work has now increased so much under the direction of Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Ranyard's niece, that there are about ninety-three nurses constantly at work, while their numbers gradually increase every year.

They overflow into the country, too—that is, into here and there a town or village in the counties near London—for there are close cottages, and poor, sickly persons, in picturesque Surrey hamlets, as in London slums. But London—large, densely crowded London—is the nurses' proper sphere; and into many a lowly place their skilful ministrations come like a burst of bright sunshine, cheering and reviving in its wholesome influence.

How ignorant the poor are! Yes; and so, no doubt, are some of the rich; but they have the money to provide nurses and attendants and medical advice for themselves, while the others have not; and a terrible price in pain and misery is sometimes paid because of ignorance.

There is a woman who dwelt with her husband in one of the tenements in a block of model buildings. She was standing near the fireplace one day, when, turning suddenly, her dress caught the projecting handle of a saucepan, and over dashed its scalding contents on the good woman's foot.

It was terribly scalded, and a huge blister arose as

if in protest of such unnatural treatment. Now comes in the ignorance. The woman's husband—whom the report describes, from the height of superior knowledge, as well-meaning but ignorant—pricked the blister with a needle. That rough-and-ready surgical instrument was apparently dirty, or the blood of the patient was not in a healthy condition; but apparently blood-poisoning supervened, and the poor woman had a dreadful time.

The nurse of the Mission found out the sufferer, and poulticed the foot with linseed-meal and oil. The patient refused to enter the hospital because she would have to leave her infant, and she had lost a child previously when she had been obliged to leave home; so she kept to her room.

"And I don't know what I should have done without nurse," she exclaims. "At night time! I used to think I should go mad with the weight of the clothes on my foot."

The nurse, however, had been quite equal to this emergency. Seizing the little basket-work chair of the child, she turned it triumphantly over the suffering foot, and there it was carefully protected. One shudders at the torture the poor creature must have suffered for want of that simple remedy. The scalding was bad enough, but the puncture with the dirty needle, and the absence of the simple "cradle"—as doctors and nurses call protectors for injured limbs—made the original hurt ten thousand times worse.

Glance we now into another room which gives us another glimpse of London's lowly life. Here is a boy-and-girl couple; you would never guess his business in life. At first your judgment might be hard, for it is broad daylight and he is sound asleep.

"Drunk last night," you will say.

Nay, nay; not so fast. He was out all last night, truly, but not drunk.

"After no good, I'll be bound."

On the contrary, he was engaged in a useful and lawful occupation. Have you ever thought, my dear sir or madam, how it is that often London streets present such a neat and tidy appearance in the morning?

I daresay you have not; but it is true, nevertheless, and it is due to the bands of night scavengers who are employed for the purpose. And this boy lying there fast asleep in broad daylight is a night scavenger; that is his work—a humble, but, under the circumstances, a useful occupation.

"He is just a child," says the elderly nurse; "and when he was ill last winter I used to kiss him like one of my own boys."

"You need to be very friendly to get on," says the nurse; and no doubt she is right, for genial sympathy is a key which will usually unlock every human heart.

Apparently she has that key, if one may judge from the manner in which the children crowd about her when she takes her walks abroad in her district.

Their greeting in words is queer; it generally consists of one word only—

"Hullo!"

But the manner in which it is uttered, the bright looks and friendly faces, and the actions of the young



assembly generally, speak more eloquently—as actions proverbially do—than mere words.

"I should like to be a nurse," exclaims some young woman. "How could I be one?"

We may imagine she is asking one of the staff. She has seen how much good these nurses are able to accomplish, and how much liked they often are, and she feels she would like to be one of them.

"Well," replies the nurse, "you must apply at the office—2, Adelphi Terrace—and you will receive a paper of questions, which you must answer."

"What kind of questions?"

"As to your age and occupation; if you are married or single; your reasons for applying for employment; your experience of Christian life and work; if you are strong and able to stand all weathers, walk well, and climb stairs; also if you are sound in the chest

with three of the nurses—a week with each; and each nurse has to answer a number of questions about you as to whether you have tact in dealing with others, whether you are sympathetic and kind, whether you mind dirty work, and whether you are neat and tidy.

"Then, if you show yourself willing to learn, and the answers are satisfactory, and you are definitely accepted for work, you are sent for a year to one of the general hospitals in London, then to a maternity hospital, and finally you are sent for some weeks with one of the nurses to learn district nursing.

"This last is very important, because in a hospital you have every convenience, but in a poor district you have to use makeshifts for all sorts of things."

"But you carry some things about with you?"

"Oh yes. Every nurse has to take a bag furnished by the Mission, and containing certain necessities; but we often have to manufacture things, so we must learn to be handy."

"I say! What a lot there is to learn!"

"Takes you about a year or fifteen months. Mrs. Selfe Leonard is determined to have really capable and efficient women."



"Hullo!"

and heart and back; if your eyesight and hearing are good; if you are a total abstainer—"

"Oh! what a lot of questions!"

"Yes, are there not? But not more than are necessary, I think. And, of course, you will have to say if you have had hospital training and other experience of sickness or nursing."

"Oh dear! it seems very difficult to be a nurse."

"Not so very difficult, if you really give your mind to it. Then you will probably have to see Mrs. Selfe Leonard, or the Hon. Miss Kinnaird, and if they accept you so far, you will have to go out for a week

"Of course, that is quite right. Then how do you manage about your districts?"

"We each live in our district, in our own apartments, easy of access to the parish doctor; and we are always supposed to be there unless we have permission to be away. A nurse costs, with her salary, uniform, and medical stores, more than a pound a week, and this sum is often partly or wholly guaranteed by a church—of whatever denomination—with which we

may work. Sometimes an independent person gives part of the salary—for, as you can see for yourself, to pay nearly a hundred nurses a pound a week soon runs into money."

"Yes, I should think so."

"We are not allowed to receive any gratuity or payment from a patient, nor to take any refreshment in a patient's house; but we may carry nourishment to our patients; and, of course, we must have some stores, and these come from the store-room at Adelphi Terrace, and are paid for by the Mission. So you see it must be an expensive business."

"And how long are you supposed to be at work?"

"About seven hours a day, to be divided either between morning and afternoon, or morning and evening. But Mrs. Leonard does not like us to take much night-work."

"She is the head, I suppose?"

"Oh yes; and we are called familiarly Mrs. Leonard's Nurses. One of our staff met a medical student at a case in South London, and he asked her who she was, and where she came from. She said she was one of Mrs. Leonard's Nurses, and his face brightened up at once, and he answered, 'Oh! we have two of Mrs. Leonard's Nurses working with us' (mentioning the hospital), 'and I should have sent one on here, only they are at a bad case.'

"Oh yes; Mrs. Leonard is our superintendent. Our reports go to her; and our lady visitors or local superintendents, they report to her at the headquarters also."

"You see various kinds of life among the poor, nurse?"

"Oh dear, yes. And not all are dull and depressing. There is one little family—they live in model dwellings—where the husband makes picture-frames, and overmantels, and imitation stained-glass blinds for the rooms, and has actually put on the electric light to the bed-room!

"He, it is easy to see, is a handy man and clever mechanic. Then, not far off, is another comfortable couple in a clean and neat dwelling. They are teetotalers, and, says the report, 'in consequence, have all they want.' But some of the rooms are dirty and disagreeable enough: and the drink and dirt appear to be in many cases most depressing."

"You meet with gratitude sometimes?" asks our would-be nurse again.

"Oh yes. There was a poor woman very ill with dropsy in one of our districts. Her name was given



SYMPATHY.

to our nurse by the curate of the church one Sunday after service. And so our nurse went.

"She found a fair-sized, neat room, where everything spoke of tolerable comfort, except the condition of the poor patient. She, poor thing, was enormously swollen with the dropsy, but her face looked thin and flushed and anxious. The people in the house had been afraid to touch her, and she had been neglected until the curate found her out and sent the nurse.

"'I did pray for you last night, nurse,' she said. 'I have seen you pass the window. Thank God for sending people like you to help the poor. I do feel so comfortable now. I am so grateful.'"

"Yes, and there was a very touching case I had," chimed in another nurse who had now joined the two, for they were approaching Parker Street, where a meeting of the nurses is held periodically. "A poor man in my district was ill for a long time with a dreadful, dreadful leg. And he and his wife did not like to send for me, because they were better-class people, but very poor. But at last the curate found them out, and told me of them, and I went and I had a sad time with them. He was so ill. His devoted wife thought he was going to die, and we all did, and his wife arranged every detail of his funeral, and then—what do you think? She took the influenza and died herself quite suddenly! Now the poor old man is getting on quite nicely, and talks of going to

work again. But I don't think he ever can do that, and I do not know what will become of him!"

Yet another case, which will further indicate the varied character of the nurses' work.

In a large room, on the top storey of a house in a respectable street, lies a tall woman on one side of a double bed, quite unable to stir. She is suffering from inflammation of the joints, and every jar and movement causes pain.

She is an intelligent woman, and, judging from her conversation, must have had a fairly good education. A niece lives with her, as also does her husband, and a little nephew whom they have adopted. For two years and three months has she been ill, and for weeks she has not been off the bed. Imagine the long, lonely, weary hours, she passes lying there!

The nurse comes in at times to attend to her back and limbs. Remembering that every movement causes pain, the nurse can only accomplish this treatment by very gently passing her hand beneath the patient and refreshing her body with a piece of lint soaked in carbolised oil.

"No one could be more gentle than nurse," says the patient, but there is still a deal of pain.

The doctor—who has a dispensary not very far distant, and often attends poor persons gratuitously—has placed the patient on a diet of fish, fruit, and nuts and forbidden all starchy foods. This diet cured a similar case, and he hopes it may at least reduce this patient's pain, a result which we trust has ere now been accomplished.

Sometimes the nurses perform other services for their poor clients than those strictly belonging to their vocation. One morning a nurse, visiting a patient she expected to find convalescent, discovered her sitting spiritless and dull, and coughing, by the bedside.

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Oh! I've 'ad such a hupset."

"Why, what is the trouble?"

"Well, you know I take in manglin'; and when I was ill, o' course, I couldn't do it; so I had to send out a basket, and what *do* you think? That wretched man as I got to carry it, he pawned the lot for sixteen shillin'!"

"Shocking!"

"We've traced the clothes; but we can't get 'em out o' pawn cos we ain't got the tickets. The owners 'ave mostly been very kind and 'ave told me not to worry, and one man has achally sent me three shillin' for the bundle he ain't 'ad back. But one cross-grained woman is worritin' for the price of her garments, and puttin' a high cost on 'em—much more than the things is really worth. We got summonses out agin the man, but nothin' can't be done just yet."

The nurse duly sympathised, and put the woman back to bed again, for her coughing betrayed an attack of the "bronkiters;" and then she promised to endeavour to conciliate the angry and cross-grained creditor. But she did more: she went to the office of the Mission at Adelphi Terrace and procured a few shillings wherewith to tide the distressed family over that terrible week.

So from day to day these trained nurses pursue their useful calling. How many weary rooms have been brightened by their presence, and how many sufferers relieved by their skilful touch! A medical man, speaking of his experiences among the sick-stricken poor of London, particularly mentioned the long, lonely hours they wearily spend when all their friends and relatives have gone to work; and it is to these, among others, that Mrs. Leonard's nurses come. Quietly and unostentatiously they pursue their way, with no sensational sound of trumpet or of drum; but their work is none the less efficient and reliable, and, indeed, it appears to have become quite a feature in certain parts of the huge Metropolis.



## A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING COUSIN.

BY MARGARET S. FAILL.

### CHAPTER V.

#### DEPARTURE.

**I**T was early in the evening, and Ruth and her cousin were strolling slowly down the glen in the twilight. They had both been rather silent, apparently absorbed in their own thoughts; when all at once Archie seemed to wake into sudden life.

"I tell you what, Ruth," he cried briskly: "you don't reach those trees till ten seconds after me."

This assumption of superior fleetness was too much for Ruth. The trees were only at the other end of a field, and lay, moreover, on her side of the road; so,

without a moment's hesitation, she darted through the open gate, and was speeding over the stubbly ground, bent on proving to Archie the rashness of his boast. She reached the goal, breathlessly, almost simultaneously with her cousin, who, however, did not appear at all blown.

"Well done! I'm fairly beaten," said the latter; but his tone did not sound crestfallen.

Ruth had thrown herself down on a tree-stump, too much out of breath to speak or to notice the condition of her companion at first.

"There, you see, you shouldn't boast!" she ejaculated triumphantly, when she had recovered sufficiently. "You can't run quite so well as you thought."

"No." Archie assented meekly; but something in his tone made Ruth glance quickly at him. He was



"And so he was gone!"—p. 601.

vainly trying to suppress a smile, but the laughter dancing in his eyes betrayed him.

"I don't believe you tried to win!" Ruth exclaimed, with a mortified conviction that she had triumphed foolishly. "What made you suggest a race at all?" and then, as his guilty look suddenly enlightened her, and made her divine the truth, she demanded: "Did you see somebody coming you wished to avoid?"

Archie's would-be gravity relaxed into a hearty laugh as her accusing eye met his.

"You're far too clever, Ruth," he declared. "What made you guess?"

But she ignored this, as too obvious to need any reply.

"Who was it?" she demanded, although she already knew.

"That fellow Gordon, of course," returned Archie, somewhat nettled at her tone.

"Did he see us?"

"Yes; I suppose he did."

"Then I think you were exceedingly rude—and for the second time to-day—to Mr. Gordon," said Ruth, with asperity.

"Rude!" cried Archie indignantly. "Rude to that solemn prig of a fellow! Hang it! I couldn't stand any more of him to-day. I've had more than enough."

"But you might have left me the option of being decently civil," Ruth pointed out, with dignity.

"Oh, if I had known you *wished* for his society," Archie hastily interposed, with angry emphasis, "I should certainly not have interfered."

"I decidedly did not wish to look ridiculous;" and Ruth sat erect, averting her head in a displeased manner.

They both looked flushed and angry: Ruth partly with annoyance at having appeared to be flying from Gordon, and partly with exasperation at herself for having been so credulously "done" in the matter of the race; and Archie because Ruth resented his treatment of the other man.

"I should like to know," he burst out, after a few minutes' pause, "why you accuse me of being rude this afternoon? I suppose *he* was perfectly polite?"

"I didn't say so," Ruth said calmly; "only you began."

"Well, I like that! Didn't he seize the seat next you, and then give out his orders that we were to sit down—and, I suppose, look at him?"

"Oh, if you take offence at imaginary things——" And Ruth almost smiled at Archie's way of putting it; but she suppressed the inclination, and merely shrugged her shoulders expressively. He looked at her, expecting her to proceed; but as she did not, they both remained silent again.

It had become perceptibly darker now, which Ruth noticed, during the pause. Her brief anger had already evaporated. She felt she had been rather cross, and was revolving in her mind some suitable neutral remark to make, when Archie's voice broke the silence. Apparently his anger had been even shorter-lived—had, indeed, been only a flash—and not a trace of resentment lingered in his tones. On the contrary, his voice sounded quite penitent.

"Ruth," he said, taking a step nearer to her, "I'm awfully sorry that I vexed you, and behaved so badly.



Please forgive me, and let us be friends again; for I must go away to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" she echoed, in consternation.

"Yes, I'm afraid so," he said regretfully; "so we won't quarrel on my last evening. We *are* friends, are we not?" and he held out his hand.

"Yes, indeed, I hope so," and Ruth put hers into the offered palm. "I am sorry we quarrelled; but why must you go so soon, Archie?"

"I have already stayed much longer than I intended," he replied. "My leave is up in a week, and they expect me at home. My mother would be dreadfully disappointed if I didn't turn up. You've no idea how fond she is of such a worthless fellow as myself; so it would be too bad if I didn't make some return."

"Well, Archie, I mustn't say anything, after that," said Ruth, rising. "You know how very, very sorry we shall all be to lose you; but I couldn't ask you to disappoint your mother."

"No; I'm afraid I do it often enough as it is," he said, with a half-sigh.

Ruth looked at him as he stood in the dusk, with a graver expression than usual on his face, and she wondered if he were thinking of some particular cause for disappointment which he had given his mother. Perhaps his thoughts had wandered off to the letter he had read with so much interest—the love-letter Mr. Matthew had called it; and Archie had not contradicted him. Whatever it was that occupied his mind apparently was of a serious nature, for he leant against a tree, plunged in a reverie, his brows slightly knitted together, and his eyes on the ground, silent and preoccupied for a longer time than Ruth had ever known him to remain before. At last, becoming aware of her fixed look, he raised his eyes and met hers.

"Have I been in a brown study, Ruth?" he asked, his face relaxing into its more familiar expression. "I was thinking over a letter I got this afternoon, and which reminded me of something that I had almost forgotten. But I mustn't waste my last evening;" and he gave a little impatient movement, as if to throw off the troublesome thoughts. "Ruth," he went on, as they began to recross the field, "it will be so long before I can see you again, I think I must send you my photograph, in case you quite forget me."

"As if I should do that!" Ruth said. "I haven't so many cousins—indeed, you are the only relation beyond our own household that I know."

"Ah, it's well to be remembered for something," said the young man, in a dissatisfied tone; "but one of these days you'll know the others; so, if that is my only distinction——"

But Ruth interrupted him with a smile.

"You know very well," she said, "that I didn't mean that. We shall miss you dreadfully! What can I say more?"

"Then, if I take a run up at Christmas," he asked, "should you be glad to see me again?"

"Very glad," she assured him; and evidently the tone was convincing enough, for his face brightened up.

If he had been in any doubt about his popularity,

the outcry with which the news of his departure was greeted would completely have reassured Archie when they reached the house. Everyone expressed the greatest regret, and besought him to stay a little longer. They could not make enough of him, this last night. He himself seemed hardly in his usual spirits. He was much more thoughtful and quiet, and was, as Katie afterwards complained, "no fun at all." The evening wore away only too quickly, and the morning also. It seemed as if Archie had only just arrived; and now they were standing on the pier again to see him depart. It was only Ruth and Katie this time, and they stood, somewhat dejectedly, under dripping umbrellas as the steamer approached. It was a dismal day, cold and wet, with the mist shrouding the mountains, and everything looking its worst.

"See, the very skies are weeping at your departure," said Ruth, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"But you are not," said Archie, looking reproachfully at her through the rain. "You are laughing."

"Indeed, I never felt less inclined," Ruth declared, with perfect truth. "I feel as melancholy as the day."

"So do I;" and Archie pulled up the collar of his ulster with a shiver. "I'm awfully sorry to go, Ruth, and you've been so good to me, and given me such a jolly time——" But the steamer was already, and Archie was the only passenger going on board, so there could be no elaborate leave-takings. Katie, who was at the frank age of ten, began to cry, and threw herself, in an *abandon* of grief, into the arms of the young man, kissing him heartily, and utterly oblivious of the interested looks of the few passengers who stood on deck. Archie returned the little girl's embrace, patting her affectionately on the back, and saying, "There, there, don't cry, Katie dear;" but this took up time, and he had only a hurried moment to bestow upon Ruth.

"Good-bye, Ruth," he said, retaining her hand as long as possible; but if the spectators expected another embrace, they were disappointed. "Good-bye—until Christmas," and with one more squeeze of the hand, he was gone.

He jumped on board quickly, and then for a few moments they saw his tall figure and smiling face, as he stood on deck, waving his cap, while the rain beat down on his fair hair, when the steamer took a bend round the island, and was lost to view. And so he was gone—fairly gone! Ruth only began to realise it when the boat vanished out of sight. What was the use of standing looking at the track of the steamer?—which was all the trace that was left. How dull and melancholy everything appeared!

This last week had been the pleasantest in the whole summer; but now it was over, and there was nothing but the dreary autumn days to look forward to. Ruth and her little sister walked slowly up the village street, feeling that it was blank and empty without Archie, with their feelings pretty legibly written on their countenances, when they encountered the artist and Gordon. These two gentlemen looked much as usual, with quite every-day expressions of cheerfulness, in spite of the depressing state of the weather.

"Why, what's the matter?" Mr. Matthew asked briskly, when they had shaken hands, looking from the weebegone face of Katie to that of her elder sister, which was not a great deal brighter.

Before Ruth could reply "Nothing," or put it down to the penetrating chill of the rain, Katie was explaining the cause of their melancholy with great truthfulness, and in a tone of the most profound sorrow.

"Oh! don't you know?" she said, almost tearfully again. "Cousin Archie has gone away, and we're so sorry!"

But this tragic announcement, far from producing the effect she anticipated, only caused an involuntary smile to appear on Gordon's; face and even Mr. Matthew, vainly trying to look the sympathy that was clearly expected from him, barely succeeded in keeping his gravity.

"That is very sad indeed," he managed to say, with commendable seriousness; but it was too much for Ruth to have the two men standing laughing at them like this.

"Oh, don't mind laughing, Mr. Matthew," she said, while a smile crossed her own face. "It is really too much to expect that you should cry, although Katie seems to think it is a universal calamity."

"Well," said the artist, taking advantage of the permission, and allowing the muscles of his lips to relax, "it might have been worse; but I don't wonder you miss your cousin: he is a fine fellow."

To-day Gordon did not offer to join them, as he had generally done during the past week; and to-day he would have been much more welcome than on the previous occasions. Ruth remembered the episode of the evening before, and thought that perhaps he resented her seeming rudeness: but she was not aware that Miss Lewis had invited him to tea, and that the two men were on their way there at this moment. It was too wet to stand long in the rain, so with a few more remarks they separated, the girls making their way up the glen, with ever-increasing dampness of skirts. This did not tend to raise their spirits, and by the time they reached the school-house, where Lance did his lessons with the village schoolmaster, they both looked and felt rather blue. Mr. Wilson, the young schoolmaster, who came to the door to ask them to come in and wait, and who felt the most profound and respectful admiration for Miss Douglas, wondered why that young lady seemed so distant and so different from her usually pleasant self. How could he know—poor young man!—that the mind of Miss Douglas was taken up with the vision of a tall, graceful figure, with perfectly-fitting clothes, elegantly-shaped hands and feet, and the easiest manner in the world, and that all other men appeared coarse and common in comparison. Besides all this, Ruth was tired and wet, and impatient at being longer delayed. She refused to go in: but when she read the disappointment in the young man's face which her curt refusal gave, she repented of her abruptness, and said pleasantly—

"You see, Mr. Wilson, we are dreadfully wet already, so I think we had better hurry home now, Lance can run after us."

Why should she be so unreasonable as to be cross with other people, she asked herself, because Archie had gone? She was ashamed of allowing herself to be so depressed, and resolutely shook off the feeling. No doubt the young man would very soon forget about his short stay in the Highlands and the relations he had found there. He had made himself very charming while he was among them; but Ruth had an impression that they might very quickly fade out of his mind.

However, he remembered sufficiently to keep one part of his promise. In a day or two his photograph arrived, enclosed in a letter. Ruth tore off the envelope and studied the familiar face for several minutes before she read the letter. How handsome Archie looked, dressed in his uniform, and holding his head erect in the manner she knew so well, with a frank, half-smiling expression about his eyes and lips! Ruth studied each finely shaped feature, the straight nose and firm chin, all of which, with the curly hair and fair moustache, she knew so well by heart already. Then she turned to her letter, which was very brief.

"MY DEAR RUTH" (it ran)—"Enclosed is a copy of my unworthy self, which I present to you, hoping for an occasional notice. In a few days I get into harness, when I shall often think of the jolly time I had in Scotland—thanks to you. I wish I could run up again to-morrow; but 'duty before pleasure' must unfortunately be my motto.

"Maud and the boys are all at home at present, and they all think your courage in braving the storm and rescuing your humble servant was a deed worthy of reward. My kindest regards to Mrs. Lennox and the youngsters. Adieu till Christmas, my dear Ruth, and believe me, always your affectionate cousin,

"ARCHIE DOUGLAS."

## CHAPTER VI.

### IN TOWN.

EARLY in November Ruth went to town to spend a week with Jack, and do the winter shopping for the family. The crowded streets and gay windows proved irresistibly attractive to Ruth's country eyes; and she found quite sufficient excitement and occupation during the day in making her purchases and visiting her friends. In the evenings Gordon was a pretty constant visitor at their lodgings, and Ruth was surprised to find how greatly he seemed to have improved. Here, on his own ground, so to speak, he appeared more alert, and less solemn and immovable than formerly. Indeed, it would have been most ungrateful for Ruth if she had not appreciated him, as it was mainly owing to his exertions that she spent such a pleasant time. Jack was guiltless of unsettling his sister's mind by plunging her into a whirl of gaiety; his idea being to sit in the house with her or to go out by himself, according as the fancy took him. He had no idea of making a stranger of his sister, and, to be sure, she would be most comfortable seated by the fire, with a book. Thus, poor Ruth might have fared rather badly had it not been for the constant suggestions and arrangements of her brother's friend.

The principal event of the week was an "At Home,"

given by an art club, to which Gordon had procured them invitations. Jack protested that it was a bore to get into evening dress, to stand in a crush, and attempt to look at pictures or listen to music. Ruth, however, did not find it a bore. On the contrary, she felt a pleasurable excitement as she found herself ascending the broad flight of red-carpeted stairs in the art galleries, amidst a stream of gaily attired people. When they reached the landing, and were passing into the first room, her attention was attracted towards a gentleman who stood by the entrance, intently regarding her. Ruth was not at all vain, and it did not occur to her to consider the stare one of admiration. Her first thought was that there must be something amiss with her appearance; but a hasty glance round assured her that she was attired much like other people. She would have given something for a friendly mirror; but there was no such thing, and she turned with some idea of appealing to Jack. However, she thought better of it, and refrained, prudently reflecting that if there were anything much wrong her brother would quickly notice it; otherwise, it would be a pity to suggest the idea to him. Certainly, her gown of pale primrose could in no way be considered remarkable. In her heart she had privately thought it rather becoming to her dark hair and eyes; but now she felt slightly uneasy about its effect, after the disturbing scrutiny by the stranger at the door.

But as the crowd swept her along into the largest room, those girlish apprehensions quickly vanished from her mind. At one end of the long room, on a raised platform, a band was stationed, giving forth the strains of some Hungarian rhapsody. Ruth would have liked to go forward to hear the music more distinctly; but Gordon drew her attention to the pictures on the walls.

"We must go through them systematically," he said, in a tone of decision. "It will be your only opportunity of studying them."

Ruth would willingly have foregone the opportunity, as she would infinitely have preferred to study the people; but she felt powerless to resist the tone of authority; and, besides, it would seem very ungracious to frustrate Gordon's evidently pleasurable intentions of instructing her ignorance. Accordingly, she turned her back on the fascinating living pictures, and obediently regarded the painted ones, as her companion was saying briskly—

"Now, what is your opinion of the Impressionist school?"

Ruth might truthfully have replied that she had none; but, as this was clearly not the answer expected from her, she conscientiously studied the somewhat bewildering specimen of shadowy blue and grey paint in front of her, but failing to make anything of it, she replied dubiously that it looked rather unfinished to her.

"Oh no," Gordon assured her; "it is considered a splendid study; but you ought to look at it from a distance."

Ruth accepted the verdict in silence, privately wondering if this knowledge was second-hand, or if he really knew about painting. She was hurried on to another "study" of the same school, although she

attempted to linger and admire some pictures which to her uneducated eyes seemed really pretty. Gordon smiled patronisingly when she expressed her admiration of these works, and he proceeded to extol the superior merits of the one he had pointed out. Ruth looked at him, and thought ruefully that he seemed primed up to "do" the whole collection. As he was busily discoursing in artistic language, she glanced surreptitiously over her shoulder at the moving panorama behind her, and became so interested in what she saw that she forgot to turn round again, until by the cessation of her companion's voice, and the silence which followed it, she was dimly aware that she had been asked a question.

"Yes," she said vaguely, bringing her eyes back to the pictures, quite unconscious that this was hardly a satisfactory reply to the inquiry: "Which of the two do you prefer?"

Her abstraction being thus plainly demonstrated to Gordon, that gentleman promptly suggested that they might go in search of a seat: which proposal was at once complied with. It was no easy matter, though, to find the seat. Within hearing of the music it was impossible; but finally, in a small side room, a space which admitted of one squeezing on to an ottoman was discovered. Ruth took possession of this, but as there was no room for her companion, he was obliged to stand in front of her.

"I must take you back to the large gallery, Miss Douglas," he said, looking down at her with the same authoritative air, "to hear the *Intermezzo*, which is the next item but one on the programme."

"Oh!" and Ruth looked up with a slight gleam of amusement in her eyes. "Is that something which one ought to hear?"

"Yes, decidedly; it's *the* piece of the evening, and everybody will try to hear it," Gordon returned, with gravity.

Ruth was about to remark saucily that she did not wish to do only what everybody else did; but a movement on Gordon's part prevented her.

"Excuse me," he said hastily, with his eyes on the door; "I see a man to whom I wish to speak. I'll be back in time to take you to hear that piece. I'll find you here."

"I hope you won't," murmured Ruth inaudibly, as she looked after the retreating figure of her cavalier striding importantly through the crowd, leaving her feeling very much like a parcel labelled, "To be left till called for." It was rather provoking to be deposited in an out-of-the-way room, especially as her seat did not command a view of the entrance, but faced an uninteresting corner, where very few people passed, except some enthusiastic art-lovers, bent on studying the whole collection. She had very soon examined all the pictures within her range of vision, and was looking over her shoulder at the constant flow of promenaders, in the vain hope that Jack might make his appearance, when she joyfully beheld an acquaintance bearing down upon her.

"How do you do, Miss Douglas?" said the newcomer, holding out his hand smilingly. "I saw your brother in the distance, but didn't expect to have the pleasure of meeting you to-night."

"I came with Jack," Ruth responded, with a return smile, and the satisfied conviction that her friend meant to stay; "but I haven't seen him for ever so long."

"Well, that's too bad of him; he might have found you a better seat," said the young man, looking disparagingly at the works of art on the walls; "there's nothing to be seen here."

Ruth did not think it worth while to exonerate the guiltless Jack from the charge of leaving her alone in a dull corner, as her companion was talking away briskly.

"Wouldn't you like a turn through the rooms?" he suggested; "unless you are tired. I hope, though, you don't want to look at the pictures, for I'm an awful duffer at pictures, and never know one from another."

Ruth was truly thankful to hear this, and disclaimed all desire to look at anything but the people.

"That's all right, then," the young man said, in a relieved tone; adding confidentially: "I can't think why people come to a crowd like this to look at pictures—they're mostly rubbish, any way."

Ruth did not quarrel with this sentiment, although she could hardly forbear a smile at the difference of opinion expressed by the two men. Her present companion, however, seemed perfectly content with his own ignorance, and was very far from posing as an authority on any musical, artistic, or intellectual subject whatever.

"Before we go any further," he remarked, "I must get you a cup of tea. The first thing in a crush like this is to secure something to eat before everything is finished. The feed here isn't usually up to much, but we ought to be able to get a cup of tea and a sandwich, at least."

As he was speaking they reached the refreshment-room, and this practical young man soon espied a sheltered nook, which had evidently been overlooked by the crowd.

Some tall palms stood near the door, and behind them, half-hidden by the broad leaves, were a couple of chairs. This made a delightfully cool and comfortable seat, and Ruth willingly took possession of it, while her partner went in search of the tea. She had barely seated herself when she heard a voice, which sounded quite close, remark languidly—

"How hot those rooms are!"

"Yes," assented another voice; and Ruth concluded the speakers were leaning against the doorway, although she could not see them, owing to the looped-up curtain and thick screen of palms.

"And so you are going in for the pretty heiress?" continued the first voice, still in the same languid drawl.

Ruth hoped they were not about to exchange confidences so close to her ear. She moved her chair slightly, and tried to give a little cough; but apparently it had no effect.

"What do you mean?" asked the second voice, which sounded familiarly in her ears.

"Oh, nothing, of course, old fellow," laughed the first speaker, in what seemed a very meaning tone.

Then, after a moment's pause, he added—

"But she's the most arrant little flirt I ever met."

"Of whom are you speaking?" demanded the second voice; and this time Ruth was sure she had guessed rightly.

But the other passed this over as unworthy of notice. "She cut me dead this evening," he went on; "looked me straight in the face, as if she had never seen me in her life, and turned away. Rather cool, I call it, after being so friendly at a tennis-party last September."

"Might I ask whom you are talking about?" again repeated the familiar voice.

"Oh, come! What's the use of humbugging?" said the other derisively. "I suppose you haven't been devoting yourself to her the most of this evening?"

"Of whom *were* they talking?" Ruth felt inclined to repeat the question herself. "To whom had Mr. Gordon been devoting himself to-night? Was the pretty heiress the 'man' whom he had been so anxious to see?" But evidently he desired more explicit information himself.

"Look here," he said calmly: "never mind about my trying to humbug you, but just oblige me with the lady's name, will you? then I can make no mistake."

"Miss Douglas is the lady's name," replied the other, in an exaggeratedly polite tone, to the complete bewilderment of Ruth. "Does that surprise you?"

"Indeed it does," said Gordon emphatically. "I have certainly been speaking to Miss Douglas this evening; but as to calling her an heiress, you are very much mistaken."

"Mistaken? Not a bit of it. The old lady has no end of money, and the girl is quite admitted to be her heiress. It's no use pretending to deny the fact, for it's well known."

"Ah! I think I see what you mean now," said Gordon; and Ruth understood too. "Miss Douglas has a twin sister who lives with an aunt in England. I suppose you have confused the two together."

"You don't say so!" said the other; "but now I come to think of it, I see the difference. I only saw her in passing; but as I heard someone call her Miss Douglas, it made me quite sure."

"You see, you were too sure, and too knowing," Gordon pointed out, ready to improve the occasion.

"Well, I was just going to warn you that it was no use going after the fortune, for I fancy it is booked already," was the unabashed reply.

"Indeed! Who is the fortunate man?"

"Know a Captain Douglas in the army? Some relation or other, I think."

"Yes, I know him," and Gordon's voice took a decided tone of interest; while Ruth, forgetful that she was eavesdropping, eagerly listened to catch every word.

Somewhat she had almost expected the last reply, and yet it came as a slight shock to her. Had Archie been engaged to Rachel all the time? Was this the reason why he had never talked about her? Ruth hoped that her escort would not return before she had heard all.

"Is this Douglas a conceited fellow?" Gordon asked: "gives himself no end of airs?"

"Rather—might be a prince at least; and he's a



regular bad lot, too," returned this free-spoken individual. "I believe he is the most extravagant man in his regiment, and they're a pretty go-ahead set."

"How is it that he gets the heiress, then?"

"Oh, a family arrangement," said the other lightly. "He's a good-looking chap enough, and the old

Ruth thought she caught the sound of a word like "champagne," murmured in Gordon's voice.

"Exactly," went on the narrator. "The young fool made an exhibition of himself at some regimental sports; quarrelled with another man over the heiress, and kicked up a regular row."

Ruth remembered how Archie's face had flushed at



"Her attention was attracted towards a gentleman who stood by the entrance, intently regarding her."—p. 603.

lady has a sneaking fondness for him. He was to have had the money at first; but they quarrelled, and I think the marriage was arranged afterwards to square matters. I don't know that it is quite a fixed thing, though, yet. After his last outbreak, I expect he's been rather in disgrace."

"What was that?" Gordon asked, in a tone of such evident pleasure that Ruth longed to shake him. She listened with a sort of sinking of the heart for further revelations. Was it true what this man was saying? But he could have no motive in telling untruths.

"Oh, the usual thing," said the stranger easily; and

Gordon's remark about the public behaviour of the men of his regiment. No wonder! Of course Gordon would remember it too.

"Some of his friends got him to leave the place," went on the ruthless voice, "and the affair was hushed up. Then his lordship got sick-leave, and went off to some out-of-the-way corner, where, I suppose, he repented, and promised to turn over a new leaf. I've no doubt he'll come round the old lady again; women are so soft where a good-looking chap is concerned; and this young scamp always was a favourite with them. It's my opinion, though, that they ought to

give him up, for he's no good, and the girl is a pretty little thing," he added, patronisingly.

"I'm not at all surprised at what you tell me," Gordon remarked, in what sounded to Ruth like a tone of satisfaction. "I never thought much of the fellow."

Ruth leant back in her seat, feeling a lump rise in her throat. She was surprised; indeed, she had a bewildered feeling that she must have somehow misunderstood. Could it be true? she kept repeating to herself. Was this the sort of man whom they had all thought so charming? Almost unconsciously she had placed him on a pedestal, and to have him thus suddenly dashed to the ground was a great shock.

## CHAPTER VII.

### WILL HE COME?

IT seemed to Ruth that the two men in the doorway had taken up their post there for the rest of the evening. The Intermezzo had begun, too. She was aware of this, as she could faintly hear the band beginning again, after an interval of silence. Gordon seemed in no hurry to go and fulfil his promise, she thought, with some resentment. Even full as her mind was of what she had heard, this thought had time to pass through it. He imagined that she was safely stowed away in that dull side-room, all alone, and yet he did not hurry in the least. Of course, she said to herself scornfully, it was much more interesting to discuss the faults and follies of another man, especially when, as she shrewdly suspected, this other had been formerly an object of envy. She felt an unreasoning anger against both speakers. How they had seemed to enjoy their talk! As for herself, a chill, cold sensation of disenchantment had crept over her. How mistaken she had been in Archie, whom she had considered so thoroughly a gentleman, and so frank! He might, at least, have told them about his engagement to Rachel. Because he was handsome and had an attractive manner, she had credited him with all sorts of good qualities. How foolish she had been!

Her head was aching when the promised tea made its appearance, by which time the two men at the door had taken their departure.

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Douglas," began the young man, proffering the long-delayed refreshments. "I know I've been away an age, but I really couldn't help it. By-the-by, are you particular about having a clean cup?"

"Ah, yes!" cried Ruth, hastily withdrawing the cup from her lips, and turning a horrified look upon the speaker, who began to laugh.

"It's all right," he said reassuringly. "I thought you would be: that's what made me so long. After I had secured the tea (which wasn't easy, with all that crowd), a great hungry fellow leant over me to seize something for himself, and spilt the whole of it. I'm glad to say he got the most of it over his own sleeve, though. Then I insisted upon the cup and saucer being washed over again—anyone might have thought they were washing two dozen, by the time they took."

"It was very good of you to take so much trouble,"

Ruth said, with a smile, as she sipped the tea which she felt she needed. She declined anything to eat, however, much to the regret of her companion, who had thoughtfully provided a large plateful of cakes and sandwiches. Fortunately, his regret did not interfere with his appetite; so Ruth felt it was unnecessary to reproach herself with her inability to eat when she saw him attack and demolish the large pile with as much gusto and boyish enjoyment as Lance might have displayed in similarly propitious circumstances.

This little repast occupied some time; but when they finally emerged from their comfortable corner and mingled with the crowd again, almost the first person they encountered, near the band, was Gordon.

"Oh, Miss Douglas!" he exclaimed, "I have been looking everywhere for you; and the music I wished you to hear is over."

He spoke with such a proprietary air that the other man felt himself dismissed, and took his departure.

"Oh," returned Ruth negligently, "I was tired of that little room, and went to get a cup of tea."

"Well, it is a pity you missed the music," Gordon persisted, not noticing her tone; "it was quite worth hearing. I looked up your brother too, but he hadn't seen you, either."

Ruth was not too well pleased to hear this, as Jack was sure to make a fuss; so she mentally noted down yet another mark to Gordon's already long list of offences.

"But I must show you this little canvas," went on the gentleman, quite unconscious of having given any cause for offence, and inadvertently laying himself open to a snub; "it is the gem of the whole collection."

"I don't care for it," returned Ruth perversely, looking in the opposite direction.

"But you are looking at the wrong thing," he insisted, with great toleration. "This is the one," and he touched the edge of the frame with his fingertip.

Thus compelled, Ruth slowly brought her eyes round to the place indicated. She regarded it in stony silence.

"Isn't it exquisite?" he remarked, more in a tone of assertion than one of interrogation.

"No; I don't think so," was the unexpected reply, delivered with great emphasis, and which made Gordon stare—as it well might, for the work in question was really a *chef d'œuvre*.

This flat contradiction, after her previous docility, was like a dash of cold water in Gordon's face.

"I can assure you, Miss Douglas," he said gravely, "that the critics all unite in praising it."

"Well, I prefer to judge for myself; and I don't like it," Ruth asserted unblushingly.

Gordon looked at her in some perplexity, as she stood with sparkling eyes, in which shone the light of battle, and flushed cheeks. Was she vexed with him for leaving her alone? he wondered dubiously. Yet he had not seemed to him a girl who took offence easily. He had observed her at home taking most untoward things with philosophy, only according to Jack's most dictatorial behaviour a saucy speech or



"She joyfully beheld an acquaintance bearing down upon her."—p. 603.

careless laugh. But that he himself was now in her black books her next remark left him no room for doubt.

"Do you paint, Mr. Gordon?" she inquired, fixing her eyes full upon him, and throwing out her words like a challenge. "I didn't see you do any sketching in the Highlands."

"No," Gordon returned, his face flushing slightly at her unmistakable meaning. "I daresay you think I can't be much of a judge on that account; but I belong to the Art Club, and know pretty well which are the best pictures from hearing the artists' verdict upon them."

"Ah! I think that is a great mistake," Ruth asserted, bent on differing from every opinion the unfortunate man expressed. "I think everybody should go by their own taste. I hear Mr. Matthew talk a great deal about art, but I am never swayed by his ideas in the least."

It would really have been a great relief to her to sit down and have a good cry; but, as this luxury was denied her, she felt obliged to give vent to her feelings in some other way. She was out of tune now with her surroundings; she looked round on the crowd, and thought how meaningless were their smiles and empty their chatter. Surely they could not all be enjoying themselves so much? What was there to enjoy in this heated, close atmosphere, where a bad headache and strained eyes were the reward of gazing at the pictures, and weariness and aching feet the result of being jostled by the promenaders? What a strange idea people had of pleasure! she thought gloomily, quite forgetting how differently she had looked upon the same scene earlier in the evening.

After his last snub Gordon had relapsed into dignified silence; so Ruth had nothing to distract her from her melancholy reflections. The pair had every appearance of having quarrelled, Ruth looking bored and disdainful, while Gordon's sense of righteous displeasure was legibly written on every line of his countenance, when they came face to face with Jack.

"Hulloa!" exclaimed that young man, taking in the situation with his usual acuteness, and instantly pouncing on the real culprit. "Where have you been, Ruth?" he demanded, with an air of having spent his evening searching for her.

"Enjoying myself," his sister responded nonchalantly, but with a grim sense of the incongruity of her answer with the actual fact.

"Enjoying yourself? I daresay!" retorted her brother, who accepted the words literally, and was further incensed by them; "but what made you go and hide?"

Ruth elevated her eyebrows slightly.

"Dear me, Jack!" she observed, "I didn't think you cared where I hid, as you vanished at the beginning of the evening."

"I only went to speak to a friend; and when I looked for you again, you had both moved on," Jack declared, with an aggrieved air.

"Exactly," Ruth assented, with great suavity. "We

all wished to speak to a friend; only somehow, nobody would be obliging enough to wait on the exact spot till we had finished our little conversations, so we were all at cross purposes."

"Well, I suppose we shall all be unanimous in agreeing to go home now?" said Jack grandly, not pursuing his investigations into his sister's movements any further, as she showed symptoms of a feminine inability to stick to the case in point, and an inclination to display an unwarrantable curiosity about his, Jack's, own private doings.

Nobody had the least desire to prolong their stay, so Jack's, motion was carried without opposition.

As Ruth was about to retire to her own room that night, her brother asked her abruptly—

"What was Gordon saying to you this evening?"

"His conversation consisted entirely in giving me artistic instruction," Ruth replied, without any hesitation. "No, stay—he also told me the piece of music I must listen to."

"Nonsense!" Jack ejaculated, with an incredulous air. "He must have spoken of other things. When I met you, you looked as if you had quarrelled."

"It must have been because I didn't admire a picture which he had been told was the correct one to admire. I assure you our talk was strictly limited to art. If you want a detailed account of it, though, I must refer you to the artists from whence it originated—I couldn't pretend to do justice to all the technical language that he used;" and with that, she gathered up her fan and gloves, and retired from the room, leaving Jack dissatisfied and nonplussed.

Next day Ruth's visit to town came to an end. Gordon appeared at the station, in company with Jack, to see her off, and presented her with some newspapers and magazines to read on her journey. Ruth was surprised at this mark of attention, and felt some compunction at the recollection of her behaviour the previous evening. She would have liked to make some amends for her rudeness; but she had only time to thank him for all the trouble he had taken for her entertainment. Then she shook hands very frankly with him, and, as the train moved off, waved a smiling farewell out of the carriage window. But she had not forgiven him in her heart for saying that Archie's misbehaviour was quite what he expected. How could he possibly have guessed it? It was only that he was glad to hear it. Still, although she could not like the man, he had meant to be kind to her, and she had scarcely been grateful enough.

When she got home she told them that she had enjoyed herself very much. She described the tournament for Lance's benefit; and explained at great length all she had seen and done. She told everything, in fact, except that which most filled her mind—what she had heard about Archie. She thought about it a great deal, although she told no one; and Katie was greatly surprised by the disappearance soon after of the photograph of the young man which had formerly graced their bed-room mantelpiece.

"I put it into a drawer," her sister informed her, in answer to her inquiries. "It was rather in the way, and often got knocked about."

"I'm sure I never knocked it down, and I think the mantelpiece looks very bare without it," Katie observed with inconvenient pertinacity; but her sister only busied herself in her unpacking, and took no further notice of her objections.

So the picture of the handsome face was hidden away; but if Ruth hoped by that means to banish the recollection of it from her mind, she found out her mistake. Every feature remained imprinted on her memory: his laughing blue eyes, his clearly cut lips, and his ever-varying expression and gay laugh. Ah well! even his detractor called him "good-looking enough;" but he was more than that: he was as handsome a young man as one could hope to see. No, there was no denying his good looks; but, after all, what were looks if they constituted his main recommendation? No doubt some of those men who had appeared so ordinary by the side of the elegant young Englishman were in reality greatly his superiors. Ruth was quite aware of all this, and was annoyed with herself that, as Christmas approached, the thought which was uppermost in her mind was, "Will he come?" Whether she hoped for it or shrank from it most, she could hardly have told. If he came, what particular enjoyment could she expect? She never could feel the same again to him



"Yes, in spite of all, she had expected Archie."—p. 609.

as she had felt to the frank, gentlemanly, and open young cousin she had known. Such a person had only existed in her own mind; the real Archie was very different. No; she was sure he would not come. Doubtless he had long ago forgotten that he had ever promised to come. Perhaps Miss Douglas and Rachel

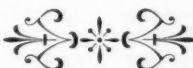


had taken him into favour again. Well, well—Ruth caught herself up; what was the use of surmising about it? It did not concern her.

Christmas was fast approaching: a wet, drizzling one it seemed likely to be, too, with not a hint of frost or snow. Lance and Katie were looking forward to having no lessons, and Jack was coming home for a short holiday; still the season did not seem particularly festive to Ruth. The weather brightened up somewhat on Christmas morning. The rain ceased, and a fitful sunshine shone on the hills. Ruth found herself going with great frequency to the windows; and yet the interior of the room, with its blazing fire, seemed more inviting than the prospect without. Jack had arrived the day before, but still she

appeared to be looking out for someone. At length she espied a figure far down on the winding road. It was clearly making for the house. Her heart began to beat a little faster as she stood and watched. Was it Archie? The figure drew nearer. It was a man, but surely not a tall one? That was never the way Archie walked! He was still a long way off, but Ruth could not deceive herself. She could have told the easy swinging gait at almost any distance, whereas this figure trotted briskly along, with little short steps, and was equally familiar. It was only the artist. She turned away from the window with a keen feeling of disappointment. Yes, in spite of all, she *had* expected Archie.

(To be continued.)



VERY RICH PEOPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED," "THE BUSINESS OF LIFE," ETC. ETC.



THE phrase, "in all time of our wealth," does not, of course, mean in the time when we have a respectable account at our banker's and plenty of change in our pockets. It means in all time of our well-being. From this point of view, what millionaires

some people are who perhaps think that they are to be pitied because not over-burdened with £ s. d. I seldom see school-boys playing, or a regiment of young soldiers, without thinking how very well-off they are. They are rich in youth, in health, and in high spirits, and the gouty old millionaire who drives past in a fine carriage would give all the wealth he possesses for these. What are nuggets and millions? The French financier said, "Alas! why is there no sleep to be sold?" Sleep was not in the market at any quotation. The man who has a good digestion, a bounding pulse, and high spirits, is surely far richer than the possessor of millions, over whose mind chronic bodily disorder casts a gloom.

If the reader is astonished that we should speak in this familiar way about millionaires, let him know that we ourselves were millionaires for a brief period. Having paid a visit to the Bank of England, and seen its various monetary wonders, we were permitted to hold in our hand a small bundle of notes, value one million sterling. For thirty seconds, at least, we were the depositaries of that enormous sum, but, alas! for the fleeting character of human possessions; at the end of that time the clerk resumed his treasure, and we sank to our former condition of financial insignificance.

Now, when we had this money in our hands were we not as rich, or perhaps richer—for we enjoyed the novelty of the sensation—than are those people

who have great incomes which they do not and cannot use? I believe that one day almost all very rich men, not in America only, but everywhere, will hold the same sentiments which Mr. George W. Childs, the late millionaire proprietor of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, thus expressed:—"As I have rarely in my life seen an estate administered as I know its owner would have desired, I think that all rich men, particularly those who have no children to inherit their property, should spend their money themselves, in order that they may be able to see with their own eyes the good which the judicious spending of money upon others can do. It is not generosity that has made me give money in many cases; it is in part selfishness. I want to see where my money goes. I want to know that it is circulating, that it is doing good. I sometimes feel that the only money I have is that which I have given away. The rest is just waiting. The money that I have spent upon other people has been that which I have most enjoyed."

Mr. Leland Stanford, who gave four millions of pounds to found a university, gave utterance to similar views recently. "It seems to me," he said, "the moral duty of every man to give to the public weal a liberal portion of his accumulations, and to do it himself in his lifetime. I'm going to see if I can't spend my money as well as anybody else could do it."

Happily, it is not necessary for enjoyment to have a note for a million in our hand even for thirty seconds, as we had. Great revenues have great anxieties attached to them, and it is quite possible to be rich in happiness on a small income if thrift be practised. Economy is a great fortune. "Who is the richest of men?" asked Socrates. "He who is content with the least, for contentment is Nature's riches." Those who have few wants, who can stand at the window of one of our monster shops and say

with truth, "I want little or nothing of all the things that are inside"—such people are very rich.

We are not so foolish as to pretend to disparage money. We know the great power it is, and all the good things it can do. Still, everyone who thinks and observes must know that a person may be very rich without money, and very poor with it. The wife of Jerome Buonaparte consoled her cheerless old age by devotion to avarice. "When I was young," she said, "I had everything but money. Now, when I am old, I have nothing but money." Who does not think that this lady was richer in her youth than in her old age?

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man starting in life, it used to be said of him, "Lincoln has nothing, only plenty of friends." Plenty of friends—nothing! Why, the real wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, and by which he is loved and blessed. Love is the only thing that will pay ten per cent. interest on the outlay, and those may best be described as rich people who most love. Unhappily, just as we only appreciate the wealth that is contained in health when we lose it, so many of us only love our friends when they have gone from us.

"Though all cannot live on the piazza, everyone may feel the sun." In some cases ownership is essential to enjoyment; in others, ownership excludes it, since the most beautiful things are, by nature, indivisible. What are the things that give the keenest joy? Those that belong to no one, such as national glory, the supreme works of literature and art, the beauties of nature. "To see is to have," says a French proverb. The owner of an estate may not be its real possessor; for he may be unable to enjoy it. A millionaire pays thousands of pounds for a gallery of paintings, and some boy or girl comes in, with open mind and poetic fancy, and carries away a treasure of beauty which the owner never saw.

A Scotch proverb says, "He that uses what he has will never be poor." We all would be rich if we appreciated at their true value the blessings which we receive daily from God; but unfortunately, these we too often despise merely because they are common. "I often think," says Archdeacon Farrar, "that most of us in life are like many of those sightseers who saunter through this (Westminster) Abbey. Their listless look upon its grandeur and its memorials furnishes an illustration of the aspect which we present to higher powers as we wander restlessly through the solemn minster-aisles of life. We talk of human misery; how many of us derive from life one-tenth part of what God meant to be its natural blessedness? Sit out in the open air on a fine summer day, and how many of us have trained ourselves to notice the sweetness and the multiplicity of the influences that are combining for our delight: the song of birds, the breeze beating balm upon the forehead, the genial warmth, the delicate odours of ten thousand flowers?"

People with good characters may well be called very rich: character is property—it is the noblest of possessions. Charteris, a notorious scoundrel of his time,

once said to a man who was distinguished for his religious principles, "I would give a thousand pounds to have your good character." "Why?" inquired the other. "Because I would make ten thousand pounds by it," was the reply. If even the bad can thus appreciate the value of character, how much more should those who wish to serve God feel that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches"?

"There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches." Faraday once told his friend Professor Tyn-dall that at a certain period of his career he had definitely to ask himself whether he should make wealth or science the object of his life. When preparing his well-known memoir of the great master, the professor called to mind this conversation, and asked leave to examine his accounts; and this is the conclusion at which he arrived:—"Taking the duration of his life into account, this son of a blacksmith and apprentice to a bookbinder had to decide between a fortune of £150,000 on the one side, and his unendowed science on the other. He chose the latter, and died a poor man. But his was the glory of holding aloft among the nations the scientific name of England for a period of forty years."

Only the other day a friend of mine gave up a pleasant country living, with little work and good pay, in order to take a town parish with no endowment, because he thought that he could there do more good. Intellectual and spiritual teachers who sacrifice income in this way are not made poor, but very rich.

But the richest people of all are those who have a treasure in heaven to inherit after they leave this world, where riches are so liable to make to themselves wings and fly away. Would you be very rich? Then choose, as did Solomon, that wisdom which is beyond the price of rubies. You remember that when he asked for this true kind of riches, all the lower kinds which he might have asked were given to him. And so it is that those who ask for and receive the riches of Christ's Kingdom have all other things added. "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver;" but "My people shall be satisfied with My goodness, saith the Lord."

Many of us grumble, and think that our poverty is much to be pitied, whereas if we honestly reckoned up our blessings we would find that we were very rich people. A merchant was very prosperous in his home and his business; a reverse came, and he failed. Returning home that evening, his face haggard and his heart apparently broken, he said, "I am ruined! I have lost my all!"—"All?" queried his wife. "No, for I am left."—"All?" said his eldest boy: "here am I."—"And I too," said his daughter, putting her arms round her father's neck.—"And you have your health left," said his wife.—"And your hands to work with," added his daughter.—"And your feet, father, to carry you about, and your two eyes to see with," said little Eddie.—"And you have God's promises," said the old grandmother.—"And a kind, good heavenly Father, and heaven to go to," again put in Mrs. Merchant.—"God forgive me!" said the man. "I have not lost all, nor indeed much, compared with what is left to me."

## THE CONSECRATION OF THE THUMB.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

"Thou shalt take of his blood, and put it upon the thumb of their right hand." EXODUS xxix. 20



HIGH PRIEST WEARING THE EPHOD.

**A**ARON and his sons were set apart for the office of the priesthood in Israel by a very solemn and elaborate ceremony. They were first washed from every speck of dust and stain of defilement, at the laver placed beside the door of the tabernacle, and then clothed with the sacred garments that belonged to the priestly office. When they were thus

arrayed, the holy anointing oil was poured upon their heads. After that, a bullock was brought for a sin-offering; and Aaron and his sons having laid their hands on its head, in token that their sins were transferred to it, it was then slain, and its blood poured at the foot of the altar to make expiation for their guilt. Finally, a lamb was brought and slain in the same fashion, after having been personally identified with them through the imposition of hands; and Moses took its blood and put it upon the tip of the right ear, and upon the thumb of the right hand, and upon the great toe of the right foot of Aaron and each of his sons, and they yielded themselves, in this most significant rite, a living sacrifice to the Lord. They were henceforth not their own, but bought with a price, and therefore bound to glorify God in each of the members of their body, which belonged henceforth to God. Their ear was to listen only to the voice of God's commandments; their hand was to touch no impure thing, and to handle the sacred vessels with reverence; and their feet were to tread only upon holy ground, and to walk only in the shining path of the just. Thus the whole person and the whole life of each member of the Aaronic family were to be purified and consecrated for the service of the Lord.

But in this discourse I wish to separate one of the members thus consecrated from the others, and to confine your attention entirely to it. In this way

I hope to show you how full of meaning was this apparently simple and trivial act of putting the blood of the ram of consecration upon the right thumb of Aaron and his sons. The thumb is the most significant part of the human frame. The sense of touch, which belongs to the whole body, is concentrated in it and in the fingers; and this sense of touch is the very exercise and manifestation of life. While all the other senses are passive, and simply wait to be impressed by outward things, the sense of touch is active, and chooses the objects upon which to exercise itself. The absence of the power of touch means paralysis, and, in its extreme form, death. The thumb, in which this active sense of touch may be said to be concentrated, is therefore the symbol of the whole life of the body; and we can easily understand why, for this reason alone, it should have been selected to be sprinkled with sacrificial blood.

But its special form and function also mark it out for this significant consecration. It is by his thumb that man's body is chiefly distinguished from that of the lower animals which most resembles it. In nearly all the other organs and parts, the body of the lower animals is exceedingly like that of man's body. They are made on the same plan, and show the same pattern, and fulfil the same purpose. But the thumb of man is quite different. Its form and structure are absolutely unique. Compare the paw of a cat or dog, or even of a monkey, and you see how different it is from the human hand. The paw or the hoof of the lower animals shows at once that it was intended merely to support the body, or to seize prey, or to protect against enemies. But the hand of man was made for work, not only for holding things, but also for making things. It is adapted for fashioning and using tools, and cultivating the ground, and a thousand other purposes useless and impossible to any animal. It is separated from the other four fingers, and made quite distinct from and placed in opposition, as it were, to them. Were all the five fingers ranged on the same plane, and made precisely of the same length and shape, the whole five fingers would be, in this way, made useless; for in order to have a firm hold of anything, it is necessary either to grasp it all round, or to grasp it at two opposite points; and neither of these things could have been done if all the five fingers had been placed on the same plane. But these things can now be done simply because of the position of the thumb, which is so placed, and has exactly such a length and such a degree of motion as, by a slight inclination, to be easily made to work together

with any of the four fingers, or with all together.

It is by this simple plan of differentiating one of the five fingers in the human hand from the rest that man has been raised immeasurably above the lower animals, and made a fellow-worker with God. In vain would man have possessed a reasoning brain if he had not a working thumb. In vain would God have placed man in Eden, and given him all its blessings and boundless capabilities; he could not have fulfilled the Divine command to dress and keep it if he had not had a thumb. But by giving man a thumb, different from the rest of his fingers, God has clearly shown that He meant the active brain and the active hand to work together, and that both were correlated to educate him to the highest rank of being. By the help of the thumb the hand can guide the plough and till the ground; it can touch the organ and harp, and bring the sweetest music out of them; it can wield the pen and write the most inspiring wisdom. It is by the help of the thumb that our railways and steamers and telegraphs have been constructed, which bring the ends of the world together, and annihilate time and space. It is by the help of the thumb that the ground is cultivated and planted with trees, and the seasons and the very weather thereby changed; and the regions which man inhabits have been converted into smiling corn-fields and pleasant homesteads. It is by the help of the thumb that all the other organs are made efficient when they are weakened and disabled. It makes the microscope for the eye to see an otherwise invisible world of wonders in a drop of water, and the telescope for the vision to behold undreamt-of glories in the remotest abyss of stars. When we think of what the human thumb has enabled the human race to do, during all these long ages of progress, we cannot but look at this little member with astonishment, as one of the most wonderful pieces of mechanism in existence. There is a story told of a Dutch anatomist, a sceptic, who had written a learned book on the hand. During a severe illness he saw one day his own pale wasted fingers lying listlessly on the cover of the bed, and was struck in a way he had never been before with the remarkable structure of the thumb in relation to the rest of the hand; and his meditations upon this subject ultimately banished all his former sceptical views, and brought him into personal relation with the living God.

After this explanation, you will understand what a very significant thing it was that the blood of the sacrificed ram should have been applied to the right thumb of Aaron and his sons, as the high priests of Israel. The blood consecrated to the service of God not merely the principal finger of the most active and useful hand, but that representative part of man's body which raised him above the animals, and brought out most distinctly the image of God. The thumb is the special mint-mark

of humanity; and "the rule of thumb" is, indeed, the rule of man's sovereignty over the world and the sum of knowledge. And, therefore, when this member is made sacred by the blood of the sacrifice, it implies that all human nature and human life is made sacred by it. In ancient superstitious times the top joint of the thumb of the right hand was dedicated to God, and the top joint of the thumb of the left hand was dedicated to Christ, while the other joints of the right and left hand thumbs were dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and the rest of the fingers were dedicated to the apostles and saints. Thus people had a kind of instinctive feeling that the thumb belonged specially to God and to Christ, and had a sacred character connected with it. Tacitus, the great Roman historian, tells us that it was the custom of Oriental kings, in making a covenant with each other, to join right hands, and tie the thumbs together, and tighten them into a knot. Then, when the blood was thus pressed to the finger-tips, they drew it out by a slight cut, and licked it in turn. This they regarded as a Divine covenant, made sacred by mutual blood. They became in this way blood-brothers; and such blood was truly thicker than water—thicker even than that of natural descent or birth-relationship.

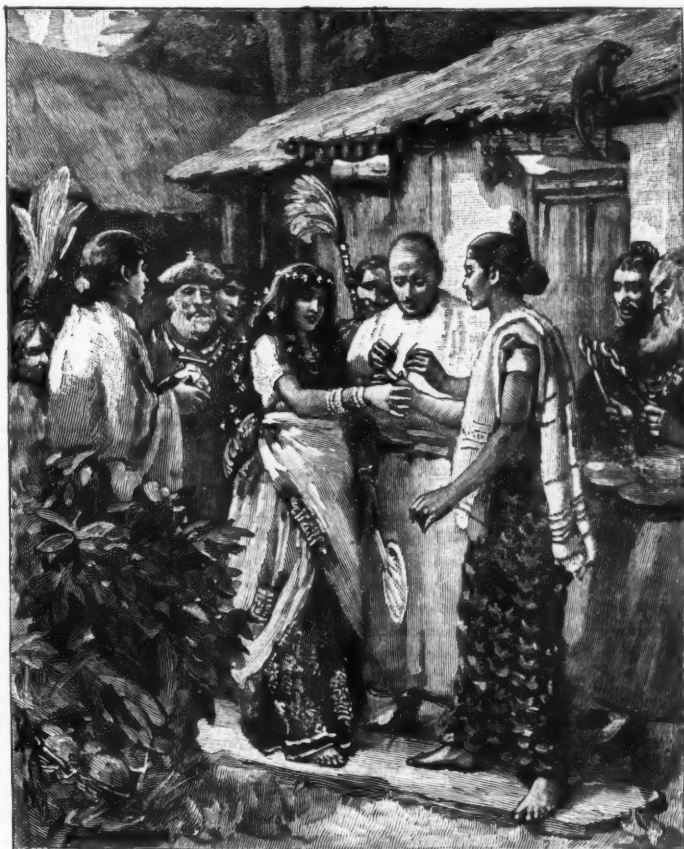
The form of marriage in Ceylon and other parts of India is by binding together the thumbs of bride and bridegroom; and the thumb was at first, in our own and in other countries, the finger upon which the wedding-ring was worn, which was only changed for the finger upon which it is now placed, because it was supposed that a vein of blood passed from this finger directly to the heart, thus connecting it with the very centre and seat of life. This part of the marriage rite is thus a vestige of the primitive covenant of blood. A survival of it lingered in our own country down to very recent times, and is still practised in remote localities: viz., to lick the thumb when giving a solemn pledge or promise. It is even recognised on our statute-book, and in the Scottish law-courts, that a bargain is legal if the parties to it had licked and joined thumbs when it was made. The thumb pressed upon wax was formerly regarded as a seal or mark of good faith; and swearing by pressing the thumb on the blade of a sword was the most solemn form of oath that could be administered. The Pope said that he could free a nun from the oath of the veil or a knight from the oath of fidelity, but he could not free any man who had taken the oath of the thumb. In fact, so binding was it that the Latin word *pollicitare*, and the English word *pollicitation*, which means to promise or engage, is derived from *pollex*, the thumb.

Now, all this shows to you what importance was attached to anything connected with the thumb. And when Aaron and his sons had the blood of sacrifice put upon it, it meant that they took a most solemn oath to yield this and all their other



members which it summed up and represented in itself as instruments of righteousness. The priestly hand, whose right thumb was touched with the holy blood, had made a blood-covenant with God; and the member so specially distinguished was consecrated to perform all the functions for which

of His flesh God gave Him a human body made in all things like that of His brethren, endowed with the same members and capacities. It was not the nature of angels which He assumed, but the nature of man; and as the children were partakers of flesh and blood, He Himself likewise



"Binding together the thumbs of bride and bridegroom."—p. 612.

it was so wonderfully constructed to the glory of God. It was to handle gifts and sacrifices with the purity which God's service required. Its skill and power were to be devoted to the cause of religion; and in that hallowed cause it was not to hold any bribes or to touch any unclean thing.

And did not the blood of the ram of consecration point to the blood of the Lamb of God, which fulfilled all types and exhausted all sacrifices? Jesus realised in His own person the typical character of the consecration of Aaron and his sons to the priesthood. He passed through the same solemn rite, not in shadow, but in reality. In the days

took part of the same. He was differentiated from the lower creatures in the same way that man is by his human brain, and human hands, and human feet; and on these distinctive parts of His humanity was sprinkled the blood of consecration to the office of our great High Priest. And that blood was not the blood of bulls and goats, but His own precious blood. It touched His hands and His feet, for they were nailed to the cross, and touched His ear, for His head was wounded by the crown of thorns. And when He appeared to His disciples after the resurrection, He said to them, "Behold My hands and My feet!" It was the same flesh as before, now

glorified and made immortal, but still bearing the marks of the nails. He had passed through His baptism of blood into His new life in heaven, but even on the throne the marks of His consecration are seen upon Him; and throughout all eternity He will appear "a Lamb as it had been slain." And in Him the wounds of the cross, as our great Intercessor within the veil, are an ever-present and ever-prevailing plea with God for the pardon and justification of the repentant sinner. He has an abiding witness in Himself in heaven in the blood on His right thumb, and on His right toe, and on His right ear, of His entire consecration, all His human body, and human nature, and human life, to the work of human redemption.

And upon everyone who believes in Him He puts the marks of the Lord Jesus. He enters into covenant-relationship with you by touching with His own blood your right thumb, and right toe, and right ear, in token of your entire consecration; and you can say with adoring gratitude, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Father, be glory and dominion for ever and ever." What a wonderful thought, that the blood of the highest Being in the universe touches that part of your body which proves your high birth and great destiny—touches it in order to make you of one blood and one nature with Him, in order to make all that your right thumb represents holy to the Lord! In the Colosseum at Rome, when a gladiator obtained the victory over his fellow, he looked up to the throne of the emperor to know what he should do with his conquered opponent, who lay at his mercy. If the thumb of the emperor pointed upwards towards the sky, his life was to be spared; but if the thumb pointed downwards towards the earth, then he was to be put to death. When the fatal movement of the thumb was seen by the spectators, the wild cry, "*Habet!*" rang through the amphitheatre, and the doom of the gladiator was sealed. This was not the cry that rang through the universe when we were wounded and vanquished by sin, and Death claimed the victory over us, and we lay at his mercy. The thumb of God, as it were, was not turned to the earth in condemnation, but upward to the sky in deliverance, as the voice of the Intercessor has heard: "Save him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom." The Saviour's hand was nailed to the tree of shame; and the blood that flowed from that pierced hand has been applied, as it were, to the hand of man to undo the evil which it has done since the fatal hour when our first parents plucked the forbidden fruit, and so brought all its sin and misery into the world. And now He says to every one of you who wishes to be His disciple, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands, and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into My side; and be not faithless, but believing." And thus convinced and satisfied, thus conquered by His love, and

marked, as it were, on the thumb by this contact of faith with the wounds of the cross that effected your deliverance, you are thenceforward no longer your own, but His—united to Him by blood-relationship. And surely it is your highest distinction to be so consecrated. What an instrument for good the thumb so marked ought to be! What noble work it ought to do in the world! Even when handling the things of common life, it should do so in righteousness, and so invest them with a sacred character. The most ordinary every-day actions which the worldly man performs for selfish earthly purposes, you should perform to the glory of God.

Surely for the thumb that has on it the blood of Christ, that is joined by blood-covenant to His thumb, as it were, the injunction is hardly necessary: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The hard horny hand of the day-labourer or handicraftsman, with such a blood consecration on it, must be as clean and noble in its own way as the soft white hand of a queen that holds the sceptre. The right hand whose thumb is thus marked should use the saw, and guide the plough, and wield the hammer, and drive the spade, and ply the oar, and employ the pen, more faithfully and honestly and efficiently than those who have not that consecration, or that high and holy motive to make all their labour—labour in the Lord. "What is that in thine hand?" God says to all His people whose right thumb is marked with the blood of His Son. And when you attempt any task to which you are called by God, He will teach you so to use the means at your command, however slender they may be, and however humbly you may think of them, and He will endow them with such a power that they will do as much good for yourselves and others in their own way as Moses accomplished by his miraculous rod. He will establish the work of your hands upon you—yea, the work of your hands He will establish it. And, faithful in little things, you are qualifying yourselves for the higher parts and the greater things of life.

Elihu says, in a very remarkable passage in the Book of Job, "He sealeth up the hand of every man, that all men may know His mark." That is to say, God places a mark on the hand of every man, so that you can tell from it what kind of work he is best fitted to do. You see one man's hand, and you say at once, "That is a painter's hand; it is fitted only to hold the brush." You see another kind of hand, and you say, "That is a musician's hand; those long supple fingers are made to strike the keys of the organ or the piano." You see a third person's hand, and you say, "That is a mechanic's hand, the hand of an inventor or of an artisan, who does clever things in wood, or iron, or brass." And you see another kind of hand still, and you know from its delicacy, and yet firmness and precision, that it is the hand of a surgeon, made for operations so vital and critical that the deviation of a hair's-breadth in the searching knife would be fatal. The hand is a

most expressive member ; and it would seem as if God had predestinated each man from his birth to the work for which he is best adapted by the type of his hand.

We know the character of the hand from the nature of the handiwork, and *vice-versâ*. A man's hand becomes like the kind of work he does—as Shakespeare says, the dyer's hand is like the stuff he works in. When Raphael's tomb in the Pantheon of Rome was opened, sixty years ago, some doubted as to this being his last resting-place, but all uncertainty vanished when the thumb of the skeleton hand was exposed to the light. It had the characteristic roughness which constant holding of the easel gives even to the bone of a painter's thumb. The thumb-mark of each of you is perfectly distinct and individual in childhood, and manhood, and old age. Other marks of identification change, but the thumb-mark changes not. Its characteristic lines are preserved in all circumstances. So let it be with all the work of your hand. Let the hall-mark of the thumb on which the blood of Christ has been set, consecrating you to be a priest unto God and the Father, and to yield yourselves a living sacrifice to Him—let that hall-mark be clear, and distinct, and characteristic on all your work, so that it may be seen by everyone to be wrought in God. Let your commonest daily labour be Christian work. If you have the blood of your Redeemer on your thumb, it is the earnest of the redemption of your whole body for which you are working and waiting, and for the accomplishment of which your work as well as your worship here is a daily preparation. All that is “under your thumb,” as the common phrase puts it, all that is represented by your thumb and wrought by your thumb, will partake of your consecration. There may not be much in your hand, or it may not seem much, but you will make the best use of it, and you will find in your happy experience that to him that hath, and makes the best use of what he hath, more shall be given. Raised above every other creature on earth by the possession of a thumb, the right use of that thumb by the consecration of the blood of the Son of God, will raise you to a fellowship with Him nearer than angels or archangels can ever know.

But there is another side to this matter. You may not only refuse this consecration, but in a spiritual sense you may deprive yourselves of what is the distinction and glory of your humanity. Our

Saviour spoke of the duty of even cutting off a right hand when it was a cause of offence ; for it was better to enter heaven maimed than with whole members to be cast into hell. But on the other hand, there is a mortal sin in cutting off a right hand when it might be made an instrument of righteousness for the glory of God and the good of man. So conscious were the ancients of the value and usefulness of the thumb, that it was quite a common thing for the Roman soldiers to cut off their thumbs in order to avoid being pressed into active service ; and in recent years young men have mutilated themselves in this manner to prevent their being chosen as conscripts in the French army. The way to render an enemy incapable of future resistance or harm was to cut off his thumbs ; and this was what Adonibezek did to the three-score and ten kings whom he had conquered, and what was done in return to himself when he was conquered by a mightier foe. The person who was thus mutilated was called a poltroon, from the Latin word signifying a thumb.

Now, there are spiritual poltroons, who thus maim themselves in a spiritual sense in order to escape service as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Multitudes of lives with great possibilities have been utter failures because men and women have deprived themselves, by their unbelief, or indolence, or worldliness, of the power of doing the duty to which God had called, and for which He had qualified them. They were intended by the very type and character of their hand, as it were, to fill certain places and do certain work for God and for the world ; but when they were summoned to their work, they excused themselves on one plea or another, or they disqualified themselves for it by their own wilful faults. God forbid that any of you should be found among these spiritual failures ! Let the blood of your Redeemer redeem you from the vanity of your life, and consecrate your powers and faculties to obey every call of God. “Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin ; but yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God.”

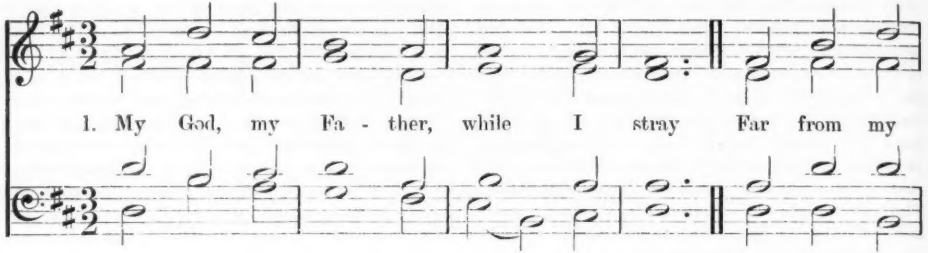
“Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.  
Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love.  
Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.”



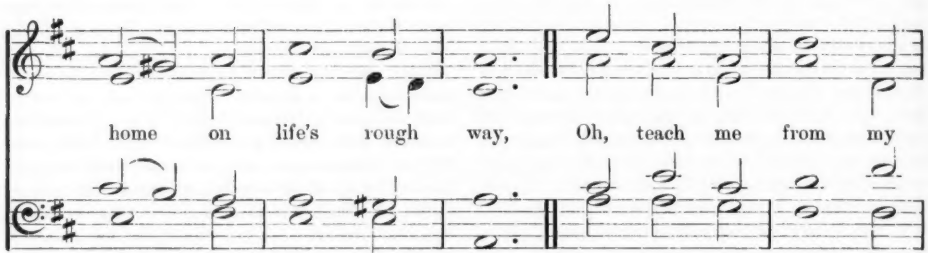
# My God, my Father, while I stray.

Words by CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

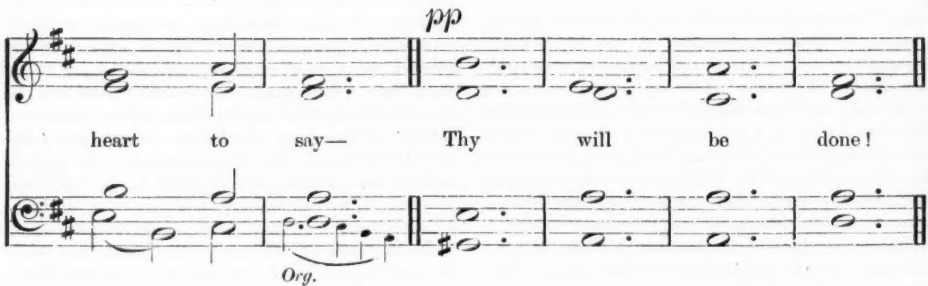
Music by W. H. LONGHURST, Mus.D.  
(Organist of Canterbury Cathedral.)



1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my



home on life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my



heart to say— Thy will be done!

*Org.*

2. If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize: it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what was Thine—  
Thy will be done!

3. E'en if again I ne'er should see  
The friend more dear than life to me,  
Ere long we both shall be with Thee—  
Thy will be done!

4. Should pining sickness waste away  
My life, in premature decay,  
My Father, still I strive to say—  
Thy will be done!

5. If but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—  
Thy will be done!

6. Renew my will from day to day;  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say  
Thy will be done!

7. Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore;—  
Thy will be done!



## PENNYROYAL'S "MISSUS."

BY ETHEL F. HEDDLE, AUTHOR OF "STAUNCH," "A REAL HERO," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

## PENNYROYAL.

**H**E really depresses me," Mr. Smith said—"makes me feel down in the dumps! And out on a pleasure-trip like this, it ain't pleasant—it really ain't fair!"

"You needn't speak to him, father."

Mr. Smith was quite aggrieved, and he went on carving the chicken with a depressed sigh.

They were out on the Lake of Killarney in the hotel boat, and they were all holders of Messrs. Cook's tickets for a tour in "the Emerald Isle." That gave them, as it were, an introduction to each other—or so Mr. Smith thought; and as he was the most sociable of men, it gave him positive annoyance to have one of the party sitting remote from the others, his back towards them, and his grave emotionless face seeming to look at nothing in particular. For if he did not attend or pay any heed to the people in the boat, he

certainly paid as little attention to the scenery: and this annoyed the worthy alderman also.

Mr. Smith was in a perpetual state of exclamation. He seemed to regard the expedition as his own altogether, and his high spirits were really almost contagious.

"My dear, he has not had a holiday for ten years, he told me," the silvery-haired lady in the stern of the boat had whispered to her daughter. "He has a large tannery in the South of England—fancy the joy of this after a tannery, and a tannery odour in one's nostrils for ten years!"

To which Margaret Vibart had smiled—

"My dear mother, I am as willing as you are that he should enjoy himself; and he is most obliging to do all the carving——"

"And the tipping, Margaret."



"The man from Australia."—p. 613.

"And the tipping. But if he would only leave the man from Australia alone!"

The chicken was carved by this time, though Mr. Smith kept it near him on the seat, in order to press the ladies to have "just this last piece of the breast;" and then, lunch being over and the plates put away in the basket, the party were all rather silent, except the worthy tanner and his son-in-law.

They did not intend to make their mirth and their jests obtrusive; but Margaret, who was worn-out after a year's hard teaching, felt rather sympathetic towards "the man from Australia," who hardly answered, save by a brief word, when called upon for raptures.

The lake was so still and so sunshine-haunted, the mountains were so rich in verdure, so embowered in green, the shadows were so lovely in the ravines!

And then the purple heather and the wealth of ferns on every rock! She had fancied the heather would be over, and it was purple and luxuriant still. Autumn tarried long in Killarney, as if loth to depart. Margaret's lips were stained still with the blackberries, which hung in great ebony-hued clusters on their trailing branches by the roadside, and she had a great tangled bouquet of tawny leaves, and holly and ferns, and heather in her lap. Such holly! She had never seen such glorious red berries in her life. And when one was drinking-in health and beauty, anxious to steep one's soul in it and lay by a store for the long work-a-day winter, she did not greatly desire to talk about it.

No; she felt much sympathy for the grave man who said nothing. Why might one's appreciation not be taken for granted?

Mr. Smith, who was the kindest little man possible, amused her mother, and presently he was telling her all about the tannery, and his work-people, and the six children at home, with a simple delight in her interest and attention, which was, after all, rather attractive.

"Mother finds everyone interesting," Margaret thought; "I think her heart could take in the whole world. And the way that man is confiding to her his whole history! I wonder if that other man has a history?"

"My missus, she only let me go if I'd promise that," the old man was saying. "'You take care of cold, Stephen; and you don't forget that old bones can't do what young ones can.' How she does fuss over me—my missus! But, bless your heart, ma'am, we like it! Isn't that so, sir? I'll warrant if you have a missus in Australia——"

He paused then, and his hearty smile faded.

The man from Australia had turned his back suddenly, and Margaret caught sight of his face. Her quick instinct made her look away at once. She had no right—no one had any right—to see that shrinking look of horror. What had Mr. Smith said? Yes, certainly there was a story here.

They landed at Ross Castle in the afternoon, and the shadows were growing longer then, and her mother was a little tired. Margaret and she got into the car awaiting them outside the Castle, and they saw the rest of the party ascend the brake, the silent grey man mounting on the box; and he escaped their memory till later in the evening, when the tanner joined them in the big, dreary hotel drawing-room,

where Mrs. Vibart was half asleep, with the *Irish Times* in her lap.

Seeing this, Mr. Smith sat down by Margaret.

"Are you a bit tired? My son-in-law is playing billiards, so I took a turn outside myself. It's a dirty place, Killarney; and I declare I hardly saw a woman with shoes on her feet! And I looked into the Roman Catholic cathedral. There was an old body bowing and crossing, and sprinkling herself all over with the 'howly water.' Wonder, now, if that comforted her a bit? I gave her a shilling, and told her to go home and take a cup of tea. It would do her a sight more good."

Margaret smiled. "Is it a fine cathedral?"

"Tawdry, I thought. By-the-bye, I met the gentleman from Australia—Pennyroyal is his name. I had a bit of a chat with him. He—he has lost his missus, poor chap!—lost her just before he came here. We were standing in the dusk there in the cathedral, and he told me. He was down in Sydney on business when the news came, and had left her in the bush; and—she—had been murdered by the blacks. He said he just took out a ticket and sailed next day. He said he'd have gone mad if he had stayed—stark staring mad! And on board he had a bad fever. He says he hasn't anyone else in the wide world—never had."

Margaret was listening in a kind of horror, and before she thought the words escaped her—

"Oh, I saw—I saw his face in the boat!"

"I know"—and the old man's honest face crimsoned—"I know! I begged his pardon for that. He said it didn't matter at all. It only gave him a bit of a shiver."

And then Mrs. Vibart roused, and they went off to bed.

But Margaret could not get the story out of her mind, nor the man's shrinking, stricken look.

## CHAPTER II.

### PENNYROYAL'S LETTER.

THEY were all at Muckross Abbey next day, Pennyroyal walking at their side, with his usual bent head and absent look, and he stood where directed, looked where directed, and tipped the driver and gave the children coppers, like a man in a walking dream. He even bought photographs in the Abbey, apparently because the others were doing so, and very much as if it was all part of the day's work, for he left them lying on the table later, and Margaret lifted them to give them back to him.

The party separated after a little, to wander round the ruin and look for shamrock, but Margaret was making a little sketch of The O'Donoghue's tomb, and she was seated on the base of the broken pillar when she became conscious that Pennyroyal's absent gaze was fixed upon her, and that he was standing by the side of the tomb.

She raised her eyes with such a depth of gentle pity, half reverential for his sorrow, that the man started. Since that awful day when he read the letter which told him *that* no woman's face had seemed to reach his vision. They were all dream-faces, phantasies

—passing before his gaze like the silhouettes on the white sheet of a show.

She looked at him with such deep pity, and something seemed to start and strain in his heart for utterance, though he only said in his dull way—

"You are sketching!"

"Yes; I want to carry away a little memento. Look how these ferns are spreading all over that tomb! I never saw so many hart's-tongue ferns."

He looked at them absently.

"Things grow well here,"

"Wonderfully!"

There was a pause then, and he said slowly—

"Folks like to be buried here, I suppose. Some folks leave orders that they should be carried across the seas, so as to be in the old place. Do you think it would matter?"

Something in his eyes made her wonder what he meant.

"I should not mind," Margaret said. "After all, what does it matter where one leaves the garment one has done with? The soul, the spirit, goes straight home! I have sometimes thought, if they knew—I do not know if they do—that it must vex the happy spirits of those who are gone to see us grieve for them '*as those that have no hope*'!"

Pennyroyal listened, and he suddenly took a step nearer, as if startled.

"You see," he said abruptly, "she used to say—my missus—that we'd come home together, and lie together, when we died, in the old churchyard near Barnstaple. I've wondered if I ought to go back, and find her grave, and bring her home. Seems like I'd go mad to see that place! What do you think about it? I think she'd a fancy—she'd like to be near me still—when we were dead."

"I think she would not like you to do anything that would hurt you," the girl's gentle voice said.

He looked startled, and roused again.

"Seems almost as if you had known her," he said; "she always talked like that—kind of low, too, like you! You mustn't think she was like me; she wasn't a bit. There never was anyone like my missus, never! She was all I had in the world. I felt like kissing the ground she trod on, miss, when she married me—and I never got over the feeling. I'd never like her to have done a hand's turn—and I'd scarcely let the wind touch her—and—and—when I was away—they killed her!"

His voice faded away, and his head sank again. Margaret felt as if words were swords to a story like this, and yet he was so desolate.

"Do not think of that part of it," she said. "Think only of her bright spirit waiting for you, and loving you—ah! how dearly still! If we can only *realise* the love of God, and how He keeps all those we love safe for us, and waiting for us, the mysteries and the pain of the world all seem plain. Life is so short. We have an eternity in which to be happy!"

Pennyroyal listened, and for the first time for six months his look lifted. But he said nothing at all.

"I should hear from Ruth to-day," Mrs. Vibart was saying that afternoon, as they drove home, Mr. Smith

chatting gaily to his son-in-law, and Pennyroyal sitting, as usual, up beside the driver, his head bent. "How one does appreciate letters when one is away from home! Are you sure you asked at the office this morning, Margaret?"

"Yes, mother; there were none."

"A post comes in at five," Mr. Smith said; "we'll all hear by that. I expect a letter too; I'm longing to hear if James has passed his school examination. Bless that boy! how he did work!"

Once launched upon "James," the conversation remained in that channel till the huge façade of the hotel was reached, and then Margaret saw her mother go up-stairs, while she went to the office to enquire for letters.

Quite a number of people were waiting, and she could see Pennyroyal look at them dully as he strode past, a head taller than all the other men. He never even enquired; apparently no one wrote to him—now.

And then Margaret got near, and after finding the desired letter from Ruth, she suddenly caught sight of a square white envelope, very much re-addressed, and she read the name—

"John Pennyroyal."

"I'll take it to him," she thought; "how it seems to have followed him about;" and then, after giving her mother the long-wished-for epistle, she looked into the reading-room.

Pennyroyal was there alone, standing idly at the window, and looking out at a row of dahlias which were beginning to hang their heads. And Margaret held out the letter to him.

"I found a letter for you, Mr. Pennyroyal."

He took it listlessly, thanking her in his usual absent way, and then his gaze fell on the envelope, and he started wildly, as if pierced to the heart.

"It's a trick!" he cried: then brokenly, "a cruel trick! Her hand! Mary's hand!"

And then he tore the envelope open with a sudden wild energy, and he read, ghastly white, and with big drops on his forehead.

Margaret waited, and it seemed an hour till he looked up. And ah! the joy, the radiance, the glory in the dark face; and his voice was hoarse and broken still, and his strong hand trembled till the letter shook.

"It was all a horrible mistake!" he said. "It wasn't my missus at all! It was a poor woman she had got in to work. And they reported it was my Mary, and she was lying ill with fever at the station, and couldn't deny it! They told me she was dead and buried; and I took out my passage and set sail next day. And they have hunted me ever since, and through my travelling about like this, and leaving no address, they never found me; and she's waiting—she's waiting for me at Sydney!"

Margaret did not see Pennyroyal again that night, after he had dashed wildly from the room to cable to his wife; and he left early next day.

But before leaving she met him in the hall, and he came up to her eagerly—a new man—with such a light of joy and hope on his brown face, and he wrung

her slender hand in his till Margaret winced inwardly, though she only smiled.

"I didn't thank you yesterday," he said; "maybe you thought I didn't hear—or take it in; but I did! My heart was like stone till you spoke like that, and I had felt like cursing God! And then, your voice was so like hers it made me think I heard *her*. And it was all true, miss! I've got her back, but death'll never seem so black to me again. I'll remember, and I'll tell her all about it. She'd thank you better than me for these kind words. And she isn't a bit like me

—my missus—not a bit like me! Don't you think that!"

"Car is at the door, sir."

He wrung her hand, and he was gone.

And Margaret and her mother left Killarney next day, and they were seen off by Mr. Smith, beaming all over.

"Never had such an enjoyable time in my life—never! And we were a pleasant party, all except poor Pennyroyal. And now *he* is all right! Odd story that! Good-bye! good-bye!"



### THE WATER-LILY WAY.

BY C. DI FERRARA.



OUR boat is moored by anchor at the bows to a grassy island, the home of blue forget-me-nots and pink-white comfrey bells, and at the stern she is warped on to a willow, over whose fallen trunk, covered with soft brown moss, I have just slipped into the boat through the willow-sprays and brambles.

It seems a week ago since we came up in the dusk of the evening from the yellow-white sands, purple seas, mauve and indigo striped mussel-shells, and green-grey rushes on the sand-hills at the river's mouth: since we passed the lights in the ferry-house, and the ferry-boat crossing over in the silent gloaming, and came up our water-lily way, between the tall, tall sedges and the long, long feather-tipped river-grasses, and the night-covered alders. The water is deep and

lustrous dark as a gipsy's eye, but the round rafts of the lily-leaves lay over this darkness with splashes of silver-grey, dim-lit as with glowworm-light, and the lilies lay still in the shallows, with their white cloven cups raised to the grey night sky, and their golden hearts at rest; it seems a week ago, but it is only one day ago.

For last night, when the tide had come up and covered the lilies deep below their broad leaves, and the water-crowfoot leaves, and the filmy weed masses and floating tangles, we groped with our arms in the water for lilies to lay on our dead child's bosom, and searched the dusky corners of the stream with eyes that were swollen and burning with a long day's tears. Can one day have wrought all this?

The purple loose-strife waves in these silvery-green groves of the river-marshes, where the water-hen calls, and in the knee-deep meadow grass, where the ruddy-



brown bundles of windle-straw are stacked in sheaves, the giant white umbels of some big meadow-plant glimmer all down the field, till they lose themselves in the gossamer webs of meadow-sweet and hemlock, and the bowing brown heads of a thousand reeds shimmering in the afternoon sunlight. But the large, misty-dark baby eyes, that gazed so intently on to the white lily-cups—well, we know they are closed now, and "sealed safe from tears;" and no human sorrow, sin, or suffering—and, O God! how much there is of it all in this bitterly heartless, cold, cruel world of ours!—will ever stain that tender little flower-face with weeping. So this afternoon we gather the lilies and forget-me-nots from over the boat-side, in the rippling stream of our water-lily way, and bind them on to one long lily-stem with reeds, and place them by that little hushed white form indoors. Good-bye, baby, good-bye.

For the day will soon be over, and the minutes are of gold,  
And the wicket shuts at sundown and the shepherd leaves the fold,  
And the swallows sink in the reed-beds as the sunset roses go,  
And the lilies at their moorings sway gently to and fro.

And white boats float at dusk-fall up the Water-lily Way,  
When the darkened tide comes up and the Golden Gates unbar  
To let the weary-hearted through, at close of weary day,  
Beyond the trees, beyond the clouds, beyond the even-star.

May be those Golden Portals will unclose again for me,  
And there, may be, soft baby-arms for me will open wide;  
And Baby's smile will welcome us across the night's grey sea,  
And holding his wee hand in ours, we shall be satisfied.

For white boats wait to take us up the Water-lily Way;



And the sunset means "Good-night to all," when we have knelt  
to pray;  
"And the day will soon be over, and the minutes are of gold,  
And the wicket-gate shuts at sundown, and the shepherd leaves  
the fold."



## THE PLACE AND POWER OF "DISSATISFACTION" IN THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

BY THE REV. P. E. POWER, M.A.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."—PSALM xvii. 15.



THE subject upon which I wish to speak to you for a few minutes is, "The Place and Power of Dissatisfaction in the Spiritual Life." And this I wish to speak of, in such a way, as that what I say may not be by any means in the way of an essay, but in that of

absolute help to you in your spiritual life.

To some, a subject such as this may be of little practical importance; but so, in all probability, would any subject which dealt with any of the intricacies, or indeed the realities, of the spiritual life. But to others it may be of great moment; for this dissatisfaction felt, but not understood, is a subject of continual fret and depression with the soul.

And by dissatisfaction, do not think, that of necessity I mean disappointment. There may be a dissatisfaction proceeding by the way of disappointment; or, on the other hand, having nothing to do with disappointment; or disappointment and dissatisfaction may be existing together.

Looking for the moment at dissatisfaction in its worldly aspect, how often it proceeds from disappointment! We expected ever so much from this and that—from some relationship—from the possession of something—the attainment of some position; we got it all, and found that its pleasure was in expectation, and not in possession: it palled, or was simply worn out; and we were dissatisfied.

The huge jewel that blazed in the far-off landscape—a diamond like a sun—was, when we came up with it, but a sorry pane of dirty glass in a poor hut, which had caught beams which were not its own,

and which glittered in it for a while. "Tis distance," says the poet, that "lends enchantment to the view;" verily, few things in the world can bear to be looked at too closely, enjoyed too freely, possessed too long.

And so it comes to pass that to the world, being full of people who cannot get, or who, getting, find that what they have got is not equal to their expectation, dissatisfaction, if not discontent, may be said to be one of the sad characteristics of human life. There was a poor lady—very poor—and she came in for a large fortune; and now she would so spend it that her poor lean soul should fatten in rich pastures; and so she built herself a grand house, and filled it with all sorts of things that she fancied, and called it Satis House (Satis being the Latin for sufficient), for here she would be satisfied at last. Ah, poor lady! she enjoyed it all for but a little while; then, one by one, the contents of Satis House ceased to give her pleasure; and at last Satis House itself became stale, and unprofitable, and flat; and in sheer misery, and disappointment, and dissatisfaction, in Satis House she killed herself.

I might do you a great deal of good by helping you to a larger measure of human happiness than any of you probably have, if I were to spend our time in trying to make you apply a true and not a false standard to human things: in asking you to go measuredly into your expectations of all of earth; but I want to speak of dissatisfaction as regards your spiritual life—that life which is the true and all-important one to many of you, and in which you realise this dissatisfaction; and by reason of that dissatisfaction (not understanding its place and power) you weaken instead of strengthen, and fret and vex your souls.

And now, brethren, how did it come to pass that there should be dissatisfaction in the world at all—that temporally or spiritually it should be in a God-made world and a God-made soul? It was unknown in Paradise, in the first beginnings of human life. Disappointment, of which it is so largely bred, had never been experienced. Man had enough in God's gifts for the body, and in God Himself for the soul. It came in with that almost deepest of all mysteries, the permitted work of a tempter and a destroyer, in the fair creation of God. Satan made man dissatisfied with God's ordinance as to the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; and from the moment that dissatisfaction took action, it separated man from God, and became his heritage up to the world's end. The first sin was not a physical act—the putting forth of the hand to take of the fruit of the tree; it was a mental one; and the form that it took was this very dissatisfaction of which we are speaking now. Eve was dissatisfied that she and her husband should not be as gods, knowing good and evil; and out of the mental act of dissatisfaction came the physical act of disobedience.

Now, blessed be God that He has made dissatisfaction the heritage of the human race! There are

poisons which can be used as poisons and as medicines too, and dissatisfaction is one of these—it can kill and cure; it can be a dagger in the hand of an assassin, and a lancet in that of a physician; it can be used, according to a man's skill, to kill or cure. With the skill wherewith God works in bringing good out of evil, He has made dissatisfaction—the first element in our soul's death—to become one of the very first elements in our soul's life.

I have said "Blessed be God that dissatisfaction has stuck to us since the fall;" for had it not done so, the consequences would have been fatal. The soul had revolted from God, and now it could be happy and satisfied without God—it could be filled without Him, and would have been independent of Him. If this could have indeed been done, it would have been possible for man successfully to have materialised himself for time; and, so far as I can see, if only he could have got hold of the tree of life, for eternity also. And then, what should we have had—a man, made by God to find the fulness of satisfaction in Him, and in Him alone, able to find it within himself—in other words, to be independent, almost a kind of god himself.

God would not allow this; and though we poor ignorant creatures must not attempt to be wise above that which is written, can we not imagine how terrible an element of misery in the future would be (as a "worm that dieth not, and a fire that is not quenched") the gnawing and burning of a never-satisfied soul? Oh, what would it have been to be under the Law of God, that no man should be allowed to fill up his nature apart from God—and God to have withdrawn Himself and gone?

But now, leaving the world, and the world's people and the world's things, what is this dissatisfaction in God's people, and at the present time of which I speak?

It is dissatisfaction with ourselves, and not with God—not with Christ—God forbid!—but with ourselves, and with ourselves all round, whichever way we look. Look at yourself all round in your spiritual life, and can you find one spot in it upon which you can rest your foot and say, "I am satisfied; here I can rest." I know that many can say, "I can rest in Christ. I have experienced the truth of His promise, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'"—that is true; but we are still ourselves, and ourselves as inheritors of that first sin of our first parents—of its form, as well as of its punishment.

And so we have often many a weary hour, many a depressing thought, many a spiritual irritation when we see and feel what we are, when we look at our progress, look at our attainments, look at our powers of spiritual realisation, get a vision of where we ought to be, on, on, ever so far on; and we here—only here, on our poor low plane of spiritual life to-day.

Oh, how this sometimes irritates and vexes us! oh, how it depresses us! oh, what heavy sentences

It makes us pass upon ourselves ! and how it makes us for seasons go heavily all the day long ! Perhaps, some sudden temptation reveals to us a weakness that we never suspected, a meanness that we thought ourselves altogether above, a stupidity in something spiritual that we should scarcely have given ourselves credit for—but there it is ; and in our dissatisfaction with ourselves we become bitter against ourselves too.

But the dissatisfaction may not come by this road at all. It may come by a brighter path. It may be that God, by the Holy Spirit, is opening out to you something brighter in spiritual things, which you are not stupid about at all. On the other hand, you are keenly alive to it all, but you cannot work yourself up to do, or to be equal to, the occasion, or to the revelation at all. Just so. "Self" is never equal to anything of this kind ; and it was "Self" that wanted to get "Self" on. Poor "Self"—poor well-intentioned "Self"—poor God-pitied "Self"—that dissatisfaction with "Self" is God's tonic : it drives us to the Holy Spirit ; it takes its place amid the medicines of the Great Physician. God puts it in its place, God bestows upon it its power.

Then you know, brethren, how often you feel deep dissatisfaction with yourselves that you don't love God as you want to do—that, much as you appreciate the Cross, you don't do so as not only you know you *ought* to do, but as you *want* to do. Or it is no question of "ought" at all. The hunger of our soul does not say, "*I ought* to want the Bread of Life," but, "*I do* want some of the Bread of Life." And these wretched hearts are so languid, we cannot get them up to the mark of even as much as we do know. And surely there are some among us who say, "That's it ; I know it all. I am dissatisfied with myself indeed."

Well, poor soul, do you wish it were otherwise ? The law of God is that man shall be satisfied only with that which is perfect, and now I am talking of "Self." Do you expect perfection anywhere in "Self" ? If you want to be satisfied with "Self" in any form, then you are setting yourself another standard than God's. And so it comes to pass that dissatisfaction must be permanent as long as we are in the flesh ; for the standard must be always in advance not only of the realisation, but, speaking practically, I might almost say of the possible realisation. St. Paul considered not himself to have attained.

So what you are to do is this : You are to accept the situation. You are to see what God meant dissatisfaction to do *with* you and *for* you ; and, when you know this, you are to use it as His means—as a factor in the education of your spiritual life.

And what is it to teach you ? What is it to do with you ? It is not to make you querulous, and irritable with yourself, in your spiritual life. Wherever these are, there is weakness ; and there is a miserableness which God never intended to be the portion of His people. It is not to make you a self-tormentor, as it too often does ; but it is to teach you about God—how wonderfully He makes the consequences of sin the medicines for sin. And when consequences of your sin are upon you, instead of making you despair, and think only of God's anger and His justice, it will make you think of His wisdom and His love. You may talk to God and say, "O God ! I am dissatisfied with myself, and I thank Thee that I am."

For, brethren, all this dissatisfaction is a mighty power in the spiritual life. It is intended to drive us to the fulness of Christ. Dissatisfaction, under the instigation of the devil, drove man *away* and *from* God. Dissatisfaction, under the working of the Spirit, drives man *to* God. His soul yearns for fulness ; and, utterly failing to find it in "Self," he is driven to Christ.

"It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell"—in His presence there is the fulness of joy. All the imagery of Scripture points to dissatisfaction's being destroyed at last ; it is an intruder upon the creation of God, and must be banished out of it, and find itself at last located in hell.

The lying down in green pastures—the hungering and thirsting no more—they are all testimonies that dissatisfaction will eventually be destroyed. God grant that, whenever you look at yourselves while here below, you may always find it. But God give you grace to know its place, and to use its power, for it can lead you—it can drive you—to Christ : the beloved Son in whom the Father finds satisfaction—in whom He is well pleased—in whom, in the midst of it all, you can find peace here, and more than peace hereafter. A glorious future of full content lies before you who are dissatisfied in the present, and "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."



## ONLY A CHILD!

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. BY MARY E. BELLARS.

## CHAPTER I.

"You were infantine  
When first I met you; why your hair fell loose  
On either side."

BROWNING.



UT, Margaret, is not the whole thing rather absurd? Sybil is a mere child."

Mrs. Lansdale smiled as she made this assertion, and there was a touch of good-humoured contempt in her smile. Was not Margaret Henderson an old maid? And was not that fact in itself a confession of failure—an admission that she had been beaten in the great game of a woman's life?

Did it not argue

some folly on her part as well as superior skill in another player? The matron felt scant respect for the spinster's opinion on anything connected with love and matrimony. What could she know of either? Now, Mrs. Lansdale herself had been twice married, and might be supposed to enjoy a double portion of wisdom in consequence. Undoubtedly, a grain of practical experience outweighs tons of theory.

"Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," she continued. "If, for instance, we mothers felt half the tremors of anxiety about our children which you single women seem to expect from us, life would not be worth living. We should be worn to shadows."

She looked singularly unlike a shadow or even a shorn lamb at that moment, being, indeed, as comely a matron as any lover of his kind might wish to see. If he were hypercritical, he might hint that she was too substantial and prosperous-looking, but her forehead was smooth and fair, her rounded cheeks were brightly tinted, her brown hair showed no silver threads, and her undimmed blue eyes dared you at your peril to say she was nearing the forties. She had too much good sense to dress like a girl, but she emulated Dogberry in having everything handsome about her, and was distinctly the most decorative object in her husband's well-appointed establishment.

Margaret Henderson was thirty-eight, and thus had undoubtedly earned the title of "old maid." Time had not dealt so kindly with her as with her companion, for there were lines on the thoughtful brow, under the tender eyes, about the sensitive mouth. One felt that she had lived, and loved, and suffered, while the other had merely flirted, enjoyed, and been given in marriage. But she, too, neglected none of the minor social duties, so that her gown, and all those nameless trifles which help to make the perfection of a toilet, harmonised with the refined dignity of her face and figure. For those who could recognise an element of beauty in sober middle-age, the two women made a pleasing picture; but for those who could not, there was another picture outside. A young girl, with her dark hair floating loose upon her shoulders, was looking up with rapt attention at a man ten or twelve years her senior, who appeared to be discoursing of "moving accidents by flood or field." While her mother and Miss Henderson were comfortably seated in lounging chairs in the shadow of a deep porch, and were able to bestow a little of their attention on the blue sky, the quivering leaves, all the sights and sounds of an exquisitely kept garden, as well as on the subject of their conversation, Sybil was perched on a little camp-stool full in the sunshine, and seemed to see nothing either in earth or heaven but Captain Raleigh's face, and to hear neither the song of bird nor the tum-ti-ti-tum of the school-room piano—only the sound of one voice. If Margaret Henderson had not been an ignorant, inexperienced spinster, she might perhaps have been justified in feeling a little alarm. Then, on the other hand, it was patent that Sybil was, as her mother said, a mere child.

"I hope I may be mistaken," said Miss Henderson, quite aware of her friend's consciousness of superiority, and quite willing to forgive it. "I am very fond of Sybil."

She had a sweet voice, with an undertone of pathos in it, and she had kind eyes, which looked kinder than ever when they rested upon her young favourite.

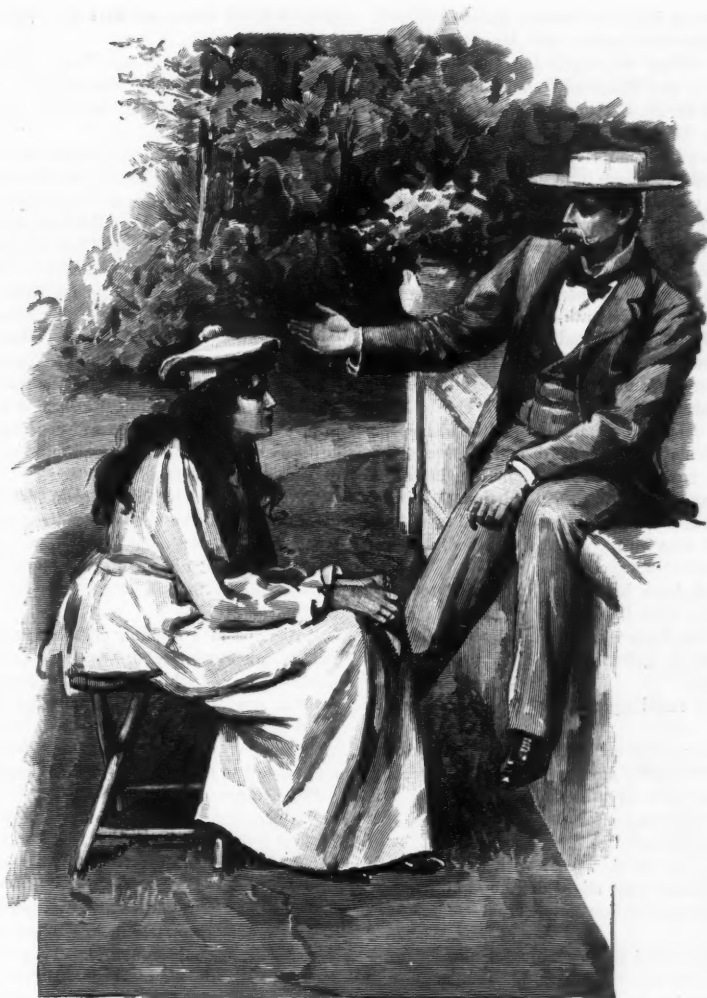
"It is easy to see that," the mother replied. "Don't you think her very like her father?"

A faint flush rose in Margaret's face. She looked keenly at Mrs. Lansdale, but could detect no change of expression in the pleasant countenance, and there appeared to be no special significance in her remark, so that Miss Henderson quietly replied—

"She is very like him."

"Yes. It is the one thing that makes me just a little doubtful. I flirted when I wore short frocks, and had a proposal before I was seventeen—Sybil was seventeen in March, you know. But it was one





"Looking up with rapt attention."—p. 624.

man to-day and another to-morrow: I never lost a night's rest in thinking of the best of them. And then I settled down with a husband. But the child is not like me; she is like Gerald; and he was full of fancies. I don't mind saying at this time of day that he passed my comprehension altogether. *You* would have suited him better, after all."

"*I!*" exclaimed her companion, startled. The faint flush rose once more.

"Well, my dear, it would be false delicacy to say you did not like him," observed Mrs. Lansdale, briskly. "Like a sensible woman, you did not break your heart about him; and he is dead and gone now, and I have married again. But Gerald would have proposed to *you*, if he had not seen *me*.

I don't quite know how I managed it—but there! I suppose my way with men was different from yours."

Now this last remark was profoundly true, and, for a few moments, Margaret lived through that bygone time again—remembered how her girlish heart had gone out to Gerald Charlton, recalled his chivalrous ways, his manliness, his charm. He had cared for her, she was quite sure; and he had been her hero, her one and only love. But Louisa Aylmer had come between them, and Margaret had had to stand by and betray no pain—no surprise even—while Gerald was first fascinated and then fired to passion by the beauty and the arts of a coquette. Henceforth her life had been pitched in a minor

key; the keenest joys, the supreme pains of womanhood had never been hers; yet Major Chorlton's widow only waited the regulation year before she married again; and Margaret Henderson was an old maid—would be an old maid to the end. Life is full of these bewildering complications, only that some of us are too comfortable and too selfish to be affected by them. There is a better chance of our keeping our complexions, and there is less risk of prematurely grey hair, if we can thus ignore them; but it is not given to everyone to be obtuse. Those who are differently constituted may, if they please, get angry with Providence because life is so complex and they cannot find the path out of the maze; they may also visit their grief and their disappointments upon innocent persons who have never injured them, but there is a more excellent way than either of these. Margaret Henderson had chosen that better part. Her sorrow had not embittered her, but had endowed her with a breadth and depth of sympathy which gave her the joy of finding herself a comfort to many stricken hearts; and though this joy is different from the rapture of passion and even from the delight of true love given and returned, it is not to be despised in its way.

"He would have been happier married to *you*," continued Mrs. Lansdale, with candour. "He was always on stilts himself, and wanted me to be, too. I couldn't stand it, but it would have come quite naturally to *you*."

"What—to stand upon stilts?" asked Margaret, laughing.

"You know quite well what I mean. He was high-flown, poor fellow, and so are you. Now, Mr. Lansdale and I are on the same level; and that is why we jog along so comfortably together. There is no strain upon either of us."

"But what has all this to do with Sybil?" asked the other, who felt some slight delicacy in discussing the exact level—moral or intellectual—of her host and hostess.

The mother looked at her child once more. Sybil's serious eyes were still fixed upon her companion, and she was drinking-in every word that he uttered. Bewilderment, pleasure, trouble, pleasure again—all these expressions chased each other in turn across the lovely childlike face; but the interest and the faith with which she listened did not slacken for an instant. Margaret took up her parable once more.

"I am afraid he is just the man to make a deep impression upon the heart of a susceptible girl, and that, while he thinks of her as a child, he may unconsciously, and I am sure unwillingly, darken her bright young life."

Mrs. Lansdale laughed.

"For romance," she said, "give me an old maid—I beg your pardon, Margaret. Sybil knows nothing whatever of love and lovers. Her governess—Miss Penefather, you know—was not up to modern requirements in education; but she might be trusted

to keep a girl innocent—that is, if such a thing be possible."

"I hope it is, I am sure," said Margaret, in response to this pessimistic afterthought.

"It is very difficult," affirmed Mrs. Lansdale, pensively.

"But if Sybil has never heard the topic of love vulgarised by silly talk, don't you think she is all the more likely to experience the real thing?"

"My dear friend, I don't think at all about it. I only know that Maud and Ethel are both, in their way, older than Sybil, who might be seven instead of seventeen. But if she gets a little moonstruck now, she will speedily come to her senses when she sees Arthur and his lady-love together. Fancy an unformed child rivalling Catherine Neale!"

"There is no question of rivalry between them," said Margaret. "Captain Raleigh is fathoms deep in love, as far as his senses are concerned. I don't quite see what such a heart and mind as his can have in common with Miss Neale."

"It is quite evident that you don't understand men," observed the matron, with a pitying smile. "After all, how should you—an old—a single woman? What on earth can a man's *mind* have to do with his falling in love? His *heart* may be a different matter."

"Well," said Margaret, good-humouredly, "I am not so much concerned about Captain Raleigh as about Sybil. I think she is an exception to the general run of girls. I acknowledge that you are often right, Louisa, in your estimate both of men and women; but you are not, I think, invariably right, for you fail to take account of the exceptions."

"For instance?"

"I have often heard you say that no man is ever faithful to his first love——"

"And it is quite true—fortunately for both sides."

"Yet your friend, Mrs. Hill, was telling me yesterday of a man who fell in love when he was quite young with her only daughter. They were separated for years; and in the meantime, Mabel married someone else—a wretched marriage it was—and died. That was between twenty and thirty years ago, yet he has never forgotten her, and he has never married."

"Mr. Ellis is *quite* an exceptional person," said Mrs. Lansdale.

"Just so. And this morning you declared that a man never married a woman much older than himself, except for money or because he was trapped into doing it."

"Of course," observed Mrs. Lansdale, decidedly.

"I am not advocating such marriages," said Margaret; "but surely you forget the Deanes, whom we both knew so well. *She* had no money, and it was only because he was so steadfast and so persevering that she consented at last to be his wife. Yet how he loved her—how he *loves* her, in fact—and how he mourns her!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lansdale, rather grudgingly; "why, I cannot imagine—she was such an old frump!"

"Ninety-nine girls out of a hundred—perhaps nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand—would forget Captain Raleigh in a week, especially if some other man appeared upon the scene. But I am terribly afraid that Sybil will not—in fact, that she is one of the exceptions."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of afternoon tea. The table, with all its accompaniments of pretty china and quaint old silver, was set in the shadow of the porch.

"Sybil!" said her mother, very distinctly.

The girl started, and looked round. Captain Raleigh rose.

The spell was hopelessly broken.

"Come, my dear, make yourself useful, and give us some tea.—I think, Arthur, you at least must be thirsty, for you seem to have been making quite an oration. Are you often taken that way?"

"I don't often get the chance of such a charmingly sympathetic listener," replied the young officer. "Sybil—you know you said I might call you Sybil—I hope I have not been boring you unmercifully in the pleasure of hearing myself talk?"

"Boring me!" she repeated, incredulously.

Judging by the smile that lighted up the girlish face, and by the expression of the soft grey eyes, Sybil had certainly not been bored, any more than Calypso was bored when Telemachus related his adventures, or Dido as she listened to the tale of the pious Aeneas.

"Well, soon you will have a still more sympathetic confidante," suggested Mrs. Lansdale. "Don't you begin to feel awfully impatient?"

"I do, indeed," he replied. His eyes glowed as he spoke, and his colour rose. "If Sybil had not taken compassion on me this afternoon, and many afternoons, I think I should have gone mad."

"What!—are you so far gone as all that? See, you have frightened the child: she is turning quite pale.—Don't be alarmed, my dear; he is harmless, although a lunatic for the time being."

"What do you mean?" demanded Sybil.

"This is her first ex-

perience of the duplicity of your sex," said Mrs. Lansdale, in the same tone of airy banter.—"Sybil, my love, I have no doubt that he has told you many interesting stories during your short acquaintance with him; but the most interesting of all he has kept to himself."

"Have you?" asked the girl, shyly.

A flood of rosy colour stained her cheeks as she spoke.

"Yes, my little friend," answered Captain Raleigh very gently; "but only because the climax of it had not been reached. You will see the heroine to-night."

"Miss Neale is coming; is she the heroine?" asked Sybil, wondering why she had such odd sensations. She had felt perfectly well a few moments ago.

"Yes, she is the heroine, though it must not be



"Oh, yes, I'm coming, Miss Smythe."—p. 629.

spoken of except at Brockhurst. When the time for *your* story comes, Sybil, I hope you may have a better fellow for its hero."

Margaret Henderson, for once, was remarkably clumsy. How it came to pass that she, with all her grace and self-possession, should be so awkward as to pour a cup of tea over her pretty gown, no one could imagine; but she declared she should have to retire to remedy the damage, and she asked Sybil to help her. Then she sent her on some small errand, and the girl did not return for a minute or two. When she reappeared in Margaret's dressing-room, she looked very pale, and there were dark shadows under her eyes.

"Is Captain Raleigh going to marry Miss Neale?" she said timidly.

"I believe they are engaged; but only a few persons are to know it at present. He was very much attracted by her when they were both staying with your Aunt Mary in the winter. Then, I did not think she would accept him. Sit down on this couch by me, love. You are quite pale with the heat: you should not sit in the sun, Sybil dear."

"Why did you not think she would accept him?" persisted the girl, passively receiving her kind friend's caresses.

"You are growing into a woman now," said Margaret thoughtfully, "yet I do not like to be the first to sow the seeds of distrust in your dear little soul. But you will see—you cannot help seeing—that Catherine Neale is a very worldly girl, as well as a very beautiful one. There was another man staying in the house at the same time, whom I think she would have preferred to marry."

"Then why did she accept Captain Raleigh?"

"Ah, Sybil darling," said Miss Henderson tenderly, "love is the most beautiful thing in the world, but fashionable people do not always take it into account. They think more of money, or rank, or a good position in society. I don't fancy Miss Neale loved either of those men. Yet it is an awful thing for a woman to marry without love."

"People who love are not always able to marry," said Sybil, in a low voice.

"No, that is true; but there is nothing to be ashamed of in love, even if it is not returned. There is something to be terribly ashamed of when we are false to the love we feel—when we marry one man and care for another all the time."

"Supposing the—person—marries someone else?"

"Then we must not allow our disappointment to spoil our lives, but pray and strive to forget and forgive it. In doing our best to brighten others, we gain happiness for ourselves; and sometimes, indeed, we find that we have been mistaken, and that what we took to be love was only a girlish fancy. We meet the real man later, and become happy wives and mothers."

"Miss Henderson, I wish you would tell me—

don't, *don't* think me impertinent—but have *you* ever cared for anyone?" asked Sybil, gazing at the old maid with Gerald Chorlton's eyes, and speaking with strange echoes of his manly tones in her girlish voice.

"Yes, dear," replied Margaret steadily; "and I would not choose to lose that experience, in spite of the pain I suffered. For I did suffer, Sybil."

Was she wise in thus dealing with Gerald Chorlton's daughter? Would the child's life have shaped itself differently, if instead of treating her feeling for Captain Raleigh as a sacred thing, Margaret had laughed at it as an idle fancy?

"'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls," declares Browning.

Mrs. Lansdale considered Sybil a mere child, and might have teased her until she had grown ashamed of her girlish infatuation and speedily forgotten it; but she fell into the hands of a romantic old maid.

## CHAPTER II.

"Love's a virtue for heroes!—as white as the snow on high hills,

And immortal as every great soul is that struggles, endures, and fulfils."

E. B. BROWNING.

CATHERINE NEALE was undoubtedly a very beautiful and a very fascinating woman. It is true that she was not a universal favourite, even with men; but when she wished to charm—which was not always the case—she usually succeeded, and more than succeeded. When she stayed down in Dorsetshire with Lady Mary Chorlton, she made the tactical mistake of encouraging two men at once. That particular manœuvre is sometimes crowned with success; in this instance it failed ignominiously. Catherine, like the British army, admitted no defeat, but it was well understood that she had done her best to marry Sir Rupert Silchester, and that the gentleman in question had availed himself of that discretion which is the better part of valour. In fact, he had retreated. In those days, the Dark Continent was not so fashionable as it is now, and he had never heard, for instance, of the gruesome forest so admirably described by Mr. Stanley. Thus, he did not try what dwarfs and poisoned arrows could do to make him forget the exquisite colouring and perfect figure of Catherine Neale, but with one or two other choice spirits set out to see life in Australia, and left a clear field for one who was less worldly-wise and much more in love than himself. Almost immediately after his departure it was whispered that Miss Neale had accepted Captain Raleigh. It was only a whisper—no formal announcement was made—but it silenced unpleasant remarks, and the lady seemed so well satisfied that the gossips were puzzled.

Perhaps, after all, Sir Rupert had an exaggerated idea of his own value. Perhaps Miss Neale was not so worldly as people thought. So society babbled, not knowing, and not really caring to know, the truth.



Mrs. Lansdale knew, but then she could scarcely be said to be in society at all, and she lived near Mirkchester, where Captain Raleigh's regiment was stationed.

It was convenient for the fashionable beauty to pay her a visit. Catherine arrived just in time to dress, and, naturally, Arthur dined at Brockhurst, too. Sybil, with her waving hair decorously twisted round her pretty head, and looking sweet and fresh in her white evening gown, watched them with amazement. It was hard to recognise her friend of that afternoon in the passionate lover leaning over Miss Neale's chair. He had eyes only for Catherine; he murmured tender words into her delicate ear; he touched her hand, and his own trembled; he caught an end of floating drapery and raised it furtively to his lips. Sybil tried to look in another direction, but she seemed to see these little details wherever she turned. And the languid beauty, who was accepting each evidence of passion with such superb indifference, suddenly noted the yearning grey eyes, and guessed the state of affairs at once.

Life became interesting to Catherine once more, for here was a rival. A poor little rival, truly—a girl of seventeen, who had not sense enough to know her own charms, or wit enough to make the most of them—but, at least, a rival who could *feel*. The red lips parted into a slow, seductive smile, and Catherine glanced at her lover.

"Tell me," she said, "have you been amusing yourself by making love to that pretty girl? She looks very forlorn. Ah, you men!"

"Making love!" he repeated. "I never did that in my life except to you, my queen."

"I can believe a great deal," she said, meeting his ardent gaze with eyes that thrilled every nerve. "I repeat that I can believe a good deal, Arthur; but I cannot quite believe that, at your age, I am your first love."

"Yet it is as true as that heaven is above us."

"Ah, but who knows that much? Heaven hasn't been discovered yet," put in a voice that was distinctly and dreadfully audible in every part of the room.

Maud and Ethel Lansdale had come down with their governess into the drawing-room; and, as this was the first opportunity they had ever had of studying the manners and customs of a pair of lovers, they were disposed to make the most of it. They had already a theoretical knowledge of the subject—perhaps not of the most edifying description—for Miss Penfeather's successor made up for the purity of her Parisian accent by being an industrious student of French novels, and for her excellent German and fine music by having no moral principle to speak of.

On this particular evening, while she had been interpreting Liszt and Chopin on the grand piano, Maud had pretended to read; but Ethel, with a strategical skill which, under other circumstances, might have made her a second Von Moltke, had so managed matters that not one of Arthur's tender

whispers or Catherine's languid replies had escaped her sharp little ears.

But though an *enfant terrible*, and certainly no respecter of persons, she had one strong and genuine attachment. She loved her step-sister with all the force of her wilful and tenacious nature, and, as she did not approve of Miss Neale's remark about her dear Sybil, she took prompt measures for revenge. It could not be very agreeable for this pair of turtle-doves to realise that all their billings and cooings had been overheard, and would probably be reproduced before a schoolroom audience.

"You have never been to heaven," she continued, calmly, taking no notice of her mother's horror-stricken exclamation of "*Ethel!*"—"and very likely you will never go there. Oh, yes, I am coming, Miss Smythe," she said, leaving her corner and preceding the outraged governess to the door.

She had had no scruple in listening to a conversation not meant for her ears, and now she felt no repentance whatever. She was not even afraid of unpleasant consequences, feeling herself quite a match for Miss Smythe, and knowing that Mrs. Lansdale shrank from crossing swords with her strong-willed and original little daughter.

"I don't like Miss Neale," she told Sybil the next day. "No, I won't tell you why, but I don't like her. Yes, she is pretty, I daresay."

"Why, she is the beauty of the season," declared Maud. "Miss Smythe says all the men are wild about her, and that she dresses divinely."

"Oh, bosh! Who cares what *she* says? I would rather have Sybil's face any day than hers," said the child, climbing upon her sister's lap. "You have such dear little talking eyes, Sybil; one can look, and look, and look, and never see the bottom of them; they are like deep wells. And your hair is so pretty; you put it on the top of your head, now. You are quite grown-up—why do you look grown-up all at once, I wonder?"

Why, indeed? Ethel was not the only person who noted a change in Sybil—very slight, very subtle, but still a change. Her mother acknowledged to Miss Henderson that perhaps they had been rather foolish in allowing her to see so much of Captain Raleigh. "But, of course, the child will soon get over it, and feel very much ashamed of herself for being so silly," Mrs. Lansdale added. Margaret's heart ached with sympathy as she recognised that Sybil was succeeding to that heritage of pain to which we are all born, and which has come down to us from the pair who learned the knowledge of good and evil long, long ago. A new expression had crept into her grey eyes: she was no longer a mere child. The innocent unconsciousness of yesterday had fled for ever. She, too, had stepped out of Eden, having tasted the fatal fruit.

Arthur noticed no change in his little friend; but at that time he noticed nothing except what had reference to Catherine. He was not naturally selfish—indeed, he was usually chivalrously mindful of

the feelings of others—but he was a man, and a man in love, and the woman who had inspired him with passion took very good care to keep it at fever-heat. She knew how to hold her lover in trembling expectation; she enjoyed seeing this brave man unnerved—nay, almost beside himself—in her presence. Perhaps

"So he is; but then he was not a passionate lover. He was calm and prosaic, and talked about settlements. He has been none the less satisfactory on that account."

"The barometer has been at 'Set Fair' since your wedding-day?"



"Do let us be sensible," she said.—p. 631.

she enjoyed Sybil's shocked and bewildered eyes as well.

"Upon my word," Mrs. Lansdale remarked one day, "I never thought Arthur would be quite so foolish. He was such an ultra-sensible young man at one time."

"But we have changed all that," murmured Miss Neale, idly.

"We have, indeed. Take care, Catherine; the matrimonial day of reckoning will come. These passionate lovers are apt to be exacting husbands."

"I am sure you don't speak from experience. Mr. Lansdale strikes me as being a model spouse."

"Quite so," said Mrs. Lansdale; "but I had my share of 'Stormy' and 'Change' with Major Chorlton; and Arthur always reminds me a little of my first husband. He will expect a great deal."

"Then he will be disappointed," replied Miss Neale with composure.

"Perhaps so; but, in that case, so will you. Don't deceive yourself, Catherine; men are never uncomfortable alone; they take very good care to have a companion in misfortune."

"What a cynical description of married life! Is it worth while going through so much to gain so

little, I wonder? Sometimes I fancy it is better to be an old maid, like your friend Miss Henderson."

"Women such as you are never old maids," affirmed Mrs. Lansdale; "but I am not sure, after all, whether Arthur will be your husband."

"Neither am I," replied Miss Neale, indifferently.

"My dear girl, don't talk in that way," remonstrated her hostess.

"I only agreed with you, you know."

"Yes; but the poor fellow would lose his senses!"

"Not at all. Men don't do that nowadays. He would probably console himself with a well-jointed widow. What a pretty girl Sybil is! When will she come out?"

The triumphant beauty smiled as she asked the question.

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Lansdale, uneasily.

"But why 'poor child'?"

"Well," replied the mother, with a little embarrassment, "she seems rather out of health and spirits—I don't quite know what to do for her. I expect she has hardly done growing," she added, in answer to the amusement visible in Miss Neale's dark eyes. "Margaret Henderson wants to take her abroad; she thinks that will do her good; and it may be very much to Sybil's advantage to please Margaret."

"Miss Henderson may marry yet," suggested Catherine. "She is *passée*, of course; but while there is life, there is hope."

"It is not very likely. She had a disappointment long ago."

"My dear Mrs. Lansdale, don't all women have repeated disappointments? And does that ever prevent them from taking advantage of a good settlement?"

"But Margaret is different from most women. My husband was the man she cared for," added Mrs. Lansdale, in a confidential whisper.

"I am surprised! I should have thought Mr. Lansdale the last man in the world to have been a gay deceiver."

"But I mean my first husband—Sybil's father, you know," said the other, laughing. "And she is so like him—poor Gerald!"

"Ah, that explains a good deal," remarked Catherine; "I hope Sybil may never have a disappointment. And her friend proposes that she should travel until she has—done growing, and has recovered her health and spirits?"

"It will be an education for her to be with a cultivated, good woman like Miss Henderson," said Mrs. Lansdale, feeling, with Ethel, that she could not endure Catherine Neale. "And next year her aunt—Lady Mary—has undertaken to present her and take her out."

"Lady Mary is awfully nice," said Miss Neale, pensively. "I could not wish for a better chapron myself. How I enjoyed my stay at her place!"

"Yes; Sir Rupert Silchester was there. I wonder you allowed him to go off as he did, Catherine."

Mrs. Lansdale's spirits rose as she thus carried the war into the enemy's country.

"He may not stay in Australia for ever," said the other, calmly.

"Perhaps he will bring a bride from the bush."

"Perhaps he will. In the meantime, here comes Arthur, and with gloom written on his countenance. What is the matter, I wonder? I can guess: his regiment is ordered to India at last."

Miss Neale proved to be a true prophet. The trouble on Arthur's face meant that he wished to induce her to consent to a speedy marriage, and that he felt more than doubtful about the result of his pleading. Mrs. Lansdale, with commendable attention to danger-signals, speedily remembered some business elsewhere, and left the pair to fight their own battles. Catherine received her lover's greeting before his news, and it was with her hand in his and with his persuasive, ardent gaze fixed upon her beautiful eyes, that he said—

"We have our orders, my darling."

"Oh, Arthur!"

After all, she was a woman, and he was her lover. She was not capable of love in the real sense of the word; she did not know anything of that pure, intense emotion, which, when it takes possession of the human heart, impels it to pour out all its treasures—nay, its very self—ungrudgingly before the loved one. But she liked Arthur Raleigh better than any man she had ever known; she admired him, and was proud of him. She could not help being stirred by his passionate affection and his caresses—Nature exacted so much—and for a few moments the woman of society was lost in the creature of impulse, very much as a milkmaid might have been. Only the craving for a title, family diamonds, and a position in a "smart" set is apt to put a drag upon the more primitive emotions, and it came to pass that Arthur's tenderness and devotion palled upon Catherine at last.

"Do let us be sensible," she said suddenly. "Sit down there, opposite to me, and we will talk the thing over like rational creatures."

"It is so much more delightful to be irrational," he said, with a sigh, as he prepared to obey her commands.

"But it is excessively inconvenient. For instance, our foolishness seems to make you forget that our engagement was to be a long one."

"But, love, that was only because you were not quite sure of yourself."

"And do you think I am sure of myself now?"

Considering all that had passed a few moments ago, it was not unnatural that Arthur should think so; but he could scarcely tell her that. He only said, "I hoped you were."

"Arthur dear, it would not be right for me to marry you yet," she declared. "It sounds dreadful, I know; but I am not sure of myself. I am of the

world, worldly, as I told you when you proposed to me."

She held out her hand, and when he had taken it and was looking reproachfully into her face, she continued—

"I might, if I married you now, before I had time to adjust myself to altered circumstances, regret that I had ever met you. You know, dear, you are not a very good match."

She smiled charmingly as she spoke, and Arthur ventured to take his former seat by her side.

"I know I am not, my darling," he said, humbly.

"I am quite sure I should not make you a good wife now," she affirmed, "and I want to be a very good wife. Don't you know that when you are gone and I am left alone——" Here Catherine found the pathos of the situation too much for her. Two genuine tears gathered in her beautiful eyes, trembled on her long lashes, and fell on her delicate cheeks. Arthur had to remove them by a process peculiar to lovers before she could falter—"When I am left alone to imagine all sorts of dreadful things, to fear the changes and chances of life out there, to wonder whether anyone else——"

"Catherine!"

"It does occur occasionally, dear, though I don't think it will with *you*—I have implicit faith in you. Don't you see, though, that naturally, you will always be in my thoughts, that everything will seem dreary while you are away, and that I shall long intensely for your return? I shall forget my worldliness, though I am indeed very worldly. I have always been taught to make the most of myself, and to secure, if possible, a good position by marriage."

For one who wishes to deceive, it is sometimes politic to speak the exact truth. Perhaps Catherine did not wish to deceive, but she was not acting

straightforwardly, and knew it. Her avowal of worldliness was such an accurate description of the situation that, naturally, Arthur did not believe a word of it. He only admired the sensitive conscience which dictated the self-accusation, and was more in love than ever.

"I know," he said, "that I am wholly unworthy of you."

Catherine had the grace to blush as she replied—

"No, the unworthiness is on my side. *You* think only of love, and I believe you would cheerfully lay down your life for my sake. But *I* have been brought up in a different school. Wait for a little while, Arthur; I believe I shall only be too ready to marry you when you claim me after a short absence—you will be disgusted with my forwardness, instead of looking at me reproachfully as you do now."

He shook his head incredulously, but she went on—"You would be so pained if I began to regret——"

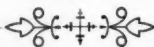
"I should indeed!"

"And I might, you know, if I were not allowed a little time in which to realise how necessary you were to my happiness."

Of course he gave in. Perhaps Delilah is as dangerous now as she was in the days of the Judges, and doubly dangerous, if she can manage to deceive herself as well as Samson. Catherine felt absolutely certain that she meant to be faithful to the lover whom she was dooming to a long probation. Not even the Silchester diamonds should tempt her to forget Arthur Raleigh.

So in due time he sailed to the mysterious East. In his grief at leaving his beautiful betrothed, it did not occur to him to think of a girlish face, framed in masses of waving hair—the face of Sybil Chorlton. But *she* remembered, though she was "only a child."

(To be continued.)



## THE CAT THAT PREACHED A SERMON.

A TALK TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. J. TELFORD, B.A.



Did any of you boys and girls ever hear of a cat that preached a sermon? It may seem rather strange at first; but we have a lovely black-and-white Manx, that once taught us all a good lesson. He came to us at first in great distress. Our neighbours had gone away, and left the poor fellow without a home. He was so lonely

and so affectionate that he soon won our hearts. A saucerful of milk and a bone were ready for him when he came to ask for them; thus we became

friends, and the stray cat found his way to our hearthrug, and was soon one of the happiest and most contented members of the family. We christened him Paws, and had many a laugh over his quaint ways. He used to jump up against the handle of the door when he wanted to get in, and generally came up to our bedroom in the morning to tell us that he was eager for breakfast. When we moved to the other side of London, Paws was safely put in a basket, and soon settled down happily in his new home. He sniffed all round the room, till at last he took stock of his new surroundings. Then he was perfectly content.

One day Paws got into the dust-bin. He had found



some mouldy bone there a little while before, and had enjoyed an unexpected feast. The truth must be told even about those we love; and the fact is, Mr. Paws was rather too fond of a good feed. He sometimes reminded us of the prayer that we heard one Christmas: "Lord, have mercy upon those whose God is their belly at this time." He did not know better, but his failing got him into trouble.

We had had a deluge of rain, and a little pool of water was standing in front of the kitchen door, so that when our maid came out with a shovelful of ashes and refuse to throw into the dust-bin, she did not see puss groping after a bone. Down went the ashes. There was a pitiful little cry, and out sprang Mr. Paws. The ashes were hot, and the whole shower of refuse had fallen on the cat. It was really a grotesque sight. The family pet, that prided himself on his clean and glossy coat, was all covered with ashes and smuts, which turned him into a disreputable-looking object indeed. The maid was quite startled to see such a woebegone creature emerge from the dust-bin. She seized a duster, and began to groom puss vigorously. The worst of the dirt was wiped off, but it was long before Paws would set to work to clean himself. He seemed as if he could not bear to lick his fur, and it was three or four days before he gathered courage to wash his face and become a respectable and creditable cat once more.

Thus Paws preached his sermon. Like a good old-fashioned homily, it had three points. It said as plain as deeds could speak: "Don't get into a dust-bin, for you may find a nasty shower-bath poured down on your head, and it will be many a day before you get over that unhappy experience." Hosts of boys and girls, grown-up men and women, would be wiser and happier if they would ponder that sermon. Low tastes lead us into nasty places. They take people to music-halls and race-courses; they make them mix with low companions; they lead them to read books that pander to the lowest passions. Are those who indulge such tastes any wiser or more refined than the cat that got into the dust-bin? Boys or girls that have been taught to pray, to read the Bible, to attend Sunday-school, will find that if they are to keep out of mischief they must not allow what Browning called "the ape and tiger" within their breast to rule. "Keep out of the dust-bin," said Mr. Paws, as he urged us to profit by the sharp lesson he had learned.

Many a foolish youth goes there, little dreaming what is in store. Our cat would not have ventured into the dust-bin had he dreamed what was coming. You would have laughed if you had seen his plight as he emerged from the depths; but, happily, he was not hurt, though he was all stained and grimy. I have seen boys and girls get out of the dust-bin. Perhaps they ran away from home to escape its restraints and to indulge their own low tastes, and came back again tattered and spattered, without a penny in their pockets, a far more pitiful sight than the cat who sprang with such eagerness from the dust-bin. They

little thought where their evil hearts would lead them. We cannot always see the stain which is made on character by bad books and bad company, but they leave a nasty taste in the mouth, a black scar on the life. People say, "I will only stay a minute," but they sit down and forget where they are. They think, "I am no weakling; I can take care of myself," but almost before they know, the shower of filth has fallen on them.

But perhaps the best part of the sermon preached by Paws was the last. He had been "overtaken in a fault," but how disgusted he was with the result! He had scarcely any patience with himself; he could not bear to lick his fur. It brought back the memory of his fault, and filled him with disgust and shame. He went about hanging down his head, and saying in every gesture, "How sorry I am that my low tastes led me so far astray." That sorrow is not always a sign of better feeling. There are people on whom you can see the marks of the dust-bin. They are out at elbows, tattered and dirty, with shaking hand and a furtive look, which tell you plainly that they have been there, and will soon be there again. They don't think of their faults and sins; they only bear a grudge against Society, and complain that they have been badly served by others. If you could go, as I have gone, to the "Supper for the Criminal Classes," which is held every winter by the St. Giles' Christian Mission, and could talk with the men, you would find out how some of them gloss over their faults. They have been *unfortunate*, not guilty of theft or forgery. Things have gone hard with them. They are angry with Society, not with themselves. When I heard a man talk like that, I knew he would soon be in the dust-bin again. His heart was yet hardened; his fellows who had truly repented did not cloak their faults, but spoke of God's grace and forgiveness. The real penitent has one voice of humble confession: "Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me so that I cannot look up; they are more than the hairs of my head; therefore my heart faileth me." His helplessness makes him cry: "Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me; O Lord, make haste to help me!" That is the spirit which God loves to see. We may get into trouble through sin, but if we loathe the sin and turn to our Father for pardon and cleansing, we shall not come in vain. Grace can wash away all our stains. David had learnt that secret when he prayed: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." We who have come "to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel," have a fountain opened where every stain may be washed away. Let us come for Christ's pardon and grace. Then when we have found it, let us keep the devil's fingers off our lives. "He that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not." Shun every place, every thought, every book, every companion, that would leave a stain upon your lives. We are all weak, but our Saviour is mighty, and will surely give us the victory if we humbly trust in Him.



## MRS. GLADSTONE AND CONVALESCENT HOMES.



N a day or two you must leave the hospital!"

"Oh, dear! must I really? I don't feel near well enough yet."

"Unfortunately there are so many sufferers waiting to come in; and they are much worse than you."

The patient sighed heavily.

"I shall soon be ill again if I go back to that stived-up room," she murmured. "I don't feel near strong enough for that yet; and all the worrit o' the fam'ly on the top of it."

"Yes, it is bad for you," replied the doctor thoughtfully. "I do not think you are really well enough for that. But unfortunately we cannot keep you here. Try and get as well as you can by the time you leave."

And he passed on to another patient, who needed his attention more.

"Why, you are not looking quite so well this morning," said a cheery voice to the woman he had just left. "What is the matter?"

"The doctor says I must leave very soon, and I don't feel well enough just yet. But there are many worse, he says, waiting to come in."

"Cannot you go for a week or a fortnight to the seaside or to a healthy farmhouse in the country?"

The poor patient smiled—a wan, weary smile, like sickly sunlight on a dull December day.

"You might as well ask me if I couldn't go to the moon, ma'am; we've scarce money enough to buy bread, let alone excursions."

"Well, well! we must see what can be done."

Half an hour later, the lady visitor was talking to the doctor on the subject.

"Yes," said he, "there is no doubt a great need for what may be called Convalescent Hospitals—places where patients, not sufficiently recovered to return to their homes and to their usual occupations, may find rest and suitable treatment. I fear," he added, "that many of our patients die on being discharged from our hospital and returning to their own unwholesome dwellings. I know that such has been the case in some instances."

"In the meantime, we must see what can be done for this poor woman—Mrs. Peters, I think her name is."

"And there is another—Mrs. James—in the same position. She needs sorely to go to a Convalescent Home or Hospital—if we had one."

And the lady went thoughtfully away.

In due time she arranged that poor Mrs. Peters should find a resting-place for a fortnight or so by

the seaside, to recruit her health and complete her cure. But on the same day that she returned to her home, bright and happy, with healthy cheeks and active step, surrounded by her family carrying from the railway station bundles of luggage, tied up in red-and-white pocket-handkerchiefs, that same day another and quite a different little party set forth from the same court. It was the funeral of her fellow-patient. She had not been sent away to complete her recovery.

It was in some such scenes as these, we imagine, that Mrs. Gladstone's well-known Convalescent Home at Woodford had its origin nigh thirty years ago.

At that time such institutions were almost unknown. One at Walton-on-Thames, with branches for children at Mitcham and Hendon, had been established in 1840, but what were these for the needs of the London hospitals? Mrs. Gladstone, therefore, assisted by Miss Catherine Marsh, proceeded to found a new establishment.

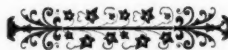
Its origin was, as the lady herself has declared, in the cholera epidemic of 1866. Mrs. Gladstone was then visiting the wards of the London Hospital, and met there Dr. (afterwards Sir Andrew) Clark as the senior physician of the hospital.

She was much struck by his great ability and his tenderness for the sick; and when she determined to found the Woodford Home, Dr. Clark rendered her invaluable assistance. He gave much time and attention to the scheme, and prepared the rules for its management which have been in force ever since.

The meeting with Dr. Clark at the London Hospital ripened into a great friendship, and the doctor became the highly valued friend and physician of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

That lady's Convalescent Home is, and has been, for the service of the poor, more particularly of East London; and convalescents from their own homes, as well as from hospitals, are received free of cost. It is, of course, quite unsectarian; and there are, moreover, no privileged tickets. The cases of admission are determined each on its own merits. The expenditure amounts to about £1,200 to £1,300 per annum, while the patients admitted number nearly a thousand in the year.

Since then the numbers of Convalescent Homes have largely increased. Their beneficence must be very great. Not only do they relieve the pressure on the hospitals themselves, but they afford means whereby, for a small fee, or gratuitously, the victory over disease may be decisively won; and as Mrs. Gladstone's Home was one of the earliest, that lady may be regarded as one of the pioneers in the movement of founding these important institutions.



## SHORT ARROWS.

## NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

## MISTAKEN JUDGMENTS.



HE world is full of mistaken judgments, and a great deal of mischief have they done. If the King of Prussia had acted on his mistaken judgment on one occasion, he would in all probability never have been Emperor of Germany. He used to tell the following story against himself. One day amongst his troops he saw an untidy-looking lieutenant. "Who is that man?" he asked. "An officer," he was told, "who has just left the Danish service, and joined the Prussian."—"That man will never get on in the army," said the monarch; and he used to add, in telling the story, "the man was Moltke! and my judgment of him gives you the measure of my insight." Sometimes, as in this instance, we judge by appearances only; and form a very important judgment on very slender grounds. The greatest worth and talent are often hidden under a very unprepossessing exterior. Thanks be to God that He does not judge by appearances only, but judges righteous judgment. He knows what is really in man. He makes no mistakes. But when we have been hasty and wrong, the Emperor sets us the good example of acknowledging our mistake.

## "YOU WON'T BE ALONE."

A railway man was appointed signalman in a box with seventy cranks. The man was afraid of taking the care of the lives of hundreds of travellers, and told a friend that he thought he would decline the post. The friend answered him in one sentence: "My good fellow, *you won't be alone.*" The meaning of the few words was understood, and comforted the man's mind. Our Lord has promised to be always present wherever two or three of His faithful servants meet together to pray; but He is also present when they work, even though the work be the ordinary so-called secular work of the week. One night, when their Master was absent, the disciples went out fishing, but they caught nothing. The next morning, when Jesus came to them and

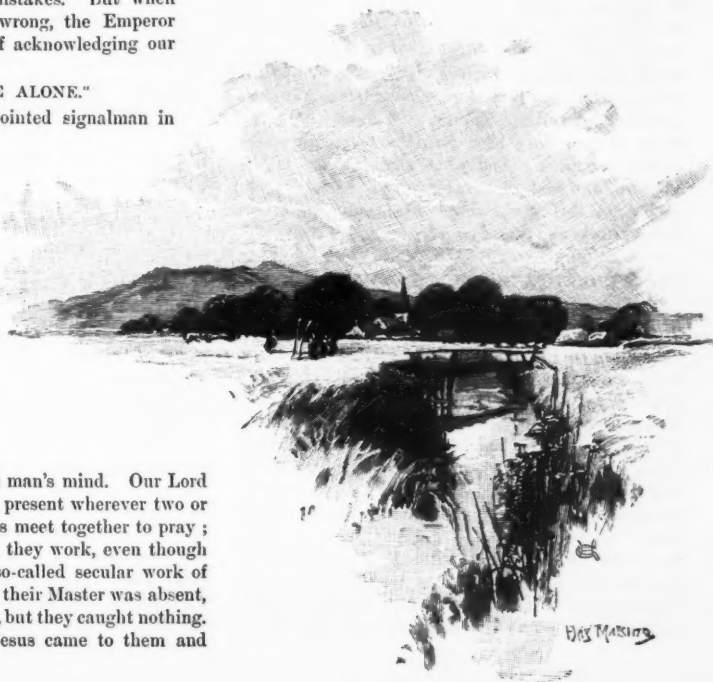
told them to put down a net, they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes. So it is that in the ordinary business of life we are not alone, and that the best partner we can have in it is Jesus Christ.

## HAY-MAKING.

To those who have to work all day in the heat of the sun the joy of hay-making is not so very apparent, but there is no doubt that amateur hay-makers get a great deal of fun out of it. Young people may bury themselves in the hay, but thoughts of sickness and death are far from them. They throw away every worry and anxiety as easily as they do the hay. And they are quite right to make hay when the sun shines, for their days of darkness may be many; and to store up the sunshine of innocent happiness in youth is to prepare for the cheerful discharge of duty in after-life.

## EATING MUD.

Mr. Douglas Hooper, in his account of missionary work in Eastern Equatorial Africa, mentions one curious custom which seems to have as strange a moral effect as opium smoking, namely "eating mud." One woman had eaten away the whole side



of her house. She had often tried unsuccessfully to break herself of the bad habit, but now, by claiming the strength of the Lord, she has overcome it, and her husband made her plaster the whole side of the house which had been eaten away. "Just fancy," said Mr. Hooper, "the devil being able to keep anyone from the joy of the Lord by the love of eating mud! But it is a fact." Surely it is not only in far-off East Africa that we find the devil doing this; the Gospel has as great hindrances here as it has there, and as strange. It is the merest trifles that are keeping some men from Christ—perhaps just some one root of bitterness, which, springing up, defiles them: some one thing, and that a miserable one, which they will not give up for Christ. We cannot tell what may be another's hindrance. What is abominable to me may be delightful to another, and so be his hinderer. In truth, Satan descends to any instrumentality, no matter how base or low, if only he can by it keep a man from Christ. And let us remember that "mud" may be eaten in many different ways. There is social mud, and mercantile mud, and religious mud, and family mud—the mud is to be found in all conditions of life. "He feedeth on ashes," says the prophet. The Persians describe a man who has said or done wrong as "a man who has eaten much dirt." One of the strangest revelations of hereafter will be the miserableness of much that kept men from Christ.

#### "TO WIND-UP HIS AFFAIRS."

"Where is your husband?" I asked a lady friend of mine, the wife of a lawyer. "He has been sent for," she replied, "by Mr.—" (a very rich man), "who cannot live more than two or three days, to wind-up his affairs." These words, "to wind-up his affairs," made me think. Even our temporal affairs cannot be properly wound up in the last day or two of life if they have been previously kept in a disorderly condition. And what shall we say of the affairs of the soul, of the things that do not remain behind in this world, but which enter into that which is beyond?

#### THE WINDOW-PANE AND THE BURNING-GLASS.

A lens chanced to lie on a window-sill, and was thus addressed by the glass in the window: "Friend, I notice that Providence has dealt with us in most unequal fashion. You have a power I often envy, of transforming light, which passes through you, into heat, so that things whereon it falls are set on fire."—"Truly," said the lens, "this is a great power: and it lies in concentrating the rays of the sun into a focus. Light passing through you is diffused; and you are old enough to know that in every grade of being there can exist no power of any kind without a corresponding concentration of force."—"It is hard," continued the window-pane, "to possess only mediocre gifts."—"Surely you forget," answered the lens, "that

objects seen through me are altered and distorted in shape. Through you the form of every object appears as it is. You have an advantage I lack, since you must also know that a great power like mine carries with it the risk of making all else in Nature seem awry." *Moral.*—The enthusiast is apt to become the victim of his own enthusiasm.

#### "IT'S TOO FINE A DAY."

On the sands at a popular seaside place the child of a poor woman who had been brought by his mother a long journey in a tiresome excursion train began to cry. The child cried because he was tired, but his mother, as is the unfortunate way with such mothers, beat him. This increased the volume of sound proceeding from the boy, and attracted the attention of another boy two or three years older, the son of a friend of the writer. Thereupon this rather precocious youngster went up to the child of the poor woman and said: "Little boy, why do you cry? It's too fine a day." The day was beautiful, and the sea and everything else looked its best; so my little philosophic friend thought that when there were so many things to enjoy, it was a pity to allow ill-humour to spoil sport. Shall we be less wise than this child? Some little vexation causes us to grumble, which is grown-up crying. Well, but God has smiled upon us in many blessings. We are in health, and the flowers in beauty, and the birds in song, and altogether the day is too fine for us to cry.

#### "REMEMBER."

As King Charles the First knelt down upon the scaffold at Whitehall and placed his head upon the block, he uttered one last word to Bishop Juxon, who was standing by his side. That word was "Remember." Another King, not a poor weak one like Charles, but the King of Kings and Head of the human race, was executed. Those who have with the true eye of faith looked upon His Cross can never fail to remember the message it proclaims.

#### TRUE RICHES.

We know a young woman who, though almost totally deaf and blind, yet, by her knitting, used to be able to support herself, and help to support her widowed mother. Music was her great pleasure, and though she could not hear the choir, yet she managed to act as organist in a church. One evening when coming to service, the poor blind girl was knocked down and nearly killed by a careless boy riding along the road. In the hospital to which she was carried, her chief sorrow seemed to be that she was more of a trouble to her nurses on account of her deafness than were the other patients. For the rest, she was always rejoicing, even when in great pain. "God is so good. He has done this for the best," she used constantly to say. As we left the hospital after visiting her, a string of carriages



swept gaily past from some afternoon party. "Ah!" we thought, "One would rather be Jessie than any one of these smart people. Sorely afflicted in body she may be, and poor in this world's goods, but God has given her the true riches of a thankful, happy heart."

#### A DESERT WONDERLAND.

The land of Sin may seem to be a paradise, but it is in truth a desert—and none the less a desert because it can show what seems beautiful. It is like

rounded and beautifully polished. The northern part of the desert is paved with the most wonderful pebbles in the world; the most skilful mosaic-worker could not imitate it. These pebbles are polished brilliantly as if with oil. The whole surface of the plain is a combination of myriads of reflectors, each pebble being so highly polished by the loose sand. But horned toads and rattlesnakes abound there, and scorpions and other unpleasant things; but no vegetation is to be found except a few thorny cacti, and mosquito bushes. Surely, this place is an apt



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES AS IT IS AT THE PRESENT DAY.

(From a Photograph by Bonfils.)

the Jornada del Muerto, or "Valley of Death," of the Mexicans, which covers 9,000 square miles. It is the hottest spot on the face of the earth—the Sahara being nothing to it. It is said that its surface is strewn with the bones of human beings who have lost their lives there, expedition after expedition being lost in attempting to cross it. On any fine day—and in that region all days are fine, because there is no rain—one can behold beautiful lakes, tempting verdure, and even towns with houses and churches, within apparently short distances. The scenes are ever changing, and it is a desert wonderland. The hills of sand, which travel about with the wind, are not like common sand, but are made up of grains, some transparent, some translucent, while many are of rainbow hues, being in fact small gems of red carnelian, green chrysolite, and vari-coloured garnet. Under the microscope many of them are perfect spheres,

emblem of the sinner's paradise of pleasure—the beautiful phantasmagoria accompanied by the bleaching bones of ruined men!

#### THE CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY.

"I should like to stay here for ever," was the wish of a child sent from dreary Canning Town for a summer holiday in the country. And the appreciative longing, that found utterance in that little visitor, was doubtless echoed by all the rest of the 28,589 London children who enjoyed a fortnight's change during last summer's hot months, under the auspices of the Children's Country Holidays Fund. And what a grand work it is which the treasurer of this fund (the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton) and his friends are doing. A noticeable feature of the work is that the parents of the children benefited are asked to pay part of the expenses; and last year their

contributions amounted to upwards of one-third of the whole cost. The wife of a carman, whose child had greatly profited by a holiday in the previous year, when the father was out of work, last year came to the officers of the fund with a sovereign, that represented the difficult savings of twelve months, and asked that the little girl might again be sent away for a holiday, and that the balance of the money might be used for a needy child. Was ever a better illustration found of the poet's line, "For all the poor are piteous to the poor"? It may seem strange to some of us, accustomed to more expensive holiday-making, that there should be any credit balance from the sovereign after paying the expenses of a fortnight's holiday in a country cottage, together with railway fare from and to London. But so economically managed is this fund, that any of our readers who will send ten shillings to Mr. Lyttelton, at 10, Buckingham Street, Strand, will have the satisfaction of knowing that each such contribution will ensure a fortnight's real holiday and change for one of London's little ones. And here is a suggestion, of which we should be glad to hear that many readers of *THE QUIVER* had availed themselves. It is the custom in many of our Church and other organisations to suspend operations for some weeks or months in the summer, in order that the workers may take their holidays. May we suggest a collection on behalf of the London children's holidays at the last meeting before our favoured readers' vacation? In this work, as in so many others, the early gift is of double value.

#### SOME NEW BOOKS.

Probably no preacher of our own or any other time made more effective use of anecdotal and other illustrations than the late pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. A special interest therefore attaches to the third series of his "Lectures to my Students," published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, which is devoted to "The Art of Illustration." The lectures not only explain how and when such illustrations may be used, but give useful clues as to where they may be found with the minimum of trouble and the maximum of profit.—The latest volume in Messrs. Sampson Low's "Preachers of the Age" series is "The Cup of Cold Water, and Other Sermons," by the Rev. J. Morlais Jones, of Lewisham, who well deserves the position in this series which has been accorded him by the inclusion of this earnest and helpful collection of discourses.—The Rev. W. J. Dawson, formerly of Glasgow and now of Highbury Quadrant, has been heard of so frequently during the last few years that many readers will welcome a volume of sermons from his pen, published by Messrs. Isbister, under the title of "The Comrade-Christ, and Other Sermons." Perhaps the sermon which will attract most attention and interest in the collection is that with which it concludes, and that was the last Mr. Dawson preached

in Glasgow before his removal to London, entitled "Measuring a Ministry."—An interesting biography of "Gawin Kirkham, the Open-Air Evangelist," has been written by Mr. Frank Cockrem, and published by Messrs. Morgan and Scott. This record of a well-spent life will surely be of interest to many who were his fellow labourers in London and elsewhere. —Special value attaches to the critical work upon "Tennyson," by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, by reason of the experience as a literary critic of its author. This is hardly the place in which to enter upon any elaborate discussion of the work, or we might feel tempted to complain that we often lose sight of the subject in the criticism. Still, whatever such an authority says about the late Laureate is worthy of all consideration, and should be helpful to all readers. To Messrs. Isbister, the publishers of the volume, a grateful word for its readable pages and great portability is certainly due.

#### THE FIRST WORD.

Writing of the Malays, Miss Bird says:—"On the birth of a child, the father puts his mouth to the ear of the infant and solemnly pronounces what is called the Azan or 'Allah Akbar,' the name of the one God, being the first sound which is allowed to fall upon his ears on entering the world, as it is the last sound which he hears on leaving it." What a suggestive symbol this of God's presence pervading the whole of our life! But instead of foolishly whispering into the ear of a new-born babe, who could not possibly understand, how much better to gradually instil it into the mind of the growing child! It is, indeed, a lesson that cannot be too well learned. Our lives would be happier, nobler, and more useful, did we always realise our complete dependence on God, our responsibility for the right use of all He gives us—had we a perpetual consciousness of His presence.

#### A NOVEL NURSING HOME.

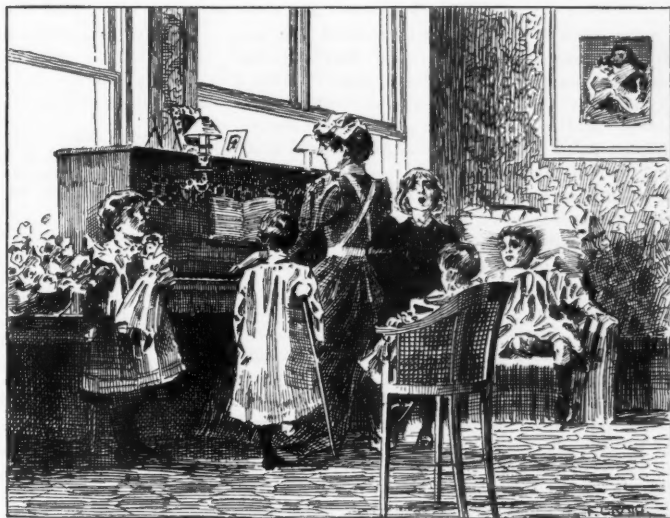
The distinctive feature of the bright little Nursing Home for Children, founded four years ago at Barnet, is its surgical character. We believe we are correct in stating that it was till quite recently the only convalescent home near London where children of the poor who have undergone operations successfully in our great hospitals can receive the careful surgical nursing and appliances, combined with fresh air, abundance of pure sweet milk, and country diet, which, in the majority of cases, are absolutely necessary to complete the cure and determine, whether the future life of the little patient shall be one of continual suffering, ill-health, and incompetence for work, or one of health, happiness, and usefulness. It is obviously impossible that hospitals can keep their poor little patients for an indefinite time. The pressure on their space in this vast city is too urgent; but the shock to the nervous system

of a little child who has undergone a serious operation is one that requires long and careful tending to obviate. To return the poor little wan, emaciated creature to a close, unhealthy home, with its noise and racket, its pinching poverty, and often unpreventable neglect, is to minimise the beneficial results of the hospital treatment, and often to render them practically *nil*. This crying need for the children of the poor was the dominant thought in the heart of one who determined to devote her life to the attempt to supply it. Friends gathered round her. Some eminent physicians and surgeons caught the

enthusiasm which this simple but great idea inspired; and so the Home was started. Beautifully kept, full of brightness and sunshine and sweet fresh air, it has pursued its life-giving career for four years. Anxious ones—as any work depending principally upon subscriptions and donations must bring—but years of large reward to the generous workers, medical, surgical, and administrative, who have such a large percentage of cases discharged “quite well” to point to. Rickets, hip-joint disease, spinal complaint, abscesses, and all kinds of unpronounceable diseases, necessitating surgical appliances and sometimes amputation of a member, are in the list of the sixty-two cases treated during the past year. Sometimes, of course, when a case has gone too far, all the advantages of the Home have failed to bring about the desired result, but this is quite the rare exception. The blooming faces and bright eyes of the little ones when they leave the Home (where they are kept as long as the medical officers think necessary—not any fixed time) are a striking contrast to the pale, wan faces of the new-comers. Sad to tell, this beneficent work is restricted by lack of funds. Surely the children-lovers among the benevolent public will not long suffer this to be so! All we would say to them is, Go and see the Home. The matron, Miss Pawling, will welcome you at any time. It is only five minutes’ walk from High Barnet station, which is easily reached by train from King’s Cross.

#### THE HAUGHTY TREES.

The Trees quarrelled, and there was a mighty hubbub in the wood. The river flashing by laughed



THE EVENING HYMN AT THE NURSING HOME FOR CHILDREN.

to hear the discord, and carried the news along that Holy Drift Wood was shaken with dissension. Now, the cause of dispute was an assertion made by the Oak that it was supreme in strength and utility. “Of me,” said that tree, “are made the ships which sail over the trackless ocean. I find a place in churches, and assume shapes of wondrous grace and beauty under the hand of the artificer. Not a purpose, indeed, for which timber is fit am I not able to fulfil.”—“Without me,” interrupted the Pine, “the vessels built of you would lie idle in the dock. I form the masts which enable them to sail. I, too, find a place in churches, for of me are the benches fashioned whereon they sit who come to worship.” And thus the tale was taken up, the Elm, the Beech, the Willow, and all the trees, each named some special point of usefulness they each of them possessed, and they each claimed supremacy amongst the trees. That night the sky grew thick with clouds, and a tempest broke upon the wood. The Oak was shivered by the lightning: the Elm was broken by the wind: the Pine lay prone before the blast: the Beech was stripped with the hail. There was not a tree in all the wood unharmed by the furious storm. Then was heard a faint rustle of reproof from the rushes by the river’s brim, as to and fro they gently moved in answer to the morning breeze. “Oh, trees, what profit is there in stubborn strength when adversity moves abroad? The pride that hindered you from bowing low the head has proved the occasion of your ruin. We, in obedience to every dictate of the wind, bent this way and that to our salvation, and so we stand whilst you are shattered.” *Moral.*—Humility is a form of strength. Or, There are other tests of strength than those we dream of.

## ACTINISM.

Some strips of coloured glass adorned the roof of a conservatory, and they fell into conversation about their own respective merits. "What a pity it is that the roof is not all the same colour as myself," said the blue glass. "On the contrary," said the red, "I think it would have looked much nicer were it all like me."—"At any rate," replied the other, "we are agreed that our colourless cousin, who monopolises nearly all the space, is singularly plain and unattractive. I wonder what he has to say in defence of his position." Thus appealed to, the white glass answered: "For the plants at least, it is a good thing that all the roof is neither red nor blue, for both alike intercept some rays of the genial sun, and let through other rays in undue proportion. So that with the one no leaves would grow, and with the other no buds would blossom. Through me the light passes just as it falls, each ray without abatement or exaggeration. The plants are therefore nourished in all their parts. The pure light of heaven is essential to their proper growth." *Moral*.—That which is delivered from above must be received as it comes.

## "THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

List of contributions received from March 30th, 1894, up to and including April 27th, 1894. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "The Quiver" *Waifs Fund*: A Reader of THE QUIVER, Paddington, 1s. 6d.; J. J. E. Govan (78th donation), 5s.; A Glasgow Mother (48th donation), 1s.; Maggie, Leamington, 1s. 6d.; Hope, Jedburgh, 10s.; Anon., 7s.

For the *School Board Children's Free Dinner Fund*: B. W. H., 5s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: T. H. Y., 10s. The following were sent direct: Ayrshire Dairy Farmer, 5s.; E. P., 5s.; E. E. F. N., 5s.

For "The Quiver" *Lifeboat Fund*: A. Little, 2s. 6d.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund*: B. W. H., 10s.

\* \* The Editor will be glad to receive, and to forward to the institutions concerned, the contributions of any of his readers who desire to help external movements referred to in the pages of this magazine. Amounts of 5s. and upwards will be acknowledged in THE QUIVER when desired.

## "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

(A NEW SERIES OF QUESTIONS BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

## QUESTIONS.

85. What fruits of the earth are often mentioned in the Old Testament as emblems of temporal prosperity?

86. In what way do we learn that drunkenness is a great hindrance to the spiritual life?

87. What was one of the sins which was punished most severely by the Jews?

88. What is to be understood by the term "mixed wine"?

89. Whose life in the Old Testament history exemplifies the truth of the proverb, "In all thy ways acknowledge God, and He will direct thy paths"?

90. What lesson do we learn from the study of the Old Testament? Quote passage.

91. In the record of the taxation which took place at our Lord's birth, it says "all the world" was taxed. What are we to understand by this expression?

92. Why did the Blessed Virgin Mary go all the way from Nazareth to Bethlehem to be taxed or enrolled?

93. The shepherds of Bethlehem are spoken of as "abiding in the fields." What does this mean?

94. In what way does the word "Christ" mark the office of Jesus as Prophet, Priest, and King?

95. What proof have we that the Jews at the time of our Lord's birth were immediately expecting the Messiah?

96. What manifestation of her faith in Jesus as the Messiah did Anna the prophetess give?

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 559.

73. Moses belonged to the tribe of Levi. (Ex. ii. 1, 2.)

74. St. Stephen, in speaking of him, says, "Moses was mighty in deeds and in words." (Acts vii. 22.)

75. It is said that Moses' life was preserved by an act of faith on the part of his parents. (Heb. xi. 23.)

76. The promise that the Israelites should possess the land of Canaan. (Gen. xv. 18; Ex. iii. 8.)

77. By declaring that He was the God of their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. (Ex. iii. 15.)

78. God commanded Moses to "Go, and gather the elders of Israel together." (Ex. iii. 16.)

79. The month Abib, during which the Israelites left Egypt, was henceforth to be reckoned as the first month of the year. (Ex. xii. 2.)

80. The turning of his rod into a serpent; the recovery of his hand from leprosy and the turning water into blood. (Ex. iv. 1—10, 29—31.)

81. The slaying of the first-born in Egypt when the angel passed over the houses of the Israelites. (Ex. xii. 12—15.)

82. At the first Passover the lamb was slain and eaten in their own houses; afterwards the feast was kept at Jerusalem. The sprinkling of the blood on the lintels and side-posts of the doors only took place at the first Passover. (Ex. xii. 6, 7; Deut. xvi. 7.)

83. God caused a dark cloud to come between the Israelites and the Egyptians, so that they came not near each other all night. (Ex. xiv. 19, 20.)

84. The Psalmist speaks of an earthquake and of a terrible thunderstorm which took place as the Egyptians sought to cross the Red Sea. (Psalm lxxvii. 17—20, and Ex. xiv. 24.)







THE OLD SPINET.

## A PRINCE'S PART.

BY ELIZA TURPIN.

"It is a prince's part to parlon"—BACON.

PART I.—THE SPELL IS WOVEN.



"We go to Methennon to-morrow."—p. 644.

## CHAPTER I.

"MONA dear, I think those things are nonsense," I expostulated—mildly, perhaps, for it was too hot to be otherwise. She was chanting a fragment of something or other about *les oiseaux ne pleurent pas*: French, of course. She

turned from the piano and laughed.

"It's very pretty," she argued.

"The words are ridiculous," I persisted. "Fancy birds weeping! It is useless for writers of songs to inform us on such an undisputed fact or to confirm what we never doubted. And as to inviting mankind in general to follow their example of tearless existence—why, who wants to be told to model his emotions on birds' or insects'?"

"You are branching out into satirical philosophy, if you know what I mean by that," she said. "Why, Nora, of course it's 'nonsense'; but then, 'if you stick at everything because it's nonsense, you wonna go far in this life.'"

She was just kissing me when Auntie Sibyl came in. After her came Drake, with tea, so we left the question of nonsense, and applied ourselves to appreciation of the celestial herb, with appurtenances thereof in the way of strawberries and cream.

The long old-fashioned drawing-room was comparatively cool, shaded as it was from the June sunshine by dull blue silk curtains—very ancient, like everything else (excepting, of course, the people) in the old room. Auntie Sibyl, as she sat in an old oak chair, pouring tea from an old silver teapot into old teacups, looked quite young amidst such overpowering antiquity. She was not old: only a little

over fifty; Mona was nearly twenty, and I was nineteen.

Mona and I were cousins. Our fathers had been brothers, Aunt Sibyl their sister. Mona's father was Henry Talbot, of St. Alvers' Abbey, in the county of Devon; my father, Owen Talbot, captain in the —th Hussars, and killed in a South African skirmish when I was a baby. Henry Talbot had married an heiress; he was rich himself, and the elder son, so Mona was wealthy. I was *not*. Aunt Sibyl married John Venner, but he died soon after their marriage, and she was a widow.

And so, my parents having died, and Mona's likewise, we lived with our aunt in the old Abbey which was a part of Mona's heritage.

It had been the home of the Talbots for generations. They were proud of it, and not without reason. It stood on a gently rising eminence, amid green fields and rich foliage, grey and venerable, like a father to the cottages in the village, like a haven of rest. Ah! we loved our home.

After tea on this day Mona and I strolled out into the garden. All Mona's lightness had vanished; she was dreamy and musing.

I had become accustomed to her changing moods. At times wildly energetic, she would alternately have periods of languid dreaminess. She lived by fits and starts, some people said; but they all adored her, nevertheless.

Perhaps it was her beauty. Yes, she was lovely. I looked at her, with the reddening sunshine lingering on her tawny hair and lighting her creamy skin. Hers was such an uncommon style. Her mother was a Spaniard, or descended from a Spanish family, and the southern tinge had showed itself in her graceful movements and long dark eyes. Yet her skin and hair were wholly English. She was tall, for a woman.

"Nora," she said, "does it ever come to you, almost painfully, how beautiful the world is?"

"Why painfully?" I asked her wonderingly.

"That I do not know," she replied; "unless it be that it makes one think how little we appreciate it."

We sat down under the shadow of a giant beech-tree on the edge of the smooth, velvet-carpeted lawn, where we could see the Abbey to its best advantage, the diamond-paned windows shining with the reflection of heaven's own glory until they were transformed to burnished gold. The enervating fragrance of heliotrope, which grew in this mild climate of South Devon, mingled with the heavy odour of roses, and created an almost too potent perfume. I have always held the day's decline as my favourite hour. It is so victorious—its glowing, triumphant departure; the embracing of light by darkness, their gradual happy union, in which night is all-conqueror for a season, until, in its turn, it is again compelled to succumb to day.

"Mona," I said at length, breaking the silence, "do you know that we go to Methenton to-morrow?"

"Yes, I know," she replied. Methenton was our market-town, five miles away. It was our one field for dissipation—dissipation of an essentially mild character, considering its limited resources.

"I have heard," I went on, "that Lord St. Alvers is staying at the St. Alvers Arms."

"Why does he not come to the Castle? It's time he did. Fancy having a lovely place like that, and never coming near it!"

"Mr. Keverne says he *is* coming home," I responded; and then we went in.

The next morning was fair and lovely as it could be—as only a day in June can be. Mona and I were to drive into Methenton to make a few purchases. We set off in the low carriage with the pair of lively chestnut ponies, which Mona drove so skilfully. We had a most pleasant drive along the green lanes, by the hay-scented meadows, where the grass lay drying in the favourable sunshine. I wondered vaguely whatever the agricultural mind would do, in the absence of bad weather, for something to rail against.

We entered Methenton in faultless style. Nearly everyone we saw had a greeting for us. All eyes smiled kindly on my fair cousin.

"Perhaps," I ventured, "we may see Lord St. Alvers somewhere in the town." I felt somewhat ashamed of my curiosity. Mona was so sublimely indifferent to such things, and I always considered her as a type.

"We may do so," she replied, in a tone that denoted that her thoughts were far away from the reprehensible young peer who had neglected his home for so long. He had not been near since his father's death, ten years ago.

"There are lots of people about to-day," I remarked presently, as we drew up at the draper's shop, where we generally succeeded in getting most things quite opposite to what we wanted.

"You should say the town is less dead than usual," she said, with a sweet smile which took any depreciation of Methenton from her words.

She left the reins in my hands. I always felt relieved when she came back to take them again. I did not like to be at the mercy of two wayward ponies. This was a fear I never confessed or conquered.

I sat still, looking away down the old High Street, at the farmers and their wives as they talked and laughed gaily and loudly, or remarked on the wares displayed in the windows. Suddenly I saw the public "bell-man" coming along. I knew him well by sight. What evil spirit prompted him I cannot imagine, but he came to a standstill just by the side of the restive ponies. Then he commenced his deafening peal. I felt the ponies straining; I had a dim notion that I was losing my power over them. Then I saw Mona coming out of the shop. She must have seen, by my despairing countenance, the plight I was in, for she made a rush for the ponies' heads. But before she reached them I had lost all my control over them, and felt them conquer me.

"Sit still, Nora," she called quickly.

Then I have a confused recollection of her, as she caught the reins, striving to hold them, as they madly pranced. I remember her once more beseeching me to keep my seat. The struggle seemed to last for minutes, when in reality it could only have been seconds.





"Old Jan had made the boat ready."—p. 650.

Then, a man's strong young form came out from the St. Alvers Arms, which was the next house to the draper's; a man's firm hand held the ponies' heads. He quieted them at once; there was something subduing in the way he commanded them to stand still. When a groom from the hotel had taken charge of them, and I had alighted, a trembling figure, on the hot pavement, he turned to Mona.

She was very white, and I observed she held her hand in a peculiar manner.

"I hope you are not hurt?" he inquired politely.

"Thank you," she responded, "I am not. At least, I believe my wrist is sprained, but only slightly."

"You must come in and have it bathed," he quickly urged.

Mona protested at first, but eventually we went in to the St. Alvers Arms, where the comely landlady, Mrs. Tregarth, busied herself in a kindly fussy way in bathing Mona's wrist.

"Eh, my lord, but 'en might ha' broked Miss Talbot's arm!" she cried, with an apparent pride in the seriousness of "what might have been."

The gentleman smiled and turned to me.

"You found the ponies unmanageable?" he interrogated; and I noted his strong, firm-looking appearance, and fine tall form. His eyes, deep brown, had that mute, strange eloquence lurking in

their shadows which made me think how irresistible their soundless language would be. His hair was very dark, and he was a handsome man. I felt that he was a good one.

I believe I responded but curtly to his kind inquiries. I was full of chagrin to view the result of my craven spirit.

"I must thank you for your prompt action in coming to my assistance," Mona said, in her sweet, slightly haughty manner.

"It was nothing," he averred lightly. "I am only sorry I did not see the ponies earlier."

"It's all on account of the bell," Mona laughed. "If the bell-man had reached his oration, I don't know what might have occurred." It was her way of turning an accident into a jest, especially—dear, unselfish heart—if someone else were to blame. "Has he gone?" she asked.

"Do you mean the 'orator'?" our new friend inquired. "Oh, yes; he went away when he saw what he had done."

I stood by the window, looking into the street, where the two ponies stood quietly enough now. I had guessed who "my lord" was. Peers were not so common about there as to leave much field for speculation as to this one's identity.

"I am going to St. Alvers," he said; "and if you

will allow me to drive you home, I shall be glad of the lift. Perhaps this young lady," turning to me, "scarcely feels able to drive at present."

He guessed rightly. I did not feel able to drive. So it ended in our accepting his offer.

We found him to be a courteous, well-bred young man, about seven- or eight-and-twenty. He was a pleasant companion, and I almost forgot my inglorious part in the morning's adventure in giving him a short sketch of everyone's history near his home. He showed an interest in these matters which rather surprised me, for I had pictured him as having concern only in subjects connected with foreign lands. His life had been so restless, and his career one of perpetual roving.

"How do you know we live here?" I exclaimed, as he turned in at the Abbey gates.

"I know this is the Talbotts' home, and I know you are Talbotts from hearing Mrs. Tregarth address you as such. It's a simple solution."

Aunt was quite alarmed when she saw Mona's bound-up limb. It looked so formidable. Lord St. Alvers remained with aunt, explaining the case, whilst Mona and I went away to reduce the monstrous bundle to arm-like proportions.

I know that sprains are painful. I had several myself in my younger days, the outcome, principally, of climbing rocks and trees. But Mona said nothing, and only the weary look in her dusky eyes showed that she was suffering. All the reproaches in the world could not have been so touching as her silence.

St. Alvers remained for luncheon. He needed little pressing; but then, the long walk in the noonday sun was not a pleasant alternative.

"You are settling at the Castle, Lord St. Alvers?" aunt said interrogatively.

"Yes," was his reply; "I think so. Will you come up one day and view the ruins? A lady's advice would be of great value to me, for the rooms need entire renovation. The gardens are in fairly good order."

"You can hardly call your beautiful home a 'ruin,'" Mona's quiet voice interposed. "It is only out of order through long neglect."

"I will disparage it no more," he assured her, "since I find you admire it."

He ignored the latter half of her remark. Mona was very cool in her manner towards him. I believe she blamed him greatly for that "long neglect."

"I hope your arm will soon be well," he said as he was leaving us. Mona thanked him.

"I fear it was all my fault," I said regretfully.

St. Alvers smiled.

"It has been an easily forgiven offence, then," he said. "If it were not for the sprain, I could almost say I do not feel any sorrow for a misadventure which has been the means of informally introducing me to such charming friends and neighbours."

It was only an ordinary society compliment, but his voice and manner were so sincere as to impart even originality to the words.

"Do you like him, aunt?" I asked, when he had gone.

"He is extremely agreeable," she replied.

That was high praise from aunt.

He came the next day to see how Mona was, as we sat under the beech-tree having a cup of tea.

"May I give you some tea?" aunt inquired; for he had sat down.

"Thank you," he said. "I am afraid, if I refuse, that it will only be accounted against me as another spark of foreign customs. But I have been so long away from your tea-worshipping country that I have almost ruined my taste for the beverage."

His eyes rested on Mona's face. He had guessed already that she reproached him for his absence.

The Abbey, covered with ivy and roses, stood glorying in the radiance of the reddening sunlight. The smooth velvet of the lawn, the dense luxuriance of the foliage—dark elm-trees side by side with lighter shades of oak, myrtle, and orange-blossom, and the scent of a thousand sweetnesses, made perfect surroundings and inimitable loveliness.

We lingered long outside, chatting freely. At least, St. Alvers and I were talking principally, and Mona was enjoying the glory of nature and the adieu, the evensong, of the trilling birds. Her heart ever went forth to the birds, who know no restraint—to the flowers, who owe to no man their gorgeous hues—to the sea, which waits for no human will.

Aunt Sibyl enjoyed it, too, as she lay back gracefully in her easy-chair with her calm, sweet face in repose and her dark eyes half-closed. She was the perfection of middle-age. In the wild imagination of my childhood, I hoped I might, one day, be as she was then. I know now that such a hope was built on sand.

I was not quite so tall as Mona, with hair of a duller shade and blue eyes. The colour of my eyes was a source of great annoyance to me. But Mona said that whatever colour they were I should dislike them. Well, I had a straight nose and good teeth, and I suppose I was passable—sufficiently so to hear the comfortless motto that "Beauty is only skin-deep" without feeling that its solacing assurance was at all personal.

"There is a boat down in the bay—*Queen of the Waves*," St. Alvers remarked. "I saw it yesterday. Is it owned by someone in the place?"

"Yes. By us," I replied.

"Do you often use it?" he asked. I told him we often went out in it.

"We can manage it ourselves," I added.

"Do you mean to say you go alone?" he exclaimed in wonder.

"You are thinking of yesterday's escapade," Mona's voice broke in. He laughingly assured us he was innocent of such malignancy.

"But I don't like them to take it out unless they take old Jan, a pensioner of Mona's, a superannuated idler who can manage a boat very well," aunt said. "Those sailing-vessels, all of them, are so liable to capsize."

"Ours never does," I said, defending our favourite amusement.

"The first time has to come," aunt declared.

"We never go far away, and we can swim," Mona said. "There is no danger."

"It's better not to take Jan," I said, "for if

anything serious happened I'm sure he could not swim, and he would be drowned."

St. Alvers laughed at me, and aunty alluded disparagingly to me as a "little goose." But no one could deny that there was reason on my side.

"Will you come to-morrow up to the Castle?" St. Alvers asked as he was going. Aunty promised readily that we should all go. We knew every nook and corner by heart, but of course he did not know that.

"Do you like him?" I asked Mona, after the last glimpse of his tall figure was lost to view.

"Him?" she questioned vaguely. "Whom do you mean, dear?"

"St. Alvers, of course. How many people do we know who are male and liable to be liked?"

"Quite plenty. He's very well—for a young man. He looks able to do more than lounge about the Continent."

"Well, he's very handsome, at any rate," I argued, as if that made up for endless shortcomings. "Why are you always so indifferent to men?"

"I assure you I think them very interesting and a necessary portion of society," she laughed. "In fact, they are the foremost subject in some young ladies' minds."

"If you are throwing out nasty hints——" I began, in mock offence.

She smiled.

"Your conscience is not quite callous, I perceive," she retorted, leaving me worsted, as usual.

Then we went in together, our arms entwining, and in loving conversation. We were real friends.

## CHAPTER II.

LORD ST. ALVERS came to fetch us himself, in one of his own carriages, to go up to Castle St. Alvers.

Mona still had to give him her left hand in greeting. Her sprain was obstinate.

The Castle was a fine old place, in an immense park, whose boundaries were miles round. There were some red deer in the park, and plenty of little Devon kine, lively and strong, disporting their bronze-coloured bodies under the shady oaks or grazing in the warm sunshine.

The entrance-hall was magnificent, only rather dusty. It is quite wonderful what small things make a difference to the effect of a whole. Perhaps St. Alvers did not notice it; only I felt quite an authority on the matter, since I had made it my duty to dust the drawing-room at home every morning. I might compare myself to the servant who exclaimed, "What a lot of windows to clean!" when she first saw the Crystal Palace.

The great rooms looked desolate—the furniture was covered up with dust-sheets and light covers. There was a great deal of old oak about—all the principal floors were of that wood. How often I had had a day's entertainment in sliding on the smooth floors! There was even a cut in the large saloon where I had attempted to skate in years gone by. I looked at the mark quite lovingly. It was a milestone of my girlhood, and it was like travelling over again the untraversable road to stand and think over the scenes of

the past. I could smile now at the remembrance of Mrs. Simmons the housekeeper's righteous indignation when she beheld the marks of my skate. I did not smile then.

Mona, as a matter of course, went to the windows. The castle was on a rising ground, and the views were very lovely, not reaching sublimity or grandeur, but appealingly beautiful. The fresh air seemed to sing of the sea in the drowsy hum of summer. The gentle zephyrs sighed of the silvery ocean, smiling now in the June noontide. They were the only sadness coming from the water, and seemed born of its sweetness. It looked so glad and happy from the glimpse we caught of it between two wooded hills.

We were standing in a small octagon room, which had been the boudoir of the past Ladies St. Alvers. It had a turret-window, from which the sea showed in the distance like a diamond set in deep emerald and surrounded by azure blue.

"This is my favourite room," Mona said to Lord St. Alvers. "I always think the departed ladies of this house must have possessed good taste, for until you come to be here for some time you can never imagine why they chose it for their own."

"No," he replied, "it does not strike one as being particularly favourable."

"I always like a room," she said, "from which you can see the sunset. I am particularly fond of *this* room."

"I am glad you like it," he said, looking at her. And then a thought struck me, a wild, strange fancy on which I often reflected in the days that followed.

He had a perfect little lunch prepared for us in the library, which was the most habitable room in the house. How often Mona and I had sat here, perusing the dusty volumes! I felt a sort of right to the place. Mona, after we had finished our lunch, strolled round the room, lovingly looking over the familiar books. I saw Lord St. Alvers observe her closely. He had been watching her, more or less, all through the morning; but who could help admiring her grave sweet face with its marvellous eyes and aureole of tawny hair?

He walked, apparently unconcernedly, to where Mona stood.

"You are fond of reading?" I heard him ask.

"Yes, I am," she replied, without turning.

Then followed a silence, broken by St. Alvers.

"I hope you will not scruple to take any book you would care to read," he said. "I believe it is considered a good collection."

"I have read a great many of them already," she said, turning to him.

"I am pleased to hear it," he replied. "Which have you read—I mean, which kind?"

"We used to come here in wet weather and take possession of the house, forgetting that we did not own it," she answered, evading his question. I think she did not want to get into anything personal, and she was always shy of speaking on the subjects she had nearest to her heart. She had been educated by Mr. Keverne, our rector, and he had taught her according to his masculine notions. And she was very clever.

I always considered learning useless. A volume of essays took me months to read. Once Mona gave me a course of reading, but when I revealed to her the small quantity I got through in a week she gave me up as hopeless. I recognised that Bacon must have been a very wily old person, and I had more sympathy with the despotic knight, Sir Roger de Coverley, especially in church, when I often longed for his peculiar fashion of rousing the snoring flock.

So, while she read Homer in his own noble tongue, studied the stoical Brutus and Roman mobs, criticised the material philosophy of Diderot or Voltaire, I revelled in my ignorance—and thrived, too, on it.

"Mona," I said to her, later on in the evening, when we were back at the Abbey, "can you remember St. Alvers before he went away?"

"No," she replied. "He went away when we were at Nice with mother. I remember hearing people say what a fine boy he was. I believe," she added, with faint sarcasm, "he once horsewhipped a village lad, and gained great glory by that."

"Perhaps the boy deserved it," I said. "I cannot fancy St. Alvers doing anything cowardly or mean."

"He went to Oxford and then abroad. I was quite young then—only about nine when I came home."

I knew. She came home, an orphan, to her inheritance. At the same time my own father was away, fighting, in Africa, and the year following I had seen my fair young mother die—die as she read of the brave husband who was killed—killed in the thick

of the battle, his life given up for a comrade. Then I had come to St. Alvers, my home ever since.

I loved Mona passionately. I gave her all the devotion which might have gone to parents. She had loved me, comforted me, guided me. Motherless herself, she had almost taught me what a mother's love might be; and yet she was but a year older than I was myself.

She was my ideal, my star. As she governed everyone, she governed me. No one ever dreamed of opposing her.

The next morning we went to the rectory.

"I have been idle for so long," Mona said, "I must do some work."

Mr. Keverne, our rector, was a tall, thin man, with a slight stoop. He was a widower, childless. He was pleased to see us, and, naturally, we discussed the event of the day—Lord St. Alvers' return to the Castle. We, or rather I, told him all about the accident at Methenton and the history of our informal meeting with the young lord. I described him most minutely, Mona sitting silent the while.

"Mr. Keverne will expect a paragon," she remarked, when I had finished. "I hope he will not be disappointed when he sees him."

He looked round at Mona, sitting there in her white summer dress, looking lovelier than ever. I wonder if it were more in my eyes that she was always so beautiful. If she had been as fascinating to others as she was to me, she would have been a dangerous element to introduce into the society of the male sex.

"Do you not like him?" he asked, in surprise.

"Oh yes! He's just the same as anyone else, I suppose. If he had been a Satyr instead of Hyperion Nora would have gone into raptures over him. I believe the little goose thinks he is making a grand sacrifice in coming home to St. Alvers, away from the



"I was compelled to lose my gravity."—p. 651.



seductive delights of Paris or Brussels, or from the seven hills of Rome and the art galleries of Florence. I think St. Alvers is worth all the Italian villages there are, and England dearer than the most beautiful Southern land."

I looked at her with a shaken belief in Lord St. Alvers. Still, I could not give it up all at once. So I made a doubtful defence.

"But, Mona, one can see St. Alvers in a day. Then it's the same thing over and over again. Think of the lovely places we read of abroad. Imagine Venice——"

But she was laughing at me, and I weakly ceased to condone St. Alvers' offence in caring more for silent, blue-domed Venice than for his own lonely castle by the sea.

Mona and Mr. Keverne began to study a piece of some ill-treated old person's writings, Thucydides, or something like it. For the life of me I could not imagine why it mattered to us if he were so very forgiving and unmalicious. I felt no infection of that same spirit when I saw what an utter waste of time it caused. What a lovely day for a sail, with Thucydides overboard!

I thought of our old governess, Miss Stayne. She had left us eighteen months since. She found Mona a perplexing puzzle from the first day she came until the morning we had driven her to Metherton Station and bade her good-bye, little dreaming how we should next meet.

Poor lady! she was methodical, a phase of character particularly obnoxious to Mona, who liked to study when she "felt like it." It was useless for Miss Stayne to argue. Mona soon silenced her. It was worse than useless to appeal to aunty. Aunty "left it" with Miss Stayne. And Mona, whose perfection in studying was only equalled by her perfection in laziness, was soon far beyond the governess's doubtful French and love-song Italian. It is wonderfully important for a girl to learn how to conceal her ignorance—it is an accomplishment, and should be an "extra." Miss Stayne made it a speciality.

So the governess devoted her valuable time to me, and Mona took lessons from Mr. Keverne.

It happened as I had anticipated. Mona, after the visit to the rectory, stuck to study, despite the invitation of the bees to saunter forth to enjoy the wealth of June-tide fragrance and delight in the summer air. St. Alvers called several times, and Mona would see him or not, as she felt inclined. He was apparently puzzled by her quietness, and one day he spoke to me about her.

"Your cousin is very reserved," he remarked.

"Just now she appears so," I admitted. "She is very busy."

"Busy?"

Perhaps he wondered why she was so much occupied and I so lazy.

"She is studying," I explained.

"Has her education been neglected?" he asked, in some surprise.

I smiled.

"Does she give you that idea?" I inquired, severely.

"Well, no," he confessed. "But she gives me no ideas whatever. She is so silent, and never speaks to me. I cannot think I have offended her, for I have had no chance."

"I don't think Mona would trouble herself to be offended with you," I said, exaggerating her indifference (to prevent his growing conceited).

"Do you imply that Miss Talbot is cold by nature?" he asked.

"Mona cold!" I gasped. Then I caught the twinkle in his eye. I turned away with a grand unconcern.

"Then you must mean that I am not of sufficient importance to quarrel with," he said, laughing.

"I shall soon let you see that I do *not* mean anything of the sort," I retorted. He laughed at me with such heartiness that I was obliged to join him.

"Anyhow," he said, "you are a regular little champion. I almost wish I needed one."

"Your necessity might not command my services," I told him—womanlike, intent on securing the last word.

He must have found the Castle very lonely. I accounted for the frequency of his visits to the Abbey on that ground. A gregarious creature, he must have intercourse with others of his kind.

I met him one day in the village. He was going to inspect some cottages which Mona the day before had told him were sadly in need of repair. Poverty and picturesqueness, unhealthiness and antiquity, are so often linked that we hesitate to destroy the one for the sake of the other, and these thatched dwellings with little gardens looked quite innocent of typhoid germs or any other germs at all.

I walked back with him to a cottage in which a child lay sick.

"Well, Dicky," I said, "are you nearly well?"

He smiled feebly.

"Where is Miss Mona?" he asked weakly.

The mother came forward.

"'En asks for Miss Mona oftentimes," she said.

"I will tell her," I said, "then I know she will come. She has been very busy lately."

"Miss Talbot is interested in these people," Lord St. Alvers said to me. "She told me of the repairs needed here."

"Blez 'en!" Mrs. Polwyn exclaimed. He looked surprised.

"Thee wonders, my lord," she said, "as why I luv 'en zo. Eh! if 'ee 'd zeen 'en, as I have, zitten up wid my lad, when 'en were nigh death, watchin' wid us, 'ee 'd know an' mebbe understand. There be never a lad i' St. Alvers but wad *die vor* 'en."

"They have unlimited faith in Mona," I remarked, as we left the cottage after St. Alvers had pressed something into the woman's hand to buy wine and other comforts for Dicky. He performed this action in the most delicate way, for which I felt glad. The villagers were proud and sensitive, and somewhat peculiar to deal with.

"Yes," he replied to my remark, "they place her on a pedestal."

"She has grown up with them, and understands their ways so well," I said.

"And I have not," he said, supplying my unspoken thought. "Is that a reproach?"

"Reproach!" I gasped, in confusion.

"Yes," he said. "I can see that you—and your cousin—blame me for my long neglect of home. I am much to blame. Believe me, if I could undo the past and begin my life again, I should do much differently in many things. Circumstances have been against me."

"I am sure I have no—I have never thought you were very wrong," I assured him, rather cross that he had read my mind so easily.

"Mona," I said, when I reached home and had told her of my encounter with Lord St. Alvers, "he may have had some very important reason for staying away."

"I never doubted it," she agreed.

"But outside his own pleasure," I persisted. "Some heroic reason."

"He may have been slaying dragons," she replied, with a slight smile.

### CHAPTER III.

ABOUT a week after the events recorded in the last chapter, Mona proposed a day on the water. I was delighted. She was always so quiet when she studied, and returned the vaguest answers to our questions, that I am sure Aunt Sibyl was often inclined to think, as Festus did of St. Paul, that much learning had affected her reason. But aunt did not understand Mona, and never would do.

Aunt was a dear, sweet creature, but rather "proper"; she agreed, I feel sure, with the "conceal your ignorance" theory I have mentioned. As for cleverness in women, I believe she regarded it in the light of a minor sort of indelicacy. She never alluded publicly to Mona's abilities in learning. Of course, we heard of the advance of women, of the "sweet girl-graduate," but aunt shook her head at such things, and wondered what women were thinking of, to make themselves into caricatures of men. As for a lady doctor—why, she must have discredited altogether any rumour as to the existence of such a monstrosity.

Yet I am sure Mona was her favourite. I could see it in the love-light in her eyes. I read it, times without number, in the loving solicitude of her voice. I was often touched by the manner in which she would seek to dispel from my mind the idea of favouritism. Dear aunt! She need not have hidden her preference so affectionately and kindly. I was quite accustomed to Mona's being always placed first.

As I said, I was overjoyed by the prospect of a sail. We went through the customary ceremony of inviting aunt to join us. We heard her regulation thanks and refusal, her admonition not to get drowned, as if it were a matter in our hands, and as if we could, by some not mentioned means, arrange the drowning, or safety, to our minds. So, all these preliminaries being satisfactorily gone through, we started off with a basket of provisions.

The day was very hot, but the air was pleasant, and there was a soft landward breeze. The sea glittered and gleamed like a living thing, lying in the little bay so quietly sparkling, and appearing as one mass of

sheen away out to the horizon, where sea and sky merged in happy union miles away. The tiny waves sang a sad dirge as they dragged back from the shingles; they took to unknown depths their untold secret, the secret of the sea. The shaly cliffs showed a thousand shades and lights, the mossy stones at their feet, green-covered, were cool and damp in the shadow. The sea-birds skimmed the shining waters, with weird cries.

Old Jan was smoking his pipe on the beach. We had sent to tell him to be there; and he had made the boat ready.

"I think," Mona decided, "as we have such a lovely day we will go to Trevordell. It's not too far."

It took us no little time to get outside the bay. When we were out, there was just enough breeze to take us along.

It was perfect out on the water. I had a book, and enjoyed reading under a large white sunshade. Mona simply watched, from her long dark eyes, the cliffs and the sea as we passed along the coast to the bay where we were to land. Occasionally she held the sail for Jan. Mona and I were both quite capable of lending him a hand.

It was not far to Trevordell, and we landed quite easily. Leaving to Jan the care of the boat and something to eat, we went across the beach, rather slowly, because it is not easy to walk quickly on large pebbles. It is almost impossible to walk gracefully; but as no one was there to see us, we gave up any attempt to do so.

We set out our lunch in the usual spot we occupied on these picnics. It was in the dell, near to the rushing streamlet which threaded its way between the gorge. Mona was in high spirits.

"Nora," she exclaimed, "it is really the only place to live in, when the weather is so fine."

"What is?" I asked her, pausing as I uncorked a jar of cream.

"The open air, of course," she responded, smiling at her own vagueness.

"It's very well in the daytime," I agreed, "but not at night, Mona. Fancy sleeping here!"

"Is this a cucumber?" she asked, ignoring my unpoetic suggestion entirely.

"Yes," I replied; "you might cut it."

She was just complying with my request, with some laughing remark, when I was startled by the shrill signal of a long whistle from the heights above. Mona started to her feet.

High up on the summit of the gorge were two horsemen. I saw at once that one was St. Alvers. Mona had recognised him too.

They tied their horses to a tree and commenced to descend the hilly path to us. With a crackling of thorn and briar and a rustling of leaves they reached us.

St. Alvers introduced his companion as "my friend Mr. Callan."

"We were riding and saw you; we thought we should like to pay you a visit in your novel dining-room," he said, laughing. Then he inquired if Mona's arm were right again. She replied in the affirmative, and Lord St. Alvers explained to his friend the mystery

of the sprain, and how it had introduced him to us so informally.

Mr. Callan was a tall, well-built man, but not so tall as Lord St. Alvers. He had a kind, rather thoughtful face, and bright dark-blue eyes. His hair was curly and chestnut. I guessed him to be of about the same age as Lord St. Alvers. Afterwards I discovered that he was a little younger.

I was all the time in a fever of anxiety. I wondered if they would expect to join us or to be asked to do so. There were two reasons why I hoped they would not stay—first, the amount of our eatables; secondly, Mrs. Grundy.

St. Alvers had practised doubtful etiquette when he drove us home from Metherton on the day we first saw him. According to the slavish rule of "good form," he should have raised his hat and politely left us to the mercy of my bad driving or Mona's inability to drive at all. At the outside, he could have procured a perfumed stable-boy from the St. Alvers Arms to act as groom. Reflecting on his previous doubtful behaviour, I thought it highly probable that he might repeat it on this occasion.

He seated himself on the outgrowing root of a giant oak. He looked alarmingly at ease and resembled a fixture. I grew more and more uneasy; moreover, I was hungry.

At last Mona was compelled to do it.

"I am not sure," she said, in her queenly way, "if we have sufficient to invite you to partake of. But if we have anything you would like you are quite welcome to it."

Of course, it was what they had been waiting for. I could see that by the quick acceptance of Mona's offer. But, after all, it was not a bad arrangement for all of us; and we had, as usual, much more to eat than we should ever need by ourselves, so we managed that part.

Mona forgot her reserve under the influence of the pleasant surroundings. I could see that St. Alvers was quite fascinated by her.

We had to gloss over, as well as we could, the scarcity of knives and forks. I was compelled to lose my gravity when Mr. Callan tried to convey some cream to his mouth with a fork. I laughed.

"What are you laughing at now, Miss Nora?" Lord St. Alvers inquired.

"I cannot quite tell you. You might not see the joke," I replied, still laughing.

"I think I know," Mr. Callan interposed. I grew crimson, because I had known him for so short a time. Somehow, I felt as if I had known Lord St. Alvers all my life.

They both talked to Mona a good deal. One of them must have been rapidly losing his hypothetical surmise as to her neglected education. I was always proud of Mona when she made a conquest.

After our lunch, we cleared up our things, leaving them packed in a hamper which our two guests carried to the top of the gorge for us.

"We have time for a stroll," St. Alvers suggested, looking at Mona. So we went through the fishing-village of Trevoran into the woods beyond. Now that St. Alvers had discovered that Mona could be

agreeable, he, with the selfishness peculiar to his sex, took possession of her in the coolest way. They went on in front, and I could see his dark, handsome head bent as he talked to her. I could see that he was talking a great deal at first.

We passed the old familiar cottages, the homes of fishermen, for the most part. The gardens were all aglow with the profusion of June flowers. The scent of roses was all-pervading.

Men and women sat in the gardens, mending nets, some of them, the men, smoking. Some of the women were making lace.

"Have you seen much of Lord St. Alvers since he came down here?" Mr. Callan asked me.

"Yes," I replied; "he has been to the Abbey a great deal. Castle St. Alvers is so fearfully lonely for a young man."

"Ah!" It was all he said, but it sounded very expressive. I stared at him.

"Your sister is——"

"My *cousin*," I interrupted, correcting him in Irish fashion. I explained our relationship, enlarging on Mona's worth and my own worthlessness very considerably.

His eyes strayed to where St. Alvers and Mona wandered on. He watched them with a shade of anxiety in his face. And yet how handsome they looked together—she so tall and graceful, and he so strong and noble.

Mr. Callan answered quite absently some of my attempts at conversation. He was occupied in contemplation of the back view of the two in front. Why should he watch them so? Even if St. Alvers did bend his head so suggestively to Mona, what mattered it? In fact, a very charming little romance it would be if these two should love each other.

I felt nothing but the utmost complacency when I beheld St. Alvers' barely concealed admiration of Mona. I knew instinctively that he was a good, true man, and worthy even of my cousin. And she whose life was one melodious song of shedding love around deserved the adoration of a noble heart. I felt very much inclined to resent Mr. Callan's uneasiness.

They saw us safely into our *Queen*.

"We shall be back long before you," St. Alvers said to Mona. "I shall come down to see you land."

It was a splendid evening. We sailed home through a red-gold sea with a sky of pale, dull grey streaked in the west with great dashes of orange colouring above a background of vivid crimson, like a revelation of the sunless brilliancy beyond the clouds. Mona was very quiet.

St. Alvers and Mr. Callan were there on the shingly beach of St. Alvers Bay.

"I have seen your aunt," St. Alvers said, as we stepped ashore. "I think when *she* has seen your uninjured persons once more she will feel relieved."

"We will hurry back," Mona said; and we fell into the old order. I looked up at Mr. Callan, and saw a distinct frown on his brow. Very complimentary to me, I thought.

"I was glad when I saw your sail round the point," I heard St. Alvers say to Mona. "It is getting late."

"Surely you were not alarmed!" Mona exclaimed, looking at him in wonder.

He turned his dark eyes to her face.

"We are over-anxious for those we——" he began, but did not finish. And Mona gazed away over the fields. Mr. Callan's frown had developed into a positive glare. I wondered what the next stage would be.

He showed a strong inclination not to be far behind the others. To punish him for his rudeness, I walked very slowly.

"I am afraid you are tired," he said at last.

I smiled inwardly.

"There is no hurry," I returned, in such superlatively innocent tones that I must have overdone it. A minute later I looked to see if he were still glaring, and found his eyes bent on me with an amused gleam in them. I grew quite hot, wondering what he thought of me.

After a reception from aunty which was suggestive of the return of Crusaders or a rescue from the jaws of Death, we had supper, for which Mr. Callan and Lord St. Alvers remained. The former was not so disagreeable as when alone with me. In fact, he seemed quite civilised, and showed no symptoms of "glaring." That is, over supper he was all right. But afterwards, when Lord St. Alvers proposed a stroll on the moonlit lawn to Mona, he began again, and lapsed into his usual restless ferocity.

"Will you come for a turn or two?" he asked me, as the two figures on the grass strolled slowly to and fro.

"I am tired," I replied shortly.

He turned away without a word.

I caught the murmur of the low-toned conversation between Mona and St. Alvers. If anything could be gathered from outer appearance, he was surely very satisfied with his companion. Ah! many a time after I wished that his reluctant adieu that night had been an everlasting farewell—to one at least of us—my cousin Mona.

In the time following, we saw a great deal of our two friends. At least, Mr. Callan was compelled to be friendly with me whether he liked it or not, for St. Alvers always chose to monopolise Mona.

Sometimes I would catch a sort of appealing look from Mr. Callan to St. Alvers. Once I heard the former say in a low voice, "Guy, what are you doing?" and St. Alvers turned away with a sort of reckless defiance which astonished me. Surely no one could think a man doing any wrong in loving Mona! Why, a king was not too good for her.

"Perhaps Mr. Callan is jealous," I reflected, the other thought being too ridiculous to entertain.

We went to many places of interest round about, with aunty for the most delightfully indifferent chaperone.

"Mona," I said one day, "do you like Mr. Callan?"

"Yes, dear, very much," was her ready reply.

"Why do you ask?"

"I think he is a most peculiar person," I replied.

"He seems to think St. Alvers is in need of care. He reminds me of a keeper——"

But Mona was laughing, and I stopped.

"He is a clever man," she declared. "Lord St. Alvers thinks a great deal of him. He praises him continually."

"Do you like St. Alvers?" I went on.

"You are growing like a confession-book, Nora," she said, with a slight flush.

"That's no answer," I retorted, smiling.

"I have answered that question several times already," she declared.

"Yes," I admitted. "But you did not know him then."

"It takes a long time to know some people," she continued evasively. "I want you to call at the rectory for the notes I left behind yesterday. Will you, dear?"

I kissed her and left her. All the way I was thinking of her occupied in the doubtfully blissful way of dreaming of her love. It seems to be the correct thing to do in a case like hers. In novels the heroine always appears to find it very interesting, though I think I should be *ennuyée* in an hour spent in the meditation of any man. But, after all, "Delia is the ivy"; she clings to the oak, Damon, or, as Thackeray satirically foresees, "the post."

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;  
'Tis woman's whole existence."

After I left the rectory, I went to the cliffs. There was a little cave just under the overhanging rock where Mona and I had often sought shelter from sun and storm. I descended to it by a steep path, and sat lazily watching the ever-changing sea. Its faint murmur was borne to me from the shore below, where the tiny, sunny waves were breaking in the ebbing tide. Away, far away, was the misty horizon where land and water blend.

Gradually I became conscious of a distant sound of voices. As they came nearer and nearer, I decided to remain silent and let them pass above my head. But they paused just over where I sat, and at first I felt too lazy to move. I had recognised the voices as belonging to Mr. Callan and Lord St. Alvers.

I was untidy, I reflected. My hair was breaking from its coils. I was hot, dusty, tired. In a freak caused by vanity, I resolved to remain in ambush. That I might overhear what was not intended for my ears never occurred to me. But the sound of my own surname surprised me. I could not help hearing what followed.

"You know, Guy," Mr. Callan was saying very earnestly, "all this must end. Why not at once! Much better to give up this fancy before it grows too closely to your heart to be torn away."

"Fancy!" St. Alvers exclaimed scornfully. "I only wish it were but that! Clifford, I cannot give it up. Ah! you cannot know how I—love her," he ended softly. For the life of me I dare not move then. I was always a coward.

"It is shameful," he began again, "that I should be tied as I am. Oh! why was I so blind as to consent to such a fool's scheme."

"Guy," Mr. Callan interposed, "you are bound in honour *there*. Do not forget that beyond where you can redeem it."



There was a pause. St. Alvers broke it.

"Lucine must see reason. She will surely not hold me to an arrangement so obnoxious to myself. As to honour——"

"From what I know of Miss Darrel," his friend said, slowly and reluctantly, "she is the last in the

at once. I wish——" and then they moved away, and I caught only the indistinct murmur of their voices before they died away altogether.

I sat stunned and helpless. What could it mean?

Mona! how shall you bear your pain? "But perhaps," I thought, "she does not care——"



"I could not help hearing."—p. 62.

world to give up anything advantageous to herself. The worst part of it all is, that I am afraid Miss Talbot——" he stopped.

"Don't!" St. Alvers exclaimed hoarsely. "I have been a contemptible coward. I must tell her all. I will go to Lucine and risk her revenge."

"The latter course will be of no avail. It will leave you deeper than ever in despair. You must go away

Ah! vain sophistry. I knew she *did* care. I knew that she loved him with a deep unconquerable love such as would rise from a heart like hers.

And he? Was he a common deceiver? No; never! Dear love, dear cousin! perhaps I was mistaken.

I resolved to wait and see. And, in the meantime, who was Lucine?

(To be continued.)

## IS FAMILY PRAYER DECLINING?

BY THE REV. W. GARRETT HORDER, AUTHOR OF "THE SILENT VOICE," ETC. ETC.



THE Editor of "Casell's Book of Family Prayers" has been collecting the opinions of "those who can speak with authority as to whether the use of family prayers in the household is on the increase or decrease." The answers received, with two or three exceptions, go to show that the practice of family worship is declining. The exceptions to this come chiefly from ministers in Scotland; but even from across the Border replies come expressive of the opinion that there, too, the practice is declining.

Personally, I am persuaded that if the entire ministry of the British Isles could be polled on this question, the vast majority would point to decrease, rather than increase, in this hallowed practice.

Nor is this decline confined to Protestant circles. A like declaration reaches us from within the Roman communion. Cardinal Vaughan, in his Lenten Pastoral, says:—"During the simultaneous mission, attention will be called in every church to the necessity of establishing and maintaining in our Catholic homes the character of the Christian family. Such as the home is, such will be the children. The spirit of the age has in great measure broken down the ideal of the Christian family. Formerly children not only loved, but respected and obeyed, their parents; the parents trained their children to piety; family prayers were said in common every night, and a meditation or consideration was read to feed the mind with holy thoughts and affections. . . . It is considered an inconvenience, an interruption, a restraint, to say night prayers in common. The sacred character of the home which everywhere used to supply family prayers in common has faded away until the idea of any special sanctity attaching to the home has become almost extinct. Father, mother, children and household go each their own way, as though their Heavenly Father had sent a message that He was no longer pleased to receive their united prayer and praise. Thus graces diminish, faith weakens, charity grows cold, and the generations deteriorate."

From this we see how that even the Roman Church, hedged in though it be by all kinds of restrictions and "safeguards," is not, any more than the Protestant Church, free from the influence of the Zeitgeist—the spirit of the age—which bears both alike in the same direction.

I am not disposed, on account of the decay of a special practice, to say that "the generations deteriorate," for I remember Lowell's pregnant words—

"New occasions teach new duties;  
Time makes ancient good uncouth."

The decay of a particular practice is not proof positive that piety is declining or the age deteriorating. Pious feeling may run in new channels. Formerly, it may be, it was too bent on personal and family edification, and somewhat indifferent to the needs of those without. Formerly, it may be, it took the form of service to God which made it a trifle careless of the service of man. Just now it is swinging from the one extreme to the other—from a Godward to a manward attitude; but presently the balance will be reached. For let it never be forgotten that Christianity is not shut up within a set of rules or practices, however good; but is rather a spirit running through and sanctifying life at all points; but, in spite of this, the wisdom of many generations is often enshrined in ancient practices, and these should not be lightly permitted to fall into disuse.

Does family worship enshrine such wisdom of the past? Is it, therefore, worth the effort to preserve or, if lost, to re-establish? I have no hesitation in replying in the affirmative to this question. Indeed, I rather fancy that our Lord may have had some such practice in view when He said—"Where two or three are gathered in My name, there am I in the midst of them." The old Rabbinic rule made ten the minimum of a worshipping company. Christ reduced the minimum to the lowest possible point, for you cannot have a *gathering* with less than two, and so He made a worshipping company possible in the smallest of families. His words have usually been quoted in reference to gatherings in the church; I am disposed to think they have in view still more the "church in the house."

Can anyone doubt that the home is sanctified by the Word of God and prayer—that is, if the reading be devout and the prayer trustful and childlike? All other relationships find some kind of expression within the home circle; why should the highest of all be left without expression? All other emotions struggle into expression; why should there be silence where the emotion which is deepest is concerned?

Then, too, is it well that the keenest desires of godly parents for their children should remain hidden within the heart, or spoken of only in private by the father to the mother, or the mother to the father? Is it not good for these deep feelings to find expression, not direct to the child—the parent usually finds it hard to give them this kind of utterance—but that they should go up in the form of prayer to the great Father of all? Thus the parent's heart may be revealed in the most sacred way to those dearest. Is not this likely to lend a new sanctity to the relationship between parents and their children—to hallow the earthly with the heavenly? May not the whole home circle thus catch glimpses of that which is deepest in the parental heart?

I venture to assert that in the past, in a multitude of cases, the children have thus been drawn into more sacred fellowship with their parents—seeing thus feelings which otherwise they would never have known, of which, it may be, they would never have even dreamt. There are men and women scattered over the world, far away from their childhood's homes, whose most sacred memories cluster around the family gathering in which their father poured out his heart to God on their behalf, and so revealed his inner feeling to his children.

No practice is to be lightly cast aside which in the past has lent any sacredness to the home; for on the character of the home depends, more than on aught beside, the character of the Church and even of the Nation.

Then, too, this practice of family prayer has another advantage in that it brings within the circle of sympathy those who serve in the home. Such are the caste feelings that too often prevail in English households, that the domestics, as they are called, though living within the same walls are often a class apart, with little of that sympathetic contact which should bind all human souls together, no matter how different their work and position. There ought to be some point where the equalities are acknowledged and the inequalities fall into the background. Where can that be save before the Father of all, Who is no respecter of persons? A poor man once went up to the communion-table at Walmer to partake of the Holy Supper. On reaching it, he found the Duke of Wellington kneeling there, and was about to withdraw when the duke laid his hand upon the poor man's arm and whispered, "We are all equal here." And the family altar may, if rightly used, bring to light the underlying equality of all within the home circle, and knit together with stronger, because tenderer, bonds those who are too much separated by mere class distinctions. I have personal reasons for knowing that servants greatly appreciate the opportunity of family worship, and feel its gracious influence. A mistress tells me that some of her old servants assured her that there was nothing they had so missed since they left her service as the family prayers, in which they had been accustomed to join.

Space forbids the consideration of other advantages—its calming influence after the toils of the day—the peace which it brings upon troubled spirits—the sense it wakens of the nearness of the great Father.

But surely no rightly constituted Christian mind will deny its manifold advantages.

Why, then, has the practice fallen somewhat into disuse in even Christian families?

There are many reasons for this—circumstantial, personal, intellectual—of which I can speak only in the briefest way.

1. *Circumstantial.* The conditions amid which many, especially in our great cities, live, render

the practice difficult. The heads of families, and, indeed, all the bread-winners, have, as a rule, to leave home for office or factory or shop very early in the morning, and often return very late at night; so that it is difficult, save by very early rising, to find time for morning or, by introducing it immediately after the return home, for evening prayer. In earlier times families lived where the parents' business was carried on, and so the time now spent in railway or omnibus was saved, and could be utilised for family worship. What the railway or omnibus claims was formerly, in many cases, given to home worship. But all that has changed. And here lies a real difficulty in the way to the family altar—a difficulty which is likely to increase rather than diminish.

2. *Personal.* In certain directions our religious life has grown more shy and reserved—less free in its expression. We are so afraid of saying more than we really feel, that we end by saying nothing at all. We are so fearful of seeming better than we are, that we often seem worse than we are. This tendency has had its effect on prayer, especially before or with others. To have family prayer seems to many like setting up to be saints, and this is a thing they hate. In reality it is the reverse; for prayer is not a claim that we are good, but only the longing to be so. True prayer is the sign of humility, not of pride; a confession of weakness, not the assertion of strength. But just now the reverse is the current feeling, and not till we get this corrected is there much chance of the family altar being firmly re-established.

3. *Intellectual.* Behind even the feeling of which I have spoken is the thought of the day about prayer itself. This takes two directions. In certain minds there is the idea that the universe is governed by law; and, the law being good, it is neither possible nor desirable that our prayers should alter it. With this we are not now concerned, since those who regard the universe as under law, with no Fatherly heart behind it, will not pray at all, either in private or in the family. In other and more religious minds there is the feeling that if God be, as they believe, the Father of men, He will give all that is good without being asked. I am not now discussing prayer itself, and so cannot deal with the root of these objections; but, even granting this position, room is still left for prayer. For prayer does not begin and end with asking. Equally essential, perhaps more so, are thanksgiving, contrition, fellowship—elements which find a place even in our relationships with our earthly parents, who do not wait for our asking to give us good things. These all find a place in a true child's life in relation to his parents. One of the most saintly men I ever knew told me that on one occasion his child came into the room when he was very busy, and, looking up from his work, he said, "What do you want, Minnie?"—"I only want to be with you, papa!"

And we children of larger growth, if we are in our right mind, will desire to be *with* our heavenly Father; and prayer is the way thereto. If we will only let our hearts, not merely our heads, have their way, we shall pray; and if we do, we shall want to pray, not merely alone in our closets, but with those who are dearest around the family hearth. This is the vital matter. Let there be the true filial feeling, and out of it will spring prayer, both in the secret place and in the family.

And now for a word or two on the difficulties which stand in the way.

The *time* difficulty caused by early departure from, and late return to, the home is a real one, and may render the daily practice very hard. But if it be thus with most of the days of the week, there is the Sunday, and it maybe the Saturday, when, in many cases, work is over by mid-day. Could not the altar be reared on Saturday evening, preparing mind and heart for Sunday worship? and what more blessed close to the Day of Rest than the family gathering for prayer?

Then the feeling of reserve may surely be overcome

in one of two ways: either by the use of simple forms, or by even more simple and brief prayer from our own hearts. We often think that *uttered* prayer must be lengthy or well expressed, whereas the most blessed prayers are usually the briefest and simplest. If we could only get the right idea of prayer, we should see that it is within the capacity of all. The shortest, simplest prayers recorded in the New Testament were the most effective.

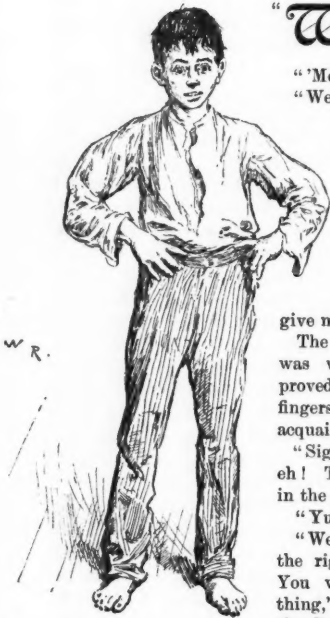
Even if courage fail for such short, simple utterances, there are forms which may be used; or, if even these be objected to, the best of our hymns are full of the essential elements of true prayer. Could not these be sung together, and form the vehicle for our thanksgiving, our confession, our longing for fellowship with our Father? No mean altar would that be on which we laid devout reading of Scripture and the singing of psalm and hymn and spiritual song, whilst we make melody in our hearts unto the Lord.

In some way or other let us sanctify our homes by the Word of God and Prayer. So we shall make it a Bethel, where, like the patriarch of old, we shall often feel, "Surely the Lord is in this place."



### AMONG THE STREET CHILDREN.

BY F. M. HOLMES.



"WELL, Tommy, and what do you want?"

"Most everything, sir."

"Well, well, that is bad; and who told you to come here?"

"Jemmy Rattles, sir; 'e said as 'ow you 'ad give 'im some boots and some brekfustes; and teacher, sir, 'e

give me this stiffket."

The certificate produced was well thumbed, and proved that Tommy's fingers were frequently acquainted with dirt.

"Signed by M— D—, eh! That is your teacher in the Board-school?"

"Yus, sir."

"Well, you have come to the right place, my lad. You want 'most everything,' as you say; and the Ragged School Union supplies 'most everything' for destitute children."

"Yus, sir. Pheemy

Bodgers went away to one of yer 'Ooliday 'Omes in the summer for a fortnit, and come back quite well. Her cheeks looked as if they 'ad bin painted. Could I go to one of yer 'Ooliday 'Omes, sir?"

"Oh well, well, we must consider. We must learn more about your circumstances; but just now your teacher says you want badly some new boots and a new coat?"

"Yus, sir—please, sir."

"Well, I daresay we can find you these."

"Oh, thank 'ee, sir; and could ye—give me a ticket for dinners?"

"Why! what do your parents do?"

"Mother, sir, she goes out 'awkin' fish, or it mout be water-creeses, and there ain't much 'angin to it, sir."

"You mean she does not make much profit?"

"No, sir."

"And what does your father do?"

"Goes to the docks or wharves, sir."

"Ah, and does not often find much work there?"

"No, sir. Please, sir, you give Madge Simpkins a pair o' crutches."

"Oh! did we? Madge is a cripple then, I fear?"

"Yus, sir, and you give her a lot o' toys and picture-books!"

"Well, some were lent, you know; and after she had used them, they were passed on to others. There are so many cripples and suffering children we try to help."

"And you taught her brother carpentring."

"Oh! did we; what! at one of our Industrial Classes?"

WANTS "MOST EVERYTHING."



"Yus, sir; so I've heered about you."  
 "You seem to have done so. Well now, come and try on a coat."

With thin white face wrinkled into smiles, the little ragged urchin steps into the room, and energetic-



MR. JOHN KIRK.

(From a Photograph by Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone.)

ally thrusts his fist down the arm of a coat offered him.

"Too long, ain't it, sir? Maybe there's a chap with a longer arm nor mine as it 'ud suit better."

Another was too small, so he tries a third; and thus he continues, devoting himself with much energy to getting inside coats and boots, until at last he exclaims—

"There! that'll do a treat, won't it, sir? A fair treat! My heye, ain't they warm!"

Poor little fellow! This is probably his first experience of wearing new and warm clothing.

"Now, you must understand," says the superintendent of the ragged-school, firmly, "that these clothes are only lent you to wear. They are not yours, for your parents or anybody else to pawn or sell. In law they are our property, and we lend them to you, and we can punish people who sell them. Do you understand?"

"Yus, sir—cert'nly, sir."

And, in the exuberance of his delight, he spins round sideways on feet and hands like a wheel.

This scene is illustrative of much of the work of the Ragged School Union in its jubilee year of 1894. Whatever may be the needs of ragged and destitute children, those needs the Union seeks to meet; and so it is now a Poor Children's Aid Society—of which branch Mr. Diggle, Chairman of the London School Board, is president—a Country Holidays Fund, and a succourer of suffering and crippled little ones, as well as an educational agency of a religious, industrial, and "secular" character.

Fifty years ago, when the Union came into being, it was no doubt chiefly educational; but its managers

have always been ready to adapt its methods to the changing circumstances of the times; so that now, when the School Board reigns supreme and performs much of the former work of the Union, its day-schools number but thirteen, while it maintains in affiliation 264 Sunday afternoon and evening schools, with numbers of bands of hope, institutes, clubs, industrial classes, etc., and the distribution of food and clothing.

And who, it may be asked, was the real originator of the Ragged School movement?

As in some other enterprises, it is difficult to say that any one individual was the sole originator; but John Pounds, the poor Portsmouth shoemaker, is usually credited with starting the idea of the ragged-school. He was wont to gather the ragged urchins of the neighbourhood about him as he cobbled his shoes, and he taught them gratuitously.

Some of his methods would perhaps be thought too rough-and-ready to-day. He might ask his young scholars, for instance—

"What is in that pail?"

"Water."

"Spell it, then."

And, when this difficulty was over, he would charge his scholar to empty it.

Then he might ask—

"Have you been to the docks to-day?"

"Yes, and we saw a ship going to Aberdeen."

"Where is Aberdeen?"

This question formed a peg for a lesson, while the cobbler cobbled his shoes and his ragged urchins fidgeted around him, but listened.

But, whatever methods Pounds may have employed,



EARL COMPTON, M.P.

(From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.)

he was successful in keeping his "ragged-school" together for a score of years, until his death, which occurred in 1839, and his success induced others to undertake similar work. So far, then, as one man may be said to have originated the Ragged School

movement, that man was the poor cobbler of Portsmouth.

But about 1843 much agitation occurred concerning education; and a prison inspector, writing on the statistics of crime, showed that ninety-two per cent. of



TOO LONG.

prisoners were quite ignorant, or so poorly educated that their education was almost useless for social or moral elevation.

Further, Lord Shaftesbury—then Lord Ashley—drew the attention of Parliament, in this year, to the need existing for “diffusing the benefits and blessings of a moral and religious education amongst the working classes;” and his speech aroused great attention.

It was about this time that some gentlemen, already practically engaged as teachers, were wont to meet together and talk on the topic of “special schools for the poor;” but they had no scheme, and they hoped to find some existing society to take up the matter.

No society would do so, though the British and Foreign School Society would co-operate by voting school materials.

“If anything is to be done, then, we must do it ourselves,” they said.

“But what are we to do?”

“Well, we might find out the schools already in existence which admit the most destitute children, and discover if the teachers will join with a central body to support their particular interests.”

“Yes, that is the plan, and we will act upon it.”

It was in this spirit the few teachers received the discouraging intelligence that no society would take up their work. Like true Englishmen, they did not know when they were beaten; and at length the visitors were able to report that they had found about

a dozen schools, in the whole of London, of the character described, and that these schools were agreeable to the plan of forming a union.

So that, four years after the death of Pounds, his idea had spread in the Metropolis to the extent of about a dozen schools.

This information having been gained, communication was opened up with Lord Ashley, and in the year 1844 the Ragged School Union came into existence, with his lordship as chairman, the present president being Earl Compton, M.P. So that, if Pounds was the originator of the idea, yet, among the founders of the Union, who did so much for the movement, were those few gentlemen who, acting on the principle of “doing for themselves,” formed the Society of 1844. Among these were Mr. Joseph G. Gent, who for long was its secretary, and died in its jubilee year; Mr. S. R. Starey, who is still living; Mr. W. Locke, who for about twenty years acted as hon. sec., and the Earl of Shaftesbury, both of whom have passed away.

The new movement owed much to Charles Dickens. He was greatly interested in ragged-schools; and, indeed, the name ragged-school was, it has been said, largely due to him. He thought it very expressive of the character and aim of the new kind of schools, and distinguishing them also from all others.

And what was the chief work of the new society?

Well, among its principal efforts was the formation of new schools; and so successful was it in this respect, that in ten years it had an average attendance of over 13,000 waifs and strays in its schools. Fifteen years later, the year before the School Board commenced its work, the numbers had reached 32,000.



FITTED OUT.



OFF TO THE HOLIDAY HOME.

"Yes," says Mr. John Kirk, the energetic Secretary, "and I have to keep hammering away at the fact that though the School Board has undertaken part of the work which we used to accomplish, yet we have still a distinct mission to perform. We so adapt our efforts to the ever-changing circumstances of the time that now the Union is a comprehensive machine for doing everything for poor children."

He hands you the last Report, which, in appearance, is agreeably different from many reports, being copiously illustrated. The summary of operations forms quite a long list of numerous agencies, from Sunday-schools to industrial classes, and from penny banks and school libraries to the sending away of some thousands of children annually for a fortnight's holiday, and the discriminate distribution of blankets and coals, food and clothing.

"Here is our clothes store," says Mr. Kirk, leading the way to an apartment at the back of his office. "Here we are, you see! Coats, boots, shirts—all kinds of things. We have a bill to pay now for boots."

Applications for grants come from all quarters, and any person may send an application; but it must be accompanied by a recommendation from, say, a School Board visitor or teacher who has personal knowledge of the circumstances of the case, and who also will undertake that a receipt shall be given acknowledging that they continue the property of the Society.

"And these bags, what are they?"

"They are full of clothes for our own schools, and are distributed there. Oh, the testimonies we receive as to the value of these garments are most touching. We sometimes get fifty applications in one morning!"

"Then you distribute your benefits not only through your own affiliated schools, but through Board-schools or other agency?"

"Certainly, and through workers among the poor,

so long as we have a properly recommended application; and this is really no new departure on our part, for, from the earliest days of the Union, we used to collect clothing. Then we have helped many to emigrate, though there is not so much of that work



A PAIR OF CRUTCHES.

now done as formerly, when the Government assisted the Council in this respect; but we may say that recent developments in this movement owe their beginnings to the efforts of the Ragged School Union. Indeed, the same might be said of industrial schools; they owe their origin to this Union."

"Then what is your Drift Branch, Mr. Kirk?"

"It is twofold in its operations; one, intended to bring under religious and benevolent influences those poor children who do not come into ordinary Sunday-schools; and then, secondly, to visit crippled children at their homes, giving special instruction to those who cannot attend school, exchanging books and toys among them, and bringing to the notice of the Surgical Aid Society and Invalid Children's Aid Association those suffering children in need of their assistance. The Council is grateful to any lady who will undertake to visit and interest herself in one or

two of these crippled and ailing children of the poor. Last year no fewer than 291 Drift Meetings were held, attended by 59,920 children; and among other gatherings we had no fewer than 95 separate Weekly and Sunday Teas to Cripples, representing 3,718 attendances, and also a Cripples' Excursion to Wimbledon."

"Then there are, apparently, far more maimed and crippled children in London than might be supposed?"

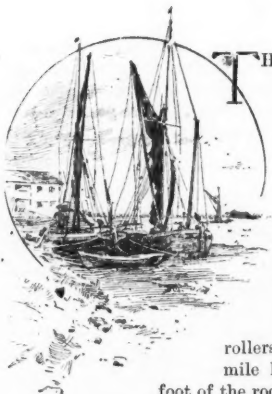
"Yes, indeed, unfortunately there are."

So, then, it appears that at its jubilee the Ragged School Union finds itself full of work, if of a somewhat different character from that which occupied it at first. Frankly recognising the great change wrought by the School Board, so far as education is concerned, it seeks to supplement the work of the Board by religious teaching, and by social, industrial, and philanthropic efforts of various kinds, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and visiting the sick.



## KATY TREWARTHA'S WAITING.

### CHAPTER I.



THE evening began to darken over the downs; the lights shone out one by one below in the little Cornish village, that crouched in a valley between the mighty cliffs that faced the Atlantic. Out of the misty ocean distance the great rollers came heaving in, a mile long, to break at the foot of the rocks in clouds of spray, and the mass of Tintagel grew faint in the dimness. Katy Trewartha looked at it all with melancholy eyes; it had never occurred to her that St. Treven was beautiful, or that there was anything particular to look at in the cliffs and sea that she had seen every day of her life. But to-night the vastness and majesty of it suited her mood—she was full of pain and trouble; the sea quieted her down. She sat quite still on a rough seat on the great headland, and waited. Katy was always a very quiet girl. She was tall and slender, with a sort of bend and sway in her figure, and her hair sprang up from her forehead in thick dark waves.

She sat and waited until someone came lightly up the downs behind her, and hurried up to where she sat—a tall, good-looking young fellow, with all the look of a sailor.

"I'm late, Katy, ain't I?" he said, with a cheerful laugh. "But I couldn't help it, my dear; I couldn't get away from 'em before."

"Don't, Tom," said Katy, drawing away from the arm he put round her waist. "I want to speak to you."

"Well, and can't 'ee speak so well that way, then?"

"No," said Katy, with a shiver. "I've got to tell bad news, Tom."

"Bad news, eh?" said Tom, with a long-drawn whistle. "Well, tell away, then. Maybe I shan't think it so bad; you're easy frightened."

"Oh, but it is terrible bad!" said Katy earnestly; "and the sooner I say it the sooner it'll be over. There's promise of marriage between us, but I'll have to take back my word. I can't marry you now."

"You can't marry me, can't 'ee?" said Tom, after a short silence. "You don't think I'm going to believe such a tale as that, Katy?"

"You've got to believe it, because it's true."

There was silence between them again for a moment; then the young man said, in a deep voice—

"Seems to me that when a maid gives her promise to wed, there ought to be a good reason for giving a fellow the go-by. I'm not going so easy, Katy. If you're tired of me, tell me straight, and I'll take it like a man—but I don't think so bad of 'ee. You're not like that, eh, my dear?"

Katy said nothing. She buried her face in her hands and sobbed. Tom Chynoweth rose impatiently, and began to walk up and down, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets; but he came back presently and sat down beside her again.

"Why for, then, Katy? you can trust me, my maid. There's nothing that shall come between us if so be as I can help it. Why, think a bit; it's only to wait six months longer, and I shall have enough to marry on. You ain't tired of waiting—eh, Katy? And I love 'ee as true as ever—you're sure o' that?"

"I'll tell 'ee just what 't is, Tom, and you'll think



the same as me." Katy lifted her head and looked straight out to sea, or over the downs—anywhere but at the handsome face beside her. "Maria's dead. We heard it last night; and we've got to take the three children to look after: they were sent this morning. And mother's not so strong as she used to be; the washing's getting a bit beyond her already. So there's only me; and you see, Tom"—Katy's voice almost bro'ed, but she steadied herself bravely again—"you see, I can't get married."

"I don't see," said Tom sturdily. "What would they have done if you wasn't there, or if us was married already? I wouldn't ha' had a lot of brats about. Where's their father?"

"He left Maria two years ago, and went somewhere. We don't look for him to come back again."

"Send 'un to the workhouse, then."

"Mother would never do it; and I wouldn't, either," said Katy stoutly. "There's nobody else to take 'em, and they're such little things. Maria worked so hard for them, and kept 'em so nice, poor dear soul! And how can I leave mother to do all by herself, and her getting on in years? It's no use telling, Tom, I must bide at home; I musn't think of myself when my duty's clear."

"And what about me, then—eh?" Tom jumped angrily to his feet, and came and stood before her. "Do 'ee mean to say, Katy Trewartha, that you're going to throw me over just for a parcel of children? Do 'ee mean to make me the laughing-stock o' the place, just when I've settled as this voyage shall be the last, and I can settle down on shore? Children! what's the children to me? Send 'un to the workhouse, and you come along o' me, as you promised faithful. If you cared a pin about me, you wouldn't think of such nonsense, and so I tell 'ee."

Katy clasped her hands tight.

"Oh, Tom! oh, Tom!" she cried.

"Oh, Tom, indeed! Now, I tell 'ee what it is, Katy; here's your choice. Here's I, been waiting for 'ee six months, and been faithful and true to 'ee—so I have. You take me or leave me. If you say 'good-bye' to-night, 't is for always; you can't call me back again just when you want. I won't stop to St. Trevan's to be laughed at; and there's

plenty of maidens other places as I can have for the asking." He turned to walk up and down at the edge of the cliffs.

The wind blew cold; Katy shivered as she drew her cloak close around her. She watched her lover striding up and down, in silent misery. Suddenly he turned and came back again.

"Katy, dear, you don't mean it? Don't be in a hurry. Wait a bit, and see, my maid." His arm was round her now, and he spoke softly in her ear. "You'll never give me up, will 'ee now, Katy?"

Katy sat still a moment. How strong his arm felt around her, and how resting it was to lean against his broad shoulder! The wind blew her cloak and hair; far off in the obscurity the revolving light on Trevoose Head gleamed out a minute, and then vanished again. Then a tremendous breaker broke with a sudden crash at the foot of the cliffs, and she started with a cry.

"Don't 'ee be frightened," said Tom, laughing; "ain't I here to take care of 'ee?"

But Katy pushed him away with trembling hands, and burst out crying.



"'Tis a poor tale for me, any way."—p. 662.

"No, no!" she sobbed. "You mustn't take care of me; 't is me as has got to take care of o' her people. The children, and mother—I've got to look after 'em all; and I can't be happy myself. But don't be angry—don't 'ee be angry, Tom!"

Tom Chynoweth set his elbows on his knees, and stared hard out over the dark sea.

"But I think all the world of 'ee, Tom, and I always shall. I'll never, never marry anybody but you. I don't hold *you* bound, but I hold myself promised to you: if so be as you'll want me, Tom."

"You give me your word for that, Katy," said Tom, looking up suddenly.

"Ay, that I do. I'll always be here if you want me, Tom. And maybe Abel may come back and take the children, and then I'll be free. I give you my word I'll wait for 'ee, if 't is years and years."

"'T is a poor tale for me, any way," said he moodily.

"Ay, and so 't is, Tom," said Katy sorrowfully; "and I'll never blame you if you get tired of waiting. But I can't help it."

Tom shrugged his shoulders incredulously. He still stared moodily before him. Katy looked at him a moment, and then laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Good-bye, Tom," she said, in a choky voice.

"Good-bye, then," he returned gruffly, without turning his head; and Katy dropped her hand and went slowly away.

She went slowly over the downs, and down the steep path that led to the village. She stopped now and then and listened, but no quick footstep followed her. It was quite dark by this time, but she knew her way well. The wind blew her skirts and cloak about, and made her progress difficult, and it cut Katy to the heart when she met a couple, lovingly intertwined, coming up the hill in the face of the wind; it was Molly Yeo from next door and the young fellow out of the grocer's shop.

"Eh, Katy Trewartha! Is that you, and all alone?" called Molly after her, with a laugh.

"Yes, it's me; and I'm all alone," cried back Katy through the dark; and she laughed too, that Molly might think nothing of it.

She went up the little steep street, where the women were hanging about the doors, gossiping with each other. Two coasters had come into the harbour that day; the "One and All," was full of riotous merriment. "Good-night, Katy," called a voice to her here and there as she went up the hill. The church clock struck eight; and as she neared her own home the crying of a little child struck upon her ear.

She hurried on and opened the door. The firelight shone cheerfully in the little room, and showed her mother sitting by the fire, with a little crying child in her arms, which she rocked and hushed. Two others, a boy and girl, played and scuffled together on the floor.

"Well, so you've come at last, Katy?" began her mother, in a high, fretful voice. "Whatever do 'ee stop out to this time for, and me wanting a cup o' tea so bad!"

"I'll get it in a minnte," said the girl, as she took off her cloak.

"No; you come and take the child. Maybe it'll hush with you, and I'll make the tea."

Katy came obediently, and sat down with the baby in her arms. The crying stopped. Katy's arms were tired with her day's work, and her eyes were heavy with the tears she would not shed; but the little soft weight in her arms soothed her, and she stooped and kissed the soft little baby hand that fell so helplessly on hers. And when her mother had got her cup of tea—that panacea for all woes in Cornwall—and came and sat down, Katy told her news.

"I'm not going to get married," said she, looking straight into the fire. "I told Tom this night that I'd have to stop and look after the children. And he was very angry."

"Well—you're a good girl, Katy," said the old woman. She stared at the fire too for a little while, silently. "I niver thought much o' Tom Chynoweth, an idle good-for-naught. He'll have forgot all about 'ee in a month's time."

"No, he won't," said Katy firmly.

When the children were put to bed, she went to a drawer and took out a little box. It had originally contained fancy biscuits, and had a highly coloured portrait of Emin Pasha upon the lid; in it Katy kept all her treasures. She took out a little photograph of Tom Chynoweth, dressed in his best, and looking very stiff and uncomfortable. It was a dim, badly coloured little picture; but it was beautiful to Katy. She looked at it admiringly through her tears. All the house was still, and the heavy sound of the sea came upon the wind; the little children breathed softly in their sleep.

"My dear, my dear!" sobbed poor Katy, rocking herself to and fro upon the floor. There was no need to keep back her tears now.

## CHAPTER II.

LIFE was very dull in St. Trevan's after that.

"Have ye heard that Tom Chynoweth has gone off to Appledore?" asked the eager neighbours of Katy, with a pleasurable anticipation that perhaps there had been a quarrel, and Katy's lover had left her. They wished the girl no harm; they had always known her simple and hard-working; but Katy had always kept to herself a good deal, and if her pride was to have a fall, they might as well see how she took it. But Katy took it very simply: she had known that he would go.

And from that time she set herself to her life without looking back. Other girls might have lovers, and pride, and pleasure; it was different for her. She toiled at the washing that her mother let slip little by little; she filled up all the odd corners of time by working to keep the children neat and clean. Katy had little time for fretting, and still less for talking with the neighbours.

But now and again she would hear a scrap of news which brought the colour to her cheek and a quicker beat to her heart. Tom had got a ship at Appledore, the *Charlotte Ann*. No, he was at work on one of the coasters that ran to Cardiff. Then she heard that he was taken on in one of the ship-building yards at Appledore. But he never came back to St. Trevan's.

So the years went on, storm and sunshine; drought

and plenty; life and death; until Katy was twenty-six years old, and the fever came to St. Trevan's, and the little ones of the place went down before it. One by one Katy's charges sickened; one by one they slipped away from the little cottage on the wind-swept Cornish coast, and went out to the happiness beyond, and Katy found herself free at last. Free indeed, but with a dreadful yearning in her heart for the little faces and voices, and an aching longing for the little children that had filled up her time, and called on all her efforts, and had been a drag and responsibility upon her.

Johnny had been such a manly little fellow; how proud Katy had been of him when he started off for school every morning! And Emily was just getting to be such a clever little maid about the house; while baby was the darling of Katy's heart, and the clasp of her little fevered fingers burnt yet upon Katy's hand. But they were all gone, and the house was very silent, and Katy worked on still; and Tom never came. The last she had heard of him was that he had shipped on board of a vessel bound "foreign," but that was last year, and she knew nothing of where he was now. But Katy waited still.

### CHAPTER III.

"It's hard that you'll have nothing to say to a fellow, Katy! And all because of Chynoweth, who has likely forgot all about you by this time," grumbled Parker, the coastguardsman. "You'll never see him again. I know what those fellows are. He's forgot you by this."

"No, no," said Katy, a beautiful faith shining in her eyes; "Tom hasn't forgot. I don't look for him to come just yet, either."

Parker looked at her admiringly. He was from the east country, and the soft Cornish voice and pretty Cornish face of Katy Trewartha had captivated him as soon as he came to St. Trevan's. He was a square-built, sturdy man, with honest blue eyes and a short fair beard. All the little children in the place liked John Parker, and so did Katy—but, as she said, she held herself promised to Tom, and thought of no one else.

"But if he never comes, Katy? And how long will ye wait for him?—for just so long I'll wait for you."

"Don't talk to me so," said she softly. She had been taking in the clothes that had been put on the furze-bushes on the downs to dry; the great basket lay at her feet. "There's plenty of maidens in the place would make 'ee happier than me. And I'm promised, and I can't go back from my word. Why, Tom *might* come any day. He might be in that ship out yonder."

She pointed to a little speck of sail in the heaving sea.

"And if he is," said Parker seriously, "I'd advise him to steer farther out to-night. There's bad weather coming on, or I'm much mistaken. It's a bad coast to be off."

It was a terrible coast. Long jagged reefs of rock ran out from the great cliffs, sharp-edged fragments reared themselves everywhere; where the sands had

been swept away by the sea, the grim substratum of rock appeared in long ribs and sharp-pointed ledges, ready to destroy ships and men. The night was coming; it darkened already over the sea, which lay sullen and leaden, heaving in long rollers towards the cliffs.

That night the wind rose almost to a hurricane. It blew straight on the land, and the shriek and roar of it kept Katy and her mother awake for hours.

"Ay! God pity they poor souls on the sea to-night!" moaned old Mrs. Trewartha; and Katy shivered as she wondered where Tom was. But at last she fell asleep, to be wakened suddenly by a loud report.

Katy sat up in bed startled. It was quite dark still, and in a moment she heard a sharp hissing rush, and the glare of a rocket lit up the tiny square of the window. She ran to the window and looked down towards the ocean, and as she looked, a faint blue light burned and flickered in the darkness.

The girl burst out sobbing and crying. "Mother, mother, 't is a ship on the rocks!" she cried. "I must go down to shore to see."

"Lord save us, Katy! Put your cloak on, child!" cried the old woman; "and come you back and tell what ship she is, and if there's men."

Katy huddled on her clothes and ran out of the house, panting and sobbing with excitement. She found herself soon in the middle of a crowd of women, all wild with excitement, too. The mighty wind blew them back—the sand, whirled up from the shore, struck and stung their faces—great masses of solid foam flew past them—the roar and howl of the wind and sea deafened them. The women shrieked and screamed to each other as they fought their way along; all the village was afoot, and the faint grey of the earliest dawn was chill upon them all. They hurried on to a sheltered place near the shore, where they could see the black outline of the ship tossed up against the grey sky, at the end of a long reef of jagged rocks.

The men were all clustered in a dark group on a little stretch of wet sand; they had got the rocket apparatus down, and Katy saw the long black lines of the ropes hanging in the air above the boiling sea. Even as she looked, the dark figure of a man came sliding down from the ship—was lost in a cloud of foam—caught and tossed by a huge wave, and finally dragged in to the land by the united rush of the coastguardsmen. It was all confused in the faint light; it seemed like a dreadful dream to Katy. The little crowd of women shrank together and watched, and now and then a figure would struggle up from the shore, to be hailed with anxious questions. The ship was the *Endeavour*, bound for Appledore; there were eight men on board—four were got off already.

"Eh, my dear!" screamed a stout woman, "it might be our men like they poor things, one day!"

The men on shore worked up to their waists in water. They fought with the waves for each rescued man, and as the half-drowned sailors came ashore, a cheer was raised from all the onlookers that could scarcely be heard above the uproar of winds and sea.

The light grew stronger over the grey sea and the

pitiful spectacle of the broken ship; and more stragglers began to come up the steep path from the beach.

"They'm all took off now!" shouted a woman who came up drenched with spray, and a shawl held tight over her head. "They'm going to take 'un into the 'One and All'—poor half-drowned souls they be!"

It was Parker, the coastguardsman, who came up the steep behind her, and he stood still and beckoned to her as she turned and ran back. He had been hard at work with the rocket apparatus, and was drenched with sea-water; there was a great cut across his forehead, and the blood dripping from it had stained his flannel vest red in places.



"Tom's eyes opened slowly and looked at her again."—p. 665.

"Are they much hurt?" called Katy through the wind.

"All a bit shaken and bruised, and one hurt bad," shrieked back the woman. "The doctor's down there with 'un. And the ship's breaking—she'll go next tide!"

Katy turned and ran homewards. She had to get her mother's breakfast, and the old woman would be eager to hear all about the wreck. She sped back over the cliff path and down to the village as well as she could for the wind. The day was broadening now, and the sun shone stormily now and then from between the driving clouds. As she hastened up the street she heard a shout behind her.

"Katy! Katy Trewartha!"

"You're hurt?" cried Katy, anxiously, as she came up to him.

"No, no—nothing to speak of. But *he's* down there—Chynoweth!"

Katy gave a gasp and caught at his arm. All the world seemed to go round her in that moment.

"Ay, it's Tom Chynoweth. "But, my dear"—and Parker took hold of both her hands firmly—"he was the first man that come off the ship, and he's hurt."

Katy shut her mouth tight, and drew a long, sobbing breath.

"After all these years!" she said, wringing her hands, and the sailor watched her anxiously. But Katy did not cry.



"Take me to him, quick!" she said, clinging to his arm. "I can't walk against the wind; it mazes me so. And did he ask for me?"

"Well—no," said Parker reluctantly. "He didn't ask. But I thought you'd like to know. Just as he was getting near enough for us to catch him and pull him in, a big wave took him and must've dashed him right smash on a rock, poor fellow! The doctor's with him, and he says he's hurt inside."

Then Katy burst out crying as if her heart would break. She never knew how she got to the "One and All," a humble little public-house that was generally the centre of all the St. Trevan's dissipation. To-day it was surrounded by an excited crowd, who could scarcely be kept from entering, though the inside was crowded already. In the kitchen the rescued sailors were being attended to; the sanded floor was wet in the passage with the drippings from their clothes. Everybody hurried to and fro, and talked in subdued whispers. One of the men had broken down completely; he sat in the little parlour with his head on his arms, sobbing hysterically.

"Do 'ee take and eat summat, now do 'ee, there's a dear man," said the landlady sympathetically. She was frying eggs and bacon for their breakfast, and the odour of it filled all the little house; and through the bustle and confusion Parker led Katy to a little room at the side.

It was a small low-ceiled room, with a tiny window looking out upon the sea. On a settle lay somebody with closed eyes; the doctor had bandaged his head and one arm; from all his clothes the water dripped on the floor.

Katy stared at him, pale and perplexed. Was it Tom? Had five years changed him like that? But when he opened his eyes and looked at her, Katy knew him, and ran forward with a little cry, and fell on her knees beside him.

"What's this? What's this?" said the doctor sharply, turning round from the table, where he was busy with bottles and glasses.

"T is me, sir—Katy Trewartha that was promised to him," said Katy simply, with tears running down her face.

"Ah! yes, yes, of course," said Dr. Thorne. "Well, you must be quiet, you must be quiet." He was a fussy little man, with a nervous fidgety manner. "Now, can you stay with him a minute while I look after some of the other poor fellows, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Katy; and the little doctor bustled out. There was a strange smell of some medicament in the room; a clock ticked loudly on the little mantel-piece. A longing came over the girl to stop it: it seemed as if it was ticking away the minutes of Tom's life. She found herself counting the ticks as she knelt there, holding his hand. His eyes were shut again, and Katy looked at him with a strange feeling. His hair lay in a wet mass on his forehead;

his hand was very cold and heavy in hers. And outside the sunlight grew and broadened, and the wind rushed and tore at the little window.

Tom's eyes opened slowly and looked at her again.

"T is Katy," he said, in a thick, shaking voice.

"Yes, my dear, 't is me," she said softly.

He spoke with painful effort. "I want 'ee to write a word for me."

"Yes, yes, Tom; but you mustn't talk," said Katy anxiously. "Wait a bit, do."

"No, now. I don't know when I may go. I'm bad." He lifted his hand to his breast, but let it drop again with a moan of pain. Katy rose and bent over him. There was a little coarse bag tied round his neck by a string.

"Do 'ee want me to take it off?" she asked, controlling herself by an effort.

His eyes looked up into hers appealingly. Katy cut the string with trembling hands and took off the bag.

"T is four pound," went on the shaky voice. "You send it—her—at Plymouth."

"Send it—who?"

"My wife—tell her—the rocks—"

His voice died away, and his eyes fell shut again. The ticking of the clock sounded louder than ever to Katy as she stood there, holding the bag in her trembling, toil-worn little hands. She heard the rough murmur of voices in the kitchen, like something very far off, and the scent of the medicine in the room sickened and confused her. She felt as if she had been struck.

"It ain't much. Poor Bess—and the little 'un!" Katy still stood silent; something in her throat would have choked her if she had tried to speak. But as Tom moaned, and murmured again something about the "little 'un," all Katy's heart melted in a passion of pity.

"Don't 'ee fret, now—don't 'ee fret," she sobbed, kneeling down again beside him. "I've saved some money, and I'll send it 'un too, so I will."

He lay quite quiet now, and Katy watched beside him as quietly. And at the turn of the tide her watch was over, and she went away silently through the curious crowd, and went up the street and home to her mother.

That was the end of Katy Trewartha's waiting; but as time went on other interests grew and multiplied in her life, and made up to her for what she had lost. She kept her word, and sent her savings to Tom's wife at Plymouth, but she never heard anything more of her.

And when John Parker was moved to another station further down the coast, he asked Katy once more to marry him, and this time met with no refusal. So she began life again in a new place, and left behind her at St. Trevan's all the memory of her sorrow and waiting.



# An Evening Thanksgiving.

Words by J. RIST, 1642.

Music by the REV. F. PEEL, B.Mus., Oxon.

1. Sink not yet, my soul, to slum-ber, Wake, my heart, go forth and tell  
2. Fa - ther, mer - ci - ful and ho - ly, Thee to - night I praise and bless,

All the mer - cies with out num - ber That this by - gone day be - fell;  
Who to la - bour true and low - ly Grant - est ev - er meet suc - cess;

Tell how God hath kept a - far All things that a - gainst me war,  
Many a sin and many a woe, Many a fierce and sub - tle foe

Hath up - held me and de - fend - ed, And His grace my soul be - friend - ed!  
Hast Thou check'd that once a - harm'd me, So that naught to - day has harm'd me.

3. Keep me safe till morn is breaking,  
Nightly terrors drive Thou hence,  
Let not sickness keep me waking;  
Sudden death and pestilence,  
Fire and water, noise of war,  
Keep Thou from my house afar;  
Let me die not unrepented,  
That my soul be not tormented.

4. O Thou mighty God, now hearken  
To the prayer Thy child hath made;  
Jesus, while the night-hours darken,  
Be Thou still my hope, my aid;  
Holy Ghost, on Thee I call,  
Friend and Comforter of all,  
Hear my earnest prayer, oh, hear me!  
Lord, Thou hearest, Thou art near me.

# "YE SHALL NOT BE AS THE HYPOCRITES."

AN ADDRESS TO LITTLE BOYS.

BY R. SOMERVELL, M.A., ASSISTANT MASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL.



IN the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus first spoke to His disciples about the Kingdom of Heaven.

For a long time there had been no Jewish kings. Persians, Macedonians, Syrians, Egyptians, and now at last Romans, had ruled over Judea. And when those who were listening to Jesus first heard Him speak of a Kingdom, many of them fancied that here at last was a leader who would restore the ancient line of David. Galilee was full of young men, ready to join anyone who would help them to throw off the hated Roman yoke, who would drive out the Roman soldiers that garrisoned Jerusalem, and kill the Roman procurator who governed them.

But these listeners were disappointed and puzzled, for Jesus did not say what they expected. When we hear of a kingdom, we think of a nation inhabiting a territory; of its size, its army, its wealth, its trade, its population, its conquests. On these topics Jesus said nothing. He passed them all over in silence, and spoke only of one thing—the subjects of the Kingdom; and he said nothing of their numbers, or their occupations, or where they were to be found, but only of their character. "The Kingdom of God," as He afterwards said, "is within you." Wherever there is a man living in obedience to the Spirit of Christ, there is the Kingdom of Heaven. It is not bounded by any sea or river, and its government is over the hearts of men.

This, then, is one of the sayings of our Lord about the subjects of the Kingdom of Heaven: "Ye shall not be as the hypocrites." Hypocrite is a Greek word, and means an actor. An actor on the stage, to amuse his audience, pretends to be Hamlet, or Becket, or Wolsey. This is professed "acting." It is play. But there is a great deal of acting not on the stage of theatres only, but in real life. This is full of harm; it is not play at all. "Ye shall not be as the actors."

To show exactly what He meant, Jesus drew three pictures of actors, or hypocrites, in real life: the man who acted generosity, the man who acted worship of God, and the man who acted fasting.

(1) The first wishes to be thought generous, and announces with a trumpet the fact that he is going to do somebody a kindness. He is not thinking of the kindness, but of the admiration he will get for it.

(2) The second acts worship. He wishes to show how strictly he keeps the Jewish rules for daily prayer at fixed times. He is in the street at the moment of prayer. He stops his business, and stands with eyes upturned and repeats the sacred words, but

his heart is not with God. It is in the street, where he fancies his neighbours are wondering at his piety.

(3) The third picture is of the man who fasts. He denies himself some of the ordinary meals or comforts of life. But what is his object? That he may give himself to prayer? That he may conquer the lusts of the flesh? No; he wants to be thought a man of high principle and of a self-denying spirit, and so he appears with face unwashed and haggard, and head unanointed, and men admire his austerity, and, as Jesus said, "he has his reward."

When we read these words of Jesus, I think we are apt to feel a little self-satisfied. We do not boast of our generous deeds; we never dream of standing praying in the streets; we do not fast; and if we ever perform some act of self-denial or some piece of unusual generosity, it is not our nature as Englishmen to make a noise over it. We do not want to be thought more religious, or more generous, or more high-principled than we are. We do not act goodness.

Well, suppose this is all true! It is not quite true, but it is partly true. These are not the temptations of boys.

But there is a lesson here for us too, just as pointed as for the acting Pharisee of nineteen hundred years ago. "Ye shall not be as the actors."

The Pharisee thought to get credit and popularity by acting generosity, by acting religion, and by acting high principle.

Our temptation is still to be actors, only in a different way and from different motives. We are tempted to act so as to hide our principles, to smother our generous feelings, and to conceal our religion. The Pharisee's temptation was to act a goodness that was not really in his heart, that he might win praise of men. Our temptation is to act—shall I say a badness, that is not in our hearts, to pretend we are unprincipled, or ungenerous, or careless about religion, in order to avoid what we fancy may be the contempt of other boys?

And to pretend to be bad is in some ways more dangerous than to pretend to be good. The man who acts generosity from mean motives may perhaps some day learn that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

But the boy who stifles the voice of conscience for fear he should be thought to be setting himself up as a saint, will soon cease to hear the voice of conscience at all.

Let me give you one or two familiar illustrations of the way this temptation may come to you at school.

(1) Take high principle. You may find yourself at school with boys who do their work unfairly; who copy other boys' exercises, and show them up as their

own work; or use a crib, and pretend they have done their translation themselves. You know these things are wrong. Left to yourself, you would not do them. But perhaps you will be tempted to hide your principles, to pretend that you see no harm in copying and cribbing, to become a hypocrite of the baser sort, to "act" the part of a dishonest boy, though in your heart you despise dishonesty.

(2) Now think of generosity. There is, in your study or your form, a boy who, from some misfortune of appearance or manner, is unpopular, is a little bullied, is made the mark for unfeeling or unkind treatment. At heart you are sorry for him. You know he has his good points. A little exertion, even a few half-playful words, might turn the tide in his favour; but it is easier to swim with the stream than against it, and you will be tempted to conceal your kindly feelings, to say nothing, or even to join with the ungenerous and thoughtless tormentors. You will "act" the bully to save yourself trouble. Before long it will cease to be "acting," and the generous impulses that once moved you will be dormant or dead.

(3) Lastly, to complete the parallel, think of religion. The hypocrite painted by our Lord acted prayer. You may be tempted to act neglect of prayer.

Or suppose you have formed the good habit of reading your Bible at bed-time. You are in a room with a boy you have never seen before. He shows no signs of reading his Bible. Will you act a carelessness you do not feel, sooner than know that for half a moment

he may do—what? Perhaps look to see what you are doing! And, alas! perhaps *he* too is waiting to see what *you* will do; and if you had only dared to be, not a miserable actor, but your true self, both of you might have been kept from breaking off a wise and helpful practice.

For this is the case over and over again in life. Other boys are acting as well as you, and are ashamed and tired of the farce. It needs but one brave spirit to throw off the mask, to dare to be himself; and he may save not himself only, but others, from the misery of a violated conscience.

Poor cowardly Reuben dared not say a word for Joseph at the pit, but formed a secret plot to save his life. And all the while Judah had an uneasy conscience, and would have backed him up; but Judah dared not do more than suggest slavery for Joseph instead of death; and so all Reuben's good resolutions came to nothing, and he had to join in the lie with the rest.

There is a lesson for us in our Lord's words, little as His illustrations seem to touch us: "Ye shall not be as the actors"—not as the actors, but as yourselves, with all the generous instincts God has put in your young hearts, with all the memories of your mother and your home, with all the lessons of honesty and manliness you have learnt here. Be true to your best selves: that is, be true to the spirit of Christ that is in you. This is what we wait at the great schools to which you must soon go; this is the great need of the Church and of the world—not actors, but men.

## HOW TO BRIGHTEN LIFE.

### I.—HINTS TO TIRED WORKERS.

"Tired out we are, my heart and I.  
Suppose the world brought diadems  
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems  
Of powers and pleasures? Let it try.  
We scarcely care to look at even  
A pretty child or God's blue heaven.  
We feel so tired, my heart and I."—E. B. B.



PERHAPS, from a woman's point of view, there is no poem of all the century's expressive of such utter prostration as that of Mrs. Browning from which this verse is taken. The lines run through the whole gamut of that heart-weariness which, with a highly strung woman, is inseparably connected with physical exhaustion, and then culminates in that curious apathy to the good things God has given us—a pretty child or a stretch of blue sky—which is the infallible sign of being absolutely overdone.

A tired worker—a woman who has kept on

and on, with nerves at stretch, and with fuller claims upon her bodily powers than they ought ever to receive. A brave, spirited attempt to do one's ablest, and to keep her little kingdom, be it the blessed home-life or a wider sphere of action, as well cared-for as lies in her power. Then an inertia following on this brave feeling, and a *cui bono* wonderment which saps her energies, and makes a labour out of duty. And lastly, this painful apathy, when the responding to the daily calls upon her becomes merely mechanical and an affair of usage, and the one desire of her life is to lie down somewhere and have a lengthy rest. A tired worker—a very, very tired worker.

And yet life goes on the same. Whether we dance or fret through it, go nobly or ignobly, still the day's work comes to an end, and the sun sets alike on the evil and on the good, only to rise again upon the morrow. And so it is surely of importance that, as we have to go on whether we like it or not, we should try to arrive at how



to brighten this life which work has absorbed for its own, and how to make existence easier, both for ourselves and for those around us.

And here let two things be duly noted. First, that this modest little paper has no intention of entering into vast questions, or of dealing with the amelioration of the lot of the many, but aims at merely suggesting a few practical hints for the saving of the individual. Secondly, that it is not its province to dispute with those who hold the depressing notion that so long as duty is done, no pleasure should be sought for. There is the unanswerable argument that as God saw fit to create much beauty and delight for the mere perfecting of His work, we can hardly think to support a tenet more godly than God Himself; and with that let the vexed subject be ignored.

To start with, then, cultivate as much beauty as is possible in your daily surroundings. I know a woman at the present moment who, debarred from more active service—being, indeed, unable to move from her couch—has taken a couple of rooms in one of those East End parishes which a ghastly dreariness and monotony have marked for their own, on purpose to make her home a harbour of refuge to tired workers by reason of its prettiness. It is the most artistic and cosy nook in the world, this rose-curtained room, though probably a very few pounds of actual money would buy its contents, and to it the over-worked clergy, the busy doctors, the nurses, and the visitors amongst the poor come throughout the day to snatch a few minutes' relief from that moral and physical greyness with which they are hourly battling. If you were to ask this little knot of workers how this cheap comfort, added to the richness of the unpurchasable welcome, can so refresh and strengthen them, their replies would, I think, prove to you beyond doubt that fatigue can be either vastly accentuated or vastly relieved by one's surroundings.

There is no difficulty about the matter. To a person of ordinary intelligence it is just as simple to place the furniture at angles which delight the eye, as to range it all round the walls with work-house-like precision. Then, again, few of us are so poor but we can afford a few pence for those hardy ferns which flourish famously within doors; and when it comes to buying fresh belongings—well, it is a popular fallacy to believe that the pretty things are necessarily the dearer.

Again, make a point of discovering "whatsoever things are lovely;" for they, too, will rest you. I was in the train once when it came to a standstill between the stations. It is not a beautiful spot, that stretch between Battersea and Chelsea; but on that particular afternoon there was a most gorgeous sunset. It really was of extraordinary beauty, and though I lack the power to describe it, its exquisite radiance was too perfect ever to fade from my memory. I glanced round at my fellow-passengers—a white-faced girl, holding a roll of music, a couple

of navvies, and a harassed-looking man, who was probably a clerk—and it is hardly credible that they were all staring persistently the other way out on to the grey roofs of the dismal houses. On the one side God had spread such magnificence that no one with any tender memories of days that are gone, or with unspoken hopes for the distant days to come, could gaze at it unmoved. On the other was a colourless panorama of man-raised hideousness, and they deliberately chose the latter. I fancy that many "workers" would be less "tired" at times if it occurred to us that there are invariably two outlooks on which to turn our eyes.

Another great assistance towards brightening life is to manage a ten minutes' rest in the middle of the day. This is a point equally insisted upon by medical men, those doctors of the body, and by the clergy, those doctors of the soul, and yet it is a point to which not one worker in a hundred will pay the slightest attention. We all know perfectly well that in the long run a ceaseless strain injures the nerve-system, and consequently affects our powers of self-control, and yet we behave as if the knowledge in no way concerned us, though possibly our home belongings could tell a different tale. If you—you individually, who are skimming this paper—would make it as much a matter of course to lie fallow for ten minutes at a stretch once in the twenty-four hours, and other than when you are in your bed, you would find the accruing benefit incalculable. To the objection that the time is packed too closely to admit of any such leisure, common sense would instantly affirm that if so, the sooner the time is unpacked the better, for such a state of things ought not to be.

Honestly, it helps one. Not at first, of course, for when a woman is over-wrought—and since the normal condition of work is healthy and natural, it logically follows that to be "tired" in the performance of it proves that she is over-wrought—she is very apt to imagine that the universe will fall to pieces if for one instant she relax her endeavours. But when that feeling has been conquered by the negative strength of refusing to be influenced by it, then its advantages will make themselves felt. Don't try to read, or even to pursue any sequence of thought; just try to vegetate. That "change of occupation is rest" shares the fate of many another wise saying in being appropriated by the wrong class of people. It is for those who are bored such a proverb holds true, though the word *rest* might be more accurately rendered as *relief*; while for those who are genuinely weary it is a mischievous, because a too bracing, doctrine.

And the same warning may be applied on a bigger scale. At holiday seasons it is a very common error to map out what sights shall be seen, what places shall be visited, what fresh interests shall be created; and this manner of proceeding for one who is sorely flagging is foolishness itself. What is wanted is opportunity for

recuperation; and to go on the Continent or elsewhere "abroad"—which vague address implies that even usually lazy folk are working like galley-slaves—or to go to a fashionable seaside place, where one meets the same friends, eats the same foods, exchanges the same little round of ideas as in town, is, I say again, mere foolishness.

No; if you wish to gain good, don't pursue it; let it come to you. Go for a week to some thatched-roofed village hostelry, and spend your time sitting in a field, gazing at nothing in particular, and thinking of nothing at all. By the third day, granting no disease but lassitude, you will have recovered sufficiently to take a healthy interest in the arrival of the one daily post, and to compliment your smiling landlady on the snowy whiteness of her lavender-scented sheets.

Or if your tastes lie in another direction, go on the river; for solitude and nothing whatever to do are the sole objects in view, and for all practical purposes they can be come at as easily at Cookham as in Surrey or Hampshire. To lie flat on one's cushions, idly watching the sunny rippling of the water from the leafy refuge into which the boat has been drawn close under the bank, is a prescription for tired workers which has seldom been known to fail.

If you demur that home ties bind too closely, and cannot be loosened for even so short a space, then it is to be feared that you have been fastened upon by that gravest of faults to which, probably, the more conscientious amongst us can be liable: *you lack sense of proportion*. Which is better: to allow those we love to be somewhat less comfortable for a few days, or to ensure to them the considerably greater discomfort of nursing us through a nervous fever? Which is better: to wilfully push aside this chance of recuperation God has placed in our way, or to lower our pride to the extent of asking some kindly relative or friend to fill our place in the house while we go in search of health?

This same teaching ourselves to lie fallow bears fruit in other ways as well. I once read a clever essay on "The Enforced Pauses of Life," which, if my memory serve me aright—for the book is not here to verify it—was written by "A.K.H.B.," and in it was pointed out that from these pauses, as with almost everything in this life, good can be gleaned or ill, according to the predilections of the gleaner. The truth of this contention is undeniable. For instance, take the sudden stoppage of a train. The delay is most vexatious; the behaviour of the officials is disgraceful; really someone should be hanged, *pour encourager les autres*. It is very easy to lash oneself into what is popularly known as "a state of mind"—which means an inflamed and irritable state of mind—over the mishap. It is at least as easy to take it philosophically. This enforced pause means an extra breathing-space; the paper that was being hastily coned can now be finished in

peace; it is undoubtedly pleasant to feel that one's safety is being cared for, and the signals properly regarded.

It is entirely a matter of training, which rapidly develops into a matter of habit; but the difference to the nervous system is enormous, and when a worker can go through the day without worry, fuss, or fume, the tiredness which comes at the end of it is largely discounted.

The stoppage of the train is, of course, but a single case in point; but a multitude of opportunities over which, if we choose, we can save ourselves, occur daily in the lives of most of us.

To conclude. The axiom that as we face the world—be it with a brave front or a despondent one, in a friendly spirit or in an unfriendly—so will the world face back again on us, holds eternally true.

We may work so hard that amusement is an unknown quantity in our lives, and yet, if we so will it, we may gather more enjoyment than do the majority of people. We may be kept so unceasingly to the "musts" of existence that its gentler phase of inclination is absolutely beyond our ken, and we may feel (as a friend once worded it) as if half our powers and creations had died within us from pure lack of usage. And yet, if we so elect, we may be fresher, sunnier: in a word, we may be happier than even possibly those kindly hearts which pity us for the drudgery of the daily routine.

And this is so because, by God's great goodness, we are permitted in this particular to do our sowing and our reaping at one and the same time. Sow kindly smiles; small courtesies; do

" . . . the little kindnesses,  
The rest leave undone, or despise,"

and for which no one is ever too busy, and on every hand you will reap a rich harvest of kindness and comfort.

But if you will go on year after year—not from hopes of reward, and not from strong personal love, but just because you know how hard life can be at times, and because you would soften it, if possible, for those around you—then, by the beautiful gratitude there is in the world, you will find that you, in your turn, are being helped over stony places, and that though things may tire, people are often restful. Babies look at you with sunshine in their blue eyes; children's outspoken affection is a panacea for greater woes than mere fatigue; casual acquaintances seem to be in league with actual friends to spare you on every possible occasion. In short, though the work remain, thank God! the tiredness, thank God again! has almost totally vanished.

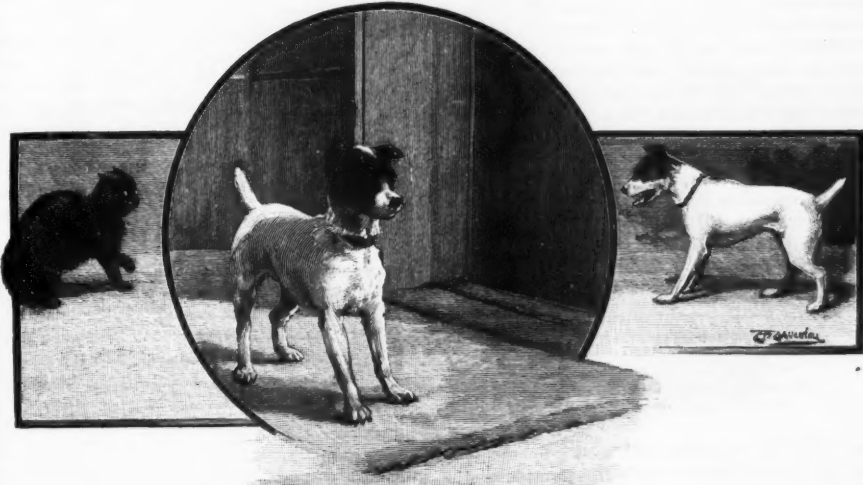
Does this seem too blissful for prosaic fact? Indeed, no. Such blessedness is very real in some hard-worked lives, and the teaching is very enduring that as we sow we reap.

MABEL E. WOTTON.

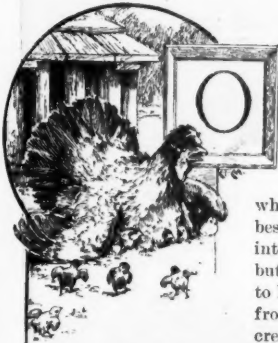
## THE LANGUAGE OF DUMB ANIMALS.

GOD'S HAND IN THE BOOK OF NATURE.

BY THE REV. E. G. JOHNS, M.A.



BRIAN.



"Come here, come here."

O F all God's gifts to man, that of speech is the most wonderful, not simply because of its value to himself, and the power which a mastery of it bestows on him in his intercourse with others, but because the gift was to him alone, as distinct from all other living creatures. The whole world of Nature, indeed, is full of sounds; the earth, the sea, the very sky, the trees of the woods have a voice; and all the creatures that inhabit field, wood, desert, and plain utter their own cries of want, pleasure, pain, love, or anger and fury, which others of their kind recognise and understand. But not one word of articulate speech is to be heard among all the varied sounds, whether sweet as the song of the nightingale, harsh as the cry of the raven, or savage as the roar of the lion in the forest by night. Long ages ago, when, at the Creator's command, they first sprang into being, they uttered these same sounds, fraught with the same meaning, uttered in the one same fashion as now still prevails far and wide over the earth. Some of these

creatures, indeed, may have wandered from land to land, and undergone many changes of climate, from heat to cold or from cold to heat; but, wander as they might, no change has befallen them as to instinct, habit, or cry, or mode of making known the passion of the moment, whether of joy, anger, hunger, or love.

The first  
bee that  
hummed



"Let me out, please."

among the flowers of Paradise sang her quiet happy song, as her far-off descendant now sings it in the cottage garden or among the white clover on the hill. The lark that with a burst of melody hailed the first dawn that broke over the Garden of Eden uttered the same joyous strain that every village child may now hear as morning shines over the hills. The music is unchanged and unchangeable. The voices all abide as God made them, and fill the earth with light and beauty in many a place that would otherwise seem dull and dark. Thus the world of Nature, in her own tongue, heard a thousand times, again and again speaks to all who will listen and hear the message, and echo it with heart and lip.

And yet, too, there are times when that same world of Nature speaks by silence, so deep, so unearthly, so full of living thought, that none may escape from its pleading voice :

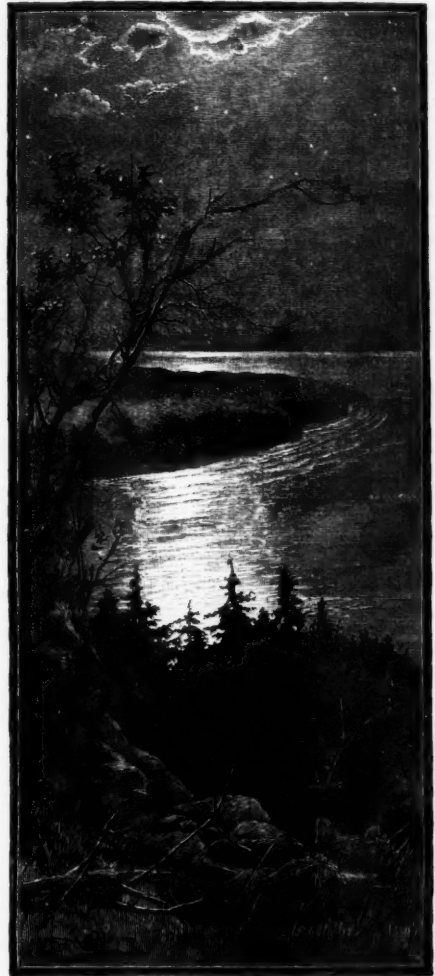
"Night reigns in silence o'er the pole,  
And spreads her gems unheard ;  
Her lessons swift may pierce the soul,  
Yet borrow not a word.  
Noiseless the sun emits his fire,  
And silent pours his flashing streams ;  
All silently the shades retire  
Before his rising beams."

Thus, alike by countless sounds and by the deep sway of silence, things animate and inanimate breathe the message with which they were charged by Him who gave to each its own place in the world, its own power, and its own work. And all these are unconscious of the message they bear, and know not what speech or silence mean. To man alone, as the lord and master of the earth, did the Creator of all give the supreme gift not only of speech, but to know by slow and happy degrees the meaning of the words that flowed from his lips, whether for good or evil, darkness or night.

We may, indeed, teach a parrot to prattle a few broken scraps of broken sentences—to call herself "Pretty Poll," or her mistress "Sweet!" A starling will learn to chatter, and even a canary has lately been trained to whisper a string of shrill words as cleverly as his teacher. But all these, and a score of other such tricks, are but empty sound to the utterer, and convey the same meaning whether repeated backward or forward, having in them no more reality than the cry of the cuckoo clock.

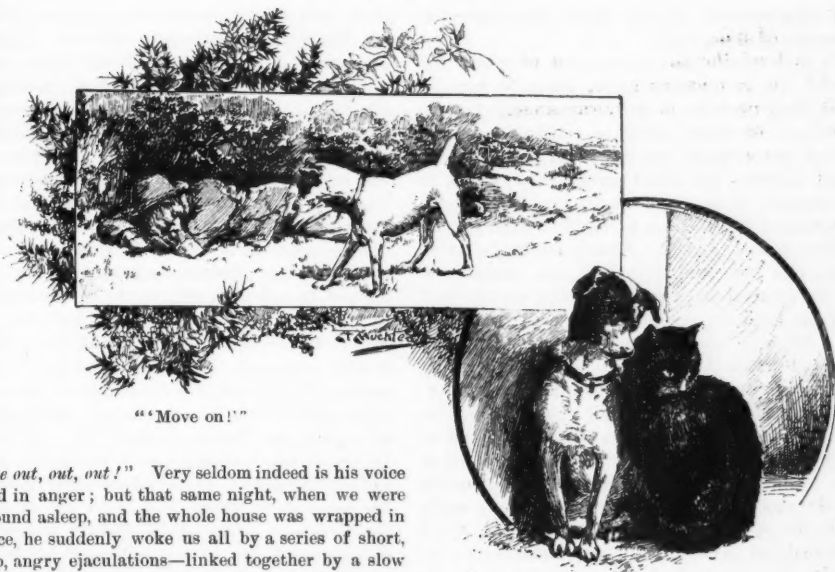
The language of "DUMB ANIMALS," as we call them, is a far different and better thing : full of meaning—meaning which the utterer knows and understands right well : full of sounds which he never uses but when he has something to say. My dog Brian, for example, a highly bred, well-trained fox-terrier, has a very good vocabulary of his own, which he uses sparingly, with infinite tact, and so cleverly that I am beginning to understand what he says and means. He has a dozen different kinds of bark, each having its own tone, key, and expression. When I catch up my hat and stick, and say the words, "Out," or "Go, Brian?" his tail quivers with excitement, his brown eyes sparkle with joy, and his three short happy barks answer as clearly as words can : "All right ; look sharp ! I'm ready !" Half an hour later he is chasing

a rabbit across the down or the field-mice along the edge of the clover ; but his bark then is totally different, though full of joy. All at once we come upon a poor tramp who is lying face downward in the thick grass, sound asleep. Brian walks very slowly up to, and once round, him : tail erect as a ramrod, but not a word ! Then, as I also stop, he gives one short, sharp, peculiar bark, which says as plainly as possible, "Now then, my man, *move on!*" I hold up my finger, and away he goes again after a rabbit, with a whole string of happy barklets as he gains upon bunny, and thinks perhaps of a savoury supper. Not long ago he got shut into the green-house, and for a time could not be found. No one chanced to go that way until his dear friend little Violet went in search of him, and heard his piteous bark of entreaty : "Please,



"Night reigns in silence."





A PERFECT UNDERSTANDING.

*let me out, out, out!*" Very seldom indeed is his voice raised in anger; but that same night, when we were all sound asleep, and the whole house was wrapped in silence, he suddenly woke us all by a series of short, sharp, angry ejaculations—linked together by a slow growl—that showed that something was going wrong, indoors or out, of which he did not approve. Until the next morning nobody knew what was the matter; then it was plain enough. Some vagrant boy or man had dared to come down across the paved garden-path, and carried off a towel hung out on the hedge to dry. Brian had heard his footsteps, though we did not, and faithfully uttered his protest. He often has long talks with our black kitten, Sally, with whom he has been brought up, licks her face, and whispers all sorts of idle chatter in her ears, which she perfectly understands, and answers in her own fashion by loud purring or an occasional angry ejaculation, to which he pays careful attention.

Precisely by the same instinct, and in her own special dialect, the hen talks to her chickens as they wander about the lawn. By one note she calls them out to feed in the morning, to be good children and follow her steps. By another, if Brian chases them,

she says, "*Come here, come here, and be safe under my wings!*" By a totally distinct cry, or cluck, she tells them of some special dainty found in the grass or among the dead leaves. Or if a hawk suddenly sweep down across the garden, she cries out in wild alarm, "*Fly to me for your lives, children, all and every one, or you are lost!*" But to us only, creatures in the image of Him who created all things, by whom alone we live, and move, and think, and have being of body, mind, and soul, to us comes the Divine gift of speech in intelligible and intelligent words, of which we know and can measure the meaning, the beauty, and the power. So that, as the Master teaches and saith to each of us: "By thy words thou shalt be justified, or by thy words condemned."



## THE BOOK OF RUTH.—IV.

BY THE RIGHT REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.



WE have seen three acts of the little drama of Ruth; now for the fourth. But in order that we may be intelligent spectators of its scenes, we must be content to master a little piece of Jewish law.

That sounds dry; but, fortunately, the law of ancient days was more primitive and picturesque than in modern times. Now we have old tomes, withered-looking parchments, and men whose

faces partake of the hue of their documents, gathered into a stuffy, uncomfortable building, yept a court; and the proceedings are dreary, through the endless reference to legal precedents and the jargon of strange technicalities. Then, the law-courts were held in the open air, beneath the clear blue of heaven, and in the public ground at the city gate, where the varied dresses of the Orientals of town and country gave brightness and life to the scene; and the law, which was the application of some custom or distinct precept,

was administered by the grave Easterns—the aldermen of olden days.

To understand the customs out of which the special law in question arose, we must bear in mind the exigencies of early human society. In the times of more primitive civilisation, when central government and its great machinery of social balances was not understood, and was, in consequence, weak to protect the people from local oppressions, the feelings of family sympathy and obligation were strong. People might be living under one ruler and united as one nation, and yet be exposed to grievous tyranny on the part of some local or provincial magnate; and there were no police to appeal to. Consequently, families and tribes held close to one another, and recognised the obligation of mutual protection; and the head of the family or chief of the tribe became a kind of leader, who was bound to afford redress and safety towards his kindred. Out of this feeling of the need of a strong clanship among those of one blood arose in very early times the custom of *Goel*: a Hebrew word, which is translated *kinsman*. In any difficulty or injustice the weak had a recognised right to appeal to their *Goel*. The cases in which this appeal was most frequently made were *three*. In the case of a murder or manslaughter, the *Goel* was expected to do the part of the avenger of blood. In the rudest times, the duty of the blood-avenger was exercised in the most reckless manner. When it was known that one of a family had been slain by the member of some other family or tribe, the next of kin, the *Goel*, was bound to exact the penalty of death. No opportunity of explanation was sought, and the unfortunate and unintentional manslayer might be struck down unawares by the *Goel*, who had tracked him and watched his opportunity of revenge. In certain tribes, as a recent instance in North America has shown, the law of retribution required death, even though the actual manslayer was not found; and thus often an innocent member of a tribe was sacrificed to the bloody spirit of family revenge.

Another duty was marriage. The *Goel*, on the death of his kinsman, was bound to undertake the duties of husband towards the widow of the deceased. The women on the estate were treated as little more than a part of the goods and chattels which passed over into the hands of the next of kin. The women were in those days bought by their husbands, and consequently were regarded as *Real Property*.

These two offices of the *Goel* existed before the time of Moses. There was much that was immoral in both of them; the customs, however, were too strong to be abolished altogether, and the simple duty of Moses was to impose upon

them such limitations as would remove as far as possible their demoralising tendency. He limited the law of revenge by establishing ten cities of refuge, and ordering a fair legal investigation. He limited the law of inherited wives by ordering that the *Goel* should be bound to undertake the duties of husband towards the widow when there was no heir, and that then the inheritance should be retained in the nominal possession of the original branch of the family. A *third* duty was the redemption of land. If from any cause a family fell into straitened circumstances, and were obliged to sell their estate, the property was not to come into the open market, but was to be offered to the *Goel* for sale; and his right over it only extended till the next jubilee, when all estates passed back into the hands of their former possessors. Such was the law of the *Goel*; and according to Mosaic institution and Jewish feeling, it was a disgrace to any man who refused to fulfil the duties of *Goel* when called upon—nay, the account in Deut. xxv. 5-10 shows us that the man who refused to undertake the marriage duties was liable to indignities which in every age would be resented, and which, among Eastern peoples, would be regarded as peculiarly offensive. In the presence of the assembled elders of the city, the wife, or rather widow, of the kinsman deceased was allowed to pull off the shoe of the reluctant *Goel*, and to spit in his face, and to brand him with the nickname of "*Bare-sole*," or "*Shoeless Fellow*"—or, as we should say, "*Shabby Fellow*."

Such was the ancient law; but custom seems to have mitigated its asperities, as we shall see in the case of Boaz and Ruth; but the principle of the law still remained in force, and this law is to be the instrument through which restored property is to come to the house of Naomi.

The first scene in the last act presents us with a bright picture in the East. The reaping is nearly over, and the work of winnowing is in full progress. The fresh evening breeze is favourable for that purpose. The threshing-floor is formed by beating down the ground and rendering the centre as hard and smooth as possible; then the sheaves are spread out and the grain is trodden out by cattle. A large wooden fork is used for turning over the straw, or holding it up, or tossing it across the wind, to separate the grain. It was a busy and an anxious time; in the work, all, from the masters to the lowest, took part, and as the fields were filled far and near with the roughest and loosest classes, the greatest vigilance was exercised, and prudent masters would not leave their corn all night; but when the threshing or winnowing for the evening was over, they could take their simple meal and sleep on the threshing-floor. All around, the fields were filled with the labourers

slumbering beneath the open sky, among the straw or beside the sheaves. Boaz, industrious and prudent as he was, slept out among his own work-people. This is the time chosen by Naomi when Ruth should claim his protection. The busy day, when the labourers were working and the master's attention was required in one part of the field and then in another, offered no fitting opportunity; but in the quiet night she may gain an opportunity of putting forward the claim. Ruth accordingly goes to where Boaz is lying, with his head resting upon a heap of corn and his long robe gathered round his feet, and lifting the skirt of the ample robe, lies down at his feet. A man who is sleeping out of doors purposely to watch his corn and protect it from robbers would soon become dimly conscious that someone was near. Boaz turns; there is someone there; he reaches out his hand; there is someone; and seriously he asks, "Who's there?" "I, Ruth," is the answer, "come to seek your aid, for you are one who has the right to redeem," i.e., the land; but Boaz knows that the duty extended to marriage as well as the buying of the land. Was there any secret sorrow in the life of Boaz? Had he met with bitter experience of womanhood? Is there not the ring of an ancient sorrow in his words? (Ruth iii. 10.) Has he found women self-seeking and frivolous? or is he one of those men who, though rich, has such a lowly opinion of himself that he thinks no young woman will care to cast in her lot with his? and why should they, when there are young and warm-hearted men around them? Something of this kind seems to be suggested by the glad way in which he welcomed Ruth's claim. He felt that there was some sacrifice on her part, and valued the gentle goodness and loyal obedience which Ruth had displayed.

Accordingly, while Ruth, laden with corn, trudges back to Naomi, Boaz is on his way to the city to put the law in motion.

*Act iv., Scene 2.*—It is the early morning, and the stir of city life is just beginning in Bethlehem. If we wish to see it in its fulness, we must go to the "gate." The gates of ancient cities served the purpose of markets, law courts, public meetings, kings' levées, military rendezvous. What the market-place is in the small country towns in England will only give a partial idea of the various uses to which the gates of Eastern cities were applied. Here the news was told, bargains were made, causes were heard, Cabinet councils were held, and public proclamations were made. A very few Bible references would show us what places of public resort the gates were. Absalom repaired to the gate when he sought to gain popular support (2 Sam. xv. 2). David sat in the gate to hear the first news of the battle against Absalom (2 Sam. xviii. 24). Here all gossip was circulated (Ps.

lxix. 12). Here public audiences and levées were given (2 Sam. xix. 8). Here deliberations took place and embassies were received (1 Kings xxii. 10, and Jer. xxxviii. 7, and also Ps. cxlvii. 5). A relic of the same use of the gate is to be found in the word so common in our ears now—the *Porte*, used as a name for the Ottoman Government.

In the gate Boaz took his place. He had hardly done so before one passed by whose presence was essential to the settlement of the matter which Boaz had undertaken. Boaz was a kinsman, and ready to redeem the land of Naomi and marry Ruth: or, in short, perform the duties of Goel; but he was not the nearest kinsman, and therefore, according to Hebrew law, the opportunity must be given first to the nearest of kin. It was the only man who stood between him and Ruth who was passing by, and therefore, using what has been thought to be a legal summons, a kind of subpoena, Boaz hails his kinsman: "Ho! such an one, turn aside and sit down." And the kinsman turns aside and sits down; but the little court has to be summoned, and so Boaz and the kinsman wait till they have been able to press into service the ten men—aldermen of the city—to serve as a kind of jury upon the occasion.

Then Boaz opens the case. He is acting on behalf of Naomi; and as her agent, he has to offer for sale the land which was formerly Elimelech's, and which perhaps was heavily mortgaged. The option of purchase is formally offered to the kinsman; his answer is that he is quite willing to buy the land; it will quite suit his interests to become the possessor of some more property. Perhaps Boaz heard this with dismay, for he had fallen in love with Ruth, and Ruth went with the land; but at any rate we can admire the straightforward way in which he dealt with the whole affair. He simply therefore states that the duty of the Goel in this case involved marriage with Ruth as well as the redemption of the land. On hearing this, the kinsman demurs. "Land, property, that is all very well; but the woman, and she a Moabitess" (and it may have been with an interested feeling that our friend Boaz laid a little emphasis on the fact that the young woman was a Moabitess; but still, this was quite right, as many a Jew might have felt that, however willing he might be to do the duty of Goel, he was not bound to do so in the case of a foreigner, as there was a law against marriage with strangers: two laws met in conflict); so at any rate the kinsman felt that the woman spoiled the whole affair, and he was unwilling to mar his own inheritance. But how would it mar his inheritance? Either because he had a superstitious dread that a marriage with a foreigner would bring bad luck, or because he did not wish to run the risk of a second family, which would be a burdensome charge on his whole

property. As long, in fact, as he thought there was a nice little profit out of the affair, he was willing to undertake it; but when he discovered that it was only to be an act of duty, with little or no profit, and probably some loss, he declined to have anything to do with it. He is an example of the hundreds who will take up religion for the profit of it, but who don't care to saddle themselves with its duties. If religion is a little addition to their respectability, or a little guarantee of their professional integrity, or a warrant of ultimate safety in the next world, they are all for religion; but when it is the expenditure of thought, labour, or money: when it makes a strong and lasting claim upon man's whole love, and attention, and conduct, then they will have none of it. But the kinsman's refusal opens the way to the fulfilment of Boaz's wishes. Ruth is not there to pluck off the kinsman's shoe and to spit in his face: those rough ceremonies have passed into desuetude; but the custom prevails of taking off the shoe, and giving it in token of a transference of rights. This was the custom, says the historian: plainly intimating that this custom had ceased at the time he wrote. So he narrates the old custom with the glee of an antiquary, and tells how the kinsman handed Boaz his shoe in sign that he gave over his claim; and how Boaz calls the ten grave aldermen and the crowd to witness that now all rights in the land and in Ruth the Moabitess have become his. And then the good-natured people, who know and respect Boaz, wish him every happiness; and so the little court breaks up.

*Act iv., Scene 3.*—One scene more the historian gives. It is the home, and the gossips of Bethlehem are crowding in to see the "baby;" and Naomi has seized upon the child and constituted herself its nurse; and all the amiable old busybodies have found out (Oh! funny world, that finds out people's merits in their prosperity, but is very blind to the merits of the needy) that Ruth is "such a dear good creature;" and so the story, like the good old-fashioned tale that everybody abuses, yet everybody loves, ends by telling us how they married, and lived happily ever after.

#### I.—OBSERVE THAT SIMPLE FAITH AND SIMPLE DUTY SELDOM GO UNREWARDED.

Few lives have been governed more in little things by the simple sense of right than those of Ruth and Boaz. "Is it right? Then it must be done." This is the word of duty; and faith comes in with another word: Then it must be *best*, too. It is not right to leave Naomi to go to Bethlehem alone; therefore Ruth goes. It is not right that we should live by begging; therefore Ruth works for her living. "I might glean, but is it *right*?" so, to make sure, she asks permission of the bailiff. It is right to claim the protection of Boaz, so that

Naomi may be provided for; therefore Ruth claims it. It is right to give the kinsman the chance of redemption; therefore Boaz gives him the offer. All through the story the under-current is—*Is this right?*

See the reward. Ruth wins the love of a good man, the joy of a happy home, and that which makes such joy deep and lasting: the knowledge of the eternal and all-gracious God of Israel. Boaz wins a loyal and true wife, the merry prattle of children in his home.

#### II.—THE IMPORTANCE OF THE LESSER LINKS IN HISTORY.

The Bible has certain peculiarities over other books, and these must be noted before the drift and structure can be understood. The Bible is a collection of different books, but these are bound together by much more than the covers of the volume: they are bound by the unity of purpose which pervades them. Book after book opens upon us; but they are as the galleries and ante-rooms of a palace, all of which are leading us to the throne-room: histories, ceremonies, types, shadows, heroes, prophets—all point onward to Christ. "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." And this little Book of Ruth—so different from other books—so simple, and so apparently unconnected with the great Christ-witnessing books of the Bible: it is a simple pastoral story, but it supplies a needful link in the larger history. It would not be quite true to say that the *raison d'être* of its appearance is explained in the genealogy with which it closes, for the story has its sweet natural lessons; but the pedigree it gives is of value, showing as it does that the family of Boaz was that from which the noblest of Jewish kings sprang. It, too, is linked with the genealogy in Matthew, which reminds us that the rich reward—the richest of all rewards—is this: that Boaz and Ruth find their immortality in being included in the ancestors of Christ.

People will be great—in the far future—only as they are linked with God's greater purposes. The selfish kinsman is forgotten: a nameless thing, a mere piece of driftwood on the ocean of being. But these, Ruth and Boaz, because thus linked with the family of Christ, are lifted out of the sphere of provincial obscurity into the gaze of the world. So always: they as ancestors, we as children, will find the best and noblest honours in being sons of God—heirs—joint-heirs with Christ.

#### III.—THE INGATHERING OF THE GENTILES.

*Ruth*—Ruth the Moabitess. It is a wonder to find her honoured, her story told, and the book named after her, by a people who scorned the alien; but the book is the witness of the free love of God. God is no respecter of persons: in every



nation he that feareth Him and worketh right is accepted with Him. St. Peter was surprised into the admission—even the apostles found it difficult to believe that God had granted unto the Gentiles repentance unto life; and when St. Paul spoke of it, he spoke of it as a mystery which had been kept secret till the Gospel came to proclaim the Gentiles fellow-heirs in the privileges of Divine mercy and love. Yet the Book of Ruth had given the hint beforehand when it had shown how the stranger and the foreigner was made a fellow-citizen with the holy people and adopted into the household of God.

And did it not hint also the deeper moral truth, that the age of privileges generally brought about a time of *insouciance*, and that the moral power, zeal, and devotion of the less privileged put the possessors of privilege to shame? Such faith—no! not in Israel—was Christ's witness. The Kingdom of God shall be taken from you and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof—*i.e.*, using their opportunities, and so valuing their privileges. And Ruth had borne witness to it. She had been the Israelite indeed in the hour of Naomi's need. Out of the foreign soil had sprung up the purer and holier growth of love, self-forgetfulness, devotion—the type of the many who should come from east and west, and sit down

with the Father in the Kingdom, while the children of the Kingdom should be cast out. The branch which blossoms out of the ungenial soil is the strongest witness against the unfruitful boughs growing in the richer ground. It is reasonable to say more is expected from those to whom the more is given, but the commentary of facts is often against our expectation. Witness Thessaly, the house of the gods, the richest land in Greece—a barren name, a cypher in history—nothing god-like ever sought by her. But lo! the contrast—Attica, with her hard and churlish soil, foremost in the race of glory—ruling in her day, and ruling in the thoughts of men till this very hour.

And what, then, of ourselves? See, upon us what magnificent gifts of God are bestowed: a land free, rich, lighted with the radiance of glorious memories, dowered with the pure light of celestial truth; but are we foremost in the race of love, beneficence, evangelisation?

And what of each upon whom the opportunity of grace and truth has fallen? In distant lands thousands are glad who hear of Christ, but we hear with dull ears.

And when every alien is welcome, not Ruth only will be received; we are sure of love and rest in the family of our God.



## ONLY A CHILD!

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. BY MARY E. BELLARS.

### CHAPTER III.

"So pure and innocent, as that same  
lambe,  
She was in life and every virtuous lore."  
SPENSER.



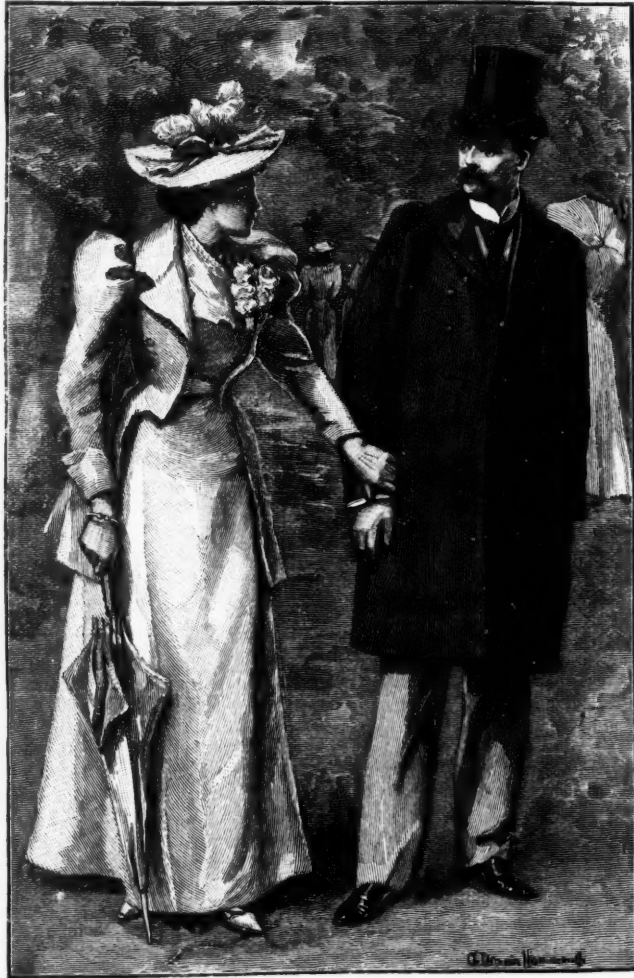
THE months passed quickly away, although everyone did not think so. While Captain Raleigh was broiling in India, doing his duty according to the expectation of a sanguine country—while Sir Rupert Silchester, bored with the bush, as he had long ago been bored with civilisation, was

coming to the conclusion that marriage would at least be a not more uninteresting experiment

than any other—while Miss Neale was leading the usual life of a beauty of the period—little Sybil Chorlton was enjoying a new experience. Miss Henderson gave her her first glimpse of Swiss mountains and glaciers, and showed her many a lovely spot immortalised in poetry and prose. They lingered by Italian lakes, and they wintered in the Riviera. Sybil saw Venice—the dream-city—with its canals, its palaces, and the great square where St. Mark's rises in all its glory. She wondered at the masterpieces of old John Bellini, of Giorgione, of Titian, of Paul Veronese. She went to Florence, and missed neither "the startling bell-tower Giotto raised," nor the soaring dome of Brunelleschi. She mused in San Marco with its memories of heroic martyr and artist-saint; she explored the Pitti and the Uffizi, and thrilled before Buonarroti's "Night and Morning" in that "small chapel of the dim St. Laurence." And she spent Easter in Rome—Rome, with all its revelations of a world-wide empire fallen into ruin, its cypress avenues and ilex-trees, its treasures of art, and its wide Campagna. The despoiled Miss Penefather, justly considered by Mrs. Lansdale to be "not up to modern requirements in education," had

yet known how to inspire her pupil with a thirst for knowledge, and to kindle in her a bright intelligence. Sybil looked, inquired, listened, and learned. She naturally gained a great deal of useful information—nice hard facts which would have counted in a

companion who could appreciate and sympathise, whose brain and heart were alike trained, disciplined, and cultivated. So that travel, with Margaret Henderson by her side, continued Sybil's education. It could not complete it, because life itself is the great



" 'You don't mean that he is dead?'—p. 681.

competitive examination—but she also gained insight, discrimination, and sympathy, which are perhaps even more valuable than a knowledge of facts and figures. For wherever she wandered—whether she sailed over the blue waters of Lake Lemano and gazed at "sky-pointed peaks," or revelled in the vivid colouring of the Cornice, whether she glided in a gondola over slumbrous canals, or traced the footsteps of Dante in Florentine streets—she had with her a

teacher, and the process goes on indefinitely. But she was no longer "only a child" when she went to stay with Lady Mary Chorlton and prepared for the ordeal of her first season, though she was still charmingly fresh and simple. She had not acquired the art of flirtation, though she had had several admirers during her sojourn abroad. But Margaret had taught her that love is the great gift of human life, and is to be prized and revered. Now, reverence, as we

all know, is incompatible with desecration. The memory of a certain soldier who had told her of heroic deeds the summer before, and whose own career, though he had said little about that, had not been undistinguished, was still kept green in her faithful little heart.

She did not sigh over it or allow herself to be unhappy about it, but almost unconsciously she set him up as a standard by which to judge other men she met. Up to this time, all of them had seemed to her to come short of it. She was not ashamed of that past feeling of hers, for, on looking back, she believed Captain Raleigh to be worthy of her girlish enthusiasm. She remembered nothing ignoble either in his character or conduct—all was chivalrous, true, and high-principled. Only one thing jarred upon her. She hated to think of that evening when he had hung over Catherine Neale's chair and had kissed the ribbon hanging from her waist. Something in these demonstrations to such a woman offended her delicate feminine instinct. What Arthur never detected, for he was a man and was caught in the meshes of Catherine's beauty and fascination, the undimmed vision of the simple girl discerned at once.

One bright day in June, Miss Neale, who was very intimate with Lady Mary Chorlton, found Sybil alone. She felt no contempt for the latter now, for there was not the same difference between them that there had been a year ago. Sybil was pale and slender still, but she had acquired grace and distinction, and the frock she wore that afternoon would have done credit to Miss Neale's dressmaker. That means much to the initiated.

"Well, little one," said Catherine, meditatively, "so you have been presented. You have done your duty—always a refreshing, if a rare, experience. And now you must be shown off, and, if possible, well married."

"What do you mean?" asked Sybil, with pardonable indignation.

"You will know in time. Yet, though I feel it to be inevitable, I don't like the idea of a fresh little creature like you coming down to the level of a veteran like me."

"Captain Raleigh——" began the girl, eagerly.

"A charming, but quite an impossible person," said Catherine; "a true Paladin, in fact. I can only regret that he lives in the Victorian era instead of the days of Charlemagne."

"How can you, of all people, say that?" asked Sybil.

"Why, I am just the person to do it. He is certainly *sans peur et sans reproche*: but I am excessively modern myself, and know what is suited to modern requirements." Then, seeing that Sybil looked bewildered, she added, "I hope, my dear, that you don't intend to overwhelm me with confusion by continually reminding me of that little *affaire de cœur*. It was madness, and nothing will ever come of it. Captain Raleigh himself has forgotten it by now."

"He has not forgotten it," asserted Sybil, in a low tone. She felt almost choked with indignation.

"Does he say so? You were a great favourite of his, and I daresay he writes yards to you," suggested Catherine, indolently.

"I have never heard from him in my life."

"And yet you vouch for his remembrance of an old flirtation. Be wise, Sybil, and vouch for no man. They are never to be depended upon."

"And women?" asked the girl.

"Oh, worse than the men, if possible," replied the other. "You see, my poor dear, into what a world you have been introduced. That reminds me—did you not meet another old friend of mine—Sir Rupert Silchester—in Rome?"

"Yes," said Sybil. She blushed as she spoke, and Catherine watched her closely.

"Did you like him?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"Perhaps he was a little too modern for us," answered Sybil, catching up her companion's own phrase and trying to appear at ease. "Miss Henderson and I were distinctly old-fashioned."

"Ah, but you were not too antique or even too mediæval for him! I heard a wonderful tale, do you know, of little Sybil Chorlton—a mere child when I first saw her a year ago—who yet had the strength of mind to refuse the best *parti* in England."

"Who could have told you?" cried Sybil, aghast. The older beauty had cleverly drawn a bow at a venture, which had hit the mark. For Sir Rupert Silchester, visiting Rome on his way to England, had indeed met Sybil, had been attracted, and had finally come to the conclusion that Lady Silchester must be a girl in her first youth—all freshness and enthusiasm. He followed Sybil to all the sights of Rome, and never once felt bored. True, he studied neither painting nor architecture—he only listened to Sybil's lively comments and watched the changes of her expressive face. And then one day he asked her to accept his hand and name, with the privilege of wearing those magnificent diamonds so coveted by Catherine Neale.

She refused him absolutely and promptly, with the utter want of appreciation of the good things of this world which is the privilege of extreme and unspoiled youth.

Sir Rupert could hardly believe his own ears. That he, with his historic place in Monmouthshire, his shooting-box in the Highlands, his villa at Nice, and his house in Park Lane, should be rejected by a provincial banker's chit of a stepdaughter, was bad enough. But Sir Rupert was a very handsome man, and was supposed, not without reason, to be a dangerous one. More than one fair woman had looked into his bold blue eyes, half-fearing and half-hoping for some fresh excitement in the weary daily round of social dissipation, and had had cause to rue that idle glance for the rest of her days. No wonder, therefore, that he felt disgusted with this stupid little girl, who showed so plainly that he had

not the slightest attraction for her. He did not love her, for men of that stamp do not know the meaning of the word; but he vowed that, after all, he would win her, and then—woe to the vanquished! Whether he married her or not, Sybil should suffer for her unflattering rejection of his suit.

But Sir Rupert had reckoned without Catherine Neale. She had seen something, and she had guessed more. Now, Sybil's dismayed exclamation turned suspicion into certainty. "My dear child," she said, feeling a decided element of comfort in the situation, "everybody knows everything in this wicked world, especially if it is a question of someone else coming to grief. But how Sir Rupert must hate you! There is not another girl in England that would have done it. It is too funny!"

She certainly seemed to think so, for she leaned back in her chair and laughed until the tears came into her eyes. Sybil was quite relieved when Lady Mary appeared and visitors arrived, though it was embarrassing enough to find that Sir Rupert Silchester was one of them. But she sheltered herself behind Margaret Henderson, and the gentleman, though he threw a good deal of expression into his handsome eyes, did not address himself very much to either of them. Then he looked at Catherine Neale, and realised afresh what a beautiful woman she was. She was more brilliant than ever, and there was a touch of mockery in her smile.

"So you enjoyed your wanderings?" she said, as he took a seat by her side.

"Not particularly. The whole thing was rather a bore."

"What! both the Old and the New World?"

"Ye—es, both. The New World was, I fancy, a shade more fatiguing than the Old. Don't care, you know, for bushranging, myself."

"Yet I should have thought that more to your taste than doing pictures and antiquities in Rome with a little girl fresh from the schoolroom," she remarked, audaciously.

"What do you mean?" he asked, considerably disconcerted.

"Did you really think a little provincial chit like Sybil Chorlton could have refrained from telling everyone that she had refused the honour of becoming Lady Silchester?" said Catherine. "If so, I am sorry to disenchant you. You ought to have remained in the forest primeval, or whatever they call that sort of thing."

Sir Rupert glanced savagely at the "provincial chit" in question, who was talking to her beloved Margaret. She looked just what she was—a modest, refined, and lovely girl—a lady in the best sense of the word. Then he turned to Catherine Neale, who, though only twenty-four, was a finished woman of the world. There was magnetism in her slow smile and in the glance of her strange and beautiful eyes. Sir Rupert made his choice in that moment.

"Do you believe," he whispered, "that I made that little girl an offer?"

"She mentioned it just now as an amusing incident of her travels," replied Miss Neale, with a light laugh. She was triumphing, and she knew it. "Certainly, I could never have imagined it."

"I want to speak to you," he said, impatiently. "Can you see me presently? What time will you be at home?"

"I will ask my mother. She was to call for me, and no doubt the carriage is here by now."

Mrs. Neale was merely a lay-figure in the estimation of her daughter's intimates, and did not even pretend to control her daughter's movements. It was therefore in a very chastened, not to say humble, frame of mind that Sir Rupert followed Catherine down the stairs, and saw her to her carriage. Meek Mrs. Neale, however, assured him that they would be in Bruton Street by six.

"And I may call then?" he said, brightening up.

"If you are in the mood," answered Catherine, with that slow smile of hers. She drove away with exultation in her heart, and Sir Rupert turned aside, haunted by the magic of her glance and thrilled with the touch of her hand. Yet just then, men and women through the country were reading and discussing bad news from a remote corner of the far East.

It was not more than a year ago since Arthur Raleigh had parted from Catherine Neale with all the tenderness of an affianced lover; yet such are the changes and chances of this mortal life that at that very moment he was lying desperately wounded, unconscious of anything but the supreme anguish of pain and thirst, and she was eagerly looking forward to giving herself to another man in exchange for a position, a good settlement, and the Silchester diamonds. Margaret Henderson, who had time to study the telegrams in the evening papers, wondered whether Miss Neale had yet heard of a certain treacherous outbreak in the remote hill-country. She wondered, too, whether Sybil Chorlton—a mere child only last year—had a sufficiently tender remembrance of her soldier friend to be seriously affected by the news that he was only reported "missing," while some of his comrades were known to be dead.

Strange to say, the child heard nothing. She was at a concert that evening, and drank deep into the divine harmonies of Beethoven and the haunting melodies of Schubert. Some quaint, fanciful strain brought before her mind the Brockhurst garden, bright with sunshine and gay with flowers. She saw her old self perched on the little camp-stool, and, with a curious thrill, she saw Arthur Raleigh's kind and manly face, as he told her of perils by land and by water. "God take care of him, wherever he is!" she breathed.

Lady Casterton gave a garden-party at her villa by the river next day. She was one of the best hostesses in society, and her place was a lovely one at any time. But on that never-to-be-forgotten summer's day it was looking its best; and Sybil, as



she gazed at the blue sky above and the green-sward below, as she noted the spreading cedars and the exquisite flowers, as she watched the gay throng and listened to the murmur of the river and the fitful music of the band, thought that fairyland itself could not be more delightful. And people were "so kind." Indeed, it would have been strange if that bright, girlish face had not excited a good deal of interest and admiration; and Sybil, in a quiet way, was quite a success.

"I fancy I have never enjoyed a garden-party before," said Guy Torrens, as he walked by the side of Lady Mary Chorlton's pretty niece.

"How strange!" exclaimed Sybil in astonishment. And as Mr. Torrens was the most popular man of his set, perhaps it *was* rather strange.

"Hardly fair to praise one lady to another, is it?" he said. "But how well Miss Neale looks to-day! Silchester is looked at last."

Sybil suddenly became aware that Catherine Neale was very near her, and that Sir Rupert Silchester was in close attendance. If for a brief

period Sybil's simplicity and freshness had attracted him, there seemed no doubt that he was subdued now by a more potent enchantress, and that the spell was a powerful one. Never, surely, had Catherine looked more beautiful, and many times in years to come, Sybil felt again the thrill of admiration mingled with repulsion which she experienced, as she watched her deliberately, by look, and smile, and word, enchain Rupert Silchester's senses as she had done Arthur Raleigh's in days gone by.

"This is a queer world," observed Mr. Torrens, with pensive philosophy. "I don't know why it should affect me particularly on this occasion, though. After all, men die every day after one fashion or another—perhaps it matters little which. But then, don't you know, the last time I met poor Raleigh was at Lady Mary's Dorsetshire place, and no one knew whether he or Silchester would win the beauty. Now Silchester has it all his own way, while poor Raleigh——"

"You don't mean that he is dead?" gasped Sybil.



"As a mere child she fell in love with you."—p. 683.

She clutched the young man's arm, and her eyes dilated as she waited for his answer.

"Why, Miss Chorlton!" he cried, thoroughly frightened, "I did not know—I thought——"

"What is the matter, Sybil?" asked her aunt, as the girl almost fell into a seat by her side. "Are you ill? —Is she ill, Mr. Torrens? —Do speak, my dear child."

"Tell me," Sybil said, in low, unnatural tones, "do you say he is dead?"

She heard it all at last, and to her dying day will never forget that sheltered seat by the river, with the light laughter and the sounds of music which came like a mocking refrain between the confused, stammering explanations of Guy Torrens.

"He may not be dead," said he; "only one would always rather die than fall into the hands of those wretches."

This was the last straw. Sybil heard no more.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"The dire years, whose awful name is Change."

GEORGE ELIOT.

DAYS and weeks followed of dreary illness; and when at last she recovered her strength, Sybil shrank from another appearance in the gay world. She knew by that time that Arthur had not been murdered. His was one of those stories which redeem our modern life from a charge of universal commonplace and insipidity. Far away, among the wild tribes of the hills, there lived a dusky girl whom he had once rescued from insult and danger, and who had straightway loved him with Eastern passion. She would fain have followed him wherever he went, and she neither comprehended nor appreciated his chivalrous efforts to place her where she could be fed and taught, and kept from evil both of body and soul. And when that treacherous outbreak took place—when his companions were murdered, and the two or three English ladies who were in the station escaped from awful peril by forced marches, by heroic endurance—Arthur Raleigh, dangerously wounded and left for dead, was saved by the devotion of the girl he had befriended. Margaret Henderson, with tears in her eyes and with faltering voice, read to Sybil such details as were allowed to appear in the newspapers—only Arthur himself could have told her all. And on the very day when the Lord Bishop of the diocese united Sir Rupert Silchester and Miss Neale, a poor girl in the far East, finding that the Sahib whom she had saved had only gratitude and kindness wherewith to repay her devotion, put an end to a life which had no longer any value for her. She was only a heathen, and knew no better; but perhaps the contrast between the two women was not all in favour of Catherine Neale.

Years passed on, as years have a trick of doing, until Sybil woke up to the fact that it was her thirtieth birthday. She did not regret her vanished

youth; she had learnt some of Rabbi Ben Ezra's lessons, and she felt that

"Our times are in His hand  
Who saith, 'A whole I planned;  
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor  
be afraid.'"

Yet her eyes were dim with tears as she pondered over the past. There were faces "loved long since," that were now "lost awhile"—notably one, the kindest and the dearest. After Sybil's illness she had lived almost entirely with Margaret Henderson, and had been to her as a daughter. But Margaret had gone before into that Better Land which holds so many of our choicest treasures in safe keeping.

Amongst Miss Chorlton's most valued friends she still reckoned her old governess, Miss Penefather. This lady had considered that Girtton and Newnham might furnish her with *Leutenants of light and leading*, while she undertook the not unimportant task of making girls as bright, as happy, and as good as she could. So she had opened a school, and "Highfield," as it was called, had become a great success. As Sybil's thoughts turned affectionately towards Miss Penefather on her own thirtieth birthday, she little thought that on that very day the crisis of her fate would be decided at Highfield.

She had never seen Arthur Raleigh since he left Brockhurst as Catherine Neale's lover. He had been very little in England: he might, indeed, almost have been dead, so far as Sybil was concerned. And though between the most distant earthly country and that undiscovered one "from whose bourne no traveller returns" there is a supreme difference, yet she was too sensible and too dignified to dwell much upon the remembrance of a man who never gave a sign that he recollected her existence. But on that eventful day Colonel Raleigh happened to go to Highfield, for he had promised some anxious parents in India to look up their little Mabel and Kitty, confided to Miss Penefather's care. He was shown into a pretty, home-like room, and began idly to examine the books and photographs near him. With a sudden shock, he became conscious of a face he knew. There was a water-colour sketch of a girl's head resting upon a draped easel, and though it was exquisite in workmanship, it was not on account of its artistic merits that it produced such an effect upon Colonel Raleigh. It was because it was a ghost from the shadowy past—that past which he strove so earnestly to forget, full as it was of bitter memories and broken pledges. But, in spite of its association with the woman who had darkened his life, Sybil's face, with its earnest eyes and the waving masses of dark hair falling on either side of it, appealed to him strangely. What had become of that little girl? he wondered. He was full of the idea when Miss Penefather came into the room, and he asked her if the picture on the easel did not represent Miss Chorlton—doubtless she was no longer Miss Chorlton; but he had been absent from England so long.

"She is not married," said Miss Penefather.

"What is she like now?" asked the Colonel abruptly.

The governess showed him a cabinet photograph. "It is a beautiful face," he said, "and it looks like a face with a history. She was a charming girl. Is she as good as she looks?"

"She was my pupil," replied Miss Penefather, smiling, "and no doubt I am a partial critic. But I once read an epitaph which a man of genius caused to be written on the grave of one whom he loved and mourned. Two or three lines of it will describe Miss Chorlton."

The Colonel bowed, and looked at her inquiringly.

"When the eye saw her, it blessed her, for her face was sunshine, her voice was melody, and her heart was sympathy," repeated Miss Penefather.

"I can believe it," said Raleigh, looking once more at the photograph.

He was still gazing at it intently, when the sound of carriage-wheels was heard. Then the bell rang, and presently the Colonel found himself face to face with the past in quite another fashion, for the servant announced Lady Silchester. She had come to visit her two little girls at school, and thus was confronted with the man whom she had cruelly injured years ago, and whom she had not seen since they parted as betrothed lovers. It was a dramatic situation; but the nineteenth century does not easily lend itself to stage effects in real life. The lady did not swoon, and the gentleman never thought of striking an attitude. Neither one nor the other exclaimed, "It is he!" or "she!" and their voices did not tremble with pathos or vibrate with tragic meaning. They exchanged commonplace words in courteous, if frigid, fashion—in fact, they remarked upon the weather. But Lady Silchester noticed Colonel Raleigh's eyes straying in a particular direction, and she said, with a curious smile—

"A charming portrait, is it not? Very like little Sybil yet, though, like the rest of us, she has not grown younger."

"I wonder why she is still Sybil Chorlton," he

answered, scarcely knowing what he said. How beautiful this woman was! Could he ever have felt intense joy and overpowering misery on her account? Now, he had no regrets—he experienced neither anger nor contempt—but he *did* feel absolute indifference.

"I believe I can tell you," exclaimed Lady Silchester, with sudden resolution—perhaps by sudden inspiration.

"Can you?" he said, mechanically. He did not care very much to hear.

"Yes," she replied. "As a mere child she fell in love with *you*."

Probably Lady Silchester was mistaken in so rough-and-ready an explanation of Sybil's single-blessedness. There were many secondary causes, as well as that primary one to which she alluded. But whether she was actuated by malice, by a natural dislike of a person she had deeply injured, or by a sudden impulse to do him a kindness, she certainly influenced the rest of his life. He was confounded by her want of delicacy, but he could not forget what she had said. He remembered her words well when he met Sybil once again. She was lovely, gentle, and good—any man might be proud to win her, and doubtless many had tried. Yet she had never married—could that possibly mean that she had not forgotten the hero of her young days? It was a fascinating thought, and it had its natural result. When Lady Silchester read the paragraph announcing their marriage, she smiled, and perhaps, on the whole, she was not displeased. But a woman's mind is a complex thing, and it is difficult to unravel the mysteries thereof.

If in that union between Arthur Raleigh and Sybil she gave him what he could never give her, we must remember that it is they who give, rather than they who receive, who are "more blessed." At least she had from him real and increasing affection and reverent admiration. She told him all—from those days in the Brockhurst garden when she stole her girlish heart to the day on which he asked her to be his wife. So, they went down the hill of life hand in hand.

## OIL ON THE WATERS.

THIS said that sailors, in the Southern Seas,  
In danger's hour,  
Throw oil upon the seething waves, and these  
Lose half their power.  
Our lives are vessels on Time's restless tide,  
And, day by day,  
The surging billows, rolling far and wide,  
Disturb our way.

And oftentimes in fell distress we lie,  
Stranded almost,  
Lashed, helpless, by the wind and waves, and, nigh,  
A rockbound coast.  
Oh! if in that dread peril we could throw  
Faith round our barque,  
The waves would sink, the winds less fiercely blow,  
Light follow dark.

J. T. BURTON-WOLLASTON.

## A MODERN CHEROKEE.

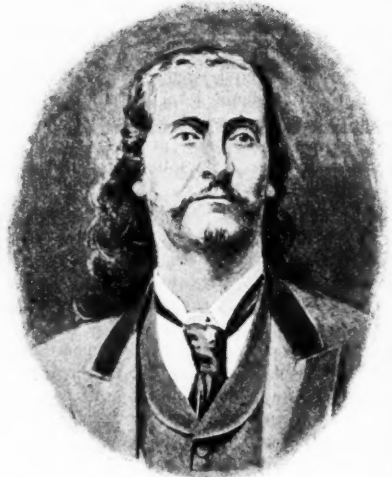


## NORTH AMERICAN Indian!

What a picture the name calls up of a fierce savage in feathers and war-paint, with tomahawk and scalps at his belt! And how unlike is the reality! "Clothed and in his right mind," the modern Indian presents a very civilised and nineteenth-century appearance — considerably less ro-

mantic, perhaps, than his earlier guise, but also a good deal less alarming. Here, in a recently issued United States Census Bulletin, is the portrait of a gentleman wearing a frock-coat, silk-faced and stylish, a "four-in-hand tie," and a neat pin. Could anything be more correct and up-to-date? This is Nimrod J. Smith, otherwise "Cha-la-di-hah," "Charles the Killer," chief of the Eastern Band of North Carolina Cherokees: perhaps the most civilised of all the North American tribes.

The whole of the Cherokee nation is not comprised in this "Band;" a considerable portion emigrated westward early in the century, and became known as the Cherokee Nation West. Attempts were made to induce, and later, in 1836, to force, all the Eastern Cherokees to remove west. Troops were employed, and the Indians were hunted like wild beasts over



NIMROD J. SMITH (CHA-LA-DI-HAH.)

their own land. But the survivors clung to their homes, and ultimately were allowed to remain and settle. From this little company grew the Eastern Band of Cherokees, who were incorporated under that name in 1889 by the General Assembly of North Carolina. They now number 1,520, and appear by the censuses taken within the last forty years to be on the increase. Little or no attention has been bestowed on them by the National Government; they receive no aid from the State beyond a small grant for educational purposes, yet they have steadily developed into a self-sustaining and self-reliant little community, fairly progressive in many ways, yet preserving some of their earlier traditions and customs. They have attained the status of citizens of the United States, and voters and tax-payers of North Carolina; and North Carolina has no better citizens.

Unlike that of so many other Indian tribes, the territory of the Cherokees is not "reserved" for them by the State, but is held by them in fee-simple. It is known as the Qualla Boundary, extends over portions of the counties of Cherokee, Graham, Jackson, and Swain, in South-western North Carolina, and it covers an area of about 65,000 acres. "No section of country in the United States," says General Henry B. Carrington, special agent for the collection of Indian



RATTLESNAKE PEAK, ABOVE THE CLOUDS.



statistics in connection with the Eleventh Census of the States—"No section of country in the United States combines a greater variety of inland scenery than that occupied by the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians." It is indeed a beautiful and a fertile land. The climate is healthful and invigorating; water flows freely over its length and breadth; the Indian corn crop rarely fails; fruits of all kinds abound, and the supply of timber is ample and varied. Small wonder, then, that the chief occupations of the people are farming and lumbering, the former occupying far and away the first place. That the methods of farming employed are somewhat primitive is due not so much to want of progressiveness on the part of the Indians as to the nature of the country they cultivate, with its steep hillsides and narrow valleys. These same steep hillsides present many difficulties to the maker of roads, and a considerable amount of engineering skill has been displayed in overcoming them. Taken altogether, the roads (especially the principal highways) and drainage of the settlement are excellent: better, in many cases, than in the neighbouring settlements of white people. Wages are low, and the average earnings of male Indians above the age of twenty-one only amount to about one hundred and sixty-six dollars, or little more than thirty pounds, a year. This looks a very small sum; but, on the other hand, the cost of living is low. The ways of the Indians are simple, and they appear contented without riches.

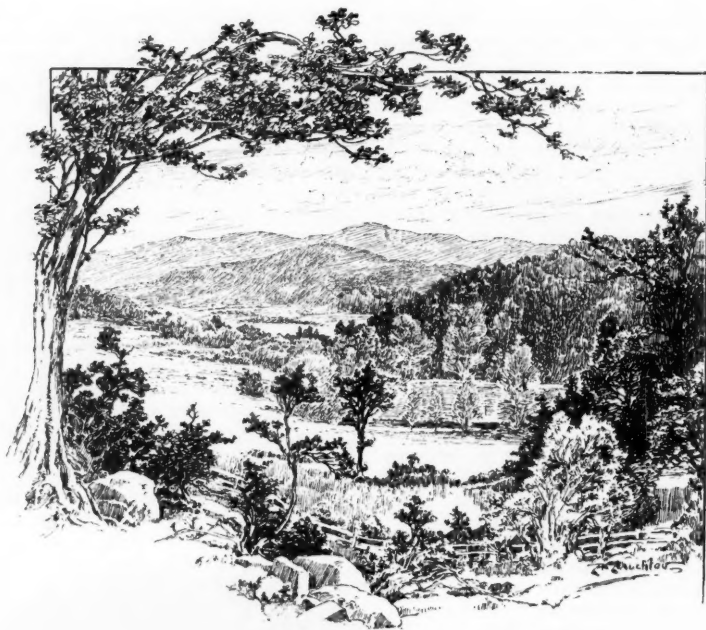
Their houses mark the simplicity of their habits. These are nearly all "block-houses," with an occasional log-house here and there, and mostly consist of one room only, which is unprovided with windows. Where a second room exists, it is an attic, which is used for sleeping or storage purposes. No better glimpse into the home life and hospitable instincts of these interesting people could be obtained, perhaps, than that afforded by General Carrington's description of his visit to the old Indian Chitolski. "On Straight Fork of this creek, at the very verge of the line of the Cathcart Survey in the last Indian house in that direction, lives Chitolski (Falling-Blossom), a Cherokee of means and influence, whose name is expressive of the condition of the corn when the pollen, dropping into the silk, is supposed to bear some part in fertilising the ear. His home is a new and spacious block-house, very comfortable, with the usual piazza in front. Upon accepting an invitation to dine, the water was turned upon the wheel of the mill close by, and fresh meal was soon served in the shape of a hot 'corn-dodger.' 'Long sweetening' of honey or molasses gave a peculiar sanction to a cup of good coffee, and this, with bacon and greens,

supplemented with peaches grown on the farm, made a most excellent meal. This mill is one of many, alike simple in construction, where neighbours deposit their toll of grain, turn on the water, and grind their own meal. Some of these mills have only a slight roof over the hopper, and are open at the sides. Chitolski's house is said to be one of the best in the country, and very few houses of the white people upon Indian lands or lands adjacent, approach it in comfort. Some large peach-trees were loaded with safely developed fruit, and a vigorous young orchard, carefully planted, gave promise of as prosperous a future as those of advanced growth, which bore the pledges of a good autumn product. A horse, several heifers, and chickens and ducks, imparted life to the scene; and the host and his wife, whose grown children have sought independent homes, are preparing, with every indication of success, to spend their latter years in contentment and comfort. Chitolski is building a new path out from his snug valley 'wide enough for wheels,' so that visitors will not be compelled to unhitch and mount harnessed horses to share his hospitality."

Education is by no means neglected among the



COUNCILMAN YO-NA CALEY (CLIMBING BEAR), THREE DAUGHTERS AND GRANDSON OF CHIEF SMITH.



VALLEY OF THE SOCO.

Cherokees. The Government grant in aid of education is carefully expended, and they have several schools, as well as a training-school. These schools are well attended, and the number of Indians who can read and write English is rapidly increasing. Moreover, the Cherokees have a written language of their own: an important factor to reckon in calculating the prospects of their rapid intellectual advancement. Their alphabet consists of thirty-eight characters, and is syllabic; it was invented by a half-breed, named George Guess. The training-school was founded by a member of the Society of Friends, and is a most useful institution. In it the boys are taught industrial work, including farming, fruit culture, and so forth, and the girls are put through a regular course of housewifery, and learn also plain sewing and other needlework. *Appropos* of the peculiar Indian fancy for suggestive names, a quaint little story is told of one of the scholars of the Birdtown school. This school-house is a "block-house," but it has been weather-boarded; and on hearing the Bible description of the Pharisees, an Indian boy, rejoicing in the euphonious name of Willie Muttonhead, asked "if their school-house wasn't a hypocrite house." By the way, the Cherokees seem to have rather a pretty taste in names. Such elegant cognomens as those of James Walkingstick, Nancy Mumblehead, Lazy Bigmeat, John Mullethead, and Leander Hornbuckle are to be met with in the pages of this Census Bulletin.

In character the Cherokees are industrious, peaceable, moral, law-abiding, sociable, and contented. They have lost almost entirely their superstitions, and the

religious extravagances of earlier days have died out. Theoretically they are Christians, but practically the Church among them is in a somewhat languishing and backward condition: due partly to the sectional squabbles and jealousies existing amongst them. Their several churches are all in a more or less dilapidated condition, and as a rule the school-house serves also as church and meeting-room. In Birdtown, indeed, the people hold their Church and Sunday-school services under a huge oak, which stands in the centre of the highway.

It is curious to notice that, although they have been in intimate contact with white races for more than a couple of centuries, this people still retain the physical features of the Indian race unmodified. Pictures of Indians, young and old, show the same full heavy jaw, high cheekbones, etc., of the old North-American savage of history and romance. It seems, in fact, almost as if the white people of America, under the influence of unexplained causes—partly climatic, possibly—were reverting to this type. Chief Nimrod J. Smith, with his hair flowing picturesquely on his shoulders, looks, for instance, not unlike Buffalo Bill of shooting fame. Nor does the typical Brother Jonathan of caricature—tall, lank, lean, lantern-jawed, keen-eyed, and goatee-bearded—differ in many respects, save his white skin, from the typical North American Indian of ancient and modern times.

[We are indebted to the American Census Report, 1890, for the photographs from which our illustrations are adapted.]

## WOMAN IN THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., VICAR OF EAST TWICKENHAM.

(1 Cor. xi. 10.)



THIS is the first instance in Christianity where the relations between man and woman had to be settled. What was really at issue often happens: it was the contest in the application of two great principles. Of these two, one was clearly

before the mind of the Corinthians; while both were clearly before the mind of St. Paul. One was the equality of the two sexes in the eye of God—for "there is neither male nor female;" the other was the distinction, absolutely inalienable from the race, between man and woman. Both could be reconciled only by an appeal to the higher principle which contained both.

This frequently occurs in life. We fall upon events which seem to present no opening, and upon interests that lie interlocked in deadly contest. We shall always find the solution in some great principle, fact, or law of life; and these are never far from us.

Let us look first at—*The difficulty in Corinth.*—It lay within the narrowest compass: how ought a woman to dress herself for public worship? It was a new thought that woman should be equal to man in relation to God and holiness. It was natural that this truth should be grasped rashly, and held at the cost of others equally valuable. The excesses of the world, either in religious thought, in politics, or in revolutions, have been due to the acquisition of truths or privileges of which men had been deprived. And amongst the Greeks, a woman of character and reputation never appeared without the veil, sometimes covering her face like a Moslem woman of the present day, but always covering the head; and any who appeared in public without this were regarded as people of no character. Amongst the Jews the women in the synagogue were uncovered, only because they sat within a screen by themselves; and the men in the synagogue up to the present day wear their hats. But St. Paul was writing to a Church composed chiefly of Gentiles, existing within an intensely Gentile city. He therefore accepted the Gentile customs as they bore upon character, and he declined, for the sake of a new application of a great truth, to endanger the character of the Christian women.

How, then, could his advice be reconciled with his old doctrine? He appealed to the history of man and woman, and to their condition from the beginning, and he found these facts—that woman was created after man; that the woman was created for the sake of the man; that they two live together, each for the other.

Hence he concluded that the man is the head of the woman, just as Christ is the head of the man.

The covering of a woman is thus expressive of that supremacy, and of her own pure and holy relation to man. And this becomes of greater importance if we look back to the very earliest records, when the angels, in the sixth chapter of Genesis, under the name of the sons of God, fell through the influence of woman. If the daughters of men should thus tempt the high spiritual beings that always behold the face of God, it was doubly necessary that they should henceforth place upon themselves the symbol of self-restraint, and live, not for their own conquests, but in the spirit of self-sacrifice and holiness. This seems to be the meaning of the very obscure passage in the tenth verse, "For this reason ought the woman to have power on her head, because of the angels." That veil—so slight and worthless a thing, that seemed to contradict a deep and valuable truth of the Gospel—was, nevertheless, the protection of a truth more valuable still, namely, the purity of womanhood and its lofty influence on man.

Having thus cleared the ground, we can perceive the great inclusive principles upon which St. Paul relied.

1. The permanence of the distinction between the nature of a man and that of a woman. This is a mystery of human nature that no investigation can solve. It is so delicate in texture, so subtle in operation, that it eludes discovery. Only in the relation of each to the other can the mystery in the least degree be understood.

2. The glory of man consists in the fact that he came forth from God, the incarnate image of the Eternal. Once again in time should the ravages of the past be obliterated, and in the Incarnation of Christ should the perfect man be revealed. But if man, with his shorn locks and uncovered head, stands there, the nearest representative of the Creator, how true ought he to be to the Hand which fashioned him and to the Heart which loves him still. As Moses went up into Mount Sinai to look God in the face and live, and to come down agleam with the glory he had seen, so ought every man's face to reflect the radiance which he has gathered in the vision of the Eternal, in meditation and prayer, in the battle for the right, and in the achievement of noble deeds.

3. And woman has her glory, of which no one but herself can disinherit her. It is the glory of modesty, of purity, of self-control and self-sacrifice.

Woman has civilised the world. The emancipation of woman has been one of the triumphs of Christianity combined with the influence of the

Germanic race. But woman is never seen at her best, save in her home, or in the many ministries of beautiful self-sacrifice, where she reigns without a rival.

4. Lastly, the Church has its glory, too. It does not consist in the rash and disproportionate exaltation of single and individual truths. This has been the temptation of every age, and the curse of the Church since the day of the Ascension. The ideal of personal purity gave birth to the excesses of Montanism in the second century; and the ideal of fidelity, to the schism of the Donatists in the fourth. The ideal of apostolic origin and unity was the argument of the Popes, and the foundation of the false and tyrannical claims of the Papacy.

The glory of the Church consists in the recognition of the fact that she has come from God through

Christ: that adoration and worship are essentials of her life: and that all her operations, as well as her faith, must exist in due order, and in fidelity to the eternal nature of things. The God of creation is the God of the Church. And the Church errs the moment she places a principle of religion which she regards as important in antagonism with the universal principles upon which God made the world. Within these, the widest principles of all, will be found the solution of lesser difficulties; and in the wider view from that mountain-top all the lower hills, however rugged their sides—all the currents of the valley, however crooked and errant, will fall into their places. Man ceases to be puzzled in proportion to the distinctness and the fulness of his vision of God.



### A WORD UPON LOOKING BACK.

BY THE REV. W. MANN STATHAM, RECTOR OF IVER-HEATH.



TOOK from my bookshelves to-day some old volumes of *THE QUIVER*, reaching back to more than thirty years ago; then I began to read some early "Words Upon" written by me in those early days when "time was young," so far as manhood's literary work was concerned. With the perusal of these came quick and keen memories of some dear fellow-writers who have one by one entered into the blessed rest. Memories, too, came to me of many "words" from others far over land and wave—at home and abroad—who were kind enough to write and say "Thank you" for papers which had comforted and helped them. It is foolish and vain to like flattery, but it is neither foolish nor vain to welcome words of inspiration, which help one to buckle on the armour again. I cannot say concerning them "What an audience!" for although I have spoken the glad tidings and tried to utter the comforting word to many hearts, I have never *spoken* to the yet larger circle, the thousands upon thousands of readers of *THE QUIVER*. Still, in "looking back" there comes to one a mingled sense of responsibility and pleasure in thinking of the far-away faces one has never seen, and the far-away hearts one has had an entrance into. I have travelled in railway-trains with unknown fellow-travellers opposite, who, I could see, by the pages, were reading "A Word Upon," and I have sat as "the unknown" opposite

them, and in time they have kindly lent me "myself" to read.

"Looking back" is said to be often a melancholy business, but I do not find it so. Friends and fellow-writers who have gone to join the great majority are with Christ, and, if we believe our own creed, are in the enjoyment of that life which is "far better." It is want of faith that produces alike the pessimism that is the child of doubt, and the depression that comes from want of trust in God. Of course, looking back is a very humbling exercise; and so it ought to be, for no one reaches his ideal, literary or otherwise; the author is in himself more than any book he ever writes—the artist is more than any picture he ever paints, and I suppose that even Pheidias viewed more in the rough block of marble than ever he moulded into forms of beauty. The angel "sleeping in the stone" did not come forth in the ideal and perfect loveliness that existed in the sculptor's mind; even so, "not as though I had already attained," is the confession of St. Paul, and of every heart conscious of its own errors and imperfections.

And "looking back" is surely not only a humbling but also a grateful experience. It suggests at once gratitude. "Be ye thankful," is an apostolic injunction; and surely, through an era of doubt to remember some Hymenæus or some Philetus, and in an age of worldliness to look back upon some Demas deserter who has "loved the present world," must quicken a sense of thanksgiving for our own preservation, and our



deliverance from manifold temptations. Tender gratitude falls like dew upon our hearts whilst we exclaim, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

It awakens, too, a sense of humour to look back upon old ambitions and somewhat conceited endeavours to do some great thing, or to say some clever thing, which Mr. Ruskin so severely satirises; and such attempts have been followed by a sly hit from those quiet and wise friends who seldom make mistakes, and who have their joke out of yours. Peace be with them! Little arrows of criticism, or even of sarcasm, do no harm unless they are tipped with the steel of cruelty or dipped in the cup of poison. When you come face to face with an old mistake, you can laugh now; and it is right you should—although it worried you and kept you awake a quarter of a century ago.

Looking back. Yes: here is a bound volume of *THE QUIVER* of about that time before me, and here, too, lying beside it, is this month's *QUIVER*, with its charming illustrations. What a change for the better in the pictorial department! I wrote for *THE QUIVER* before there were any illustrations at all in it—I think it came out weekly then; but, ever since, the illustrations have been growing in power and beauty; and how many rising young artists, as well as rising young authors, has *THE QUIVER* helped on their onward way! I heard a very able man say once, "Life is in to-morrow." And so it is—in the sense he meant it—for we can never succeed in anything unless we make past efforts the stepping-stones of to-morrow's work. But life will always be in another sense largely in the past; all bright memories, all earnest and true and pure yesterdays make music within, and keep us from the depressing misery of sad reflections. The "looking-back" season comes to us all; and it is well if the past we gaze upon is the narrow and not the broad way.

In looking back, too, we see how "the good Hand" has led us all—yes, led "the blind by a way which they knew not." Nothing strengthens our faith in the Providence of the future more than contemplating the Providence of the past. "Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice," is an inspired deduction from personal experience. We go on our way hopeful and restful because the past is full of illumination, being all aglow with the merciful guidance and the gracious help of God. Of course, I know that "looking back" is not a favourite occupation with those whose lives are "crowded" with bustle and excitement, and vanities and flatteries, and intense worldly ambitions: as well tell the huntsman to look back in the chase of the deer! But I am not writing for such as these, but for those

who, whilst they enjoy life, with its fellowships and its joys, its music and its song, its pleasant travels and its picturesque visions, yet keep a quiet, Divine side to lives which are filled with the daily consciousness of the presence of God.

But it may be said, Is not this looking back just what St. Paul tells us *not* to do? Does he not say, "Forgetting the things which are behind?" Yes, he does. But he tells us *why*—



THE REV. W. MANN STATHAM.

he would not have us look back so as to depress us or to hinder our energies in the great race. Once and again *he* himself stays to look back, on his bonds and imprisonments, that he may glorify the grace of God. He reviews his association with old friends, whom he lovingly greets and remembers when he was "present with them;" and in his prison dungeon he thinks of and prays for those who were yesterday co-workers with him in the Church of God.

But does not too much looking back feed a morbid tendency, and make us feel how old we are getting? Does it not make us count those few years at the most which we may yet have to live? Yes, *too much* looking back does. But too much of anything is bad—too much honey or too much vinegar are alike distasteful and injurious; we may deny the good anywhere and everywhere by putting in the little words "too much." Let it be admitted also that constitutional temperament

has to be studied ; there *are* some minds where a certain "preying upon themselves" would be a very dangerous repast indeed ; some there are who need constant inspirations to energy and endeavour ; but then, again, there are minds who need also the sacred reminder, "CONSIDER how great things He hath done for you."

To come back to the old QUIVERS, so clean and crisp once, when the freshly printed page was in our hands—do we not feel what a surprise it would give us to meet ourselves and see ourselves as we were thirty years ago in the old waiting-rooms of "La Belle Sauvage"? Changed we are! Yes, in a way ; but it is a blessed thing if we keep young at heart. Of all the things to be striven against and prayed against is *to die before we die*—to live on, and have no ideals of joy and duty, of hope and endeavour. It is the glory of the Gospel that it feeds the immortal life within us, that its golden heights are ever before us, and that to our last breath we may aim to do good and to glorify God.

Certainly, in looking back we feel that it has not been activity so much as anxiety that has done us harm ; and this reminds me that my first paper was "A Word upon Anxiety." We marvel at the way we let nervous anticipations fret our minds. If any friend had ever told us half the falsehoods which our fears have whispered to us, we should never believe him any more. It is, therefore, possible that we may all learn by experience to bear troubles when they come, and not to ford the river or fight the battle before we come to them. We all forget those beautiful promises : "As thy days, so shall thy strength be ;" "My grace is sufficient for thee ;" and yet, as we look back, we must and ought to set our seal to the fact that God is true, and with every trial and temptation makes a way of escape. Perhaps even now, in reading this, *you* are bearing burdens of anticipation—perhaps under bright skies you are looking for the coming storm-clouds ; then look back, my friend, and learn the blessed lesson that your own yesterdays can teach you. When will goodness and mercy fall out of the cavalcade? Are they to attend you only on *some days* of your life? No ; they shall follow you all the days of your life.

It is not wise nor well to think too much of past troubles ; rather let us think of the mercies we enjoy. "Thank God, I ain't got no rheumatics to-day," one of the old men in my parish said to me a few days ago. That was a sentence worth remembering. Do not let us always be thinking of the pains and griefs of yesterday, but rather of the joys and blessings of to-day. How pleasant it is, in looking back, to be associated in love and thought still with those whom we have known for many, many years ; to hear from them now and again,

and even to see from time to time the faces which have in them a history and a prophecy—a history of past friendship, and a promise of fidelity in the years to come. Now and then one finds in the beautiful forest of friendship an old human "oak," one who is really an old man or an old woman, and with what sacred influence the ancient reminder comes to us, "Thy friend and thy father's friend forget not!" Of course there are pathetic sides to our experience, and in looking back our own faults of forgetfulness and delay protrude themselves upon us : the letter which ought to have been written—the visit that ought to have been paid—before the last sleep came to those we loved. Also those many negligences which have to do with our Divine relationship. Yes, that must be a proud heart that does not feel humbled in looking back upon sad omissions : words that ought to have been spoken and deeds that ought to have been done. We hear and read of many wonders nowadays ; but what is so wonderful as memory? There the photograph never fades, there the instantaneous action of the mind without effort brings before you the clear pictures, one after another, of the past. Oh, subtle, secretive brain! "fearfully and wonderfully" are we made. Even when the eye grows dim and the book is laid aside, we have the picture-gallery of the mind. Perhaps I need scarcely say that a wise man looking backward will soon be conscious of a "looking up." He will feel that though "the lot is cast into the lap, the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord ;" the upward glance will express gratitude, trust, confidence, and hope, for the Saviour "will never leave us, nor forsake us." There are sure also to be memories of fickleness and change in others, in most lives. Our common humanity may not deserve all the criticisms that fall upon it for falsity in friendship, but at the old trysting-places we often stand alone, and too often sacred covenants are broken ; but one voice breathes a music of comfort always and everywhere : "I am the Lord ; I change not." Amidst our unbelieving days and hours Jesus abides faithful—He who has promised to be with us always, "even unto the end of the world." Perhaps I may be permitted to write a few more words upon "Looking Upward," "Looking Inward," and "Looking Onward," and so I will not trespass on these tempting themes in this page. It is never wise nor well to write on till there is no more ink in the bottle ; neither is it good to water the ink, or to water the thoughts. What we often feel and want in hours when we take up our QUIVER is suggestion that sets us thinking for ourselves, not any attempt at an exhaustiveness which too often exhausts the reader's patience, whilst the writer is attempting to exhaust his subject. What we often resented in some divines in our boyhood days was this : that

after the cheering word "Finally," divines too often added, "One word more." Dear old faces and forms shaping themselves afresh to us out of the golden clouds of memory! We could perhaps listen to your somewhat long sermons better now, when we have learned how much holy inspiration there was for us in the earnestness of character behind the earnest words. Looking back, then, on others, as we hope to be looked back upon one day ourselves, we may and ought to feel that "we are debtors" to "many men and many minds;" and that we cannot better try to pay our debts than by living in the hearts and lives of others, and living less and less unto ourselves. Others *will* look back: we may be sure of that; and what kind of vision they will have, and what kind of speech they will hear, depend upon our

life-speech and character to-day. "He, being dead, yet speaketh," applies to lives that have in them a warning and a curse, as well as to those that have in them a guidance and a blessing. "Therefore, namely," as our dear old German professor used to say in the Hebrew class, "therefore, namely," gentlemen, etc., you must draw the lesson for yourselves, for the "look backward" will be sure to come with children, friends, neighbours, parishioners, when you have entered into that great rest, where time will be no more. In writing once more for the dear old QUIVER, I cannot close without remembering, as I look back myself through the vista of the thirty years, how many kind friends I have made, and how many pleasant fellowships I have had, through the pages of this, to me, time-beloved periodical.



## A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING COUSIN.

BY MARGARET S. FAILL.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## WAVERING.



**C**HRISTMAS week passed, and the New Year had set in. Jack had gone back to town, and on the last day of Lance's holidays he and Ruth had gone down to the village.

A slight mist hung over everything, obscuring the familiar landmarks, and lending an air of unreality to the figures looming through it. Not that many figures were to be seen at all, even in the village; and on the home-

ward way they did not encounter a single person.

It was almost dark when they reached the house, the short winter afternoon seeming even shorter than usual to-day. Ruth opened the parlour door, and in the twilight, brightened by the flickering fire, the room looked delightfully cosy.

"Ah, now nice!" she exclaimed, advancing towards the glow.

Someone rose from among the shadows and stepped over to her.

"Thank you, Ruth," said a voice, in a clear musical tone, which caused her to give a sudden start; and two hands took possession of her own.

It was Archie, and he stood smiling down at her with the frank bright look she knew so well. His

presence seemed to fill the room. The others were somewhere vaguely in the background, and the cold was left outside; while inside the very air was full of a delightful warmth and excitement. Nothing was clear or distinct but Archie's smile, his warm hand-clasp, and his voice.

"Thank you, Ruth," he was saying again. "I was afraid you might have scolded me for not keeping my promise; but you are glad to see me, after all."

So he thought she had seen him when she opened the door. He took her exclamation of pleasure at the warmth for one of gladness at his arrival.

But she made no explanation, and only said, "Of course we are glad to see you," and then she withdrew her hands.

After the first minute she was thankful that the room was dim, lest he might read by her expression her change of feeling towards him.

Even to herself, and in spite of herself, her voice sounded different. She felt a sort of constraint in the presence of the young man with whom formerly she had been on such terms of easy friendship.

Archie himself seemed unchanged. Instead of a light suit, he now wore a dark one, and he was less sunburnt—but that was all. He sat down where the flickering light shone on his face, and it struck Ruth that he was even handsomer than she had thought. How well he carried his head, and how graceful all his movements were! Katie was pressed close to his chair, and he had thrown one arm around her while he leant forward to talk to Ruth. Ruth, however, was seated in complete shadow, and it is difficult to talk to an invisible person.

"Come nearer the light, won't you, Ruth?" he said persuasively: "I want to see if you are really glad to



"Archie's society enlivened the way."—p. 694.

see me. I know by Lance's face that he is, and Mrs. Lennox said she was; and Katie ran and kissed me, and told me ever so many times how pleased she was, and I want to see that you are no exception."

"We all express our pleasure differently, I suppose," said Ruth, with a light laugh, as she edged her chair a degree nearer to the fire. "If you expect an ovation, please tell me how I ought to show my joy. I am afraid I am not demonstrative enough."

"Well," said the young man, with a twinkle in his eye, "I like Katie's way best, but I don't insist upon it."

"I was just scolding him," struck in Mrs. Lennox's voice, "for going to the hotel instead of bringing his bag here."

"To the hotel?" repeated Ruth in surprise. "Haven't you come to stay here, then?"

"I did not like to drop down on you with so little ceremony," Archie replied: "but as you are so very good as to ask me"—and he turned to Mrs. Lennox—"if you are sure I shan't be a trouble, I should like very much to send up my valise to-morrow, and come myself for two nights."

Whether Mrs. Lennox had expected to be taken at her word is doubtful, but Archie accepted in all good faith, and clearly had no misgivings about his welcome.

When he rose at length, he said quite regretfully—"I suppose I must be going now. I expect it is getting pretty nearly dark by this time."

But when they reached the door they discovered that it was not "pretty nearly," but quite dark, and a thick

mist enveloped the house, making it impossible to see even the length of the garden.

"You'll never be able to find your way!" Katie exclaimed; and it was quite obvious to the others that she was right.

Archie stepped out into the garden, but did not succeed in keeping to the path even to the gate, so what chance had he of finding his way down through the glen?

He returned to the house, where they all stood grouped in the lighted doorway, and Mrs. Lennox told him he must not think of venturing out unless he wanted to pass the night on the hills.

"Just come away in and content yourself here," she said, "if you don't want to catch your death of cold in the glen."

"Indeed I don't," Archie returned, laughing; "I'm much too fond of life; but I'm regularly ashamed of myself. I seem always to be throwing myself on your charity, without a moment's warning."

Mrs. Lennox protested that he could not come too often, and hospitably led the way back into the parlour, Katie openly delighted at the turn events had taken.

"What if it doesn't clear by to-morrow?" her cousin asked her. "Then I shan't be able to go down and fetch up your Christmas present."

Katie looked rather daunted for a moment; then she brightened up, and said cheerfully—

"Well, the longer it lasts, the longer you'll stay; and it must go off some day."

Soon lights were brought in, and they were all seated round the tea-table, when it struck Ruth that there had not been so much merriment in the room since Archie's last visit. What a light-hearted young fellow he was, to be sure! How gaily he talked, eliciting great bursts of laughter from Lance and Katie, and even drawing Mrs. Lennox under his influence.

Ruth was the gravest member of the party, and now that it was light Archie was able to study her face, and he noticed that she seldom looked at him and made very few remarks, but remained much more silent than usual.

After tea she retired to see about a room being prepared for their unexpected visitor; and when she returned she picked up a piece of work which engaged her whole attention.

When Katie's bedtime arrived, Mrs. Lennox went with the little girl, Lance having already left the room to look out his lesson-books for the next day.

When they had gone, Archie rose up and came over to Ruth.

"Ruth," he said, putting his hand over hers which



held the work, "please don't sew any more. I am sure there isn't any hurry for it; and I want to talk to you."

She let her work drop on to her lap, and shrank back slightly when his fingers touched hers, and then hoped he had not noticed the movement.

"Can't you talk while I work?" she asked, looking up and speaking quite gently.

She was not angry with Archie—indeed, why should she be? She had accidentally learnt that he was not so faultless as she had imagined him to be, but still, he had many good qualities left. Already she had begun to make excuses for him. Doubtless his faults had been exaggerated. As for his probable engagement to Rachel, if it were not definitely settled yet, he could hardly have spoken of it. Why should she not accept of him as she herself found him—a frank, pleasant young fellow—without taking another's verdict of him? Something of the old charm of his presence began to steal over her again.

"Ruth," he said, after looking at her for a few minutes in silence, "you have never asked me why I didn't keep my promise about coming on Christmas, and I know you are vexed with me. Don't you think it worth while asking? or don't you care to know?"

"Yes, I do wish to know," Ruth said, feeling remorseful that she had taken it for granted that he had forgotten them.

"My mother wished me," he said, "to spend Christmas with her. She is not very strong, and she and Maud are at the Riviera. I have come straight from there, travelling night and day—last night from London; so you see I did my best, and came as fast as the trains would bring me."

"Ah! how tired you must be," she said pityingly. "Why did you do it?"

"Because I wished to come, and my leave will be up in three days; so if I hadn't hurried I couldn't have come at all. I thought too, Ruth, that you would be glad to see me," he added, a little reproachfully, "but now I am not so sure."

Ruth blushed slightly.

"I am very glad," she said; but the tone did not seem quite satisfactory to him.

"You seem changed somehow," he insisted; "but you aren't vexed any more, are you, Ruth?"

"Certainly I am not vexed," she assured him, with a smile; and then the entrance of Mrs. Lennox put an end to any further private conversation.

The next day was clear and bright, and Archie suggested that they might go down to the hotel to get his valise. They accompanied Lance on his way to school, and Mr. Wilson, hearing the sound of gay voices, looked out, and

beheld his pupil and his escort at the gate. His eye fell on the handsome young man talking with friendly ease to Miss Douglas, whom he could never address without a blush or some other sign of embarrassment.

He looked enviously at this fortunate man who was apparently so much at ease with the young lady, and who was making her smile and look more interested than he, Wilson, had ever seen her before. They did not stop long, but he watched them depart merrily down the hill, and then Lance came bounding in.

As Archie and the two girls proceeded towards the village, the former remarked carelessly—

"I suppose that fellow is still here? I didn't see him about yesterday."

"What fellow?" Ruth asked drily.

"Oh! that fellow who used always to be hanging about—Gordon, I think he was called," Archie said, with the sort of tone which Ruth was sure the other two men would have designated as "the air of a prince."



"They caught sight of Mr. Lewis."—p. 695.

"What do you suppose he would be doing here at this season?" she asked, in a tone of surprise.

"He always has been here before, so I concluded he would be loafing about as usual."

"He was here for his holidays, but he has his business to attend to. I daresay, though, you never thought of that?"

Archie looked at her in perplexity for a moment.

"Do you mean that I am such an unreasonable fellow?" he asked, a little reproachfully. "Come, Ruth; that isn't quite fair."

"Am I unfair, Archie?" she said, with quick compunction. "I don't wish to be;" and she thought, half sadly and half remorsefully, that perhaps she had been more unfair in her judgment than he knew. "I don't think you like Mr. Gordon," she added; "but we won't quarrel about it."

"That's all right, then," and he returned her smile and held out his hand. "Shake hands over it, and let us be friends."

They had quite a long walk along the shore of the loch, and then Archie insisted that they should lunch at the hotel, and drive home in the one wagonette of the place. This plan met with Katie's enthusiastic approval.

"Isn't it splendid?" she exclaimed, as they drove off in state. Archie looked at the little girl's radiant face with a smile of amusement.

"Isn't it!" he said. "Quite exciting! But I think, if the old stager keeps up this pace, we'll be home too soon!"

Ruth gave an involuntary smile as she looked at the old horse plodding leisurely up-hill; but if the drive was not exciting, it was pleasant. There were plenty of warm rugs, and some shawls borrowed from the hotel landlady, so there was no danger of being too cold; and Archie's society enlivened the way, which seemed much shorter than usual.

Their cousin had brought a present for everybody, including Mrs. Lennox, so Ruth found it impossible to refuse hers without making herself singular. She opened the little case which he had given her, and beheld the daintiest little brooch she had ever seen—a tiny gold arrow through a heart of diamonds. The stones sparkled brilliantly in the firelight; Ruth was sure they must be valuable.

"Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed admiringly; "but, Archie, I wish you hadn't brought me anything so expensive."

"My dear Ruth," he said, smiling, "you shouldn't think of the intrinsic value of a gift, but of the feeling which prompted it. You *will* value it for the giver's sake, won't you? and wear it sometimes, and think of me?"

"Yes, I will," Ruth said; and she might have added that she needed no brooch to keep the latter part of the promise.

## CHAPTER IX.

### UNDER THE SPELL.

"Now, Ruth, what are you going to do for me? as this is my last day here."

"Anything you like," Ruth responded, with a

smile. "Have you any particular desire? or do you wish me to suggest something?"

They were standing at the window in the afternoon. Ruth had made up her mind that to-day—Archie's last day—she would throw everything else to the winds and enjoy herself. For one day she would forget everything that could mar her enjoyment, and live only in the present moment. Who need grudge her this fleeting pleasure? To-morrow he would be gone, and there would be plenty of time to think seriously, and take a dark view of things; but to-day he was here, and she would give herself up to the charm of his society without any further struggle.

"Now, that is an answer I like," said Archie heartily; "no stipulations, but anything I like. I shall take you at your word."

"Anything in reason, I meant," said Ruth, in some alarm: "anything that I can."

He enjoyed her evident anxiety for a moment with a mischievous gleam in his eyes, then he said reassuringly—

"I won't ask impossibilities, or anything you don't wish. What do you say to a walk on the hills? it is such a fine day."

Ruth agreed, so they very soon set out; Katie, who had caught cold, being unwillingly obliged to remain at home. Her lovely French doll, however, which had been Archie's present to her, was a great consolation, and provided entertainment enough to occupy the afternoon.

It was a fine, clear, frosty day, as Ruth and her companion set out on their walk. The trees were covered with a delicate coating of hoar-frost, and the ground underneath was hard and firm. Even in summer the hills had seldom looked more beautiful. They did not talk much at first, as they scrambled over the uneven stumps of frozen heather; but when they reached a point where a fine view of the loch was to be had, they both paused to draw breath.

"There," said Archie, pointing to the largest island, "is the spot where we first met. Suppose Lance hadn't been forgotten, or you hadn't come to rescue him?—we might never have met."

"Or suppose your boat hadn't leaked, or you hadn't started at all?" Ruth suggested, laughing; but she became serious again almost immediately. "Don't you think it is rather strange," she said, somewhat suddenly, "that we never see anything of Rachel? You have never told me anything about her, either; and it seems so odd to know nothing at all of one's own sister."

"You never asked me anything," the young man returned, in what Ruth fancied a slightly constrained manner.

"You see," she went on quickly, "it is rather awkward to talk about family differences—not that there ever was any quarrel, so far as I have heard. When Miss Douglas first chose to adopt Rachel, I believe she made it a condition that there were to be no communications between our grandmother's (where we lived) and Rachel's new home. I suppose she thought a child would get reconciled sooner to her surroundings if she forgot all about her old home. That may have been true enough; but I know grannie

found it very hard; and now, at least, there is no reason why we should remain strangers. I don't think," she added, in a lower tone, "that Rachel can wish to see any of us."

"Oh! I think she does," Archie said quickly. "I have often heard her talk about you, and wonder what you were like. She talked of writing, too; and I'm sure Aunt Douglas means to bring her to see you some day."

"Some day," Ruth thought, with a shade of sarcasm, was very long in coming; but she had no intention of attacking her absent sister—least of all to Archie. She waited to see if he would volunteer any information, but as he did not, she asked, "What is Miss Douglas like?"

"Like?" and Archie lifted his eyebrows, and then smiled. "Look here, Ruth: I couldn't possibly describe her," he said. "Just you wait till you see her, and then *you* can tell *me* what your opinion is. I should like to hear an unprejudiced verdict on the subject."

"I don't think my opinion would be quite unprejudiced," Ruth remarked a little grimly; but she did not press the question. If Archie did not care to talk about them, Ruth was too proud to persist in asking.

They began to move down the hill, and when Archie broke the silence again, it was to speak on quite a different subject.

"By the bye, Ruth," he said, in a casual tone, "did you say you had not seen that fellow Gordon since the autumn?"

"No," said Ruth; "I couldn't have said so, because I saw him since, in town."

"Oh! did you see him often?"

"Yes, indeed, nearly every day," Ruth said saucily, beginning to smile at Archie's dissatisfied tone. "Have you any objection?"

"What you can see in a fellow like that puzzles me," declared Archie, ignoring her question. "He is what I call a prig—a downright solemn prig. There, now; I shan't say any more, or you will be angry."

"Why should I?" she asked. "Why do you suppose I care in the least what your opinion of Mr. Gordon is?"

He looked at her as if in doubt how exactly to take her words; but before he could answer, the sound of a lively whistle reached them, and, glancing a little way further down, they caught sight of Mr. Lewis seated on a tree-stump. His back was turned towards them, and he was busily painting on a small block from a little water-colour box. He did not see them at first, as his own whistling drowned the sound of their steps, but as they got close behind, their heels crunched on the hard ground. He turned round and beheld them.

"Hulloa!" he exclaimed, "where have you dropped from?"

"From the clouds," Ruth said lightly; and then, when they had shaken hands: "What industry!" she remarked. "Aren't your hands very cold?"

"Yes, it is rather cold work," he admitted; "but I saw this lovely little bit, and thought I must make a note of it. I have finished now, and was just thinking of starting for home. Won't you come down too, and

have tea? It is so much nearer, and my sisters would be so pleased."

Ruth was about to refuse. It was Archie's last evening, and she knew Lance would be disappointed if he had none of his cousin's society; but the young man was making vigorous signs to her.

"Say 'Yes,'" he whispered as the artist was bending over his box, "and then we can walk home by moonlight."

"Won't you come?" Mr. Matthew asked, looking up. "Jemima was remarking what a stranger you had been lately."

"Well, we might go down and make a call," Ruth said, prudently ignoring the mention of tea until Miss Lewis should invite them herself. The Misses Lewis were older than their brother, and although extremely kind, they were very old-fashioned and methodical, and Ruth very well knew that if it happened to be their mending day, or any other particularly busy day, it would never do to wait. Of course, man-like, the brother never thought of this; but as far as Ruth could remember, this was no especial day, and as Archie wished it, she thought they might risk it.

When they reached Lakeside, Mr. Matthew admitted them through the studio door. He had one or two things to do in his own domain, so he told his visitors to go down-stairs to the parlour, where they would be sure to find his sisters. Ruth, who was quite familiar with the house, went first. Archie opened the door for her, and followed her into the room; but there was no one to be seen. It was arranged in its usual prim order, a carefully arranged fire of very black coals smouldering in the grate, but the apartment was quite unoccupied.

"Hulloa!" exclaimed Archie at the door, taking a survey round. "Captain and Miss Douglas!" he announced, in a loud tone. "Well, there seems to be no one to receive them," he added in his natural voice. "Allow me, Miss Douglas," he went on, changing back again to the ceremonious tone, "to offer you a chair. I am sorry the fire is so poor, but we can soon remedy that;" and to Ruth's horror, he picked up the poker, and with a vigorous smash sent Miss Jemima's carefully prepared fire into a blaze.

"Oh, Archie!" exclaimed his cousin, "whatever will they say?"

"Say? why, 'Thank you.' to be sure. See how much better that looks already."

Mr. Matthew came running down at this moment.

"What! no one here?" he said, looking round the room. "They must have gone out. Pull your chairs close to the fire; they can't be long now, as it is getting dusk already."

"Very well," Archie assented cordially; "this is just the time to sit round the fire. You two must take the seats of honour;" and he began to wheel forward the heavy arm-chairs from their corners, pushing aside the table to leave more room. "I will humbly place myself at Ruth's feet, if she will give me the stool."

Mr. Matthew laughingly lent his assistance to push about the furniture, while Ruth looked on, rather aghast at this rash disarrangement of the apartment.

Archie, however, seemed troubled by no qualms about making himself at home.

"Where did you come from, sir?" he cried, addressing a kitten which had emerged from some cosy corner and begun to frisk about at his feet. He picked it up, and placing it on the table, responded to its invitations to a game by rolling along a ball of wool which he abstracted from a convenient work-basket. He seemed to enjoy this exciting pastime with as much zest as a schoolboy out for a frolic; but it came to an abrupt end. The kitten, making a rash clutch at the prize, dragged the table-cloth, which was already half off, on to the floor, entraining with it the work-basket and all its contents.

"Well, you may stay there, and be thankful you didn't do more damage," Archie apostrophised the astonished animal as it wriggled free from its entanglement. Then he came and threw himself down on his low seat, and looked up at his two companions.

"This is the very time for a ghost story," he observed. "If we only had the accompaniment of weird music, the ghost might emerge from these shadows."

"I could oblige you with the music," said Mr. Matthew, with a smile, jumping up, and going over to the piano.

He began to play very softly, a plaintive melody seeming to float gently through the room. Archie sat with his eyes fixed on the glowing coals, leaning his shoulder against the arm of Ruth's chair; but he did not proceed with his story. He seemed to have fallen into a reverie, while Ruth also sat in dreamy enjoyment of the twilight hour, and the artist seemed lost in his own music.

Suddenly the door opened, and the spell was broken. Miss Jemima's face, followed by that of her sister, appeared in the doorway; and instantly all poetical fancies seemed to take flight. Ruth rose hastily in some confusion, seeing all at once through Miss Jemima's eyes. That lady gazed in bewilderment at the unfamiliar aspect of her own room. To her astonished vision the place seemed turned upside down, and invaded with people. She did not even recognise her brother at the piano. The firelight was shining brilliantly, and dazzled the eyes of the newcomers, after the darkness of the hall. But Archie was not in the least embarrassed. He had risen instantly, and bowed politely to the two ladies who still stood rooted to the door-mat; then he advanced pleasantly, holding out his hand.

"How do you do, Miss Lewis?" he said. "You didn't expect to find your room taken possession of: but don't be alarmed: it is only cousin Ruth and myself."

Indeed, the two ladies *were* looking rather alarmed at this very unusual state of affairs; but the young man was going on easily—

"I really must apologise for the spill there has been. I'm afraid it was my fault—it wouldn't be fair to put it all down to the cat. Nothing is broken, however," he added reassuringly, taking the fact on trust, as he certainly had not troubled to ascertain. Miss Mary, the younger sister, murmured that it was of no consequence, and that she would soon straighten things

again; and was about to proceed to do so at once, but Archie prevented her.

"Ah, but you mustn't think of doing anything, Miss Lewis," he said. "It was I who disarranged them, and I'll settle them in two minutes. Won't you have a chair?" and he pulled one forward. Anyone might have supposed he was host; but the two ladies appeared so taken aback and flustered that the young man had forgotten their relative positions, and was really actuated by the kindly desire of making them feel comfortable.

"I was just telling Miss Ruth that you would be disappointed if she did not wait for tea," said Mr. Matthew, leaving his piano-stool and coming forward; and his sister, who had recovered from her surprise by this time, was able to second the invitation, and said that Ruth had been a great stranger lately.

"Now, I think this is all as it should be," remarked Archie, in a tone of satisfaction, as he surveyed the tablecloth on its proper place, and the chairs pulled out into anything but their usual order. "Shouldn't I make a good, useful husband, Miss Lewis? When I'm at home I do no end of things for my mother. She says she misses me greatly when I go away."

As he spoke, he pulled forward a stool for the one lady, and picked up the handkerchief of the other with a pleasant smile, as if he enjoyed paying those little attentions. Who could resist Archie? The Misses Lewis both smiled, and were quite won over by the charm of the young man's manner, and on the spot forgave his unceremonious upsetting of their room. He was so sure that he was welcomed, so willing to please and be pleased, that it was almost impossible to help falling under the influence of his humour. Ruth, who had felt dreadfully apologetic on the entrance of the ladies of the house, found that she need have no more misgivings. She was pressed to wait for tea, and as she had only made a slight demur, fearing they had been thrust on Miss Lewis, she agreed willingly enough to stop. At table Archie was the life and soul of the party—the hero of the hour. Ruth felt it, and knew that she, too, was under the spell, but for one evening, what did it matter? After tea someone asked the young man to sing. He complied at once, and rose up. His host went to the piano with him, and they were some time turning over the music; then Mr. Matthew sat down and began to play the opening bars:—

Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh! give me back my heart.  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest."

The voice which sang out those words was sweet and powerful, and something in the tone made Ruth involuntarily raise her eyes. What was it in the expression of those she encountered which made her start, and turn away to hide a blush? She was seated close to the piano, but she did not look at the singer again, although every note of his voice thrilled through her. It was a very common song—more hackneyed than she knew, indeed; yet Archie sang it as if the words were his own; and when he reached the last verse, how soft and pleading the tones were—



"Maid of Athens, I am gone;  
Think of me, sweet, when alone.  
Though I fly to Istambol,  
Athens holds my heart and soul."

How much feeling he seemed to throw into the

said nothing at all. She did not look at Archie, so she was unaware if he had noticed her silence. The others, however, all began to talk, and beg Captain Douglas to sing again. At first he demurred; then, apparently thinking better of it, he turned to Mr.



"She did not look at the singer again."—p. 696.

words! Ruth felt her heart beating so loudly, she was afraid it must be audible; and then in a minute or two the song was ended. The sweet sound of his voice seemed to linger in the air for a moment, and apparently affected even Miss Mary, for when she broke the silence, it was only to say a few words of thanks, instead of pouring forth a perfect flood of chatter, according to her usual voluble way. Ruth

Matthew, and asked him if he had any of the music from the *Bohemian Girl*. The artist produced a volume with the required songs, and Archie sang "Then you'll remember me."

What made him choose such songs? Was he likely to be forgotten? Ruth felt, with a pang, that even to-morrow all that would remain for her would be remembrance. She brushed aside the thought,

however. It would never do to give way to sentimentality and have her eyes filling with tears before people. She pulled herself together mentally, and rose up.

"I am afraid we must go now, Miss Lewis," she said, in quite an ordinary tone. "My aunt does not know where we are, and she may be anxious."

Mr. Matthew rose too, and said he would walk home with them. Archie, from behind the artist, cast a dismayed glance at Ruth, and hastily telegraphed a sign with his eyes, which she interpreted as meaning that he wished her to refuse the escort.

"Thank you, Mr. Matthew; it isn't necessary for you to come out," she said, in obedience to the signal. "We can easily walk home on such a clear night, without bringing you out into the cold."

"Oh, I should have taken a walk, in any case," the artist said simply. "It is a lovely night, and both Wolf and I need some exercise, after sitting so long this afternoon."

Ruth glanced at the young man, whose expression still urged her to refuse, and slightly shook her head. She could say no more after that; so she went upstairs with Miss Mary to put on her hat and jacket.

When they came down again, and were standing in the hall, Archie came over to her, and under pretence of helping her with a shawl which one of the ladies had lent her, he whispered—

"Don't let the old boy come, Ruth; he'll spoil it all; and I wanted to talk to you alone."

Ruth had not time to answer, but she made one more effort to avoid Mr. Matthew's company.

"It does seem a shame," she said, "to have you climb up that long hill, and then go back alone. At least you must come no further than the school."

"Oh, the glen is my favourite walk," said the unconscious artist. "I often walk there, and to-night I shall probably walk further than your house. I feel in the mood to walk miles."

Archie, in the background, made a comical gesture of despair; but without plainly telling Mr. Matthew he was not wanted, no more could be said.

Accordingly the party of three set out together, Wolf barking with delight and careering round them. Once when Mr. Matthew was bending down to pat his dog's head, Archie whispered quickly—

"Ruth, did you like my song?"

"Yes," she returned, in a low tone, and without asking which song he meant. That was all, but apparently it was satisfactory, for soon after the young man began to whistle, and his cheerfulness, which had been rather damped by the addition of a third party, returned again.

If there were anything which he particularly wished to say to his cousin, fate seemed bent on frustrating him. All next morning the parlour was occupied by Mrs. Lennox and Katie, and Ruth was never to be caught for a minute by herself. At last Archie said he would walk down to the school with Lance, as he would be gone before the boy returned.

"Will you come too, Ruth?" he asked.

But Mrs. Lennox particularly required Ruth at home this forenoon, so she could not go.

"You'll come down to the boat to see me off, of

course?" he asked, in some anxiety; and when Ruth replied in the affirmative, he went away quite cheerfully with Lance, with whom he was great friends. Katie was coughing so badly that it was clear she could not go out in the afternoon, so then would be his opportunity. It was not to be, however. Mrs. Lennox, to his consternation, announced her intention of going down to the boat also, as it was a fine day, and she had some messages in the village. Could she have seen the glance of despair which Archie cast at his cousin, she would have been extremely indignant.

Fortune was indeed unkind, for the second time thus to interfere with his plans. This time there was no possibility of even trying to get rid of the unwelcome person. Resignation was the only course open, and our young man was not used to practising that virtue or to being denied his wishes; consequently, he was silent and unlike himself on the journey down. To do him justice, however, he did not attempt to vent his disappointed feelings on the unconscious author of them, and Mrs. Lennox never so much as suspected that her society was not perfectly welcome to him.

They were too early for the boat; so when they reached the village, Mrs. Lennox went into the one shop of the place, leaving the two young people to walk down to the pier. Now was his opportunity. Archie was not slow to avail himself of it.

"Ruth," he began hurriedly, "I have been waiting to tell you something, and now I have only a few minutes left. Oh, hang it!"

This last exclamation was uttered with such vigour, and in a tone so different from that with which he had commenced, that it positively startled Ruth. She looked at him in amazement.

"Look!" he groaned, with a tragic gesture; "what does the old boy want? What can he possibly want again? Don't look at him or notice him, and perhaps he'll go away."

But this admonition was in vain. Mr. Matthew's greeting and outstretched hand could not be ignored. He never dreamt of waiting to be recognised, but with a pleased smile came and joined the pair, as a matter of course. He soon informed them that he had come to meet the steamer, as he expected a parcel by it; so it was evident he would be there till the last moment.

When Archie saw that it was useless fighting against fate, he gave it up, and, with a laugh, seemed to recover his good-humour. He raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"I must wait for another occasion, Ruth," he murmured in a low tone.

What was it he wished to say? Ruth scarcely knew whether she was glad or sorry for its postponement. She glanced at him doubtfully, but he was smiling now, which was more perplexing than ever. In a few minutes he would be gone. Ruth could not smile. She gave him her hand half sadly as she looked once more into the smiling blue eyes. Yesterday she had given herself up entirely to the pleasure of his society; was she not already paying for it by being unable now to shake herself free from the glamour of his presence? And he was going! He

had already shaken hands with Mrs. Lennox and Mr. Matthew, and now it was her turn.

"Oh, Ruth, what an unlucky beggar I have been this time!" and then he stopped, but still retained her hand. He seemed as if he were about to say something further, but no words came; and Mrs. Lennox, who was nearer the gangway, began to gesticulate frantically that the steamer was beginning to move. With a hurried "Good-bye, Ruth," and another hand-pressure, the young man tore himself away, and had only time to jump on board when the boat began to move off. Ruth had said nothing—not even good-bye—but long afterwards she still felt the clasp of Archie's fingers, and saw again his last smiling look.

## CHAPTER X.

### THINGS GO WRONG.

MARCH was "coming in like a lion." The east wind seemed to penetrate even into the house. Perhaps the wretched state of the weather had something to do with the general upset of tempers. Lance seemed the only one of the household whose good-humour remained perfectly unaffected by the prevalent depression, and, unfortunately, he had to take himself off to school at an early hour. Mrs. Lennox was querulous and fault-finding, and Katie peevish and troublesome. Whether Ruth began by being cross or not, she certainly ended by losing her temper, which perhaps accounted for some of her misfortunes. Be that as it may, it certainly was an unfortunate day for her—one long to be remembered, and serious in its consequences.

Katie kept fidgeting about with the things on the table, and after being repeatedly requested not to touch the ink-bottle, succeeded in upsetting it over her sister's desk, from whence it poured in a thick black stream over that unfortunate young lady's dress. This was too much for Ruth. She started up, out of all patience, and sharply reprimanded the culprit, who instantly burst into angry tears. Mrs. Lennox rushed into the fray by scolding both parties, and peevishly telling Ruth the catastrophe was her own fault. This unreasonableness completely exasperated Ruth's already ruffled temper, and she retorted somewhat sharply. She had just picked up a couple of letters, thoroughly saturated with ink, and discovered that they were the only two she had ever received from Archie. This did not tend to allay her irritation or soften her reply to her aunt's further interference, so a war of words seemed imminent, when Mrs. Lennox fired a telling shot and routed her adversary completely.

"Dear, dear, what a temper!" she ejaculated. "It is a great pity your grandmother didn't send you to your rich old aunt; she could have kept you in order, perhaps, and we might have had the blessing of the good-tempered one."

"How do you know she is the good-tempered one?" Ruth demanded contemptuously.

"Ah! by all accounts she's the best, and the bonniest, too."

"Who said so?"

"Just your Cousin Archie, that you think so much of," Mrs. Lennox declared triumphantly, completely quenching the fire of her opponent.

The girl said no more, but bent over her stained dress, and rubbed it in silence. Had Archie said that?—not in those words, of course, and Mrs. Lennox must have asked him. No doubt she had asked which was the better-looking of the two girls, and Archie had said Rachel. Well, likely enough it was true; but he need not have said so. The conversation at the "At Home" rushed back to her mind. It was true, then, about Rachel. Was it not all true? Now that he was no longer here, she saw things in a different light. She had had a dream, a pleasant dream; but now the awakening had come. Why should she have fancied that Archie admired her? Had he not a delightful manner with everyone? so why should she have taken it for more than he meant? Decidedly Mrs. Lennox had silenced her opponent.

It happened that Jack had been home over Sunday, and had not gone back to town this Monday morning. He walked into the room at this juncture, with rather a moody expression of countenance.

"Look here, Ruth," he said, "I'm going down to the post-office, and want you to come with me."

It was not a very gracious invitation, certainly, but it seemed preferable to staying in the house; and if Jack's temper did not look particularly promising, it was, at least, a change of evils; so she went off to get ready.

As they walked down the hill together, Jack, breaking a long silence, remarked—

"I had a letter from India last week."

"Is there any news?" his sister inquired.

"Things seem to be going very badly," the young man responded gloomily. "The governor says if his business doesn't take a turn for the better, he doesn't know what may happen, or what's to become of you all. I'm sure I don't know, either: I couldn't support the whole family."

Ruth looked dismayed, but said nothing. Jack had evidently not finished yet.

After another gloomy silence, he spoke again.

"The governor wonders if there is no prospect of you getting married now. He seems to think that I'm to blame, evidently. I suppose he forgets that we don't go to town for the winter now, but stick down in this hole. I can't always be bringing fellows down and introducing them to you. I'm sure I brought Gordon, and he's a good enough catch for any girl; but you chose to be so high-and-mighty with him. But"—as Ruth tried to break in—"he's going to run down at the end of the week, and I don't think it's too late yet, if you only play your cards well."

"Oh, Jack!" groaned his sister, "for Heaven's sake don't be so coarse. Play my cards well! What in the name of all that is dreadful do you expect me to do? Shall I go down to his hotel and propose to the man, or in what other way can I throw myself at his head?"

"Rubbish!" ejaculated Jack contemptuously. "Look here, Ruth: with all your cleverness, you're a great fool! Who else is there for you? Surely"—and he

cast a look of sudden suspicion at her—"you can't be such a fool as to think of Archie Douglas?"

"I don't know what you mean," she responded proudly, but with the colour flashing into her face.

"You don't mean to say you ever imagined a fellow like that would dream of marrying you?" Jack demanded, in a tone of disgust. "Why, he couldn't! It will only be some great swell that would suit him: he could only afford to marry an heiress—he has nothing of his own; and I'll be bound he costs his father a good round sum every year."

"I don't know why you should think his prospects interest me," Ruth said coldly; "and unless you have any more advice to give me, I think I shall turn back and go home with Lance."

"Oh, very well, if you choose to take the huff; but I advise you to think over what I have been saying."

Ruth retraced her steps, but it was too soon for Lance, so she passed the school, and stepped into a little grove of trees a few yards from the road, where it was sheltered from the east wind.

She sat down on a tree-stump, her feelings in keeping with the dreariness of the day. She smiled rather bitterly to think how sorrowful she had felt that Archie was unworthy of her esteem. Evidently that was not at all the question. He was so much above her that it was absurd her ever having dreamt of his caring for her. And even if he had cared, as Jack said, he could not marry.

Oh, poverty, poverty! and all the other troubles came crowding into her mind—her father's difficulties and his wish to be disembarassed of her. Jack had pointed out the means whereby she might comply with this desire of her father's; but she would die before she followed his suggestion. Make herself agreeable to Gordon, and try to catch him, as her brother put it!—never! The idea was humiliating; her cheeks burned at the bare thought. Gordon, of all men! No, no—anybody, anything but that.

But both her father and Jack wished to be rid of her. Would anyone at home, except Lance, miss her? At this a great wave of self-pity swept over her, and the tears which had been threatening could no longer be kept back, and, bending her head down on her hands, she wept unrestrainedly.

How long she sat there she could not have told, but all at once a crackling among the branches startled her. She did not move; perhaps the in-

truder would pass on without noticing her. No; the steps came to a halt in front of her.

She dried her eyes hastily and looked up. It was Mr. Matthew.

"My dear Miss Ruth," he exclaimed, in great concern, "what is the matter? Has anything happened?"

Ruth made a negative sign, but she was painfully conscious of her red eyes and tear-stained face. He still kept looking down at her sympathetically, so she was obliged to speak.

"It is nothing at all," she said, trying to steady her voice, "only I was feeling unhappy, and——"

She broke off and turned away her face.

"But, my dear Miss Ruth, why should *you* be unhappy?" the artist persisted.

"Am I such a fortunate person?" she asked. "Everything is wrong; but my chief trouble was that no one wanted me at home."

"What!" he exclaimed, "no one wants you at home?"

"No—is that very surprising? It seems that my



"The steps came to a halt in front of her."



father is too poor to support us all, and I am, evidently, the one too many. It occurred to him, and to Jack also, that the best thing I could do would be to marry, and take myself out of the way."

"To marry?" he repeated; "anyone in particular?"

"Oh dear no! anyone who would have me."

"Then there is no one you care for, yourself?" he asked slowly.

"No; isn't it a pity?" she said, with sarcastic bitterness: "then there might be a chance of complying with their wishes; but, unfortunately, no one wants me."

"I know someone who does," he said quickly. "Ruth, I know there is nothing about me to take a girl's fancy; but I love you. Will you marry me?"

Ruth started and cast a quick look of blank amazement at him. She had been speaking recklessly, and with as little reserve as if he had been really a favourite uncle, in which light the young Douglasses had always regarded him.

She was too completely taken aback at first to do anything but stare at him.

"Oh, Mr. Matthew," she uttered at last, finding her voice, "this is worse than all—I couldn't have believed it of you! Did you think I was asking you to take pity on me?"

"No, no, no!" he declared hastily. "I know very well it never even occurred to you that I could be in love with you. But, Ruth"—and he seated himself down on the tree beside her—"I have loved you for a long time, and was only afraid you might fancy someone else—some young fellow—your handsome cousin, perhaps" (so everybody had concluded she must fall in love with Archie!); "but since you tell me there is no one, that has given me courage to ask. I know I am no longer young; but we have always been good friends, and I think you like me. I feel sure I could make you happy, Ruth. I am rich enough, too, to enable you to help the others, if that is anything. Do you think you could say 'Yes'?"

The artist's voice trembled a little with emotion, and the colour deepened on his naturally ruddy cheeks; but the girl appeared quite calm and unmoved.

After the first shock of surprise at his avowal, she began to ask herself if it were quite impossible. It was true that she liked him; and then he wanted her, which no one else did. Still, the idea was too strange yet.

"No, Mr. Matthew," she said decidedly; "it wouldn't be a fair arrangement. Everything would be on your side—even the affection."

"I don't expect you to love me all at once," he said quickly; "but at least, you don't dislike me?"

"Dislike you? Oh, Mr. Matthew! how could I? You are far too good. I like you very much indeed, only——"

"Then," he interrupted her eagerly, "if you like me very much, that is enough to begin upon. Could you not say 'Yes'?" It would make me so happy."

"But," said Ruth dubiously, "it doesn't really seem quite fair to you."

"Fair!" he cried, drawing nearer. "Dear Ruth, if you accepted me, I should be the happiest man in the world."

"Ah! I'm afraid you would soon find out your mistake," she said, with half a smile.

The artist gave a laugh of happy assurance.

"I'm not afraid of that," he said, with conviction. "Only try me, only say 'Yes,' dear Ruth;" and he bent towards her, and took her hand.

It was a great temptation to Ruth. What a way out of all her difficulties this would be! All the advantages rushed into her mind as she hesitated.

"Well," she responded slowly, as his eyes devoured her face, "if you like to risk it, Mr. Matthew——"

"My dear Ruth!" and he joyfully pressed her hand between both of his, and leant forward and kissed her.

Ruth started. She was not at all prepared for this. She drew away her hand quickly, and rose up. This was reality, and at present her mind could only grasp something vague and indefinite.

"I must go now," she said, standing some distance off. "I think I have been here for hours;" and she held out the tips of her fingers at arm's length, and before he had time to prevent her, she was hurrying away.

"Ruth," he called after her, "may I come up to-night?"

She looked back in alarm.

"Oh, not to-night, please," she said hastily. "My head aches so dreadfully, I couldn't speak a word, and must lie down when I get home;" and with that she was gone.

It was true that her head ached; what with the violent weeping and other emotions she had gone through, added to the east wind, it was no wonder. When she reached home, she went up-stairs without seeing anybody, and taking off her hat and jacket, laid her throbbing head down on her pillow. It was a relief to keep perfectly still, to shut her eyes, and not even think.

After some time, Lance came to the door to tell her it was tea-time, and ask what she was doing.

"I have a dreadful headache," she replied. "You might send me up a cup of tea, for I can't come down."

"All right;" and Lance trotted off, without stopping to ask a dozen questions, as Katie would have done.

(To be continued.)



## RELIGIOUS WEARINESS AND ITS CAUSES.

BY THE REV. THOMAS G. SELBY.

"And let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—GAL. vi. 9.



THE Epistle to the Galatians is directed against two closely related errors, the ferment of which was bringing languor and disease into the temper of a church once distinguished for its vitality and active enthusiasm. Under the influence of Judaizing teachers these fickle converts were fast losing the simplicity of their faith in Christ's death. It is sometimes argued that a modification of theory upon the subject of the Atonement is not at all likely to weaken the motives of the religious life or dry up the manifold streams of Christian beneficence. The history of the Galatian Church is a practical answer to the contention. The observance of circumcision was dictated by a self-righteous temper, and necessarily came to be thought of as supplementing the redeeming love of the Cross. In St. Paul's interpretation of the position, the exaggerated honour and efficacy attached to this fleshly rite took something away from the glory of Christ's sacrifice, and attenuated its incomparable motives and sanctions. The imposition of this yoke upon the Gentiles clearly involved an insidious doctrinal revolution, and the doctrinal revolution soon brought in its train a lamentable degeneracy of temper and of life. With the dying-down of that sentiment of gratitude inseparable from true faith in the self-devoting love of Jesus Christ, no wonder that the natural bias towards parsimony should begin to reassert itself, and that the call to maintain the ministry, as well as to be mindful of the interests of the poor, should need to be enforced afresh. This sordidness into which the Galatians had apostatised as the influence of the Cross began to wane, was carnal in its root and upspringing; and that grudging temper which asserted itself when the supreme efficacy of the Cross became obscured by an adventitious rite, was as much a sowing to the flesh as gross and repulsive animalism itself.

"Well-doing," as defined in the context, is "sowing to the Spirit," of which work ungrudging liberality is a most important feature. In other words, we must fill up the full measure of our lives by giving effect to those lofty desires and affections which are fostered within us by the Spirit of God, always setting ourselves without a moment's hesitancy to the pursuit of spiritual objects. Evil-doing,

on the other hand, is "sowing to the flesh," taking up the things which occupy our time, thought, affection, because of those coarse incitements which spring up in the sphere of the fleshly life.

In some Eastern countries the fertile field may be seen running close up to the edge of the desert sand, so that the husbandman might almost walk on the line between the two, and with one hand cast his seed over the desert, and with the other let it fall upon a deposit of alluvial soil. There is something like that in human nature, and the line between the carnal and the spiritual is not so broad as we think. The realms of the earthy and of the divine lie in close proximity to each other in the same life, and man's will moves restlessly to and fro on the margin between the two. It is not difficult, alas! to find men who are always facing towards the flesh, and whatever they do is, directly or indirectly, because of motives which take their rise in the region of passion or appetite. On the other hand, there are elect souls whose faces are persistently turned away from the flesh, and they seek to do whatever engages their time, thought, and strength from purely spiritual motives. They are sowing to the Spirit, not, of course, without temptation and discouragement and infirmity. Perhaps most of us hover on the margin of these two domains, sowing for awhile to what is highest and best, and then, when things are contrary, abating our efforts; which, after all, is one and the same thing with sowing to the flesh. We lack strength, patience, consistency, steadfastness, that singleness of aim which is the mark of those who are pre-eminently spiritual. We all need to be warned against discouragement and practical apostasy. How often do we find ourselves flagging in the very best work, and perhaps tempted to turn our back upon it!

A few months ago, an eminent physiologist was setting himself to show in the course of a popular lecture that the sense of weariness is caused by the accumulation of poisons in the blood and tissues of the body. When we feel tired, not only has there been an expenditure of force out of all proportion to the intake of nourishment, but the vital mechanism has become clogged and unfit to do its work. The hunted hare will sometimes drop down dead in its flight, and this not because of the sudden failure of the heart's action under the influence of fear, but for the reason that the poor creature has been "poisoned by the products of its own activity." All weariness occurs in either the muscles or the brain, and the bundles of nerve which link together the thinking centre and the extremities are as incapable of fatigue as telegraph wires. Whenever weariness

and painful exhaustion are felt, chemical *débris* has been heaped up to dangerous proportions in the interstices of the living framework. Almost all the organs of the body are intended to act as internal scavengers for the removal of this waste; the liver, for instance, converting the deposit of deleterious into harmless substances. Where weariness and oppression are experienced, not only has there been a reckless expenditure of capital, but the various organs of the body have been slow in getting to work, and have failed to keep pace with the activities of the muscle and the acting brain. To demonstrate the theory that activity is co-ordinated with these chemical changes, the lecturer used an experiment which, if distasteful to our humaner instincts, was at least scientifically conclusive. He projected upon the screen the shadow of the heart of a tortoise just dissected from the living body, which still continued to pulsate. When the heart was washed in a solution of salts, the movement ceased, but after a pinch of lime had been put into the solution, the organ recovered its rhythmic action and sustained it for many minutes.

Does not weariness in well-doing correspond in many particulars with this explanation of physical fatigue? Sometimes we weary in the highest and best work, because our secret thought and life are poisoned with elements that are the products of the flesh. Sometimes the intake is not proportionate to the outlay of energy, and our religious life is unequal in the vigour of its component parts. We lack that all-round moral robustness which can drive off evil and make our service a constant refreshment and delight.

This unrelenting struggle between the flesh and the spirit constitutes a standing temptation to weariness. The fact asserted in the preceding chapter explains the fatal paralysis which so often seems to loom over religious life and endeavour: "the spirit and the flesh are contrary the one to the other." In the enthusiasm of our first consecration, we are scarcely sensible of this lower side to our natures. It seems to have vanished; but by-and-bye the reaction comes. It is in this sphere that the secret poison distils itself which causes religious languor and lassitude, and which must needs be cast out if we are to live aright. Very ominous symptoms soon present themselves unless the impulses which engender themselves on the animal side of our nature are neutralised and destroyed. The vapourings of the Old Adam in us must be driven out, or well-doing will become a burden and a mental torture to us. The uprisings of these half-forgotten corruptions choke and load down our divinest capabilities, and make God's work a dragging weariness. They act like a strong brake upon the delicate movements of the spirit. Let us see to it that the desires of the flesh are consistently subdued and have no place in our true life. That life of humility, meekness, and dependence upon God must be jealously nurtured whose fulness will make our daily tasks as delight-

ful as physical movement when conditions of perfect health exist. All weariness is incipient disease, of whose germs the carnal nature is the forcing-bed. Languor in spiritual things, service which is constrained rather than the eager, spontaneous outcome of love, the tasks to which you have to goad yourselves, all speak of unhealed disorder and infirmity, and insidious poison working in the deepest springs of the life.

One of the poisons precipitated by this interaction of the flesh and spirit, which needs to be daily cast out if we are to escape the sense of weariness, is the pride of an unruly imagination. We may sometimes adopt God's work without recognising His sovereignty over it, and allow our plan of its development to become a private idol. We are not altogether wanting in right motives, but oh, how prone to forget that the carnal nature is always seeking to assert itself again, and tempts us to exploit the Kingdom of God in the interest of our personal ambition! We suffer our fancy to play about God's work, and make it our own special scheme. How proud we are at its advances, and how mortified at its apparent checks! It is peculiarly so in the first stages of our religious career. We have been spurred by our natural romancefulness, and our deepest natures have not been fully quickened to calm and steadfast love of what is right and holy. The service of God and humanity, to the eye of youth are invested with adventitious charms which evaporate in the push, and prose, and exhausting jostle of daily life. What a sphere for splendid chivalries! How noble in itself, and how ennobling to all taking part in it! The world cannot fail to applaud an enterprise so glorious as that in which we resolve to play our part. How obediently it will respond to the fascination of our sacred and unselfish aims! The vineyard or the harvest-field into which we are drawn is for the moment a realm of enchantment. With a great show of zeal, with nimble footstep, with exuberant courage, we go forth to the enterprises in which we are to prove ourselves heroes and bring influential sections of society to more adequately Christian standpoints of thought and conduct. But after a time the balked imagination grows weary, all novelty wears off from our work, and the golden romance dissolves itself into something as unpoetical as stale manna. The routine and drudgery of our life-tasks becomes a haunting nightmare rather than a conceit of dreamland. Alas! alas! we had come, all but unconsciously to ourselves, to desire not so much God's harvests as the waving fruition of our own gay fancies. A reaction of the old nature had been insidiously set up, and we were all but overcome by heartache, languor, disappointment, scepticism. The machinery had become hopelessly clogged, for we had failed to cleanse ourselves from our vain wilfulness by daily contact with the humbling and soul-sanctifying presence of God.

The love of present praise and power is another poison which insinuates itself into the character, and

produces lamentable languor and weariness. We start with the assumption that disinterested effort to serve God and our generation should be recognised and encouraged, and the recognition is so slow in coming, and the encouragement so faint and frigid when it does come, that they make no appreciable difference in our lives. So much is thought of the attitude of our fellow-labourers and of those who should be in sympathy with our activities, that the Lord of the harvest Himself is in danger of becoming a mere shadow or phantom in the background. We prize the plaudits of the Church and the suffrages of its members almost more than the commendation and support of its Divine Head. When our unconfessed lust of praise and power is not gratified, and we are compelled to fall back upon our residuary stock of motive, we see that many mixed and hurtful considerations have crept in and overcharged our hearts. Oh, how we thirst for present honour! We desire to do our tasks like the workers in Venetian glass, or artists in fligree, or diamond-cutters in some international exhibition, with crowds looking on. We aspire to move men in the mass, and think it beneath the vocation we have received to deal with them as individuals; but we find that with the growth of education men are not so easily hypnotised in the crowd as they once were. Men think and feel apart, and if we are to do good work it must be through more or less obscure forms of service. We are half angry to think we must toil unnoticed, and do much of our work without a syllable of sympathy or a cheer of commendation from anyone. Our struggle, our beneficence, our active ministries of teaching and of help, we assume should be enacted on a conspicuous and well-lighted stage, so that many eyes be turned upon us, not thinking that God would be our enemy if He were to arrange to gratify these carnal aspirations. Perhaps we meet with more criticism than support in our efforts, and criticism seems to tease and aggravate our latent pride. We at least should be sacred from such assaults. Our coadjutors see no wisdom in our plans, no heroic worth in our services, and possibly they may pour the cruel east wind of their animadversion upon our work. How many of us have been pained and cast down and perhaps turned aside in this way! We have not cast the poison from our hearts.

Another form assumed by this poison which begets weariness, is resentment at the discouragements we encounter in our course as Christian workers. How bitter we grow when those for whom we have laboured disappoint our hopes! It seems as though the precious forces of thought and love so freely lavished upon them had been entirely lost. Those who are the objects of our well-meant endeavour not only prove themselves void of gratitude, but bring scandal upon religion and make the disciples of Christ hang their heads with shame. Such depressing experiences, we are ready to think, will justify us in claiming exemption from active service for the rest of our days. Perhaps we are ready to

impeach the principles of that providential government which now and again seems to lightly permit us to labour in vain and spend our strength for nought and in vain. We half assume that God ought to set aside the very principles of moral freedom as a compliment to our work, and keep our *protégés* out of the mire by a demonstration of mechanical force. Oh, how our hearts ache! As we look back upon the story of frustration and defeat, we turn sick and faint. The temper of cynicism towards man, and unconfessed disaffection towards God, has infiltrated itself into our tissues, and it is a pain to be compelled to struggle on in our service. It was so with the prophet Samueel, who could not tolerate the idea that the king whom he had anointed, counselled, befriended at every turn, should be finally set aside. He was so disheartened by the melancholy retrospect, that not only was he unmanly for the work of the hour, but his prophetic foresight was obscured, and he could not see the glory that was surely coming to Israel. "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from reigning over Israel?" Sad and bitter thoughts of those who did run well, overpower us as we look back, and unfit us for what God is still requiring at our hands. Whilst we must bear the burdens of those who have gone astray, and seek, so long as there is still hope, to save them, idle regrets must be put away which waste the spiritual vitality, weigh upon the movements of the hour, and choke up the channels of the life. We are now and again tempted to give up human nature in despair, and to reflect upon the fidelity of God. This un pitying hardness, this unwillingness to be God's instruments through evil and good report, is a poison of the flesh which is apt to lodge itself in our nobler life and to produce weariness in well-doing.

The stupor and indolence inherent in the flesh transfer themselves by some obscure process to the spirit, and so choke and clog the finer energies that the best work becomes a burden grievous to be borne. The flesh always seems to gravitate towards inaction as though it were seeking that ignoble quiescence out of which it has been raised. There is a taint of congenital idleness in most of us which is physical in its basis. It would be easy to specify forms of Christian service which are almost entirely carried on by zealous recruits, and men and women rarely continue in them after they have passed mid-life, particularly if they have prospered in the world. Does not the history of some Christians tend to run parallel with that of the bird once found in the Mauritius, which has become extinct within comparatively recent years? The bird could fly once, but became inconveniently heavy in the course of time, possibly through luxurious and self-indulgent habits, and at last confined its movements to the ground. It must have been a sorry attempt it made at flight in the penultimate stages of its history. With every fresh generation, body increased in bulk and wings contracted in spread. At last the featherless stumps



were unequal to the task of lifting the ill-fated creature from the ground, and then the extinction of the entire species was only a question of time. Some who still claim for themselves the Christian name suggest the history of this well-known bird. The broad, strong, sinewy wings which should bear them aloft into a realm where youth is ever renewed, come to resemble at last the mere paddle of the walrus or the seal. They are weighted by the grossness and luxury and leaden scepticism rife in that little world of pomp where they delight to move, and it becomes at last an unutterable weariness for them to soar in the higher realms of Christian duty and service. Their disappearance from the ranks of God's workers is only a question of time. They follow steadily in the wake of this extinct bird, which is not the path of the eagle. Activity is pre-eminently a spiritual rather than a fleshly attribute. The fatal heaviness of the flesh transfers itself to the spirit, unless there be a daily renewal of the inward man.

Another poison engendered within us by the flesh which helps to produce the sense of religious weariness is doubt. If we are permeated by tempers of unbelief, it is impossible to find comfort and satisfaction in the highest forms of religious work. The man who is a Hercules in natural gifts and endowments will drop out of the ranks like the weediest recruit if the inspirations of faith are wanting; and those alone who are spiritual and loyal to spiritual leadings can have genuine faith. The flesh is always at work in imposing its limitations upon our faith. It impedes that deep intake of Divine influence by which faith is maintained. It so keeps before our imagination the common things solicited by secret physical instincts, that our belief in the better things upon which holy and sacred work depends is checked and hampered. It is always seeking to make us into mere materialists. The pride of the flesh allures us to waste our souls upon the impossible and to undertake Divine work in human strength. If we are unspiritual, and full of the misgivings inseparable from such a condition, our duties will distress us in proportion to their sacredness. As travellers we are familiar with mountain atmospheres in which it seems all but impossible to tire. If we drink life, hope, love, invigoration at the very lips of the Most High, we shall never become sick at heart and weary in well-doing.

This lack of faith sums up all other causes of religious weariness in one. The faith which purifies the heart will relieve us from not a little of that internal and external friction which operates so disastrously upon our service, and robs it of much of its value. It is said that in the course of half a century our silver coinage loses fifty per cent. of its value by the inevitable wear and tear of trade. And not a little of the value of many Christian lives is lost through an analogous moral cause. We are proud of heart, and discontinue some of our activities

because we will not accept temporary humiliations. Selfishness asserts itself, and we refuse to plod on unless we can have some kind of apparent success to recompense us in our tasks. We are envious, and chafe under our work because it does not bring us to the front and give us pre-eminence in church life. We are overbearing, and will not work if there is to be any degree of criticism and conflict. Our neighbours must be complaisant. If our hearts are purified by faith, there will be little or no sense of friction, no displeasure at reasonable criticism, no sourness and mortification when disappointment comes.

Just as the physiologist, by adding some new element to his solution, freed the fast-dying heart of the tortoise from the poison with which it was charged, and restored the rhythm of its pulsation, so let us see to it that pride, ambition, unbelief, cynicism, selfishness of aim, and grossness of taste, all the elements begotten of the lower life, are daily washed away and fresh streams of life are received from God to maintain the unfaltering rhythm of our holy service. "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me," said Jesus, and "to finish His work;" and if work like His is our poison rather than our meat, and our best energies are clogged by the products of a fleshly environment, it is because we do not live in the same realm of soul-sweetening and soul-sanctifying influence. Work ought to be our best refreshment, and never fall into a sad and emaciating penance.

If we are to escape the sense of religious weariness, all the functions of the religious life must be kept in constant, harmonious, and well-timed play. Should self-examination, the discipline of the soul, systematic meditation upon Divine things, private and common prayer, be neglected, our lightest tasks will burden and nauseate us. Almost all the organs of the body, we are told, co-operate in removing the pernicious products with which muscles and tissues are charged after sustained exertion, and in changing fatal into innocuous elements. The sense of fatigue is sure to afflict and overpower us when the different organs fail to keep pace with the activity of the brain or the tension of the sinew. With all our religious service there must be linked earnest and persevering prayer, unsleeping watchfulness over the inner life, speedy contrition when we find the uprisings of evil within us, self-discipline and the daily study of the Word which strengthens and sanctifies. We sometimes hear men say they are so busy in doing good that they have no time for religious reading, and need to say their prayers at a gallop, if they say them at all. One wonders how the elements of the old nature can be cast out from such men when they reappear, and how these bustling Christians can keep themselves pure and healthy instruments for the Divine service. The case is parallel to that which occurs in the physical life when the sense of fatigue is felt because the blood and tissues are charged with a greater burden of

deleterious waste than the lungs can promptly remove or the liver expeditiously convert. It is surely a healthier and more effectual thing to maintain the balance between the different parts of the religious life.

To check languor, impatience, and fretfulness, we must remember that this reaping is sure in its appointed time. The spiritual seed must needs go through its own proper cycles of growth. Whilst many things are made to depend upon us, there are fixed principles of Divine order and succession which determine the unfolding of the deathless seed. The blade, ear, and full corn in the ear, cannot be put into a varied or inverted relation to each other. God's great cycle which inspheres our little rounds of toil and struggle can no more be modified by our capricious wishes than the orbit of a sun can be

changed by a pocket magnet. These bigger cycles mean more munificent harvests.

In some of the arid deserts of Australia, where not a sign of vegetable life is to be found, the natives dig up the kauri-gum of commerce. That gum is the fossilised product of a tree which flourished ages ago, and covered these desert districts with thick and far-spreading forests. The forests have vanished, but, thousands of years after, the soil is rich with the overflow of their copious sap. And if we are true to God and our vocation, after-epochs of history will be the better for our work. When we have passed away, and our names are forgotten, and our tomb-stones have crumbled to dust, the world will be the richer for what we have done, and the wealth of our imperishable harvests will be gathered out of the ashes of a burnt-up universe.



### THE SCRAP-GATHERER'S STORY.

BY THE REV. FRED. HASTINGS.



NEAR Russell Square, London, I met once the most miserable man I had ever seen. At least, he was the most miserable in appearance. A trifle made him very communicative.

He had been a shoemaker, and had managed to earn a good living at one time.

Machine-made boots, cheapening the market, lessened his trade. Harder and harder became his struggles. Then he

lost his wife, who had been a great help in selling his wares. To add to his misfortunes, shortly after that great loss, a prick with a nail, while at work, produced a sore that would not heal. It festered. He had at last even to give up business and go into a hospital. When he came out, his hand was so crippled that he could not go on with his old style of work at bootmaking. His little home and belongings had all vanished for rent, and he was not allowed to return to his room. The common lodging-house had to be his refuge, when he could raise money enough. At other times he had to remain in the streets, seeking the shelter of railway arches, porches, unnoticed corners in squares, or creeping into carts that stood in unguarded yards. Thus rheumatism fastened upon him and twisted him at length out of shape. He "seemed to himself to become smaller." His coat "began to flap around him, and appeared altogether too large." He took to picking up scraps of iron, paper, rags, and general waste. These he always sold at one place. The marine store-dealer became his friend and patron.

He said, "Ah, I only get a farthing a pound now; I used to be paid a halfpenny. It is hard work. You go up one street, down another, and find nothing. If I earn sixpence a day, I manage. Sevenpence I call a

good day's pay. I am out early, and stay out as long as I can see. Trade is very bad just now. Don't know the reason."

Here a bone in the gutter left by some dog catches his eye. Into the many-patched bag it goes. The old man goes on, still talking and keeping his eyes on the gutters. I walked by his side, watching him with interest and listening to his story with sympathy.

"Sometimes I get a lift. Why, sir, some servants at some of the big houses know me and believe me honest. They give me a smile sometimes; they save up things for me; they leave sometimes a scrap of cold victuals on a ledge when they know I shall come by. I get it if some prowling dog or snivelling cat has not seized it first.

"I stay at Newton's Chambers, Holborn, when I can raise the pence to pay for my night's lodgings. Queer place. You would not care to put your head inside it."

"But I have. I have been in the 'doss-house.'"

The man looked at me with astonishment. He found he had some kinship with the stranger. I explained that I had been there to hunt up a wanderer, and had seen the common kitchen and sleeping places.

"Have you ever slept in a 'doss-house'?"

"No."

"Then I hope you never will."

\* \* \* \* \*

I walked along thinking what good purposes this man might be serving all unconsciously.

In a little book which fell into my hands when I was a boy, was a story that deeply impressed me. It told of the proverb which a gentleman had painted over his kitchen mantel-piece, "Waste not, want not." It went on to describe the course of life of two individuals—one who despised the motto and came to great want, and the other who acted upon it and attained to wealth, and of how the latter was then able to help the one who had treated trifles as of no import.

Many things that appear useless have some hidden value. That which appears fit only for the dust-heap, may become fitted for a monarch's crown. We have to learn to avoid despising anything as complete waste and rubbish. Few things are fit only for "the void." Rags, pieces of paper, dust, refuse, bits of leather, of carpet, chippings, sweepings, are all of some value. I knew a man who made a competency by buying scraps of carpet from the great upholsterers, and working them up into hassocks and small rugs.

In jewellers' shops every particle of filing, scraping, or grinding, is preserved for the assayer. The wheels upon which gold and silver articles are polished, when worn out are burned, and the fire reveals particles of the precious metal, such as could not be seen by the naked eye. Sweepings—after great care has been used to pick up every particle of precious metal—are sold. They bring several shillings a barrel. It is said that when the floor of a jeweller's shop has to be renewed, the dirt accumulated in the crevices will often pay the cost of a new floor. Many particles of precious metal are held in it, or worked into the wood. The wood is burned and the gold saved.

I saw in an assayer's yard in Sheffield a number of barrels of broken gilded picture-frames and pieces of gilt paper, and was told that great amounts of gold, in the aggregate, were thus saved by being passed through the fire. The receipts from the sale of the refuse of starch mills constitutes a large part of the profits. If this refuse could not be sold, some mills would have to stop or run at a loss. The refuse is used to feed cattle.

Bookbinders calculate on the parings from books and magazines as part of their profit. The paper-trimmings of large establishments become of value to the extent of hundreds of pounds yearly.

In America, lumbermen—the fellers and cutters of timber—formerly wasted as much wood as they used. Small pieces that were formerly cast away are now cut up into laths or shingles. I saw in one lumber- or timber-mill sawdust utilised for fuel. By an ingenious arrangement—the invention of the proprietor of the lumber-mill—the sawdust was caught under the circular saws, and carried by a broad strap to a funnel. By that it was carried to be shot into the fire.

A large number of persons on the Continent live to-day by gathering refuse cigars and tips. In Copenhagen one hospital is supported by the money raised from the tips of cigars saved in boxes in the gardens and saloons. In Germany many children are fed, trained, educated, and sent forth into the world with a good start through savings from cigars. The rejected waste of a wasteful habit even becomes a means of good.

In the United States mint are double floors, the upper pierced with holes innumerable, so that it is like a sieve. Through the first the gold-dust passes, and during the year as much as six thousand pounds is said to be thereby saved to the Government.

It has been said that if the pieces of bread that are left on the tables of the well-to-do and wealthy of England to be swept away, and often thrown to the dust-heap, could be saved, the country would in a year be richer by a million pounds. This extra

amount, distributed to every missionary society in England, would enable more than double the present amount of work to be done in the world towards the destruction of the power of evil and the establishment of Christ's Throne.

The crumbs from the table of Dives made the dinner of Lazarus. This had been noticed by Christ. He once fed Lazarus in a mass. When once Christ had fully provided for the wants of those likely to starve, He said, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." Christ was careful of fragments, and taught His disciples to be so.

In Nature there appears to be waste. Think of the great stretches of uncultivated land, salt marshes, frozen regions, wide prairies, rocky ridges, dreary deserts, vast oceans. On earth's surface there is much grass that is not used for pasture. There are many flowers that human eyes never see, and forests that man never penetrates. There are depths that he has never sounded, untold mines of earth he cannot reach. In the interior of the earth is ample heat, yet we have to labour for that we use. Sunshine we need, but how much goes by the world unused. A small portion only of that which spreads through the solar system is checked, and absorbed by our small world. In stellar regions there seems to be infinite waste of light and force. Why all this? It would not have been to the glory of God to have appeared limited in power. There could be no stint or niggardliness on the part of an Almighty Being. Nothing must be poverty-stricken; all must be lavish as royal wealth. In material things, however, although there is such lavishness, no waste is allowed, no atom is lost. All is used over and over again—as vapour, heat, particles chafed from rocks forming pebbly beach, sand, and soil. Soil grows grain, grain supports man and beast. Material things help to produce unmaterial; food stimulates thought and feeling. The apparently unused sun's heat goes towards the totality of force.

In the world of thought there is no waste. Good thoughts are gathered. From Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Newton, Galileo, and Herschell, men now gather knowledge that leads to further knowledge. Watts, Stephenson, Morse, Edison, are only founders of inventions on which others build. So is it in the world of mind. No thought is wasted. In the spiritual sphere, too, all devotion, faithfulness, endurance, and suffering are not waste. The prophets, the martyrs, the apostles, all worked and suffered, but no single pang was in vain.

All things tell; God gathers results. That which a man might think a fragment or a failure is leading to perfection. Perhaps it is already a success. There has been no waste in the realm of truth, of piety, or suffering faithfulness.

God could have put manna into the vessels of the Israelites in the desert if it had been good for them to be saved the trouble of collecting it. The Garden of Eden could have been kept right without man, but it was better for man in his innocent state to have to "keep" it.

Birds are provided with feathers, animals with furs, without effort. All animals except man are



"Trade is very bad just now."—p. 706.

provided with food without cultivating it. Man is required to prepare his own coverings and produce his own food. It is because it is better for a being in a higher grade that he has to do this. Man not only gets exercise, but learns to think, to be self-reliant, to be careful, to gather fragments and learn the value his God put upon himself.

If minds were all alike, or if filled without effort, it would be an evil for the race.

Repeated small savings equal sudden great gains. How often men regret the waste of opportunities of gaining knowledge. Some rejoice in the fact that they used them. I know one, who fills the highest civic office in a borough, of whom it was said that "when a poor boy he was never seen without a book under his arm or by his side—that he was always filling up leisure moments." Even great thinkers must have been gatherers of fragments.

It is said that David Cox, the celebrated artist, used to sketch many things on paper and then cast them aside as not being up to his ideal. He did not think them worthy of preservation. They were consigned to the waste-paper basket or scattered on the floor.

His old housekeeper, either from motives of tidiness or reverence for her master, picked out these torn and crumpled pieces. She preserved them. When the gifted artist had paid the debt of Nature, his effects in due course were sold at auction at "Christie's," realising un hoped-for amounts. Then the old housekeeper brought out the contents of the waste-paper basket. They were carefully mounted, framed and sold. Enough money was realised by their sale to enable her to pass the rest of her days in comfort. There was unexpected value in fragments and scraps!

I am aroused from thinking by the scrap-gatherer at my side.

"Good-bye, sir. Hope I shall see you another day. Yes, I will look up and try and remember the One who told His disciples to pick up the scraps. I am doing good to others, I suppose, in some way. Perhaps the good Lord may not overlook me, a poor scrap-gatherer. You think He won't let a fragment of humanity be lost that He can prevent."

"Certainly not."

"I shall be quite content to be as a scrap in His bag. Good-bye."



## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

## INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

JULY 15TH. VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.

To read—*St. Matt. ii. 1—12. Golden Text—ver. 11.*

INTRODUCTION. Last lesson told of Christ as a babe of forty days old being presented to God in the Temple of Jerusalem. After that Joseph and Mary returned for a time to Bethlehem. There we find them to-day—not in the stable of the inn, but in a house. The census having been taken,

most visitors had left Bethlehem—more room for the Holy Family. Some friend probably had taken them in. Now were to receive visitors from a far land.

I. THE WISE MEN AT JERUSALEM. (1—8.)

Often called "the Magi." Who were they?

Probably nobles or princes of Persia.

As such their visit was foretold in Ps. lxxii. 10.

Worshipped the true God under emblem of fire.

Possibly had heard of prophecy of Balaam (Num. xxiv. 17).

What brought them long journey to Jerusalem?

Sight of a strange "star" or meteor of light.

Watched it move—followed for three months.

Lost it at Jerusalem. Then go to Herod's palace.

They are seeking a king. Where is he born?

Surely the ruling prince must know. Did he?

Herod, himself a usurper, was in great fear lest the kingdom should be taken from him.

What did he do? Called the religious leaders together—all the chief priests and scribes.

Asked what was foretold about birth of Messiah.

Scribes learned in the Scriptures knew the prophecies. Had made copies for synagogues.

Priests would often have heard them read.

There could be no possible mistake (Micah v. 2).

Bethlehem—City of David—was to be the place.

Herod then inquires time of the star's appearance.

Meaning to kill all infants born at that time.

Hoped thus to murder the infant Christ.

Sends wise men to Bethlehem, promising to follow.

LESSONS. From the wise men. 1. *Their faith.*

Believed "star" was God's guiding—followed it.

"Thy word is a lamp to my feet." "Teach me,

O Lord, the way of Thy statutes."

2. *Their earnestness.* Stopped by no difficulties.

They persevered till they found Him they sought.

"Seek ye My face." "They that seek Me early shall find Me."

II. THE WISE MEN AT BETHLEHEM. (9—12.)

The star reappeared—God was still guiding.

Their joy was great—their search nearly over.

Bethlehem reached—the child was soon found.

They entered—fell down—worshipped—gave gifts. *Gold*, as fit for the King of kings (Is. lx. 6).

*Incense*, emblem of prayer—always used in worship (Ps. cxli. 2).

*Myrrh*, emblem of suffering—Man of sorrows.

Then, warned by God's voice in dream, returned home another way and escaped Herod.

LESSONS. Offerings meet to be given to Christ.

Gold of devotion to His service.

Incense of prayer and praise.

Myrrh of broken and contrite heart.

JULY 22ND. FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

To read—*St. Matt. ii. 13—23. Golden Text—Ps. cxxi. 8.*

INTRODUCTION. Come to-day to the last event told about Jesus Christ as an infant. Have seen Him worshipped by the Jewish shepherds and Gentile wise men. Have heard the songs of the angels and the blessings of Simeon and Anna. Remind how Simeon had foretold that a sword should pierce the soul of His mother Mary on His account (St. Luke ii. 35). Christ was to be a "Man of sorrows" (Is. liii. 3). His persecution began even while He was an infant.

I. FLIGHT TO EGYPT. (13—16.) *The cause.*

Wise men departed home—warned by an angel.

Same angel now warns Joseph in a dream.

Herod is plotting to kill Jesus Christ.

Joseph is to take Mary and the child to Egypt.

God had once brought Israel out of Egypt.

Afterwards forbade them to take refuge there.

Now expressly commands Joseph to go there.

Joseph obeys, not questioning the command.

Has implicit trust and confidence in God's wisdom.

Leaves country and home; takes the long journey.

How could a village carpenter meet the expense?

The wise men's present of gold would enable him.

Thus Christ fulfilled the prophet's words (Hos. xi. 1), and sojourned in Egypt till Herod's death.

LESSONS. 1. Ready obedience to God's will.

2. The ministry of angels to protect (Ps. xxxiv. 7).

II. MURDER OF INNOCENTS. (16—18.) *The cause.*

1. The wise men's not returning to Jerusalem.

2. Herod's jealousy of Christ increases to hatred.

*The result.* All babes under two are slain.

Bethlehem filled with tears and cries of woe.

As children of Israel wept when passing tomb of Rachel on their way to Babylon (Jer. xxxi. 15), so is there fresh weeping now.

LESSONS. These babies unconsciously suffered for Christ.

But obtained after death an eternal peace.

So by their deaths were really blessed by Him.

Christ still says, "Suffer little children to come to Me."

III. RETURN TO PALESTINE. (19—23.) Another call.

All Jesus's actions for Christ ordered by God.  
Time come (by Herod's death) to leave Egypt.  
Directed to return to the region of Galilee.  
Chooses Nazareth as his new place of residence.  
Fulfilled words not found in Old Testament.  
Perhaps alluded to His being despised and rejected, Nazareth being held in scorn (St. John i. 46).

LESSONS. 1. Order my goings by Thy Word.

2. Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.

3. "Thy way, not mine, O Lord,  
However rough it be."

#### JULY 29TH. THE YOUTH OF JESUS.

To read—*St. Luke ii. 40—52. Golden Text—ver. 52.*

INTRODUCTION. Christ probably two years in Egypt. Nothing more heard of Him for ten years. He was then twelve years old—an age at which specially intelligent and pious children were allowed to go to the Passover for the first time, fourteen being the usual age. This is the subject of to-day's lesson.

I. CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE. (40—50.) Remind of the three yearly feasts of the Jews.

Passover—in early spring—15th day of Abib.

Pentecost—beginning of summer.

Tabernacles—end of autumn.

All men had to attend all the three feasts.

Women and elder children went occasionally.

Thus Hannah went yearly, taking new clothes for Samuel (1 Sam. ii. 19).

Passover commemorated deliverance from Egypt (Ex. xii. 42).

Also was type of Lamb of God saving from sin.

Now He Himself as a Jewish boy joins the feast.

The solemn services over, all disperse home.

Large companies join together for protection.

Christ missed at end of the first days' journey.

Picture parents' grief—anxious search—the return.

He is found in the Temple among Jewish Rabbis.

What is He doing? Listening to their wisdom.

Asking questions to gain knowledge of God's law.

Surprising all by His intelligent questions and knowledge.

Mary questions Him—surprised at His conduct.

He reminds her that His Father is God—He must learn and do His will.

But Mary could not understand His meaning.

LESSONS. 1. *Christ loved God's House* (Ps. cxxii. 1).

Shall we not love it, too?

2. *Christ loved God's Word.* It was as meat and drink to Him.

Thus was filled with grace and wisdom (ver. 40).

Shall we not seek to know it more?

3. *Christ loved instruction.* Copy His example.

II. CHRIST IN NAZARETH. (51—52.) Picture the home.

Joseph, the village carpenter, working at his trade.

Jesus, the growing lad, learning to assist him.

Daily attending the village school with others.

On the Sabbath worshipping in the synagogue.

Going up to Jerusalem to the great festivals.

When Joseph died, supporting His mother (St. Mark vi. 3).

All the while obedient, gentle, and submissive.

Growing yearly taller, wiser, better (ver. 52).

Increasing in favour both with God and man.

LESSONS. 1. *Diligence* in earthly calling—not slothful in business.

2. *Obedience* to parents, teachers, and masters.

3. *Contentment* with our lot—preparing for higher work if called to it by God.

4. *Growth* in knowledge, purity, piety.

#### AUGUST 5TH. THE BAPTISM OF JESUS.

To read—*St. Mark i. 1—11. Golden Text—ver. 11.*

INTRODUCTION. Christ lived till thirty in retirement at Nazareth. The world knew Him not. Now, at the appointed age for those "who minister about holy things" (Num. iv. 3), He comes forward for baptism before beginning His public life. This Gospel begins with that because it especially records the ministry of Christ.

I. ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. (1—8.) 1. *His baptism.*

He is announced as the messenger of Christ.

Foretold as coming to prepare for Him (Matt. iii. 1).

As a herald—to announce the King's coming.

As a pioneer—to prepare the road for Him.

This he did by preaching in the wilderness.

His subject—repentance towards God and faith in the coming Messiah as Saviour.

Men must feel their sin before they can be saved.

Must also be baptised as outward sign of cleansing.

Thus his preaching was baptism of repentance for forgiveness of sins.

Vast crowds gathered, professed repentance, confessed their sin, promised amendment, and were baptised.

2. *His mode of life.* His dress of the coarsest.

Such as worn by Elijah (2 Kings i. 8) and other prophets.

His girdle not embroidered, but of untanned leather.

His food. Locusts, or locust beans, and wild honey.

Simple and plain even to asceticism.

His message. All his hearers morally unclean.

All needed spiritual regeneration.

One mightier than he was coming soon.

He, the prophet, was only His unworthy servant.

Christ would baptise with the Holy Ghost.

LESSON. "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved."

II. CHRIST BAPTISED TO FULFIL ALL RIGHTEOUSNESS (St. Matt. iii. 25).

He came direct from Nazareth to Bethabara (St. John i. 28).

St. John tried earnestly to prevent Him. Why?

Because he knew His stainless character.

But Christ prevailed upon him to baptise Him.

He saw Christ praying (St. Luke iii. 21).

Also the Holy Spirit descending upon Him.

He heard the voice of God declaring His sonship.

He bore record to Him as the Son of God.

Thus Christ passed through each kind of baptism.

Water—at the hands of His forerunner.

The Holy Ghost—direct from God the Father.

Fire—at His crucifixion (St. Luke xii. 50).

He set His people an example of obedience.

He was dedicated for His ministerial work.

He instituted the Christian rite of baptism.

LESSONS. 1. *Submission* to religious ordinances.

2. *Faith* in the Three Persons of the Godhead.

"Arise, and be baptised and wash away thy sins."

#### AUGUST 12TH. THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

To read—St. Matt. iv. 1—11. Golden Text—Heb. iv. 15.

INTRODUCTION. Christ's temptation came immediately after the baptism. As man He was filled with the Spirit—as man He must be tempted. He, the second Adam, must be tempted as was the first Adam. Adam fell at the first temptation—one to the body. Christ resisted three addressed to the three parts of man—body, mind, soul. Thus He was in all points tempted like us, but without sin.

I. FIRST TEMPTATION. (1—4.) *To doubt.*

These points may be noticed and questioned on.

Christ was led to be tempted—did not seek it.

Temptation came after forty days' fast. He was faint.

It came to Him when alone—as to Eve in Paradise.

What was it? To provide Himself with needful food.

Yes—but a doubt of God's love was suggested.

"God call you His Son—Father let Son starve!"

So incited Him to provide Himself with food.

ANSWER. God can keep alive without bread.

Israelites were fed forty years on manna (Deut. viii. 3).

Therefore no reason to doubt God's love.

LESSONS. 1. Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.

2. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

II. SECOND TEMPTATION. (5—7.) *To presume.*

Taken to Jerusalem—set on pinnacle of Temple.

Court below crowded with worshippers.

Prophecy (Mal. iii. 1), Christ should suddenly come.

Opportunity now of fulfilling that prophecy.

Promise in Psalms of angels' protection (xci. 11, 12).

Jews would believe in Him—hail as Messiah.

But Satan left out the words "in all thy ways."

No one must place himself in way of danger.

To do so is to presume on God's care and love.

ANSWER. Must not tempt, *i.e.* provoke, God.

Not take our own way to fulfil God's promises.

Remind of Jacob's deceit to get promised blessing.

Brought long banishment and trial to himself.

LESSONS. 1. Safety only in the path of duty.

2. Danger in going into temptation.

3. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

III. THIRD TEMPTATION. (9—11.) *Denial.*

The place—a high mountain on fine day.

The sight—this world's pomp and glory.

The offer—Christ to be prince of this world.

The condition—to own Satan as His lord.

The answer—at once short, prompt, decisive.

No possible excuse for complying.

Was temptation to rebel against and deny God.

Satan, boldly resisted, at once departed.

Angels brought food, help, and consolation.

LESSONS. 1. Resist the devil, and he will flee.

2. Thou shalt love the Lord, with all thy heart.

3. Thy word have I hid within my heart, that I might not sin against Thee.

#### LOOK UP



CHRIST is our risen Sun;

Look up to Him for light:

Sects, Churches every one,

Unveil your clouded sight;

Behold! His beams of grace divine

Alike on all believers shine.

Christ is our evening Star.

Sailor on life's wild sea,

In all its billowy war,

Look up! He shines for thee.

Heed not the flag thy ship may bear,

If only clear-eyed faith be there.

Christ is our sparkling Well,

Whence living waters spring;

Pilgrim, where'er you dwell,

Wherever wandering,

Let not your wearying spirits sink;

The fount is ready; draw and drink.

The Sun our light by day;

The Star our guide at eve;

The Well our living stay,

If only we believe.

Warmth, Light, and Purity in One,

Father and Spirit in the Son.

ANNE BEALE.

# "MY LADY'S JESTER."

A STUDY.



"My lady is kind to the poor jester."—p. 713.

I.

"But nature sometimes makes one up  
Of such sad odds and ends,  
It really might be quite as well  
Hushed up among one's friends."

O. W. HOLMES.

NATURE certainly had made him up of "odds and ends." The odds consisted of a strong handsome face set on shoulders of stalwart proportions, and the ends were two miserable crooked little legs, that were almost too pitiable to be grotesque. Not that he ever allowed anyone to pity him in words; it would have been impossible. When people looked into the clear, sympathetic eyes, and heard the firm, manly voice, they forgot that he was a cripple.

When I first made his acquaintance, Malin Ringskale was a fourth-year man at the great hospital where I had just entered as a junior student. Naturally, we had but little to do with each other at first, but as time went on, and Ringskale found that I was deeply and earnestly fond of my work, he became more friendly. I often went to spend an evening at his rooms, for he was a charming host, and I liked to hear him sing and accompany himself on the piano,

or talk of people and incidents in his travels. I soon learned from the others that he was independent, and only studied medicine because he liked it; "got a place somewhere where he could go and enjoy himself, and never see a patient again," said Smith, who never did a day's real work in his life.

For some time I lost sight of Ringskale, because he took up an assistantship in the country after he had qualified; but we corresponded at intervals. He turned up again in London, however, at the end of my second summer session, when I had just been in for my examination. I was delighted to see him, for although I was tired out by months of hard work, I did not want to leave it and go away, as I knew I ought to.

"You are looking very fagged, old chap," said Ringskale, when we met; and I owned that I was.

He was thoughtful for a minute, and then he said: "What do you say to coming down with me for a few weeks to my place? We both need a rest, and we can have a nice quiet time amongst the hills and by the sea. It's at Llangwern, in Cardigan, you know. I call it my place because my father had a house there when he was alive, and I like it better than anywhere



es. There's a little villa that I stay at now when I'm down there. It's very comfortable—plenty of room for us both. Will you come?"

"Thank you; I should like it immensely," I said; "but there are some cases here that I am greatly interested in."

"Ah! that's a pity," said my friend sententiously. "Here's a man whose eyes are all suffused and his chin sharp and angular, who can't sleep at night or remember what he reads in the daytime——"

"How do you know?" I interrupted defiantly.

"—And yet he says he is too busy to go away and get better. It's all right, Jack," said Ringskale kindly. "I see I must take you instead of asking you to come."

It was quite true; I had overworked myself more than I thought, and as my large-hearted little friend walked, or rather ambled, out of my study, I felt very flabby and ignoble, but very grateful withal.

Two mornings afterwards we were off, away from the Babel-clamour of London, speeding on in the train through the grimy Black Country, where the towns all merge into one another—they reminded me vaguely of my bad dreams in their interminable sameness. And then in the afternoon we came to a fairer land, where the farms and cottages were scattered picturesquely, and the train wound its way through woods and over mountain streams. At last we reached the little terminus of Aberafon, where a trap was waiting to drive us the few remaining miles to Llangwern.

In the soft August twilight we clattered by a row or two of whitewashed cottages, and over the Gwern foaming across its boulders; and then, half-way up the hill, we pulled up at a beautiful cottage, with a trim lawn and spruce firs in front.

"Here we are," said Ringskale, swinging himself down from the trap—for I knew him better than to offer to help him to alight. "What do you think of it?"

"It is beautiful!" I said. "Somehow, old man, I feel that if I had a home anywhere, I should like it to be here."

"That's a good beginning," said Ringskale cheerily. "I think it will freshen you up a lot."

As we sat chatting together after supper, my little friend grew quite eloquent about the attractions of Llangwern. How well I remember all his piquant descriptions to this day, and sometimes wish I could forget them!—How it was over a mile to the nearest part of the seashore, cliff-bound and full of reefs; how interesting it was to ride into Aberafon, the local metropolis, on market-day; how I should like his neighbours, the vicar and his daughter, when I saw them in the morning; how he sometimes visited outlying patients for Morris Owen, of Aberafon—"just to keep my hand in," he said comically. Ah! I remember our talk all too well.

## II.

"The sun shone on her golden hair,  
Her cheek was glowing fresh and fair  
With the breath of morn and the soft sea-air."

LONGFELLOW.

In the morning we went down to the seashore for an early bathe; for it was wonderful how far Ringskale

had conquered his physical disadvantages. He could ride well, and shoot, and pull an oar as very few able-bodied men can. Stranger still, he was a strong swimmer and loved the sea; but in walking, and especially on hilly roads, his poor little legs were a mockery to his spirit. He had a shaggy sure-footed pony that he rode over the hills and down the cliff-path to the beach, while I walked by his side.

It was a cruel-looking coast—a wilderness of boulders and reefs in the foreshore, backed by grim cliffs which the waves had honeycombed into caverns. In one of the caverns I was astonished to see a trim little boat.

"Come on, old fellow," said Ringskale, coolly fastening the pony up above high water-mark. "We'll pull out a bit and get a header, if you like."

He evidently enjoyed my surprise as he cautiously lowered the boat from a pair of davits in the rock to the tide-way at the bottom of the cavern.

"Haven't you got anything else to show me?" I asked, in mock disappointment, as we settled ourselves in the boat and shoved off.

"Not yet," he answered, laconically.

We had a refreshing swim; and after pulling back and slinging the boat up, Ringskale re-mounted his pony, and I strode after him up the cliff-path.

We were hungry as we made our way back to the village, but I could not help noticing that it looked still lovelier by morning light than evening. I walked on by my friend's pony, drinking-in the beauty of the scene—the white cottages shining in the morning sun, the blue smoke curling up against the dark pine-woods, the Gwern dashing white and impetuous down the valley. But suddenly I saw that the pony had stopped at a garden gateway, and Ringskale was bending in his saddle to shake hands with a young lady.

"Oh, Malin! I am glad you have come back to Llangwern once more; it seems such a long time since you were here last," she was saying.

"My lady is kind to the poor jester," he said, in a roguish undertone; and then—"Helen, allow me to introduce my friend Mr. Windhurst—Miss Rees, Jack."

"How do you do, Mr. Windhurst?" she said, frankly giving me her hand.

"Marry! he doth not well, lady, else would I have left him in London to do as he might," interrupted our little friend, with a grimace that made us both laugh.

Some girls there are (one meets two or three such in a lifetime) who can look straight into the eyes of a strange man without coldness or boldness, with only kindly interest and womanly sympathy. Then, if that man have a soul, it is elevated and purified until he scarcely knows it. This was exactly what happened when I first met Miss Rees.

As we went on up the road, after wishing her "Good-morning," I was very stupid and absent-minded. I heard Malin prosing on about "Old friends—like brother and sister—only child—but not the sort to be spoiled—good father, but no mother—splendid fellow, Rees—sure to like him;" and so on. But all the time I was following my own train of



"For a few minutes we hauled on the ropes."—p. 715.

thought, collecting the stray remarks Miss Rees had made during our few minutes' conversation, and, above all, the looks that accompanied them. I thought of her lovely face, full of vivacity and "glowing fresh and fair with the breath of morn and the soft sea-air"; the ripples of sun-bright hair that one rarely sees, and the glorious eyes, at once clear and soft.

As we sat talking after breakfast, I blurted out—"Why do you call yourself *My Lady's Jester*, old man?"

"Oh, it is an old whim of mine, and it caught her fancy, you know; it helps one out from becoming a bore," said Malin, with one of his kindly smiles. He bustled off to his study directly after, saying he must write some letters.

Through the long golden summer days that I stayed on at Llangwern, I grew more and more attached to my little friend. He was always so patient and cheerful, though I was already physician enough to see that some subtle change was creeping over him. He was unaccountably tired at times, and then he would settle down with a pathetically bright smile in an easy-chair, and beg me to go out for a stroll and never mind him.

The vicarage was not very far, and we saw Mr. Rees and his daughter every day. Sometimes we went in to afternoon tea, and Miss Rees would play favourite bits from Chopin, or sing one of her native Welsh airs; sometimes the vicar came to have an

evening chat with us. Often, when Malin said he was too tired to come out, I would go to the vicarage, and accompany Miss Rees on some charitable errand through the village or along the fern-plumed lanes. By her side, alone with her, I was happy—happier than any other man, I thought. She was always kind to me, and interested in whatever I talked of. Why not? I was Malin's friend, and I talked as a brother might to a sister.

At length there came a cool September day, when I felt that I must end it all one way or the other. My circumstances justified me in speaking out; for even if I never followed up my beloved studies, I had ample means to offer my darling such a home as she had been used to. Should I tell Malin first? "No," I thought, "better not. He is tired this morning, and it will be ungrateful to bother him if I am never to come to Llangwern again."

So I walked down to the vicarage, and found Miss Rees alone, for her father was out. Simply and earnestly I told her how I had grown to love her; and then I asked her whether she could care for me in return. For a second or two she remained silent, looking at me in a way that seemed reproachful and appealing.

"Oh! why have you said this? how can you?" she murmured. "It is not kind to Malin."

"Not kind to Malin?" I echoed in a dazed way.

"Has not he told you that he has loved me for two years?" she asked simply.

"Never," I answered, half indignantly. "Miss Rees, did you think I could have spoken so if I had known? Oh, forgive me!"

"I do—I must," she said brokenly. "Good-bye!" and she gave me her hand with a last warm clasp.

I went straight to Malin's study when I got back.

"Why *didn't* you tell me you loved her, old man? I will go back to London to-night; but you might have spared me."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," he said, flinging himself out of his chair and grasping my hand. "Do you think you're going to let the best girl in the world waste herself on a crooked little fragment of humanity like me, when there's a big straight fellow longing to make her happy?"

"She doesn't care for me," I jerked out doubtfully; "and if she did, I should still go away now I know."

"Heaven bless you both, old fellow!" said Malin reverently. And then he went on in his old bantering tone: "But it's too thin. 'These things be with Allah!' 'I am a jester and thou art the king!'"

### III.

"The weary way-worn wanderer bore

To his own native shore."

E. A. POE.

I WENT up-stairs to pack up my things, and soon afterwards Malin went out. For a long time after I had packed up I sat there with my head in my hands, thinking, thinking. Yes, I must go away that night, even if I were too late to catch the last train from Aberafon. It would be just as well not to wish Malin "Good-bye;" I could write to him from London to wish *them* all happiness, as I did from my soul. What did it matter where I went, if I only left Llangwern at once? By the way, where could Malin be? It was evening now, and I heard his pony canter out two hours ago, but he had not returned. As I walked into the dining-room, the old Welsh housekeeper hovered about uneasily, and said, in the broken English of an excited foreigner—

"They ar sayink ther iss somethink the mattar down to the shore, sir; I do hope the Doctor iss all well. Indeed, I do not know wher he iss," said the old lady, anticipating my question.

I seized my hat and hurried across the fields towards the shore, and then a shapeless fear came over me, for there was a thin white mist hanging over the hillsides. It was about sunset, and there was still plenty of light; but when I came to the verge of the cliffs I could not see the sea; I could only hear the booming of the surges through the white fog that shrouded them like the vapour of a cauldron. I heard men's voices on the beach as I scrambled recklessly down the cliff-path. There was the shaggy pony tethered at the foot of the ascent, and as I hurried to the water's edge I descried a little group of men; but Malin was not among them.

"What is it?" I shouted, as I joined them, and noticed that they were men from the farms up the hill, and that they were holding a rope.

"It's a litt' bant from Aberafon; she's got caught in the fog, sir, and the Doctor's gon' to help her," said the spokesman of the party.

One end of the rope trailed through their hands

and lay in coil on the beach; and then I saw with a sinking sensation that they were paying it out into the spectral white fog that hung over the rolling swell.

Briefly, and with significant gestures, the man explained that a little pleasure-boat had come too near that perilous shore. The Doctor had seen her from the cliffs before the fog came down, and knew that the only sandy patch where she could be beached would shortly be covered by the rising tide. After that, no human power could save her, as I well knew. Malin had ridden to the farms and taken the men down to the shore, and fastening the rope to his own tight little boat, had pulled cheerily out to the rescue. He would not hear of any of them going with him, but said that he could reach the other boat in a few minutes, and both could be hauled in safe and sound before the sand was covered.

I did not need the sturdy Welshmen to tell me that Malin had made the best of it, as he always did; we each understood and admired my friend's heroic attempt. As we stood there, straining our ears and eyes to pierce the fog, we heard a confused shout, almost like a cheer; and then Malin's voice rang out clear—

"All right!"

For a few minutes we hauled on the rope, and then a boat's nose shot forward out of the white wall of fog. It was the pleasure-boat, containing the four or five people whom Malin had saved; but instead of looking forward hopefully at the shore, their eyes were turned anxiously astern to something they were towing. *It was Malin's boat!*

As the first boat was hauled up high and dry, I and two of the Welshmen dashed into the water and seized the gunwale of Malin's boat. It was not empty, as we had thought at first. There was the familiar figure which had grown so dear to me lying motionless and prone across the thwart. I was wild with grief as I lifted Malin's helpless form out of the boat, and carried him like a child to a spot out of reach of the rising swell. "Why had it not happened to me, whom nobody would miss?" I thought bitterly.

"Merciful Heaven! I am afraid the exertion has been too much for him," said one of the gentlemen who had been rescued; while the two ladies of the party sobbed quietly.

"He iss *dad!*" exclaimed the youngest Welshman in a horror-stricken voice.

"No, he isn't," I said, with my hand over Malin's heart; "but he is very ill."

Improvising a litter out of the sail, we carried the little hero sadly to his home. Good old Dr. Owen, from Aberafon, hurried to his friend as fast as horse-flesh could carry him when he got my message. He examined Malin's unconscious form, and questioned the gentlemen who had been saved by him. They felt sure he had met with no accident in the boat. He had fastened the end of the shore-rope to their boat, and told them in a cheerful tone not to be alarmed; and then he had gone astern and tied his boat to theirs, and sung out, "All right!" to the men on shore. As they drew near the beach he was sitting up with his arms folded, when he suddenly fell forward without a sound.

"Poor fellow! poor Malin!" said the old doctor to me, when we were alone. "He is paralysed. I think he will recover consciousness, but he cannot live many days."

And so it was. I watched by his side, and did what I could for him while he lived. He was perfectly conscious on the following day, and the vicar sat with him in the afternoon, ministering spiritual comfort; but I noticed that Malin fixed his eyes on the door. I knew whom he was looking for, and I knew that Miss Rees had come with her father, and was waiting below. I had not seen her since we said "Good-bye" on the previous afternoon, but it was no time for ceremony, and I stole down-stairs to her.

"Miss Rees," I said, "I think Malin would like to see you, if you can come. He says nothing, but he is looking all the while, and I know it is for you."

"Thank you; it is so kind of you," she said, turning her beautiful eyes on me with unutterable sadness.

As she entered the room, Malin's face lighted up with one of his old bright smiles.

"This is good of my lady to come to the poor jester now he cannot come to her," he said, in a weak voice. "Where's Jack?" he added, as I was about to retire; for "my lady" was bending over him with streaming eyes.

"What is it, old chap?" I said, stepping back to the bedside.

"Give him your hand, Helen," he asked; and she silently offered me her one hand while she smoothed Malin's hair with the other, and kissed him on the forehead.

The vicar rose from his chair, and uttered a solemn benediction over us as we bent over Malin's bed, hand in hand.

"Amen," said the sufferer faintly. "Good-bye, Helen!"

"Don't, Malin," she sobbed, giving him a last kiss; "we all love you so!"

And then I led her away from the room, for Malin could not hear her voice.

It has been some years now since I first began to practise as a physician, with the best wife who ever encouraged a man to do his best. A little incident which occurred when I went back to London after Malin's death gave a new impulse to my studies. The professor of nervous diseases called me aside after his lecture one day, and asked me the particulars of my noble little friend's death. I told him all that I could, and the great man was very sympathetic.

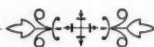
"Poor Ringskale!" he said; "it was very sad. But he would not have had it otherwise."

"What do you mean, Sir George?" I asked.

"I examined him some months ago, and came to the conclusion that there was some obscure degeneration of the cord commencing. He concurred with me; and although I looked at the best side of the matter, he knew well that he would soon be a helpless paralytic, wheeled about in a bath-chair and carried to bed. You know what that would have been to him!"

"Yes," I said; "there was an angel stowed away in poor Malin's body."

PAUL VARGAS.



## SHORT ARROWS.

### NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

#### THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.



IN an account of a summer Sunday which Coleridge the poet jotted down in his journal, we find the following entry:—"Called into the Sunday-school, found the two surrounded with good little men and women, bright with the beauty of benevolence. How sweet even a plain woman can look when engaged unaffectedly in doing good!" Of course, none of our readers are plain; but however lovely they are, they cannot but be improved by this kind of cosmetics.

#### "MARRIAGEABLE MEN."

Plutarch tells us of Themistocles that, when two citizens were suitors for the hand of his daughter—one being a rich man who was not worthy, the other a worthy man who was not rich—he preferred the latter, saying he would rather she had a man without money than money without a man. It

would be well if all who profess and call themselves Christians took the same view when their daughters are asked in marriage. Too often the only question they ask is, What is he worth in pounds, shillings, and pence?

#### "ADAM'S LIBRARY."

God's green book of nature has been well called "Adam's library," and it is one which, if read with a seeing eye, will help us, next to that lamp of our feet or the Divine Word, in our journey through the wilderness of life. We have all read how a very short verse, so to speak, from that Bible cheered Mungo Park as he fainted with hunger and fatigue in an African desert. When nothing seemed to remain for him but to lie down and die, a little bit of moss of great beauty caught his eye. "Though the whole plant," said he, "was not larger than one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsules without admiration. Can that Being who planted, watered, and brought to perfection in this obscure part of the world a thing which appears of so small





A CHINESE FAMILY.

importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image? Surely not. Reflections like these would not allow me to despair. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed." Whatever our difficulties may be, let us remember the words, "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

#### WITH THE CHILDREN IN CHINA.

A missionary in China, who sends us the photograph from which our illustration was reproduced, says:—"This Chinese New Year season, beginning on February 6th, seems, apart from its universal idolatrous observances, to be specially the children's festival, like our home Christmas-time; family life is seen at its best among this somewhat loveless race. Even the poorest contrive some gaudy attire for their little ones; and every colour of the rainbow would be seen on the boys depicted in our engraving; buttermilk yellow, pea-green, scarlet, magenta, the brightest of blues. So thickly is their clothing wadded that their movements are impeded thereby. A few days ago I saw a row of our little schoolboys amusing themselves with vain efforts to fold their arms and cross their knees. As to the babies, they are often, during the winter, encased in a square of thickly padded cotton, one corner turned up over the feet; two corners folded across the body, while the fourth corner rises stiff behind the head: and thus accoutred, baby can, as I myself have seen, fall unhurt even from a high window into the street."

#### WORTH V. SHOW.

Two Books stood side by side on a library shelf. One was bound magnificently in Russia and shone resplendent with gilt lettering and decoration. The other was shabbily covered with paper and without adornment of any sort whatever. The contrast between the two was marked and striking. One was a joy to behold; the other offended the eye with its slatternly exterior. Day after day a student came into the library to read. Going up to the shelf he took down the paper-covered book, and spent hours in mastering its contents. At last the well-bound volume spoke

to its neighbour: "I am not so foolish as not to know the end for which I exist. Of course I am intended to be read, and, indeed, am only too anxious to impart the truth that lies in print between my boards; but it is a shame, a grievous shame, that I have to stand here idle, and that even my cover holds out no attraction to the student. Were you less abominably shabby I should be quite envious of the attention you receive. Day after day you engross the student's mind, whilst I am neglected."—"Attraction," replied the shabby fellow, "depends upon intrinsic worth, and not on outward show. Were your contents as good as mine, then you too would receive attention. I have sound philosophy to impart: you contain only recipes for making puddings." *Moral*.—Fine character is better than fine clothing.

#### NEW BOOKS.

The first place among new books mentioned this month in *THE QUIVER* must be given to the Rev. W. Hardy Harwood's monograph on his predecessor at Islington, and a constant contributor to our own pages, the late Dr. Allon. "Henry Allon: Pastor and Teacher" is the title which Mr. Hardy gives to his work, which is published by Messrs. Cassell, and is prefaced by an admirable portrait. The biographical portion of the work is very brief, and the rest of the volume is occupied by a selection of the great preacher's sermons and addresses, including a touching "Ordination Charge."—Messrs. Isbister send us a beautiful volume of sermons by the Bishop of Winchester on "The Tenderness of Christ," one chapter of which will be familiar to readers of recent numbers of *THE QUIVER*. The work is one which is admirably suited for a gift-book.—From the same

publishers comes the Rev. S. A. Alexander's "Christ and Scepticism," another volume of sermons dealing with problems of current thought, and so high and strong in tone that all who are labouring in the field of Christian evidences owe to their author a deep debt of gratitude.—"The Story of Samuel and Saul: Its Lessons for To-day," is the title and subject of an excellent volume in Messrs. Cassell's series of "Bible Biographies." The Rev. D. C. Tovey is the author of the work, and gives such help in his pages as will make the book valuable to all teachers of classes in which it is customary to take a series of lessons.—A book which all who love the service of praise should see is "Chapters on Church Music" (Elliot Stock) by the Rev. R. B. Daniel, a clergyman who is also an organist. He looks at his subject from all points of view, is always both suggestive and practical, and there would be greater harmony (in more ways than one) and reverence than is often exhibited in public worship if Mr. Daniel's hints were generally acted upon.—In this connection we may well give a passing word to an excellent little manual of "The Elements of Music," written by Mr. T. H. Bertenshaw, B.Mus., of which the first part has just been published by Messrs. Longmans.—At this season of the year when good stories in a handy and portable form are much in request, we would draw the attention of readers of THE QUIVER to "Cassell's Sunshine Series," in which are included several stories which were first published in our own pages, such as "Not all in Vain" and "For Erica's Sake." In their handy and compact volume-form these stories should make new friends and please old ones.—We have also to acknowledge the receipt of "Verba Verbi Dei" (Longmans), a harmony of the actual words of our Saviour, as recorded in the Gospels, from the pen of the author of "Charles Lowder;" and new editions of "Tools for Teachers" (Elliot Stock) and "Witnesses for Christ" (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.).



THE FERRY-HOUSE.

## THE FERRY-HOUSE.

Scarcely less beautiful in winter than in summer was the brown river, slipping along in the silence. But now that all the river-banks, covered up in moss and ivy, give promise of a wild blue sea of hyacinths and a rosy scattering of campions; and, down in the river-marshes, "every Mary-bud begins to ope its golden eye," hope begins to throb anew in our hearts, as the willows quicken into leaf by the reed-thatched Ferry-house. And while human life goes on in all its care and sin and misery, weariness, fever and fret, the river-life continues day after day, season by season, even in God's appointed way, wherein only lies true rest and peace. The green blades of the young reeds appear above water, and "by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers." The blackbird sings by his nest in the alders, where last year's reeds sway, soft pink-grey and golden in the evening light, and the cool green ripples go by. The white gulls rise in vast flocks from the sea-weedy banks winding down to the haven, where the sand-hills echo back the rushing roar of foam-topped waves running over the Bar. And there the cormorants chuckle and dive, and the black-and-white sea-pies flap side by side to the heathery headland, and the oxbirds whistle as they wheel in rapid silvery flight to and fro across the creek. So the old happy river-life goes on. And

"There are in this loud, stunning tide

Of human care and crime,  
With whom the melodies abide  
Of th' everlasting chime;  
Who carry music in their heart  
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,  
Plying their daily task with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

## THE ONLY SAFE INVESTMENT.

Two men were talking not long ago in the presence of the writer about money they had lost in different investments. At length one of them said with a sigh, "Is there no way on earth of making sure that money will not be lost?" There is such a way. Spend it for the good of others, and you will find that what you give you have.

## THE SECRET OF TRUE POLITENESS.

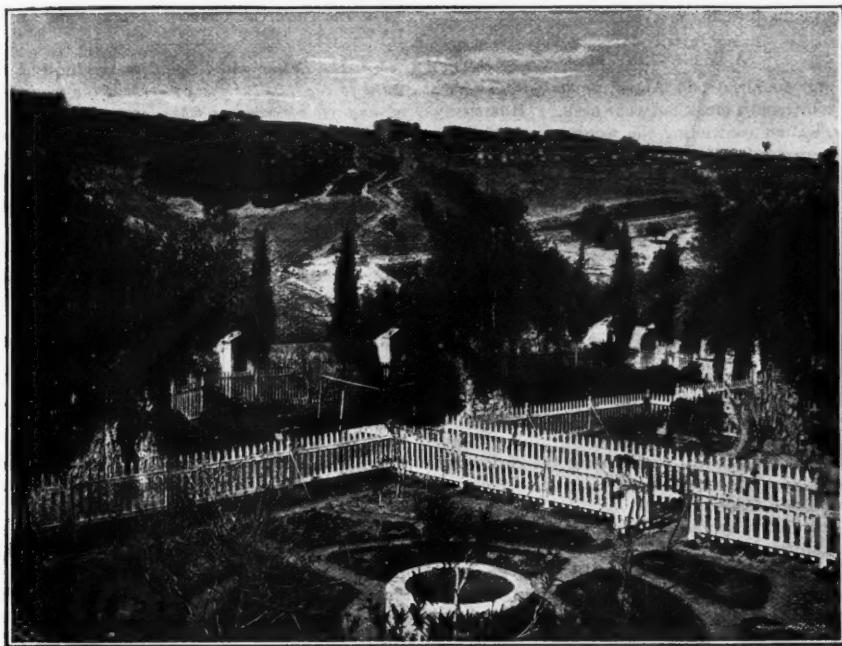
Not long ago there was a controversy in a leading newspaper as to whether our manners are degenerating. If they are, our religion must be degenerating; for true politeness is more than "surface Christianity." If a man be a Christian gentleman, the fact will be known by his wife, his children, his servants, his horse, his dog, his cat, and by every living thing that comes in his way. To each and all he will display the gentler graces. A French lady, writing for girls on their behaviour in society, has summed up the

matter in a terse and sensible sentence: "In order to be polite, be good." Viewed in this light, the highest kind of civility means carrying into detail the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

#### BOOKS THAT HELP.

On first thought it seems a pity that both Books of Chronicles should have had to be dealt with in a single volume of the "Expositor's Bible" (Hodder and Stoughton); but, as Professor W. H. Bennett

exclusively to the preacher than does Professor Bennett's book. In this sense, the work comes specially under the heading which we have chosen for this paragraph. If it contained only the two chapters on "Living Epistles" and "New Testament Puritanism," its author would have a good claim upon the gratitude of the churches. But these chapters, far from standing alone, are but representative of others, which with them make up a greater and even more useful whole.—Leviticus and Numbers are books whose historical importance and,



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE, AS IT IS AT THE PRESENT DAY.

(From a Photograph by Bonfils.)

says in the preface to his work: "To expound Chronicles in a series which has dealt with Samuel, Kings, Ezra, and Nehemiah is to glean scattered ears in a field already harvested." The four important introductory chapters give the key to Professor Bennett's treatment of his subject, which is both scholarly and interesting. To the general reader the explanation of apparent discrepancies between the narrative of the Chronicles and other parts of Scripture should prove most instructive, and for preachers the later chapters, especially those on David, Rehoboam, and Hezekiah, are invaluable. The Rev. James Denney's volume, in the same series, on "The Second Epistle to the Corinthians," is a work which will be appreciated much more in the manse than the private house, for it appeals more

more particularly in the case of Leviticus, typical character can scarcely be over-estimated; but they are difficult books for an expositor to take in hand. The Rev. J. S. Exell has just added to "The Biblical Illustrator" (Nisbet) a single volume dealing with these two books, and collating all the illustrative, anecdotal, and expository extracts he can find bearing on them. Our admiration for the care and thoroughness with which "The Biblical Illustrator" is compiled grows as each new volume of the work appears. It is at once an armoury of illustration and a library of reference.—There is a wealth of meaning in the "Eastern Customs in Bible Lands" which Canon H. B. Tristram describes in the pleasant little volume just published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Dr. Tristram brings his great experience

as a traveller to bear upon the elucidation which these customs offer of various more or less figurative passages of Scripture. The result is a work at once full of interest and suggestive of much fruitful thought and teaching.—Mr. Spurgeon's lecture on "What the Stones Say; or, Sermons in Stones," is published by the *Christian Herald* Publishing Co., with a preface from the pen of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and careful notes by the late Mr. Spurgeon's secretary, Mr. J. L. Keys. It is a thoroughly characteristic lecture, usefully expanded by Mr. Keys's notes and appendices, and helped by numerous illustrations. It would serve as a helpful present to any young preacher or speaker.

#### A WISE PROVERB.

"O my son," says an Arabic proverb, "take care that your mouth break not your neck." How many of us, by not controlling the words of our mouths, bring ourselves into difficulties that may be compared to break-neck precipices! Or is the proverb a

caution against eating and drinking in a way that is dangerous to life?

#### "THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

List of contributions received from April 28th, 1894, up to and including May 25th, 1894. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs Fund*: A Glasgow Mother (49th donation), 1s.; A Reader of *THE QUIVER*, Paddington (4th donation), 1s. 6d.; J. J. E. (79th donation), 5s.; H. Warwick, 5s.; Anon., Manchester, 10s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: M. T., 5s.; Anon., Manchester, 10s.; and 5s. from M. M. sent direct.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund*: B. W. H., 12s. 6d.

\* \* \* *The Editor will be glad to receive, and to forward to the institutions concerned, the contributions of any of his readers who desire to help external movements referred to in the pages of this magazine. Amounts of 5s. and upwards will be acknowledged in THE QUIVER when desired.*

### "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

(A NEW SERIES OF QUESTIONS BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

#### QUESTIONS.

97. Why is it considered probable that the visit of the wise men did not take place until some months after our Lord's birth?

98. What explanation is given for the idea which the wise men had that the star they saw betokened the birth of a Jewish Prince?

99. In what way was the great faith of the wise men manifested?

100. Why is it probable that God chose Egypt as the place to which the infant Jesus should be carried for safety?

101. Where was Rama situated?

102. How was it that Archelaus did not reign in Galilee as his father Herod had done?

103. What was the first festival our Blessed Lord attended at Jerusalem?

104. Why was it that our Lord was sometimes spoken of as "the carpenter"?

105. What is known of the Wilderness of Judæa, where St. John the Baptist preached?

106. In what way did our Lord show the necessity of baptism?

107. What may we understand as the pinnacle of the Temple, where one of our Lord's temptations took place?

108. In what way does St. John classify the various forms of temptation of which our Lord's temptations may be taken as examples?

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 640.

85. Corn, oil, and wine. (Gen. xxvii. 37; Ps. iv. 7.)

86. It is classed by St. Paul among the deadly sins which shut out from the Kingdom of God. (Gal. v. 21; 1 Cor. vi. 10.)

87. The sin of drunkenness, which, added to disobedience, caused a son to be stoned to death. (Deut. xxi. 20.)

88. In some cases "mixed wine" meant wine mixed with water; but mostly it refers to wine mixed with honey and spices to make it stronger, as is done by the Arabs to this day. (Prov. xxiii. 30.)

89. The life of Joseph, the events of which were directed by God for the saving of Israel. (Prov. iii. 6; Gen. xlv. 5, 7.)

90. That "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning." (Romans xv. 4.)

91. By the expression "all the world" is understood the Empire of Rome. (St. Luke ii. 1.)

92. Because she was a descendant of the royal family of King David, and therefore had to come to Bethlehem, which was his city. (St. Luke ii. 4.)

93. It was customary for shepherds to keep their sheep out in the fields all the summer-time, and so they put up tents and lived there, taking the watches of the night in turn. (St. Luke ii. 8; Gen. xxxvii. 12-18.)

94. The word "Christ" means "the anointed one," and it was customary to anoint prophets, priests, and kings among the Jews at the time of their consecration. (St. Luke ii. 11; Lev. viii. 12; 1 Kings xix. 15, 16.)

95. It is said that the aged Simeon was waiting for the "consolation of Israel," it having been revealed to him that he should not die before he had seen Christ. (St. Luke ii. 25, 26.)

96. She went about Jerusalem proclaiming Jesus as the Saviour of the world. (St. Luke ii. 38.)



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[From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.]

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

## AN UNFASHIONABLE SLUM IN MANCHESTER.

ANGEL MEADOW, CHARTER STREET, AND "THE REST."

BY ARTHUR G. SYMONDS, M.A.



THE CENTRE OF THE SLUM DISTRICT.

(St. Michael's Church, Charter Street, and Ashby Lane.)



THE FLAGS, ANGEL MEADOW.

ANGEL MEADOW and Angel Street don't sound "slummy," do they? Yet they are names of places in one of the most unfashionable slums in Manchester — unfashionable for those who don't live there; very fashionable for those who do.

The district of which these euphonious places form part covers about a square mile of ground, on which the houses are crowded together in close narrow streets, and alleys, and courts, which look as if they had been squeezed into the smallest possible compass by the great

factories, mills, and gasworks which surround them.

This is the district which my artist friend, Mr. Hedley Fitton, and I visited on one of the bright spring days of last March, and which he with his pencil, and I with my pen, have tried to depict for the readers of *THE QUIVER*.

Turning off Corporation Street into Long Millgate, we walked along till we were attracted by the picturesque appearance of a little court, called Epsom Court. Passing through a dark alley under one of the houses fronting the street, we found ourselves in a narrow *cul-de-sac*, with some half-dozen dilapidated houses on either side, and a wall topped with a low railing at the further end. Only half the houses seemed to be tenanted, and, judging by the appearance of the lower windows, only the upper parts of them were occupied. The court was deserted, save by two old women, one of whom rose from the steps on which she

was seated sunning herself, and beat a hasty retreat indoors as soon as she saw us approach. The other, a fat, jolly-looking old body, to whose face the loss of one eye had given a very quizzical look, did the honours of the court with great affability, pointing out certain features which she begged my friend to "put in t' book," especially some pieces of bread placed on the low wall for the birds, and dilating on the superiority of that court, socially and morally, over its neighbours. "We're very select, we are," said she; "it baint everyone as can come and live here. Why, I had a carakter from my last landlord of twelve years, I had. Oh! he's very pertickler, is our landlord." This fact perhaps accounted for the empty houses.

Quitting Epsom Court, we continued our way through Long Millgate, crossed the Irk at Red Bank, and found ourselves in the Jewish quarter. On every side in this district there are abundant signs that the inhabitants are for the most part foreign Jews. The Biblical names over the shops, the notices in the windows written or printed in Hebrew characters, the strongly marked features of the men and women, the black-eyed, black-haired, dark-skinned children—of whom, by-the-bye, a group was playing the very

Christian and English game of football with an old hat; a prevailing odour of garlic; and, not least, the bright patches of colour—scarlet and yellow especially—made by the garments hanging on clothes-lines across the narrow streets, or spread over walls and railings by the river; all bewrayed the Jews' quarter. It is an unfashionable slum, certainly; but it is pervaded by an air of strenuous industry and purposefulness which relieves even the poorest streets from that sense of degradation and crime which so generally characterises the abodes of poverty in our great cities.

Re-crossing the Irk, we made our way up the hill which crowns the northern side of Manchester. On this the streets are built in terraces rising one above the other, but in such close proximity that the cellar windows of the upper row are often on a level with the ground-floor windows of the lower one, and the occupants can converse freely from one to the other.

At the lower end of this district lies a wide sloping open space, railed in on all sides, and flagged with paving-stones. This is Angel Meadow, better known in the district as "The Flags."

The site is that where the bodies of the thousands who died in the Great Plague were buried in huge pits; and within the memory of many now living, barrow-fulls of human bones used to be dug up and taken away, and sold for a few coppers, to be ground up and used for bone-dust manure, and, according to popular tradition, for flour. In 1868 the "Meadow" was railed in and flagged, and soon afterwards some swings were erected on it, a wooden porter's lodge built at one side, and a man appointed and paid by the Corporation to look after it. Great open-air meetings are sometimes held here, especially in election times; and the Irish—who form a very large proportion of the inhabitants in the adjacent streets—consider no election properly conducted which does not include in its programme one or more evening or Saturday afternoon meetings on "The Flags."

It was about half-past four when we reached the place, and the swings were crowded with little bare-legged urchins just let loose from school. Scattered all over were groups of children, running, playing, shouting, full of life and vigour, while idle men with pipes in their mouths, and women with babies in their arms, stood and watched them over the railings.

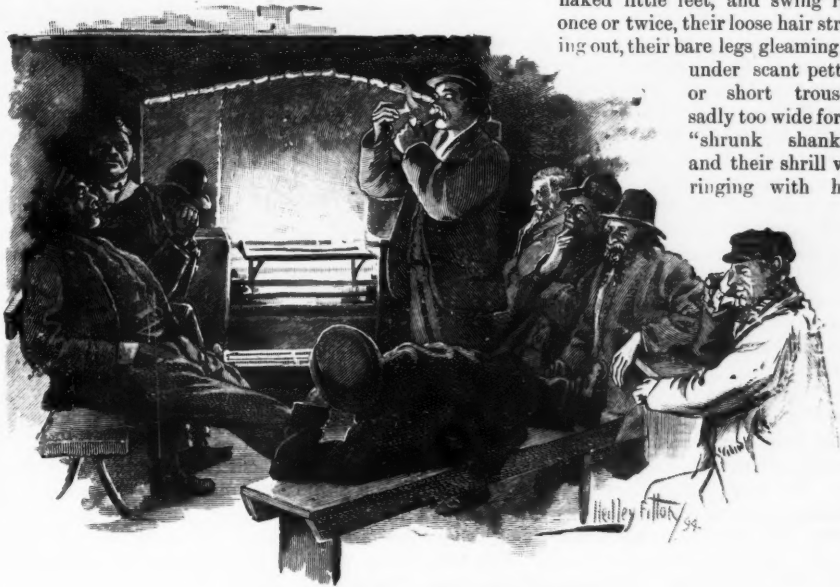
It was impossible not to think of the strange contrast between the scene before us and that which was hidden from our eyes in the earth beneath our feet. Up here, bright warm sunshine, lighting up the happy faces of children, whose every movement and sound was instinct with the joyance of life; down there, the mouldering bones of corpses piled up and jammed together in





ghastly confusion, just as they had been thrown in pell-mell from the dead-carts, with rude jests, by heedless and often drunken hands, "unblest, unshriven, unassailed."

round the lamp-post. With no small trouble Barney is got into his proper place, and then all seat themselves in the slings of their ropes, push off from the base of the lamp-post with their naked little feet, and swing round once or twice, their loose hair streaming out, their bare legs gleaming from under scant petticoat or short trousers—sadly too wide for such "shrunk shanks"—and their shrill voices ringing with happy



IN "THE REST"—A SLUM LODGING-HOUSE.

It may be that it is their "Angels" who have given the name to the spot. But there are few, if any, of those who dwell around it, who even know that their careless feet are treading ground hallowed by such a holocaust of death.

The upper side of the Flags is bounded by a street called Style Street, or Stile Street—the latter, perhaps, a reminiscence of the days when the grass was green on "the Meadow," and hedges surrounded it, and wild flowers bloomed, and trees waved, and birds sang there, and the rustic lover kept tryst with his lass by the stile at the top of the meadow which sloped down to the purling stream. Now there is never a flower or shrub to be seen, nor bird's sweet song to be heard, save that of some caged thrush piping its shrill plaint of captivity. But there are still lads and lasses here, as there always will be "while youth is young and love is strong;" and, thank God! there are children to make the grim world bright with their happy little faces and merry laughter.

Look at this group of half-clad dirty urchins, who have made an impromptu "roundabout" with some pieces of rope slung over the bar of a lamp-post. "Come this road, Barney!" cries one of the girls to a clumsy, weakly, half-naked boy, who has got his rope and himself hopelessly entangled

laughter, as the ropes twine round the post and bring them to a dead halt, with knees and faces close up together. Then, as soon as Barney can be unravelled and got into his place, off they go again; and so they will swing round and round, over and over again, till their supperless bed-time comes, and they will forget their hunger in sleep as now they do in play.

At the corner of Style Street and Ashley Lane stands St. Michael's Church: square-towered, solid, stern, yet withal imbued with that sense of calm and repose which instinctively associates itself with all emblems of religion. Around it lie the busy, bustling hives of industry, the dark haunts of crime, the grim abodes of misery. By day is heard the never-ceasing roar of commerce, as it hurls men, women, and children backwards and forwards like shuttles in the great loom of labour. By night from the crowded human lairs around ascend the shouts of drunken revelry, the agonised cries of sudden anguish, the groans of secret pain. By night and day alike the church stands there, a solemn witness against man's greed, and cruelty, and crime, speaking with silent eloquence of Divine mercy and pity, and pointing, as with the finger of God, away from the turmoil and pain of earth to the peace and rest of heaven.

This point, where Style Street, Ashley Lane, and Charter Street meet, is about the centre of the slum, and as we walked up Ashley Lane we had a good opportunity of studying the various types of humanity that congregate in the district and are depicted in Mr. Fitton's sketch.

Standing at this corner, we saw one of those every-day sights which are so eloquent of the extreme poverty of the district, and of the struggle for life that is so ceaselessly waged within its borders. Down the street came two carts from the gas-works, piled up with coke, still warm and smoking from the furnace. Behind each of them ran, or walked, or toddled a dozen little children, all carrying bags, baskets, tin pails—anything that would serve as a receptacle—picking up the coke that fell from the carts as they jolted along.

On emerging into Rochdale Road, we met a police-constable, whose emphatically expressed opinion was that we had selected the very best—or worst—slum in the whole of Manchester. "Why," said he, with a touch of professional pride, "over there" (pointing across the road) "is the largest police-station in the city, and the strongest division of the force is always kept there. We never know when there may be an outbreak among the folk hereabouts. Talk about Ancoats, and Greengate, and other slums! why, they all come here or go from here. No; this is the district for you, gentlemen, if you want

to make a book about Manchester slums." He advised us, however, by all means to see Charter Street, and to pay a visit to the largest lodging-house in the district, called "The Rest."

From end to end, on both sides, Charter Street is composed of lodging-houses. Beds are advertised in every window and on every wall, in print and manuscript, in colour, in black and white, at varying prices and with divers subsidiary attractions. In this wretched little hovel they are offered at 2d. and 4d. a night; in that there are beds for single men at 4d., for single women at 3½d. In one house you can get beds—"flocks for 6d., feathers for 7d."; in another, beneath the printed notice of "Single beds at 2d., 4d., and 6d.," appears the attractive offer, written in schoolboy round-hand, of "One plate of beefsteak pudg for tuppence!"

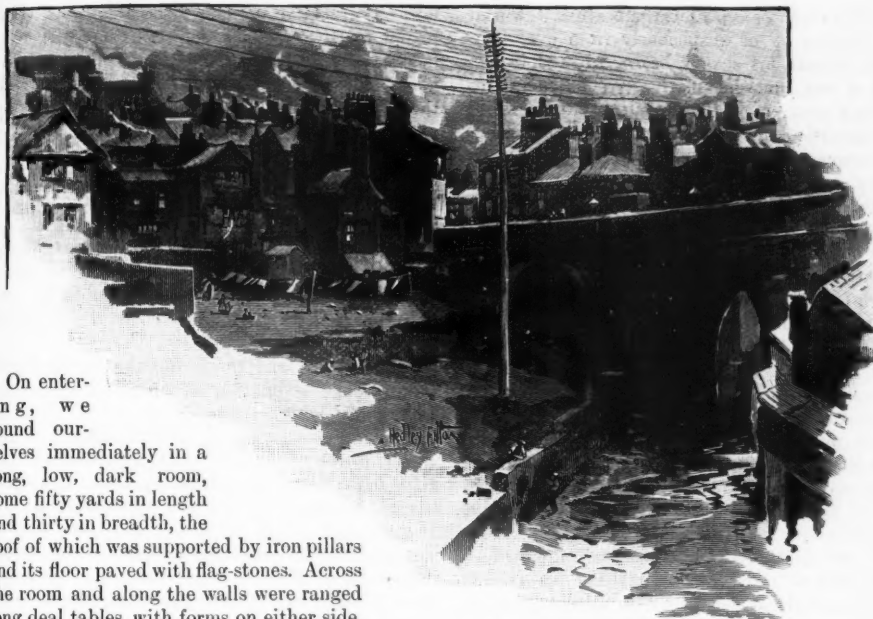
Through the open doors and windows we can see the beds—deal frames, thin mattresses, the very look of which makes your bones ache, one blanket, and a dirty coverlet of many hues—placed in such close juxtaposition that the occupant of the one nearest the wall cannot possibly get into or out of it without passing over the slumbering forms of the occupants of two or three other beds. Many of the upper windows are barred—a necessary precaution, probably, against the accidents which might attend the visits of drunken or quarrelsome lodgers.

At the door of one of the houses sat a man mending his socks before starting out for his nightly prow. From the upper window of another a slatternly drab looked out, with towzled hair and unfastened dress. The old paralytic landlord of one of the larger houses sat propped up in an arm-chair placed in the doorway, holding a *levée* of the passers-by. From the cellar of another there appeared a human creature, clad in female garments, but whether woman or child, it was impossible to tell. From her face misery and crime had blotted out every trace of the lineaments of divine womanhood; in stature and figure she was but a child. Alas! she was only a type. Through the open door of the last house in the row we could see a room containing an old wooden-armed settle on one side, and two or three benches drawn up round the fireplace. On these were seated five or six lodgers, mostly women—one with a ghastly bandage right across her face—who gazed at us with such obvious resentment of our curiosity, that we deemed it wise to abstain from further and closer investigation of their "sanctum."

Retracing our steps through Charter Street and Miller Street, we turned down a wide yard opening into the latter, called "Factory Yard," at the further end of which stands a large old disused mill, which, we learnt, was "The Rest."



"Eying us over with a look of good-natured contempt."—p. 723.



THE SLUM DISTRICT FROM LONG MILLGATE.

On entering, we found ourselves immediately in a long, low, dark room, some fifty yards in length and thirty in breadth, the roof of which was supported by iron pillars and its floor paved with flag-stones. Across the room and along the walls were ranged long deal tables, with forms on either side, at which some fifty or sixty men were seated, eating and drinking; while a score or so more were grouped around a fire which blazed brightly in a capacious grate on the further side. Close to the door was an enclosed serving-bar, at which incomers purchased bed-checks for twopence, fourpence, or sixpence, and provisions at commensurately low prices. The food supplied here consisted of loaves or half-loaves of bread, "hunks" of cheese, and bowls of tea or coffee; but from a kitchen at the opposite end of the room those who could afford it purchased savoury messes of tripe, stewed hashes, or meat puddings. The barman informed us that no intoxicating drinks of any kind were supplied in the place. "We have," he said, "trouble enough with them without that; and when they get too much of it outside, and come here, we have a job to put them out. The gaffer is laid up now with injuries he got in a chucking-out job the other day."

Opening out of the first room were two smaller rooms, which we learnt were called the "fourpenny and sixpenny kitchens," while that in which we stood was the "twopenny kitchen"—the prices being those paid for the beds to be occupied at night, not for the provisions supplied in the respective "sitting-rooms." Learning that, "if we kept our eyes open," it would be safe for us to walk through all the rooms, we passed through the large one, exchanging short, but not unfriendly, remarks with some of its occupants. An old man, who had before him an enormous

plateful of stewed tripe, which he was rapidly and dexterously *shovelling* into his mouth with the blade of a very long clasp-knife, vouchsafed us the information that the food supplied there was "not bad; but it might be better." A sturdy young labourer, with tight crisp curls on his bullet head, and whose whole wardrobe consisted of shirt, trousers, and boots, told us he had lodged at "The Rest" on and off for a year, and that, as he had no wife or children, he found it cheaper and liked it better than living in a house—an opinion which was endorsed by several of the bystanders. At the corner of a table sat a tall man, whose buttoned-up frock coat, white linen collar, and generally superior appearance, attracted our attention; but he so obviously shrank from our notice—whether from crime or shame, God only knows!—that we felt bound to respect his feelings, and refrained from speaking to him.

The inner rooms were much more sparsely occupied, and their tenants evidently belonged to a higher social grade than most of those in the large room. One or two were reading newspapers; a few were having a meal; but the majority were either stretched on the forms fast asleep, or were grouped round the fire, smoking, sleeping, lounging, just as my friend has depicted them in his illustration. How strangely varied were the types we saw! That grey-haired old man close to the fire seems to have drifted here

only for rest and sleep; but the bearded Jew near him, peering at us suspiciously from eyes half-closed beneath his shaggy brows, irresistibly suggests a less innocent motive. The long light-coloured coat—ragged though it be—in which that queer-looking man sitting next to the Jew has wrapped himself so closely, recalls the book-maker and welsher on many a racecourse. Stretched on the form opposite lies one whose dress is that of a clerk; but his dusty trousers, worn-out boots, and the heavy sleep in which he is buried, tell the tale of a dreary and futile search for work. On the form facing the fire lies a man smoking, his head propped on his arm, watching his "pal," who has gone to the fire to light his pipe. In dress and general appearance both of them look superior to their companions; but their thin white hands show no trace of honest work, and on their faces is written only too legibly a sad story of debauchery and ruin.

No one in this furthest room spoke to or even seemed to notice us; but as we turned to leave it, a villainous-looking ruffian confronted us in the doorway and barred our egress, calling out, in a loud voice: "Them's two detectives!" At once we became the object of by no means agreeable attention, and I feared that our exit would not be as easy or as pleasant as our entrance had been. Feeling, however, that our safety depended on keeping our presence of mind—for we were too

far away from the barman to be able to call him to our aid—we gripped our sticks more tightly, boldly walked up to the biggest and roughest-looking of the gang, and asked him whether he thought we looked like detectives. After eying us over with a look of good-natured contempt, as though conscious that he could single-handed dispose of half a dozen like us, he said—"Detectives? Not you! You ain't built that way!" Then, pointing to our aggressor—"Yon chap," said he, "has bolted from his missus and three kids, and he's afeared she's sent you to fetch him back." Whereat there was a roar of laughter at the expense of that worthy, under cover of which we made our way out of the room.

This episode, and the feeling that we had had quite enough for one day of the not over-fragrant atmosphere which pervaded the place, made us decide not to prolong our investigations into the upper floors, where, we were informed by the barman, as many as 486 beds are made up and occupied nearly every night. But the general impression made on us by our visit was that, in spite of its obvious drawbacks, we would far rather spend a whole night there than a single hour in one of the Charter Street lodging-houses; and that the waves of misfortune, and crime, and want bear the human "flotsam and jetsam" of a great city like Manchester into many a worse haven than "The Rest" in Factory Yard.



## A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING COUSIN.

BY MARGARET S. FAILL.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### RUTH'S KNIGHT.



**N**EXT morning Ruth awoke with the feeling that something had happened. What was it? she wondered drowsily; then, as consciousness fully returned, she remembered. Had she really promised to marry Mr. Matthew?

Well, what if she had? she said to herself, half-defiantly. She could not now be advised to lay siege to Gordon or be accused of hankering after Archie. Should such remarks be made again, she could easily stop them by saying that she was engaged. However, she resolved to keep that piece of news until it was needed. Jack was leaving to-day, and, as it happened, did not have any private conversation with his sister. Just as he was going, he said, "Now, you had better think over what I was saying;" but there was no occasion to make any reply to this.

Ruth only smiled, feeling that, as the advice was now useless, it conveyed no sting.

However, as the day advanced, things began to assume a more sombre aspect in her mind. Now that Jack was gone, there seemed no particular use for her news, and yet the fact remained. She tried to avoid thinking of it; but somehow she was irresistibly attracted towards the window, for she felt sure Mr. Matthew would come to pay her a visit to-day. Even as the thought crossed her mind, she saw him. There he was, walking briskly up the road. A sudden panic seized Ruth, and without giving herself time for reflection, she fled from the room, and seizing her hat and jacket from a peg in the hall, she made her escape by the back door. The hill rose up almost immediately behind the house, and a thick cluster of trees rendered her flight invisible from the road. She did not go far, but chose a sheltered nook, where, herself unseen, she could sit and command a view of the house. Mr. Matthew disappeared through the door; and shortly afterwards Katie's voice was heard calling, "Ruth,



Ruth!" all over the place. Evidently Katie knew that she had been at home only a few minutes ago; and a sudden fear struck Ruth that her little sister might think of coming to look for her. But she soon reassured herself. Who would dream of her sitting on a hillside on a cold March day? She drew closer to her shelter, resolved to wait there till the visitor departed. It would never do, she thought, to go away, as she might return to the house and still find Mr. Matthew there: thus falling into the very danger she was trying to avoid. Katie soon ran in again; but Ruth sat still, and she certainly found it a cold seat. The dreadful idea flashed into her mind: What if Mrs. Lennox should invite the artist to wait for tea? Suppose he was imparting his news to that lady at this very moment? Perhaps she had better run down again, and interview him herself. However, she could not make up her mind to do this, so she sat down once more.

She had almost begun to despair of his ever going away, and thought she must have sat for hours in the cold, when at last she heard the front door shut, and a few minutes afterwards Mr. Matthew's figure appeared on the road. He was walking more slowly this time; but Ruth rose up with a sigh of relief. She did not go home at once, as that might look suspicious; so she climbed up the hill, glad of the exercise, which brought some warmth into her chilled frame. When she returned, some time later, with a fine colour on her cheeks, her aunt greeted her at the door.

"Dear me, Ruth!" she said, "where have you been all the afternoon? Mr. Lewis has been here, wishing to see you about something—your picture, I suppose. I thought he would never go away."

At the mention of the artist's name, Ruth gave a quick half-guilty glance at her aunt, but one look was sufficient to show that the lady knew nothing yet, so she answered quite naturally—

"Oh, I went for a long scramble up the hill; it warms one more than anything."

For the rest of the day she could breathe freely; Mr. Matthew could hardly return to-night.

During the next few days Ruth evinced a wonderful partiality for long country expeditions — expeditions which were generally in disfavour, and forgotten or put off as long as possible. For example, there was a farm some miles across the hills, where good butter and eggs were to be had. This fact was usually ignored; but all at once Ruth was seized with a desire for those dainties; and as it happened to be one of Lance's early days, set off

on the errand, accompanied by her brother and sister.

Next day she bethought her of another farm-house, where she and Lance had a long-standing invitation to tea. This was a great treat to the boy, but quite the reverse to Ruth. Nevertheless, she suggested that it was too bad to have neglected the McPhersons for so long, and the delighted Lance got an unexpected afternoon's holiday to enable him to go. It was curious that on returning from both visits they should learn that Mr. Matthew had been to call. On the latter occasion he had come in the evening, about seven, and sat with Mrs. Lennox until nine, when he had reluctantly been forced to depart. Ruth and her brother had been driven home in the farmer's gig, but did not arrive until ten o'clock—which was a very late hour for these parts.

On the former occasion, however, Ruth might have explained why they missed their visitor, had she chosen. They were returning gaily through the bleak fields, after making their purchases, when Ruth's ear was caught by the sound of whistling. She recognised the familiar tone at once. He must have been to the house, and, as Mrs. Lennox was out, the servant had, no doubt, informed him where they were; so he had come to meet them. Instantly the trick which Archie had resorted to on a former occasion flashed into her mind, and without giving herself time to reflect, she exclaimed suddenly—

"Lance, a penny to whoever reaches that wood first!"

The wood indicated



"The young man turned back to his unexpected visitor."—p. 732.

lay about two dozen yards to their right, and by slipping through the gap in the hedge which bordered their path, they might easily escape observation. They darted off at once, Ruth taking care to keep in the rear. They gained the shelter of the trees without either Lance or Katie suspecting anything, while poor Mr. Matthew, all unconscious, pursued his way, and wondered why he never met them. But this state of things could not go on for ever. Ruth was quite aware that she was acting foolishly. She could not live out-of-doors in cold March weather, nor was it possible always to elude Mr. Matthew. It was on the Friday after she had accepted him that at last they met. They were almost opposite the school-house. Ruth and Katie had come to meet Lance, and as Mr. Matthew met them face to face, an encounter was inevitable. He came forward with a glow of pleasure on his face, and hand outstretched.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "I began to think there was some fatality about our meeting. At whatever hour I called, I always missed you."

He stood holding her hand, and looking into the half-averted face as if he could not look enough, and as if afraid she might vanish from his sight. Ruth, after the first sudden blush which had risen to her cheek at his appearance, recovered herself, and withdrew her hand.

"How do you do?" she said, in an ordinary tone, and with a quick glance at Katie, who was standing all eyes and ears. "I am afraid you must think I am never at home; but lately there were so many messages. Have you been sketching?" she hastened to ask, lest Katie should think it necessary to make any explanations.

He opened his book, and she bent her head to look at the little sketches; but she seemed to have nothing to say. This interview, which he had longed for, appeared likely to be a disappointment. Ruth stood as silent and grave as if she had forgotten how to smile; but at last she looked up.

"This is a pretty little thing," she said. "Why don't you finish it?"

"Do you like it?" he said, in a pleased tone. "Then I shall finish it and give it to you, if you care to have it."

"Thank you; but isn't it too cold for sketching landscapes at present?"

"Not at all," he declared cheerfully; but just then Lance's voice was heard at the school door. "Ruth," he went on hurriedly, "when may I come to see you? To-morrow I am going to run up to town, to buy something," and he smiled significantly. "May I come this evening, or Sunday?"

"Oh!" and Ruth hesitated for a moment. "Aunt Lennox doesn't care for visitors on Sundays," she said, "and I promised to help Lance with his French to-night, so perhaps Monday would be the best day. Come and have tea with us," she added, with something of an effort, "if you can spare the time."

"Spare the time!" he was beginning warmly, but Ruth made a slight gesture in the direction of Katie, whose quick ears had already noted the omission of the prefix "Miss," and who was listening with great interest to what was being said. "I did not say

anything to your aunt yet," he said in a low tone, as the little girl moved half reluctantly away, in answer to a shout from her brother.

"Oh, of course not!" said Ruth hastily; "there is no hurry," she added, afraid that her tone might sound rather short. Then, as Lance came up, she held out her hand. "Good-bye, Mr. Matthew," she said, without waiting to see if he were going or not—"Good-bye until Monday. We shall expect you early."

And to-day was Friday, so for three days more he was to do without seeing her. This short meeting, so much desired, was over, leaving behind it an unsatisfied feeling. Mr. Matthew was left standing alone on the road, looking after the three retreating figures, but not one of them looked back. Lance had plunged into an interesting anecdote, and apparently his two sisters were lending him all their attention. The artist watched till a turn in the road hid them from view, and then, with a sigh, he began to retrace his own steps. To-morrow he was going up to town, and as the errand on which he was bent crossed his mind, he smiled again. In imagination he was choosing a diamond ring, and then on Monday, or perhaps even on Sunday, coming out of church, he was giving it to Ruth. Already he saw it sparkling on her finger.

On Saturday afternoon Ruth, knowing that Mr. Matthew was safe in town, went down to the post-office with Lance. She had been thinking deeply since the preceding day, and her secret began to weigh heavily on her mind. Poor girl! she had no one to advise her, and she felt terribly in need of advice. Mrs. Lennox was the last person she would have chosen for a confidante, and yet she must tell someone. Mr. Matthew would be at the house on Monday, without fail, and then it would all come out. They had paused to take breath on a steep little hill on the road, when Ruth abruptly broke the silence.

"Lance," she said, "what should you say if I told you I was engaged to be married?"

"Hulloa!" exclaimed the boy, his roving glance immediately arrested, and turning to stare at his sister. "I say, are you joking, or in earnest?"

"In earnest," she replied, without looking at him.

Lance whistled as a means of expressing his surprise.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" he asked. "Old Wilson asked me more than a month ago, and I said it was all nonsense. But he's a jolly fellow! I like him."

"Whom?" asked Ruth quickly—certainly Lance's speech seemed rather involved; "of whom are you speaking?"

"Archie, of course," returned the boy, with a stare.

"Whatever put him into your head?" she demanded, her cheeks scarlet. "No," she went on hurriedly, with her face again averted; "it is Mr. Matthew."

"What!" roared Lance, in a voice that was perfectly terrible to his sister, so plainly did it express his feelings. "Old Lewis! Gracious! what made you do that?"

"I don't know," she responded, in a sudden burst of desperation, and burying her face in her hands. "I've been asking myself ever since."



"Ruth went first red, and then pale, as she heard the three people file into their seats."—p. 735.

"I thought you liked Archie?" Lance persisted, still in the same tone of unmitigated wonder; but to this his sister made no response, and for a while there was absolute silence.

At her brother's exclamation of horror, it flashed clearly into Ruth's mind what she was doing. She had accepted Mr. Matthew, but had she ever really contemplated marrying him? She knew now that she had not. She had only grasped at the idea as a momentary relief; the very next morning she had repented. It was only a cowardly feeling which prevented her from owning her mistake, and made her resort to every pretext to avoid the artist. She blushed with shame at herself, as she realised what her conduct had been.

"Look here, Ruth," Lance's voice broke in on her unpleasant meditations: "you'd better tell old Lewis that you've made a mistake."

Ruth quickly raised her head.

"Oh Lance! it's all very well for you to say so," she cried despairingly; "but you don't suppose it's so easy to do!"

To this the boy made no rejoinder at first. With wonderful generosity he refrained from pointing out that she ought to have thought of that before getting into the dilemma.

"I tell you what," he said at length: "if you like, I'll tell him."

"Oh, Lance!" and the tears brimmed into Ruth's eyes.

In spite of its impossibility, this bold offer to fight

her battles touched her greatly. Never since the days of her childhood had she been used to being relieved of her responsibilities. She had been accustomed to stand alone; no one considered her a person to be guarded and petted. It was new to have anyone offer to come between her and the disagreeables of life—and this, too, was a trouble of her own making. She looked at her young champion, who was perfectly unconscious that his sister was regarding him as a hero; and her lips smiled, although a tear shone in her eye.

"You dear boy!" she murmured; "but I must tell him myself, or he would think it an insult."

As she spoke, her eye fell on the road below, and she gave a sudden start. Surely those were the best bonnets of the Misses Lewis appearing at the foot of the hill? This attire was an ominous sign, and meant an occasion of the greatest ceremony. With instinctive dread Ruth realised what the ceremony was—they were coming to pay a visit of congratulation.

"Lance," she exclaimed hurriedly, "look! They are coming up to call on us, to speak about— For Heaven's sake, go and stop them! Don't let them come any farther."

"What shall I say?" the bewildered Lance demanded, rather taken aback at the suddenness of the call made upon him.

"Anything—anything you like," Ruth cried distractedly; "only send them back. I will hide in the school."

The school was only a few yards distant, and the door stood open. She darted in, knowing that, as this was a holiday, there would be no children about, and thinking the coast was clear. The room was not empty, however. Someone looked up as she flew in. It was Mr. Wilson. She stopped short suddenly, arrested by his surprised glance, and stared at the unexpected occupant of the place as if he had been an intruder.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wilson," she said, remembering herself as he rose up. "I thought the school was empty, and came in to rest."

It seemed rather a curious way of coming in to rest, to fly in by an open door as if she were pursued; and Mr. Wilson might be pardoned if his eyes did wander to the window, in evident search of further explanation. None appeared forthcoming, however. Nothing was to be seen on the road; so the young man turned back to his unexpected visitor, with a countenance whose every line betokened interrogation, and said—

"Certainly, Miss Douglas; won't you take a seat?"

Miss Douglas complied, and sat down on one of the forms, while he stood in front of her, the picture of mingled surprise and curiosity. It was certainly a little awkward. For the moment no plausible excuse would occur to Ruth; and as for Mr. Wilson, it evidently never dawned upon him that it was his duty to disguise his feelings, and attempt to make a remark upon some indifferent subject. At last Ruth looked up and laughed.

"I am sure you must think me a most extraordinary person, Mr. Wilson," she said. "I may as well tell you that it was not to rest, but to hide, that I came in here."

"I thought so," Mr. Wilson declared, with blundering directness.

Ruth stared at him as he gave this somewhat embarrassing, although obviously truthful, reply, and then she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"I might have known you would think so," she said, when she had recovered; "but, you see, I was taken by surprise, and hadn't enough presence of mind to tell a proper fib."

The young schoolmaster possessed no great sense of humour. He looked rather horrified at the idea of a young lady talking so easily of telling a fib, and waited until she should explain herself more fully. But Miss Douglas had not the slightest intention of doing so.

"Don't let me interrupt you," she said easily, as if the subject of her entrance were at an end. "Pray go on with your writing; I shall not stop long."

This advice Mr. Wilson found impossible to follow. He could hardly refrain from going to the door to look out; and as for writing while his visitor remained, the idea was not to be entertained.

Ruth, now that she had got over the somewhat ludicrous *contretemps* of her entrance, sat and listened, in some anxiety, for Lance's return. Surely he had had time enough to do his errand—but here he was now.

"It's all right, Ruth," his voice shouted out cheerfully, before he himself appeared. "It was jolly hard work, but—" He was in the room now, and broke off suddenly at the sight of Mr. Wilson.

The boy made as little attempt as his master had done to cover the awkwardness of the situation. He made no pretence of finishing his sentence, but plainly betrayed by his look that there was a mystery which must not be divulged to the willingly open ears of his senior.

"We seem to be making ourselves very free of your school-room," Ruth said, with a laugh and a keen appreciation of the ludicrousness of the attitude of her companions. "Another day, Mr. Wilson, you will be tempted to look the door." Then she rose up. "What a funny little room it is!" and so she stood for fully five minutes, affably making conversation. At any other time he would have been charmed with her condescension; but now his curiosity was aroused, and he was longing to get to the door to look out. When they had gone at last, after more unnecessary delay, he went to the gate, and looked first up the hill and then down; but nothing could be seen. Ruth glanced over her shoulder, and laughed softly.

"Poor man!" she said, "he is dying to know what is the matter. I am sure he will put on his hat and hurry away down to the village to find out; but he'll never guess." Then, as the cause of it all returned to her mind, she asked anxiously, "What did you say to them?"

"Oh, I sat on the wall until they came up," Lance began, with great enjoyment; "and they said they were going up to the house, and asked if you were at home. I said 'No': that you had gone to McPherson's farm, and wouldn't be home till night."

"Oh, Lance! and they knew I was there the day before yesterday."

"I forgot; I hadn't time to think of everything," declared the boy, rather thrown out of his narrative by this unadmiring interruption. "Then they asked for Aunt Lennox," he went on, evidently abbreviating the scene; "and I said it was no use going to see her, for she was busy making jam, and couldn't stir out of the kitchen."

"Jam!" his unfortunate sister cried tragically, "jam at this time of year!" and she turned a despairing look on the owner of this awkwardly inventive genius. "Did you call it strawberry jam?" she inquired, grimly, when she had gazed at the culprit speechlessly for a few moments.

"No, I didn't," Lance replied, somewhat indignant at the reception of his news.

"How could you make up such stories?" groaned Ruth, "and give such details? They couldn't have believed you."

"Well, I like that!" cried Lance, justly incensed. "Didn't you ask me to tell crams? If I had told the truth, and said Aunt Lennox was sitting knitting at home, and that you were hiding in the school, where would you have been?"

"But you might have said something more probable," Ruth objected.

"You should have told me what to say, then."

"Well, I suppose I ought to be thankful you didn't



say we all had small-pox," she said resignedly; "but after all," she added more gratefully, "you did your best, and sent them away. They'll think as badly as possible of me after Monday, so this won't make much difference," she finished, with a sigh.

—which Ruth considered providential, as it prevented any encounter with the Lewises, which would otherwise certainly have taken place.

It was early in the afternoon when Ruth made her way down the hill; and never had the road seemed



"The sound of the gay laugh gave Gordon something of a shock."—p. 736.

## CHAPTER XII.

### UN MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE.

THE dreaded Monday arrived all too soon, and Ruth knew she must brace herself for a disagreeable interview. Mr. Matthew must not be allowed to come up in the evening; she herself should go down and prevent him. On Sunday it had rained torrents, so none of the family from the *g'en* had been able to go to church

so short. She dreaded to come to the end of her journey. How would Mr. Matthew take it? she wondered. Why had she allowed a whole week to elapse before making up her mind to confess her change of intention? He would have a right to be angry, especially as he had already told his sisters. She had never seen the artist really angry; but with instinctive fear she felt sure he was capable of being roused, and it was no pleasant prospect to picture what he would

be like then. Yet, however difficult the task might be, she must tell him at once that she could never think of marrying him. The longer she delayed, the harder it would be.

She had reached the gate of Lakeside, and now the moment had come. Her feelings were very much like those of a person standing at the door of a dentist. She wished she had not come, and almost hoped some interruption would occur to prevent her carrying out her plans. She paused guiltily to reconnoitre. What if the Misses Lewis should be about, and see her? She could not possibly face them; but after waiting for nearly five minutes, she made sure that the garden was empty; and gently pushing open the gate, she ventured in. She made a long circuit round in the shelter of the trees, to avoid the parlour windows; and reaching the studio stair, she ran up and tapped at the door. Inside, the artist was seated in front of his easel, enjoying a delightful day-dream. The picture before him was Ruth's, and he was willing away the time in contemplation of it until the hour arrived for his promised visit. The tap at the door roused him out of his charming reverie.

"Come in," he called indifferently, looking over his shoulder to see who the intruder might be. "Ruth!" and he started up in joyful surprise, and coming over, seized both her hands.

But she drew back hastily, in dread of another salute.

"I daresay you are surprised to see me, Mr. Matthew," she began hurriedly; "but I had something to say to you."

"But won't you sit down, dear?" he asked, trying to lead her to a seat.

Ruth shook her head.

"No, thank you," she said. "I won't take long."

She paused for a moment, the colour coming and going in her face, and then, summoning up all her courage, she plunged into her subject.

"You remember what passed between us last Monday?" she asked, somewhat falteringly.

"When you promised to marry me? Of course I do!" he declared.

"I have been thinking over it since then," she said, averting her face; "and I am afraid it was all a mistake."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't think I should have promised," she said, in a low tone. "I am afraid I can't keep my word."

"Ruth!" he exclaimed, in a pained tone, "do you mean this?"

She looked at him deprecatingly, but did not speak.

"What has occurred to make you change your mind?" he asked slowly.

"Nothing has occurred; but when I had time to think about it, I saw that it was impossible."

"And it took you a whole week to find it out?"

His tone sounded hard, and Ruth, casting a swift glance at him, saw that his face looked as unpromising as his voice. The interview was going to be worse even than she had feared.

"I don't think it took me so long," she said, looking down; "I think I knew the next day; but I couldn't make up my mind to tell you."

"So it did not occur to you that it would be kinder to inform me of your decision at once?" he demanded, in the same hard tone, "instead of making a fool of me all this time?"

"I did not mean to make a fool of you," she protested, with an imploring look at the stern face. "I was trying to decide what was the right thing to do."

"So you let me tell my sisters and everybody, and yet you never intended to keep your promise!"

"How was I to know you would be in such a hurry to tell people," she flashed out, in some heat. "You didn't"—as a sudden alarm seized her—"you didn't tell Jack?"

"No," he returned, with great dryness: "if that is all you care for, you may set your mind at rest. Perhaps your anxiety on that point may enable you to realise my position a little."

Ruth felt that this was true. It would have been very much worse for her if Jack and Mrs. Lennox had known. She admitted that the artist had cause for anger.

"Mr. Matthew," she said impulsively, "I am very, very sorry. I know you must think I have behaved badly; but indeed it is better to tell the truth now."

"Perhaps it would have been better if you could have told it sooner," he remarked, in the same sarcastic tone. "I suppose the truth is you have found out you were in love with someone else, and you only accepted me temporarily, in a fit of pique."

He tried to retain an air of dignified contempt, but he was too angry to succeed, and his last words sounded anything but calm. Ruth flushed to the roots of her hair, but for a moment she could find no words to speak. She gazed at him, as if half-fascinated by his angry eyes; and then her quick blush subsided, leaving her quite pale.

"I know you are very angry, or you would not say such things," she said, her voice trembling a little. "I did not wish to accept you, but you over-persuaded me. I ought to have told you my mistake next morning—that was all."

"All!" he cried angrily. "You consider it, then, nothing to place a man in a humiliating position? to pick him up and cast him aside as the fancy takes you? The next time, Miss Douglas, that a man offers you his love and all that he has, you would do well to treat it seriously, and not answer 'Yes' or 'No' according to the mood in which you happen to be."

But Ruth could stand no more of this.

"I am very sorry for what I have done," she said; but her tone had less contrition in it this time. "I regret having given you any pain; but I can say no more;" and with that, she turned and fairly made her escape out of the studio.

She sped along quickly, thankful to be out of the place where she had spent so many happy hours; but at first her brain was in too great a whirl to enable her to think clearly. The interview had been a thousand times worse than she had feared. Every bit of her was tingling at the recollection of Mr. Matthew's words. She almost flew, as if trying to run away from her own thoughts. On the hill she overtook Lance returning from school. He looked back, saw her, and waited until she came up.

"Have you been down there?" he asked, nodding in the direction of Lakeside. "What did he say?"

"Oh, don't ask me," she said quickly: "I wish to forget all about it."

"Did he cut up rough, then?" the boy asked curiously. "What a pity you didn't write to him!"

"Well, it's over now," and Ruth gave a sigh of relief; "but I'm sure he'll never speak to me again."

"Who cares?" Lance said coolly. "But, I say," he added, with animation, "how can you keep Jack from knowing?"

His sister groaned. This problem had already suggested itself to her. If all communication suddenly ceased between the two houses, how could the cause be kept from the others? The consequences of that unfortunate episode seemed endless.

In the days which followed, Lance was Ruth's only comfort. He knew her secret, and helped her by going to the post for the letters; so one danger of encountering the artist was avoided. Ruth almost hoped that Mr. Matthew had gone away from home; but on Sunday she was undeceived. She had found it impossible to avoid going to church without awakening her aunt's suspicions. The only thing she could do was to hurry her family off early; so they were about the first to enter and take their seats. Just before the minister appeared, Lance whispered, "Here they are!" and a rustling and sound of steps behind made her quite aware of his meaning.

The pew of the Lewises was only the second behind their own, and it happened that the intervening one was empty. Ruth went first red, and then pale, as she heard the three people file into their seats. She felt sure that the sight of herself, sitting plainly visible, would sadly interfere with Mr. Matthew's devotions, as, most assuredly, the knowledge that he was behind did with hers. The whole long service might have been spoken in an unknown tongue, as far as Ruth was concerned. It seemed interminable; and yet she dreaded the moment of departure. Usually the two families met in the churchyard, and walked part of the way home together. Ruth grew nearly sick with apprehension as she thought of the almost inevitable meeting. Fortunately, Lance was at the end of the seat, and the idea occurred to him to sit as if glued to his place (which he was usually in the utmost haste to leave) until his aunt rose up, with impatience, from the corner where she was imprisoned. Even then, as he rose, he had the clumsiness to sweep half of the books from their places with his elbow, and by the time he had managed to grope for them on the floor and replace them, the church was empty.

That was one danger averted; but it was impossible that Lance could always be present to come to the rescue. Ruth was obliged to go alone sometimes to the village, although she avoided the road as much as possible. One day, after first glancing apprehensively up and down the street, she entered the shop. She was right in, when she suddenly discovered Mr. Matthew within a yard of her. His back was turned towards her, but something in his attitude made her sure that he had seen her. If he was in any doubt as to her presence at first, he was not long left in ignorance, for Mrs. Black, from behind the counter, greeted

the young lady by name in a tone which was distinctly audible. Mr. Matthew never turned his head. He bent down over the fishing-tackle he was examining, and appeared to be equally deaf and blind. Ruth went a shade paler, but she managed to go forward and speak in a firm enough tone.

Fortunately, the shop was rather busy with people coming and going, so the lack of greeting between the lady and gentleman might have passed unnoticed. When Ruth's business was finished, and she turned to go out again, the artist was still there, and she was obliged to pass him. She gave a quick glance as she almost brushed against him in the narrow passage; but his eye never rested on her. So this was how he would have it. Ruth felt sadly that she had lost a friend. She was grieved, and would willingly have undone that unfortunate day's work had it been possible; but she felt disappointed in Mr. Matthew. She had not suspected him of being capable of harbouring such resentment.

Another day, as she was walking up the village street to the post-office, she raised her eyes, which had been somewhat thoughtfully fixed on the ground, and caught sight of the grey skirts of the Misses Lewis whisking out of sight, with a rapidity which suggested flight.

"What do they think I could do to them?" she said to herself, with scornful bitterness. "They are flying as if from the plague."

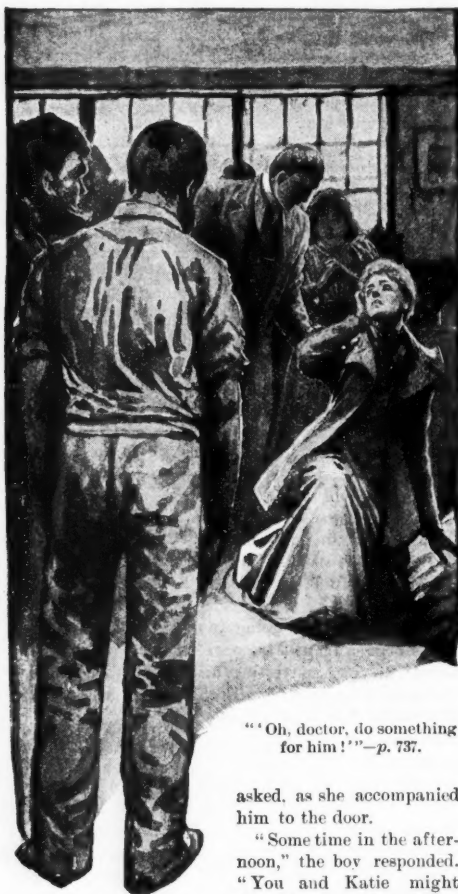
When she came out again with her letters, there was the artist standing in colloquy with a boatman, halfway down the street. She walked slowly, hoping he might go before she reached them. But no; Mr. Matthew's tactics were evidently not those of his sisters. He was not going to move a step out of his way or go a moment sooner on her account. She heard his voice conversing distinctly as she passed; but again he appeared totally oblivious of her presence. She raised her head proudly and walked on, after throwing one glance in his direction, to see what he meant to do. But when she had gone a little way her lip quivered slightly, and her eyes filled with tears. She had not many friends, and the loss of this old one touched her deeply. She could never have behaved with such hardness, after the first anger had passed away; and it grieved her to see that Mr. Matthew should consider her so guilty as to merit such treatment.

Life just now did not appear rose-coloured to poor Ruth. The present was by no means agreeable, and the future looked still less inviting. One thing she felt thankful for was that Gordon had not made his appearance on the scene to add to her complications. Yet, should he arrive, she was quite determined not to be influenced by Jack's words. She would have no more of lovers; her last experience was sufficient. Still, Ruth's spirits were elastic, and a fortnight after Mr. Matthew's unnecessary errand to town she felt like her old self again, and ready for anything to break the present monotony.

This was a Saturday, and she had thought that they might go for a long expedition with Lance; but at breakfast the boy announced his intention of sailing across the loch with one of the boatmen. His sister

was a little disappointed; but Lance had been very useful to her lately, so she made no objection to his plan, but at once set about preparing a substantial lunch for him to carry with him.

"When do you think you'll be back, Lance?" she



"Oh, doctor, do something for him!"—p. 737.

asked, as she accompanied him to the door.

"Some time in the afternoon," the boy responded. "You and Katie might come down to the pier to

meet me, about three;" and then he set off whistling, turning back at the gate to wave his cap.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE ACCIDENT.

THAT same Saturday, Gordon and another man stood on the deck of the afternoon steamer, which was tossing about unpleasantly on the loch.

"My word!" exclaimed the latter man, clutching his hat, "what a squall! Does it always blow a gale in these regions?"

It certainly was blowing very hard, and what with the pitching and tossing, and the waves breaking now and then over the deck, the two men found it hard to

keep their feet, and saw the steamer approach their destination with unmixed feelings of satisfaction. As they drew into the pier, it struck Gordon that there was an unusual crowd of people about. It was evident something exciting had happened.

"What is the matter?" he asked of the man who held the gangway.

"An accident," returned the man laconically; and then he pointed in the direction of the moving crowd. "Yon's the last one out of the water now," he said.

"Oh!" said Gordon's companion, looking in the direction indicated; "perhaps I can be of use. I am a doctor."

The two young men hurried down the pier, but stood aside for a moment when they reached the foot, to allow the melancholy procession to pass in front of them. Several weather-beaten men moved slowly along under their dripping burden, followed by the rest of the crowd. Instinctively Gordon's eye travelled to the motionless figure as it was being borne past him. He gave a sudden start.

"Good Heavens!" he ejaculated, in a horrified tone, "it's young Douglas!"

"Somebody you know?" asked his friend; but without pausing for an answer, he hurried into the cottage after the men.

Gordon stood outside and passed his hand across his eyes, as if he would fain rub out the vision he had seen; but those rigid features which had thus suddenly startled him seemed stamped upon his brain. As he stood there in bewildered inactivity, his friend came out quickly, and said a few words to him in a low tone.

"No; oh no," Gordon answered hurriedly; "I couldn't take them the news for worlds!"

"As you please," said the doctor, shrugging his shoulders; "but as you know them, I thought you might. You had better send one of these men, then—after all, I don't suppose it matters how they get the news; you know what it is," he added significantly, as he turned and re-entered the cottage.

Gordon stood still for a few minutes, in great perturbation of mind. He shrank from being the bearer of bad tidings; but whom could he send? At first he declared to himself, with energy, that go he would not; but as the necessity of doing something, and that quickly, impressed itself upon him, his resolution wavered. Would it not be kinder to go himself, and try, at least, to break the news gently? Anything was better than standing idly doing nothing here. He moved off at last, and turned his steps in the direction of the glen. He had a long walk before him, and on the way he would consider what he should say. He walked slowly. Why should he hasten? they would hear soon enough. He had not gone very far up the hill when all at once the sound of a laugh, borne on the wind, caught his ear, and the next moment Ruth and her little sister appeared, almost blown round the corner. Ruth was laughing, and the wind had lent a fine colour to her cheeks, while Katie's long hair was flying about in all directions as she grasped her hat with both hands. The sound of the gay laugh gave Gordon something of a shock—it was so different from the picture which he had in his mind. Now that the



moment had come so unexpectedly, it found him quite unprepared, and he shrank from his task. Ruth held out her hand pleasantly.

"How do you do, Mr. Gordon?" she said smilingly; but Gordon's countenance did not relax from its gravity. "Isn't it windy?" Ruth went on. "I don't wonder you look serious, struggling against it."

Instead of rousing up at this sally, which she expected he would do, Gordon looked at her with an expression so solemn, that instantly the smile faded from her lips, and her mind filled with vague alarm.

"I have just heard bad news, Miss Douglas," he said, with an effort, wishing himself miles away, but feeling he must not let her go on any longer in ignorance.

"What sort of news?" she asked quickly.

"There has been an accident on the loch," he began, and then stopped short.

"Then it is Lance!" she exclaimed, the colour fading from her cheeks. "Quick, quick, Mr. Gordon! don't keep me in suspense. Have you seen him? Where is he? Are you sure it is Lance?"

"Yes," said Gordon; "that is—" and he hesitated confusedly under her agonised look. "The doctor is afraid he has been very long in the water;" and again he stammered and paused.

Ruth's eyes were fixed on his face, and what she read there enabled her to fill up the pause. For a moment she stood staring at him with distended eyes, every vestige of colour gone from her face, as if she had been turned into stone; then all at once, with a half-articulate cry, and before Gordon could speak, she had started out of her rigid immovability, and was speeding down the hill as if she had wings to her feet.

Katie, meanwhile, had stood by, drinking-in what was said; but it had all passed too quickly, and the words were too vague for her to do more than half comprehend the meaning. Her sister's strange expression filled her mind with an indefinable fear, which, when Ruth's dress had disappeared out of sight, found vent in a flood of tears. Gordon looked down at the little girl, completely at a loss. Nothing of a consoling nature occurred to him, so he was silent. Should he take the child home, and see Mrs. Lennox? or should he return to the cottage, where so much still remained to be done? Jack was in town, and someone must take him the news. Gordon looked helplessly around, and then down at poor Katie, who was sobbing loudly, and apparently unheeded; but for his life he could not find a single word to say. He would have been thankful if she had followed her sister's example and rushed off down the hill; but evidently the little girl was as incapable of taking the initiative as himself, so they might have stood thus for a considerable time, had not Mr. Wilson opportunely appeared on the scene. The sight of the schoolmaster instantly suggested a solution of his dilemma to Gordon. He moved over to meet the new-comer, who was sauntering slowly down the hill. In a few minutes the bad news was imparted, and before the astonished Wilson could recover from his shock or make any objections to the task assigned him, he found himself committed to be the bearer of the news to Mrs. Lennox, with the

weeping Katie on his hands, while the other man strode off towards the village.

Ruth reached the cottage, which was easily recognisable by the crowd gathered round the door. The people drew back to make way for her, and regarded her with pitying glances; but she saw nothing. She pushed in hurriedly, but for a moment her eyes could discover nothing in the gloom of the interior. Someone turned round on her entrance, and after giving her a rapid survey, came forward. It was the young doctor.

"It's all right," he said briefly, and at once addressing her; "your sister has recovered."

Ruth looked at him for a moment vaguely, as if she scarcely heard; then, as her eye, becoming accustomed to the dimness, fell on a prostrate form stretched out near the fireplace, she gave a sharp cry, and threw herself down on her knees beside it.

"Lance! Lance!" she cried wildly, bending over him. "Oh, doctor, do something for him! Quick! quick! it can't be too late."

"My dear young lady," said the doctor's voice, "he has been under the water for more than an hour. You had better come away."

Ruth rose up with a stony feeling of despair. She could shed no tears. She felt this was some dreadful nightmare, from which she must soon awake. Was that really Lance, lying so fixed and white, with that unchanging expression on his usually merry face? The grey eyes were closed, and the dark rings of hair lay damp and curled on his forehead. He seemed asleep. As Ruth gazed down at the beloved face, a sort of awe fell upon her; a cold numbness possessed her, paralysing her brain, and only enabling her to move mechanically.

"Don't look like that, child; I am quite well," said a voice near her.

At the sound of the strange voice Ruth turned round. An old lady was looking at her from amidst a heap of shawls and blankets. Was she speaking to her? What did she mean? but Ruth paid no more attention. Nothing mattered to her now.

"Rachel," said the old lady again.

Ruth heard, but as one hears in a dream.

"The other young lady is all right, in the next room," said the doctor, going over to the speaker: "so is the boatman; but the boy—" and he lowered his voice and moved his head in the direction of the motionless figure; "and this young lady is his sister?"

"Then this must be Ruth Douglas," said the old lady in a firm voice, sitting up. "Do you know that we were coming to see you? and your sister is in the next room."

Ruth received this announcement without emotion of any sort whatever. She looked blankly before her, as if this were something which concerned another person. What could touch or move her now? It seemed as if the end of the world had come. Somebody came to the door and looked in.

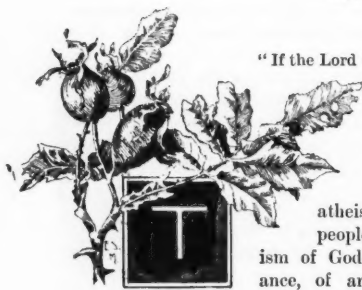
"Miss Douglas," said a voice, which sounded like Gordon's, "I am going back to town by the steamer, and shall see Jack. He could be down this evening; and," he added, in a lower tone, "I have made arrangements here."

(To be continued.)

## DEPENDENCE WITH LIBERTY.

BY DR. CHARLES A. BERRY.

"If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that."—JAMES iv. 15.



THESE words follow a very vigorous protest against the practical atheism in which many people live—the atheism of God-forgetting assurance, of arrogant self-confidence and audacious boastful-

ness. "Go to, now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain : whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life ? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Over against this violation of the counsel, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow," our text indicates how we ought to bear ourselves towards a future of which we know nothing, and towards those schemes and purposes which "reach a hand through time." "For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that." Our text is thus a call to humility, to a well-ordered sense of that dependence which underlies our liberty, and to a disciplinary and sanctifying remembrance of God as the source of our strength and the ruler of our affairs. The reminder is not less gracious than wise, vigorously corrective of some evident tendencies in our modern life, yet full of elevation and promise to the dutiful and trustful soul. I know no better thought to enshrine within daily remembrance than this, which recalls man's ignorance and helplessness in himself, and man's power and resource in God.

Now, in commending this word to you as a daily counsel, I am aware how necessary it has become to redeem the sound sense of it from foolishness and formality. Like most scriptural injunctions of its kind, this text has suffered from over-emphasis and literalism. One-eyed readers have seen only so much of the writer's meaning as to make him responsible for an impracticable, and therefore incredible, crusade against all forecasting of time and purpose. The man of words, on the other hand, has laid his finger and fixed his spectacles upon the word SAY—"for that ye ought to say"—and he will have it that to think or feel or acknowledge is not sufficient—that a man must always say "If the Lord will" whenever he forms or announces any plan of future operation. Now, I am far from thinking that this literal expression of our dependence may always and everywhere be dispensed with. There are plans so vast, so serious, so far-stretching, involving such enormous faith and grit, carrying with them such evident risks and dangers, that their inauguration offers a natural occasion for the reverent utterance in men's presence of the Divine

proviso. And there are occasions, not infrequent, when, co-operating with godless and worldly men, it would be to them a wise reminder were we to express our dependence upon the consent of God. But to suppose that our daily correspondence is to be well interspersed with D.V.'s, and that our common speech must be interlarded with "Please God," "If the Lord will," "God willing," would be to reduce a solemn truth to an absurd mockery. Piety never fails of its best when it obeys the instincts of sanctified common-sense. Good taste is the natural blossom of a good heart. And the general sentiment of modern Christendom is healthy which looks with disfavour on a practice which so easily sinks into artificiality, which lends such obvious occasion to fraudulent pretence, and which awakens unnecessary criticism and ridicule on the part of worldly men. Our text does not exact such a dangerous obedience. What is required of us is an habitual sense of dependence upon Him in whom "we live, and move, and have our being," a ceaseless recognition of the fact that what we have, and are, and do, all rest upon the permission of God, and a frank remembrance that all our plans are decrees *nisi* until made absolute by the consent of Heaven. Where such a spirit rules the life, there is no need, save for special reasons, to repeat the expression of it. And where the spirit is absent, it is nothing less than criminal blasphemy to use the formula which implies submission. Our one anxiety must be, however, while dropping the use of a phrase, not to quench the spirit which it expresses, but to live in modest and reverent humility as those who momentarily receive "life and breath and all things" from God. "Be not wise in your own conceits." "In all thy ways acknowledge Him." "If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that."

But while our text has been threatened with ridicule through the folly of the literalist, it has been much more seriously endangered by those who have tried to turn it into a sneer at the dignity of life, at the enterprise and forethought of wise men, and at the most reverent and dutiful spirit of self-reliance in the shaping of plans and ideals. Some men read our text as if it were intended to heap contempt upon life, to reduce it to a vapoury worthlessness, and to ridicule every vigorous endeavour to turn it to high account. It is true that in the earlier part of our textual passage there is a strain of contemptuous sarcasm. The writer is there addressing the godless men around him—the men to whom this present is the be-all and end-all of existence. He notes their eager calculation, their arduous toil, their skilful and painful planning, and he turns upon them the torrent of his brilliant badinage. "What fools you are!" he seems to say. "What good is there in all your

laborious struggle? What is your life—*your* life, such life as you yourselves take account of? Is it not a mere vapour? Do not you say and believe it is something which is and is not, which to-day basks in the sun and to-morrow vanishes away? Why don't you complete your philosophy of atheism with a philosophy of pleasure? Why don't you eat and drink in view of to-morrow's death?" Such was the strain of the writer's attack. He had in mind the philosophy of the Epicureans, and was evidently of opinion that for an atheist it was the most rational of all philosophies. The Epicureans emphasised the uncertainty of the future, and man's inability to control it, but they turned this self-evident truth into a reason for enjoying the present moment, without strain of forethought or effort, without purpose for a morrow which might never dawn, without hope or fear in respect of a future which at longest would be brief. The men whom James attacked accepted the Epicurean account of life, but were too eager and greedy to enjoy the Epicurean content, such as it was. Hence the writer pours upon them his vials of ridicule and derision, pitying them all the time as men self-robbed of God and yet unable to get pleasure out of the world. Shall we say James took too low a view of such life when he called it, in the approved terms of its philosophy, a vapour that vanishes away? Shall we charge him with levity or with lack of dignified wisdom when he scorned such purposes as such men could form? But to ridicule such a *mode* of life was not to heap contempt on *life*: to unravel the folly of such scheming and planning was not to declare against all thought and plan and purpose. The moment James drops those men and breathes again the unpolluted atmosphere of his own faith, another tone is discernible in his utterance. The man who believes in God is the only man with an adequate faith in to-morrow. Only the man who believes that to-morrow as well as to-day is in the safe keeping of God can wisely project his mind in plans which reach through years of effort. It is the conscious child of eternity who makes the most capable workman in time. Hence, so far from ridiculing life and purpose, James insists that to the man of God life is a glorious heritage, a grand arena for working out, under God, the most comprehensive and far-reaching purposes. His scorn is reserved for atheistic self-confidence. For pious and reverent purposing, with all that it means of modest self-reliance and utilisation of resource, he has encouragement and promise. This is in complete harmony with all we know of the practical-minded Apostle, and it finds evidence in the very words of the text. "If the Lord will," is a phrase which reminds us of the limits and sanctions within which our liberty has play. "We shall live, and do this or that," is an expression of our self-determination, of our right to frame plans, of our duty to look ahead and move forward. Our text is thus the true mean between atheistic self-confidence

and fatalistic acquiescence, between arrogant egotism and immoral repudiation of life's powers and obligations. Therein lie the strength, peace, liberty, and elevation of our life. To banish God is not to find freedom, but servitude. To find and acknowledge Him as the Sovereign Lord of life is to enlarge our arena and to discover the real sources of brave confidence and quenchless energy.

And yet, alas! interpret our text as broadly as we may, very few of us can escape the charge of neglecting its counsel—nay even of despising and rejecting its spirit. I am not now concerned with what atheists do, nor with the habits of men who pride themselves upon being godless and worldly. Shall I be speaking what is untrue if I say that many of us who bear Christ's name, who have rejoiced in the salvation which He wrought by His sacrifice, do practically live in another spirit than that of daily and devout dependence? There is an unhealthy tone about much of our conversation, an unreligious, if not irreligious, pretence and assumption about the daily life we lead. We speak of *our* business, *our* possessions, *our* plans, as if we were absolute masters of ourselves and our destiny; as if, by cunning calculation and prudent scheming, we could dodge all disaster, control all forces, regulate every possible exigency, and reach our goal with colours flying. Now and again, indeed, we suffer a rude and momentary awakening from our self-deceit. Death stalks into our circle of schemes, and carries off a life on which we had depended. God's energy breathes out in a hurricane which sweeps across sea and land, and our ship goes down in tragic loneliness, with only the sea-birds to chant a requiem; or our strong house of cards falls ignominiously to the ground. The intensity of life eats away our vital energy, and the hand begins to tremble, the eyes grow dim, the head swims, and to save some salvage from our self-wreck we have to hurry away and leave our schemes to fate. For the moment we are impressed with our dependence upon a higher Will; but so deep-rooted is the practical banishment of God from most of our affairs, that we soon slip back into old habits of feeling. How many of us retain a daily sense of dependence upon God, and how many of us seek guidance for our daily business? How many, or how few, before entering upon a business enterprise, or a social connection, or a personal obligation, or a public task, do fervently recognise the need of Divine consent, and seek it in devout and earnest prayer? Must it not in truth be said that, in addition to dropping the phrase "God willing," many of us have lost the tone and quality of mind which that phrase indicates? And must it not be further confessed that we have sunk to this forgetfulness of God in daily life because we stand committed to many things which we know God would *not* be willing to sanction, and because we have set our hearts on winning *them* instead of on pleasing *Him*? The wrong-doer cannot ask the sanction of God, does not want God

to notice him, wants only, and *can* want only, to forget God and to be by God forgot. And the reason why we find it so difficult to remember God in business and in social life, and to live in quiet submission to His sanction, is because the world is just as much as ever at enmity with God, sets up its own standard, ruthlessly overturns the injunctions of Heaven, and threatens with swift ruin those who can be frightened by threats, should they dare to "trust in the Lord and do good," and to wait with confident expectation their promised inheritance in the earth. Yea, verily, it is as true to-day as ever it was, that the world and the flesh stand in opposition to God and the spirit. There never was, there never can be, any compromise or any truce. It is war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

Here we have penetrated to the very heart of our text. It is not a plea for the repetition of a phrase, it is not a call to periodic recognition of our dependence: it is an exhortation to make God absolute Master of all we have and are, to submit ourselves wholly to His authority and direction, to be self-crucified to worldliness and alive to the higher spiritual functions of life. You may tell me that this is a large order. Precisely. The Gospel *is* a large order; and it is just because so many people have failed to appreciate that fact, preferring to regard it in aspects more gratifying to selfishness, that we see so little of Christ in the men who profess His name. Let us beware of self-deceit. The Gospel brings to us large gifts and larger promises; it overflows with free favours and undeserved bounties; but it would be no Gospel of redemption at all, would be nothing better than a pauperising and debilitating extravagance of grace, did it not turn its gifts into obligations and interpret its promises as occasions of obedience. The Gospel is a claim as well as a gift, an instruction and motive as well as—nay, because—a benediction and a promise. It lays upon us a large order because it creates for us a great occasion. And its order is that we must lose ourselves in God, that we may find ourselves in new relations and with new ideals. The primal mischief of life is that all our activities and interests are organised around the wrong centre. Self instead of God, gain instead of goodness, comfort instead of character, property instead of piety, indicate our mistaken attitude. Out of these eccentricities arise all the grind, the friction, the waste, the fruitlessness of life. It is a pitiable spectacle we see around us in this mad battle of selfishness, and one hardly knows whether more to pity the man who wins and finds emptiness, or the man who loses and is left to poverty and obscure suffering. It is all wrong, miserably wrong, and the fruit of it is seen in the unrest and misery of life. The Gospel comes to put us right, and by putting us right to set us in the way of finding rest and happiness. It re-erects God as the true centre of life, and by making His will supreme bids us to

find security and peace in obedience and trust. It is God's will that life should be bright and blessed for all His children, that the earth should be a paradise of joy and song, and not a charnel-house of blighted careers nor a cruel arena of selfish strife. What we see around us of unhallowed wealth and unsanctified poverty is the result of a dominant and shameless materialism, of a selfishness not less visible in the envy of the poor than in the greed of the rich. All classes among us are tainted with the worldliness which sets a practically supreme value upon gold, and what gold can purchase, and have become insensible to the profound truth of the Master's utterance that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth." Hence the dethronement of God's ideal of life, which makes truth, love, service, the elements of well-being; hence the substitution of our godless greed to possess what the world craves and prizes; and hence the banishment of God and of our sense of dependence upon Him from common daily affairs.

How much simpler and sweeter, how much more calm and strong and satisfying, is the life to which God calls us! While it rests upon the confident assurance that "the Lord will provide," it finds motive and scope for exercise in the healthy vitality of its unburdened and unanxious powers. Breathing the atmosphere of dependence in the attitude of trust, and commending all our plans to the Lord of our talents and our time, we are able to work without worry, to forecast without anxiety, to achieve or to fail without foolish pride or still more foolish grief. To the man who recognises that the Lord reigns, and that He is the Father and Friend of all who trust and are not afraid, life is a certain triumph, a quiet and satisfying inheritance. The curse of our modern civilisation is strain, and the origin of strain is a godless, trustless selfishness. Only at distant intervals do we meet with a man who believes and does not make haste. For the most part, men are strung to a self-destroying tension, working too eagerly to be effective, and reaping weariness instead of joy and vigour out of their work. And the only way out of this wild fiery chaos is for Christian men boldly to relinquish all part and lot in the unholy strife, to recall the world to the supremacy and goodness of God, to set the example of a fearless faith in the sufficiency of a gracious Providence, and to point men to that nobler philosophy of life which is rooted in dependence and animated by trust. Remember the Master's sermon on the lilies and the sparrows. Recall His simple yet Divine account of life's sources and reward. Put away from you the unholy passion for mere wealth, power, fame. Learn to live the full and harmonised life which combines trust with toil, dependence with self-help, Divine sovereignty with individual initiative. And upon you and yours will fall henceforth the warmth and brightness of God's sunshine; you shall know the joy of work, the rest of faith, the blessedness and satisfaction of a God-governed and God-insured life!



## AFTER LONG ABSENCE.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.



SKETCH IN THE LARGE ROOM.



**I**T is rather a perilous experience, after the lapse of years, to visit an old love. One feels rather awkward, to say the least of it. Then there are the speculations—how shall I be received? what shall I feel? what shall I see? and—what shall I say?

But I will not speculate—experience is better than speculation—and I will tell the reader how I felt, and what I did, when I went to see an old flame of mine.

It was an "it," and not a "she;" if it had been a "she," I should probably have been quagmired amid what I have mentioned above, and been glad to keep my experiences to myself.

Many years ago I was instrumental in raising an endowment for a "Seaside Home for the London City Missionaries"—a place whither these hard-worked men could be sent for change of air when recovering from illness—for rest, when exhausted with their heavy and incessant work, and for a short holiday every year; so that by a little change of air and scene, they might be kept from breaking down at all.

This "Seaside Home" consists of twelve rather collegiate-looking buildings on the highest ground in Ventnor, each house having, besides the basement, accommodation for one single missionary, and a sitting-room and bed-room for a married couple. There is also a large common hall, with a good selection of books and games, and with the portraits of some of the benefactors hanging on the walls.

I say this was my old love, for which I worked for many years—which I had visited when it was

trim and bright in its early youth, and which I revisited the other day. But alas! alas! how Time turns dimples to wrinkles, and blushes to blotches, and curves to angles, and does many naughty things, on which I do not love to dwell.

One thing, however, was a comfort; though my old flame needed painting and papering, and, between ourselves, a little putty, too; and though it was decidedly shabby, and had gone down in the world as to appearances, it was still the same as to the old lines—it was “itself,” and that, I confess, was everything to me. And so I said to myself, “I’ll take some of my friends into my confidence, and though I can’t do all I would for you myself, perhaps they’ll help me to paint, and paper, and putty you; and though I can’t undertake to make you ‘beautiful for ever,’ yet I most certainly shall never see you wanting renovation again.”

I own, good reader, to having flirted, in the years which have passed between my first visit to the Seaside Home and that of the other day, with some other institutions, and to have written in connection with them what has passed beyond the limits of conventional penmanship; if I had lived in the days of Serjeant Buzfuz, who pleaded Mrs. Bardell’s case against poor Pickwick, he could have made a great deal out of those documents, especially one bulky one, in which I showed my appreciation of the Royal Hospital for Incurables. But that is neither here nor there; the London City Mission Seaside Home had the chief part in my affections always, and has it still.

The “Seaside Home” is twenty-five years old—rather young for me, but so steady, so good, that

forsaking all other, except in a secondary kind of way with a little scratch of the pen, I intend to keep to it—until death do us part.

It has a sister at Folkestone, but when that wants painting and papering and puttying, I shall probably not be here to have pity on its woes.

Now, just think, good reader, if this noble place is not worthy of a little sympathy and help.

During the past year 208 missionaries and 146 missionaries’ wives have had a fortnight’s holiday within its walls, while thirty missionaries have been received and nursed, and returned to their work again, in many instances entirely restored to health. The same on an average might be said of each of the twenty-five years of its life, so that the missionaries have had 5,100 fortnights of refreshment here, and their wives 3,650. Think of what a boon that must be to men hard worked fifty out of the fifty-two weeks in the year!

I am only mentioning now what this building has done, which I am so anxious to paint, paper and putty, and generally repair; its funds have provided last year alone for a similar holiday to 112 missionaries, 105 wives, and 20 invalids, and 144 missionaries have received grants to spend their holiday elsewhere.

When I went to the Home in the month of February, I found ten invalids there, one or two of whom arrived during my short stay. Seven of these were men recovering from influenza—in some cases complicated with pneumonia—and bronchitis. They appeared to have suffered much; but the sea-air had done wonders for them. The entire change in their surroundings—the plain but wholesome food—the companionship of each other

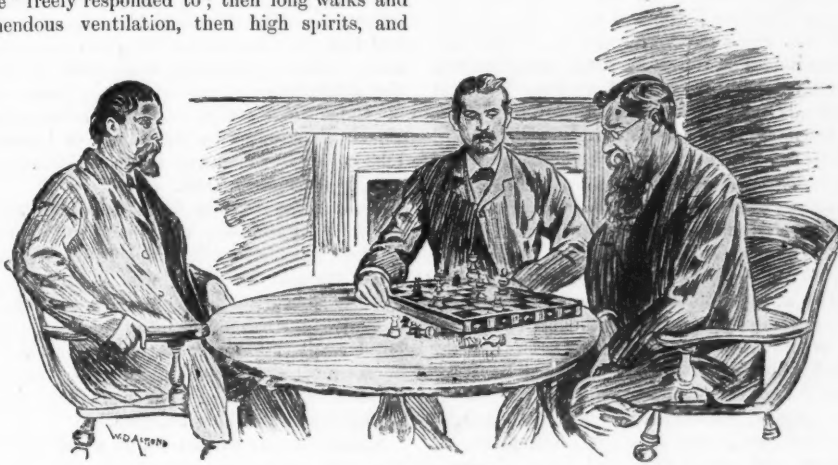
—the spirit of cheerfulness which pervaded the sunlit place—the kindness of the matron who thought of everybody, and was a kind of bottled sunshine in herself, were all restorative, and all did their work, as I could see with my own eyes. Sometimes, when a man comes down, he is moody and broody, and seedy beyond description. He has nothing to say, and I have heard of one who was so down that it seemed almost like a personal injury if anybody else had anything to say either; but lo, and behold! first a sickly smile, then a toleration of noise, then a little



ONE OF THE ROOMS.

remark himself, then a good laugh, then a partaking in the noise himself, then a general shaking up, then a feeling that he's getting well, then the tender solicitude of the matron that he should "take a little more" freely responded to; then long walks and tremendous ventilation, then high spirits, and

would be a melancholy prospect for fowls, if only they could think. I remember one day in Leadenhall Market looking at a number of fowls feeding



A GAME OF CHESS.

home; and what do you think, good reader, "home" means to *him*? Why, "work:" it means the slums—it means a long day's toil—it means that, one day of which would probably be enough for you for a year.

Yes; it is inexpressibly touching to see the anxiety of these recovering men to get back to their hard toil; they seem to live for it. They don't want to hang on at the Home, they want to get away from it; sometimes they would leave before they are fit to go, if they were not kept back. Personally, my experience is that the *hearts* of the London City Missionaries are in their work. They seem to *love* it; and one of the objects of the "Seaside Home" is to divert, if possible, their minds from it, for a short time, so that a change of thought, as well as of air, may help to restore them.

Some of my readers probably know what "influenza" is. It is bad enough in itself, but its after-effects are often worse; the Seaside Home enables the Missionary to combat these, and restores him, quite cured to work, for which, without this help, he might not have been equal for months, or perhaps even for ever.

Certainly some of the recovering men I met at the Home had dreadful experiences; those of one man in particular I remember. He was delirious for some time, and imagined himself to be a fowl—not a fowl crowing or clucking, as the case may be, but a defunct bird, and one undergoing the general fate of defunct fowls—being trussed. That

carelessly in a wicker cage, while some of their fellows were being plucked close by; no doubt with ourselves many a meal would be spoiled if we knew what was perhaps even immediately before us.

But to return to my friend the City Missionary. The great difficulty seemed to be with his legs. His body had been manipulated with great agony, to him, until it had been got into proper shape; but his legs could not be got into their proper place at all, and his earnest cry was for someone to "pull them up, and be done with it." He did not tell me whether he was furnished with a "gizzard" or not, so as to be turned out complete; but if he was, I should think that it must have added considerably to his woes.

Now, however, all this had passed away. He had returned to humanity again; and with the good food and air of the "Home," and its amenities and rest, he was a new man; and thus it was with many more. Indeed, it might be said that all the Missionaries are returned from the Home to their work almost new men; and, as they themselves say, "They would not know what would become of them without it," both as a means of keeping them from failing by a timely and refreshing holiday, and by giving them change of air, and so restoring them when they are knocked over either by active illness or by that nervous prostration which in many cases from time to time the nature of their work brings on.

I tried my hand at "interviewing" while I was

there; and amongst those with whom I spoke was one man who came down during my stay, and what he had to tell would fill a volume. He joined the Mission in 1858; at first his mission was chiefly to infidels, and his description of his work on Islington Green was that "nine months of it was equal to nine years." At his last meeting an infidel, Bible in hand, made his way through the crowd, and said to him, "Give us your hand;" then he added, in the presence of the vast assembly, "You're the most straightforward preacher ever I met; if they were all like you, we'd have little to do."

Cholera cases came next, and the Missionary got the cholera himself, but had no Seaside Home then to go to for recovery; then in 1870 he became a Missionary to the public-houses. Imagine what a life that must be; out every night in gin-palaces and beer-houses, from five p.m. to eleven—all weathers—over a large area—hustled about—often abused—in controversy with all sorts and conditions of men—forcing, as it were, religion, conviction of sin, and thought about the soul, into the very strongholds of irreligion and carelessness, and often of vice—where the very atmosphere is against every

serious thought! Is it any wonder that a life of this kind breaks a man down?

This Missionary had had serious internal injury inflicted on him. As he himself said, he was "pulled," "strained," and "punched" by drunken fellows—fellows with fists like legs of mutton, and that in spite often of the landlords, who in many cases, he said, were most kind. Such was the atmosphere he had to work in, that he said at times he actually staggered home himself, almost intoxicated by the fumes of liquor and tobacco after some five hours of talking and arguing in a public-house.

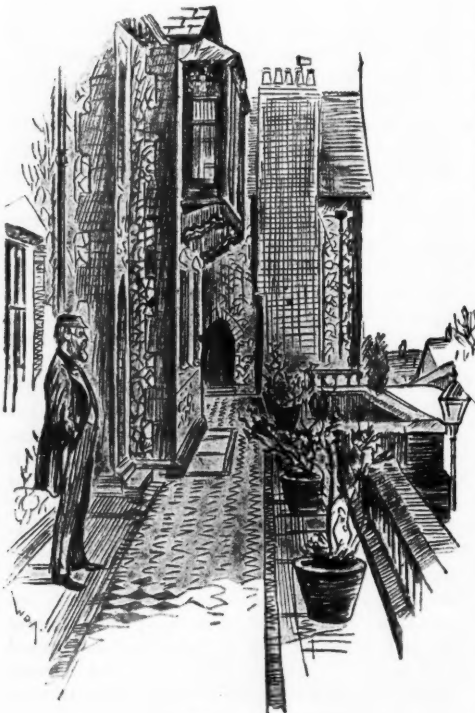
From these unlikely fields wonderful sheaves have been garnered; sometimes from amongst drinkers who have been brought to God, sometimes amongst landlords, who at more or less sacrifice have given up the business altogether.

The City Mission has many marvels to show, but I really think its operations amongst public-houses are the greatest. As this Missionary said, "Tis a marvel to me; I've been twenty years at it, and don't know how 't is done."

Amongst many curious things which this good man told me in connection with drink was one which would puzzle many of our readers, *i.e.*, how two men could get dead-drunk on one halfpenny. "As I was out one morning early I saw two loafers standing at the top of Bermondsey; they were waiting for someone. In conversation I found out that they had only one halfpenny between them. They tried hard to get another halfpenny from me, but I would not give it to them; they said they were 'dying for a drink.' One of them presently says, 'Here comes So-and-so'; and when he came up, one of the men begged the halfpenny from him. When they got it, they went into the public-house hard by, and called for half a *pint* of beer, which they put into a *quart* pot; and then, though dying for drink, neither of them would touch it. It was left on the bar, and one of the two men remained inside, while the other went outside. When the outside man saw someone coming along that he knew, he hailed him and asked him to 'have a drink,' pulled him in, and handed him the quart pot. Having drained it, it was only fair that he should fill it again; and thus the original penny was worked through the day, until the pair were thoroughly drunk at night."

But time, or rather space, is up; or I could tell you much more, not forgetting the man who ordered a quart of liquor, just put his head back, and lifting the pot *on high*, simply poured its contents down his throat without any swallowing, and, no doubt, without any tasting either! The public-house is not without its curiosities in their way.

From a host of grateful letters received from



THE TERRACE.



the Missionaries the following short extracts speak volumes :—"I believe it is largely due to the comfort of the Seaside Home that I am able now, after forty-one years' service (twenty years of which were spent in visiting the courts and alleys of Shoreditch) still to continue my work, in the enjoyment of a fair measure of health and strength, for which I am grateful."

We have no space for the letter of the man who came back "over five pounds heavier in weight"; but there is one touching letter which really deserves to be given in full :—

October 12th, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—In the month of March last my dear wife and myself were stricken down with influenza. When able to leave my bed in April, I did not feel I had sufficient courage to do battle with ungodliness in the taverns about Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly Circus, etc., or even to mix with the promiscuous multitude of every caste and clime who throng the Westminster public-houses.

As the fever abated, the thought of dear old Ventnor, where we had spent several delightful holidays, broke in upon the gloom of our sick-chamber, and, like a delightful vision, helped to lure us back to health.

When, after nearly three weeks' stay under soft skies, and amongst spring flowers, we seemed to laugh and sing again, to climb the hills and view the sea, we compared notes, and ascertained that each had been struck with alarm at the weakness and dejection of the other as we had stood revealed to each other in the clear light that fell upon the boat as we were crossing the Solent.

We both came back very much improved, and I am thankful to say I now feel more than an average of physical capacity for the work of the Lord.

Only once previously had I been to a home as an invalid, and that also was to Ventnor, twenty-three

years ago, which was the first year I was in the Mission. It occurred in this wise. Our children took scarlet fever immediately after measles, and four dear little ones died in a few weeks. My wife was rendered helpless, and myself but little better. As we looked forth from our solitude, there seemed scarce anything left to live for.

The Ventnor Home was just opened. I arrived there in a dazed condition, supporting my feeble wife. As we looked forth upon sea and sky and hills, with their grandeur and beauty, it was soon borne in upon us that the world was too lovely to turn our backs upon in despair.

After a few weeks' stay, we came back to our district, and took up the work with recuperated energies; and the good hand of God has been upon us all these years.

I am sure you will not be surprised that we reckon our Seaside Homes—supported by a generous public—amongst the chief mercies for which we have to thank God; for, next to the grace of God, there is nothing more needful than a good average state of health to enable us to prosecute our work successfully.—Yours truly, J. W. M.

And now all I would say to my readers who have had the influenza and have recovered—and to all who have not had it, and are thankful that they have not—if you would like to give a little thank-offering in connection herewith, I live at "The Cliff" Eastbourne, and shall be glad of any little help to paint, paper, and putty my dilapidated, but still to me beautiful first love.

Copies of "Truffle and Nephews," an illustrated story by the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A., on the above subject, may be had *gratis* on sending postcard with address to The Secretary, London City Mission, Bridewell Place, London.



## AN INTERRUPTED PROPOSAL

### CHAPTER I.



T WAS one of those brilliant May days which in England are so delightful, but in Malta are anything but agreeable.

A slight sirocco was blowing, as was evident by the limp flapping of the flag on the palace in Valetta, and the sirocco was harder to bear

than even the burning sun. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and two young people were sitting up in the verandah outside the central guard-room: the subaltern on duty and a girl of about nineteen years of age with a face

like a blush-rose, and eyes of speedwell blue veiled under black lashes, and hair full of glittering gold threads, like wandering sunbeams, that were lurking among the brown tresses.

She was looking away across the glaring white square with eyes full of wondering pathos.

But though she seemed to be deeply interested in the dark-faced women flitting across the street in their faldettas—in the brilliant mule-cloths, and the country carts—yet she was, in reality, thinking of nothing and no one but the man at her side.

He was a handsome young fellow, in the becoming uniform of the Welsh Rifles, with the silver chain and whistle setting off the dark blue of his tunic, and his close-cropped head just showing under his white



"Mrs. Clarke displayed her latent powers of abuse."—p. 748.

helmet. They had been partners together through the season, and he had driven her about the country in his tandem. And though he had never spoken to her of love, yet, she felt sure, with the freemasonry of a girl's first romance, that he loved her and was only waiting a convenient opportunity to tell her so.

He had certainly put it off till the last moment, for she and her mother were to sail in one short hour by the P. & O., and they were having tea in the guard-room as a farewell entertainment.

Down the short stair, in the room below, Mrs. Clarke was being taken round the picture-gallery by the young subaltern who was Dick Seddon's supernumerary—a kind-hearted boy, ready to do a good turn for his friend, and to amuse this exceedingly disagreeable woman of the world while Seddon told his love-story to the girl of his heart.

Everyone in Malta had hated Mrs. Clarke for the whole of that season.

She had come out to Malta for the sole purpose of getting Norah married, and had been absolutely unscrupulous in her hunting of eligible young men.

Dick Seddon was an absolute detrimental, and she had congratulated herself every day through the season that Norah had profited by her advice, and had not allowed her feelings to be worked upon by that impressionable young man.

Oddly enough, she was off her guard for a moment,

thinking perhaps that at this eleventh hour there was little danger to be feared from a daughter who had been so well schooled in the ways of the world.

There was a great deal of rustling black silk about Mrs. Clarke's person, and a general air of wealth, which was, however, not borne out by investigation. For she had broken in upon the small amount of capital that had been left her by her husband; and in providing her daughter with gowns, and paying the enormous house-rent exacted by Valetta landlords in the season, she had gone far towards qualifying herself for the workhouse.

It was all over now, and, worse than all, it had been a failure; and Norah—lovely little Norah—was returning home without having made that splendid match that had seemed so probable when viewed from the opposite side of the Mediterranean.

"Oh, really! dear me, Mr. Kynaston," she said, putting up her long glasses to get a good look at the painted walls; "often though I have been to tea up here, no one has ever explained the pictures to me in such an interesting fashion."

She was very gracious to the boy, who had a title within measurable distance of himself, and she had a half feeling of regret that he was so very much too young for Norah.

Mr. Kynaston blushed.

The real authors of those guard-room pictures would have been truly astonished could they have heard the

romance that the latest-joined subaltern wove about their contributions to the walls.

He had just described the skeleton in the bedroom as a real vision seen by a former occupant in a fit of insanity, and at once transferred to the wall as a warning to the man who should come after him.

He had romanced so much about the whole collection that he paused now with a blush of shame, absolutely unable to proceed.

"Well, perhaps we ought to be going now," said Mrs. Clarke cheerfully, as she pulled out her watch.

"Oh dear no, not yet," cried Kynaston hurriedly, anxious to give a few more moments to that blissful pair. "You have not seen the gem of the whole collection yet;" and he almost pulled her to the other end of the room.

It is rather difficult to propose to the girl of your choice, in helmet and gloves when you are wearing a sword that is apt to be unmanageable. But this was what Dick Seddon was trying to do, with one eye on the palace square, and the other on that lovely blushing face.

"Norah," he said earnestly, "you must have thought it strange, knowing, as you did, that I loved you, that I have never spoken to you of my feelings. But, Norah my dear, I am such a poor beggar, that I had not the face to ask anyone to share my fortune with me—the hard fortune of a soldier's life. And, besides, I knew that your mother would never allow it for a moment."

He had taken her little ungloved hand in his big pipe-clayed one, and was looking into her dewy eyes with a true honest passion, full of trouble.

"Norah darling, will you be—"

At that instant the sergeant of the guard gave a peal at the bell over the door, there was a trampling of feet in the square, a hoarse "Guard turn out!" and the governor's carriage trotted into view.

With an exclamation of despair, poor Dick dropped her hand, and rushed headlong down the steep stairs, arriving just in time to turn the guard in again, his sword banging and clattering on the stairs behind him—his face red with mingled heat and vexation.

When he returned, Norah had risen to her feet, and her mother was standing at her side, surveying the empty relics of tea and iced lemonade through her scornful glasses.

"Very good of you to have had us to tea, Mr. Seddon," she said in her shrill voice; "but we must really be going now, as the P. and O. sails at five. Good-bye, good-bye. If you are ever in our part of the world, pray look us up.—Now, Norah!"

Dick pressed that little tremulous hand, his eyes full of honest grief which could not vent its agony in words.

"I will write," he whispered hoarsely.

And then Mrs. Clarke swept her away, still talking volubly, and the guard-room became once again a howling wilderness.

He watched her soft blue gown till it was out of sight, and when she turned to wave her handkerchief, he gave a sigh that was half a sob, and began to revile the fate that had put him on guard this day of all others, and had broken so ruthlessly into his romance.

It was only when the shrill whistle of the *Peninsular* announced that she was leaving her moorings that he remembered that Norah had never given him her address.

He knew that they lived in London, but that was all—and the metropolis is a large place.

"Kynaston, I've gone and done it this time," he groaned to his sympathetic supernumerary. "I can't write to her, because I don't know her address, and I can't afford to take any leave this summer; and besides, I don't believe I could get any if I wanted to."

And the guard-room had never echoed so profound a sigh as came from that most miserable subaltern in the Welsh Rifles.

## CHAPTER II

FAR in the depths of Bloomsbury there is a street which is dignified by the name of "Queen Anne's Road."

It is a very narrow and a very grey street, full of houses that look as if they were so respectable that their respectability had landed them in a slough of sordid commonplaceness.

They are principally lodging-houses, with window-blinds that have once been white, and window-boxes that have once boasted of a few stunted geraniums.

No one comes into this street of his own free will, save the fruit and vegetable hawker and the cat's-meat man; and everyone leaves it with a sense of relief.

It was in Queen Anne's Road that Mrs. Clarke and her daughter came to lodge soon after their return from Malta.

The small fortune that the elder lady possessed had been so invaded, that she discovered an absolute necessity for immediate and thorough retrenchment, which entailed giving up the snug little house in South Kensington and retiring into lodgings and obscurity.

Mrs. Clarke in lodgings and obscurity was not the same woman that Malta had known.

She developed an abusive temper, and a great love for a dressing-gown and curl-papers, and a plate of shrimps for tea.

Instead of rising and battling with circumstances, she drifted with the tide of their fortunes deeper into the Slough of Despond. As no one came to see them now, dress did not matter; and as no one, of course, was ever asked to share their humble meals, dinner drifted into "high tea," and the elegancies of life were merged in a dirty cloth and a Rockingham tea-pot, because it was not worth while using the silver one when they were in such a wretched house.

Six months had come and gone since the *Peninsular* sailed out of the quarantine harbour that brilliant May day, and during the whole of that time Mrs. Clarke had never ceased to abuse her daughter for the chances she had thrown away in Malta.

And Norah's eyes were often dim with tears, and her cheeks had lost much of their lovely bloom. For her mother's tongue was cuttingly bitter, and Dick Seddon had neither written nor come to find her.

"You always were a fool, Norah," said Mrs. Clarke cheerfully one day, when her daughter entered the room in her shabby gown. "You might have caught someone last winter. Why, Mr. Matteson was immensely attentive to you; and Dick Seddon would have been better than no one, for his regiment was not a bad one. But you don't seem to be able to attract men permanently to you, in spite of your looks; you are not clever, not witty enough. Men like to be caressed with one hand and patted with the other."

Norah waited patiently till her mother had finished speaking. Her figure had something pathetic in its young lines, and her eyes, as she glanced round the shabby room, with its crochet antimacassars and wax flowers, were full of unspoken trouble.

All this was unutterably painful to her: her mother, in her crumpled tea-gown, reading yesterday's *Morning Post*, the tea-pot on the hob, and a general litter of old flowers and feathers and lace about the room which suggested the fact that Mrs. Clarke was contemplating a new bonnet.

There was a scrap of lace among the tangled heap that brought a sudden flush of pain to her face; for it was a piece of Maltese lace that Dick had given her, and which her mother had calmly appropriated. It reminded her of those golden days with Dick, and she put her hand to her lips to choke down the sob that would scarcely be repressed.

"Mother," she said quietly, "please let us forget that there are any men at all in the world. They are only an annoying set, who bring trouble in their train. I wanted to tell you that I have got a situation at last: with an old lady in the next street, who wants a companion to look after her; and I am off to-morrow."

"H'm!" said Mrs. Clarke; then she added eagerly, "What is the salary?"

"Fifty pounds a year, paid quarterly," answered Norah quietly. "I have to be there all day, so that it is not a very large sum, after all."

"I shall get a new gown at once, and a new mantle," said Mrs. Clarke, starting into life suddenly with a jerk and becoming absorbed in the merits of black over grey. "Really, I do need one! I have never been so utterly deprived of every necessary in my life before; and all to provide you, Norah, with a season in Malta. It is your bounden duty to give me back a little of what I spent on you. Of course you bargained for a quarter in advance?"

Norah set her lips in a firm, hard line.

Her mother had been a trial to her all her life long, but she was only at this time discovering what a trial she could be in adversity.

"You shall have the money directly I get it, mother," she answered quietly; "but I think that you must wait for your new gown until we have paid the landlady. You know that we owe her a quarter's rent."

It was then that Mrs. Clarke displayed her latent powers of abuse. She was an hysterical woman, and had never been accustomed, since she had worried her husband into an early grave, to restrain her feelings. So she now gave rein to them.

When Norah left the room to go up-stairs to the sloping attic which was her own special abode, she

sank down into a chair by the window, and covered her face with her hands.

"Dick, Dick!" she sobbed wildly. "God help me to bear it; help me to bear my life and the long years that are to come." Above her head, the small window, propped open with a broken vase, let in a shaft of pale sunlight.

It was November, but strange to say there was but little fog, only a haze, which in the blessed country would have been laden with crispness and gossamer threads of sparkling dew.

A pert London sparrow hopped on to the ledge with an inquisitive shake of its head; and the deep roar of the great city, heard dully so far up in the roof, made the air tremble. A train far beneath rumbled under the house, and set the jug and basin rattling, and Norah rose from her chair and went over to the cracked looking-glass to smooth her hair. Dick might have loved her, might love her still, but her duty lay clear before her in a hard-going road; and down that road Norah would have to walk as cheerfully as she could.

For Norah was one of the brave ones of this earth, and her heart was set in the right place.

### CHAPTER III.

MRS. BLESSINGTON was not an attractive old lady. There was a severity about her hard eye and the line of grizzled hair which lay straight under her hard black net cap, which did not tend to cheer Norah's heart, as she surveyed her, sitting in her hard arm-chair, with one eye on the maid-of-all-work and the other on the leg of mutton.

Her black bombazine gown was pinned at the throat with a cameo brooch, and there was a hard line of black frilling at her wrists.

At her side was seated a little girl of about eight years old, prematurely aged and unattractive. She was hemming a coarse handkerchief, and looked up with lack-lustre eyes as Norah entered.

"Mary Jane, you can have two slices of mutton for your breakfast, but if you attempt to give any to that policeman who haunts the area steps, I'll cut off your meat to-morrow. Now, mind, I have measured the mutton, and know exactly the size of it.—Well, Miss Clarke, ready for your duties?"

Mary Jane departed with a founce and a toss, and Norah came forward with a sinking heart.

"This is Theodora—a child I have adopted: the daughter of a man I hate," went on Mrs. Blessington calmly. "I am a complete invalid, so I shall be much obliged if you will take her out for a walk once a day, and see that she knows her grammar, ready to begin school to-morrow. Let me look at you again."

Then, as Norah turned obediently to the light, and endured the scrutiny of the sharp, bead-like eyes, she added—

"Yes, you'll do. Not at all an unpleasant face."

And the girl, with a strange wonder, felt almost certain that she caught a gleam of something like softness in her expression. But if so, it was only a momentary touch, for her voice was as hard as before, as she turned to Theodora.



"Go into the next room," she said; "I have something to say to Miss Clarke."

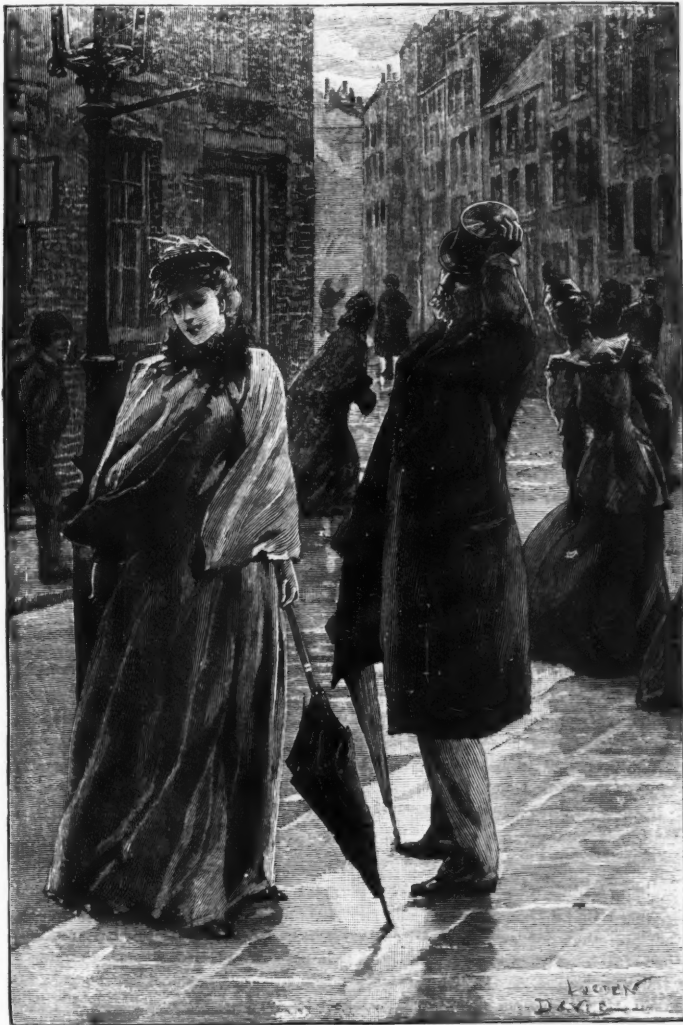
And when she had disappeared, that strange old woman laid her withered hand on the girl's arm.

"Look here," she said brusquely: "I can trust you. If ever a man wants to speak to Theodora when she is out walking with you, bring her straight home. I hate her father—he tried to marry me for my money years ago, only I found it out in time. And now he is desperately poor, with a sickly wife and a dozen children. I've taken Theodora, on the understanding that she is brought up without knowing any other belongings, or else back she goes to poverty. There's my story. Now, what's yours?"

"I have no story," faltered Norah, flushing painfully.

"Oh yes, you have. Nonsense! It's a love story gone wrong; I know that by the look in your eyes. There, there, don't cry. You've got to do the housekeeping here, and if you spend a penny more than you need, or let that rascalion of a girl feed her policeman out of the joint, I'll be down on you like a ton of coals! Now go and make Theodora's acquaintance, and ask her where you are to find my draught—the rhubarb one—and bring it to me here."

And then began Norah's new life, which was only a shade less dreary than the days spent in the lodgings in Queen Anne's Road with her mother.



"She was true to herself, to Dick, and to this man."—p. 751.

There were occasional gleams of brightness in the household in Rutherford Place.

Occasionally Mrs. Blessington forgot that she was bound never to spend a penny where a halfpenny would do, and relaxed into the extravagance of a bottle of gooseberry wine for luncheon or a couple of chickens and whipped cream for supper. But as this period of extravagance was always followed by one of extreme depression, Norah grew to dread the days when Mrs. Blessington relaxed her purse-strings, and to be grateful for the cold mutton and sago pudding of every-day life.

She used to arrive at No. 1, Rutherford Place, soon after eight o'clock in the morning, and leave at the same time at night; and though she certainly got through plenty of hard work in that time, and developed into the dressmaker as well as the house-keeper of the family, yet she was far from being uncomfortable in her situation.

Mrs. Blessington was invariably kind to her, whatever she might be to Mary Jane and to Theodora; and Norah often wondered at the strange preference evinced by the invalid for her society.

Theodora was by no means an agreeable child. There were fathomless depths of curiosity in her nature which never seemed to be satisfied. And Norah felt that these sharp eyes were probing and plumbing the depths of her experiences, and that, if there had been anything to discover, Theodora would have discovered it already.

"Miss Clarke," said the child one day, as she sat on her low stool, stitching at one of an army of linen handkerchiefs, "what makes you look as if you were always going to cry. Pink round the eyes, like my rabbit! Mary Jane says that perhaps your policeman has took up with another cook!"

Norah felt a wild, uncontrollable desire to laugh hysterically. But she turned it off into a cough, and rebuked Theodora for her want of grammar, as well as her lack of manners.

If her policeman had not "took up with another cook," still he was strangely silent: a matter which was, she said to herself, nothing new for the male sex, famed as they are for inconstancy.

Her mother, meanwhile, was pursuing a little path of her own in life; and, aided by the stimulus of Norah's quarterly salary, had once more blossomed into a decent member of society, and was pursuing the vicar of the parish with more zeal than thought.

Utterly unsuited as she was to be a clergyman's wife, she flung herself heart and soul into mothers' meetings and Scripture readings, and at the end of three months was the plighted bride of Mr. Smyth, the spectacled vicar of St. Bartholomew's, whose nervous timidity had been overcome by the masterly mind of "that splendid woman," as he called her.

When Norah realised that her mother had chosen a second husband, and that one such an estimable man, she felt thankful for Mrs. Clarke's sake, and truly sorry for the Rev. Tobias Smyth, who had all unwittingly won a Tartar for his helpmeet.

But being a discreet young woman, she said nothing, gratefully declining Mr. Smyth's offer of a home, and

preferring to live entirely with Mrs. Blessington after the wedding came off.

One day, about a week before the interesting event, as Norah was returning home from Rutherford Place, she was greeted by a familiar voice, which made her jump as she turned hastily round.

"I cannot be mistaken. Surely you are Miss Norah Clarke?" said the voice.

And Norah blushed hotly as she saw, standing under the gas-lamp in front of her, the Mr. Matteson who had been the subject of her mother's recrimination so often during the past nine months.

He was standing, hat in hand, with an eager look on his pleasant middle-aged face. And the girl greeted his grizzled whiskers and bald head almost enthusiastically as she remembered the happy days of which he reminded her so forcibly.

"How surprising, how wonderful, to meet you here!" she said, gasping a little with the effect of the shock; and then remembered that as Mr. Matteson was "something in the City," it was not at all surprising that she should come across him in the London streets.

"No more surprising than to meet you here, Miss Clarke," he said, smiling quietly, well pleased at her evident embarrassment. "I have often wondered what had become of you since those pleasant days in Malta which seem so long ago."

She turned and began to walk homeward, he accompanying her, and on the doorstep she begged him to enter, and he assented willingly enough, and was presently ushered into the presence of Mrs. Clarke in a becoming grey gown, with a pleasant litter of millinery about her.

"Dear, dear me, Mr. Matteson!" she simpered. "Really, how delightful! and at such a time, too. No doubt Norah has told you the news—the interesting news of the approaching wedding."

Mr. Matteson turned ghastly white to the very lips.

He never noticed the becoming confusion that Mrs. Clarke was summoning to her aid. He never imagined it possible that *she* should pose as a blushing bride!

"What!" he said hoarsely, "Miss Clarke going to be married? I was not aware—I was not prepared for such an announcement."

He looked from one to the other, blindly groping with his hands like a man in a dream.

Mrs. Clarke had her eyes coyly fixed on the opposite wall, but she made haste to answer him in a petulant manner—

"Goodness, no! Why should Norah be the only person to be married? No, indeed; I am intending to take, as a second husband, the Rev.—"

But Mr. Matteson cared nothing for Mrs. Clarke's matrimonial expectations. He sat heavily down in the nearest chair and wiped his face. "Thank goodness!" he said, gasping. "No, of course I did—I didn't mean that—I mean—I mean I am delighted to hear it!" he concluded lamely, as he caught the flash in Mrs. Clarke's eye. "I—I think I must be going now. I hope you will permit me to offer you some small token of my regard for your welfare. I—I shall perhaps meet Miss Clarke again before long. Good-night."

And he dashed away in a condition of mind which

was nothing short of insanity for a middle-aged gentleman with a short neck to indulge in.

When he had gone Mrs. Clarke looked at her daughter keenly.

"I know you are a fool, Norah. But you'll be worse than a fool if you don't marry that man. Why, think of the diamonds he can give you—the house—the position—the——"

Norah drew her breath sharply, and broke in upon her mother's words with an accent of impatience.

"Dear mother, surely one wedding at a time is enough for this family! For goodness' sake let us finish your trousseau and your wedding gown before you begin to fashion mine!" And she succeeded in diverting Mrs. Clarke's attention to her own affair with complete success.

Mr. Matteson's small wedding present proved to be a diamond ring of much value, and round it Mrs. Clarke wove a romance of her own imagining, which Mr. Smyth believed implicitly, and hinted darkly at with pride: which was to the effect that Mr. Matteson had been a rejected admirer of her own, and was eating out his heart with grief and despair. This was believed by the world in general with implicit confidence, which shows that, among society in general, if you can only tell a lie and stick to it your reputation (such as it is) is made! When Mrs. Clarke had been safely and tearfully married, and Norah, with earnest prayers for the welfare of the husband and wife, had departed for good to Rutherford Place, the world seemed to combine in loading her with presents.

Every day came some parcel to the modest area door, addressed to Miss Norah Clarke, always in a different handwriting, with a modest inscription inside: "From A. B. C.," or "From a Friend," or "With Earnest Good Wishes."

And the odd thing was that these parcels were so varied in their contents that they comprised every branch of dry goods, from a smoke-cured Yorkshire ham to a bouquet of roses from Covent Garden.

It was Mrs. Blessington's great amusement to calculate on the next arrival, and whenever she heard the area bell, it was: "Run, Theodora! run, Miss Clarke! or that fiend in human shape will be cutting a hole in the paper and peeping."

Norah had a pretty good guess as to where the presents came from. But although she met Mr. Matteson nearly every day, hovering in the precincts of Rutherford Place, yet she instinctively avoided the subject, from motives of delicacy.

Their acquaintance did not seem to be ripening very fast into a warmer feeling, and she felt the comfort of having a sensible middle-aged man in whom to confide her grievances.

Mrs. Blessington had taken to her bed, the doctor said, never to leave it more, and Norah felt the timidity of youth where sickness and death are concerned.

"When Mrs. Blessington dies, what are you going to do?" said the man of few words one day in bleak March, when they were standing under a gas-lamp talking, with the wild, wet, storm-tossed sky above them, and the north wind tearing through the dirty little street.

Norah shook her head sadly. "I can always have a home with my mother if I want one."

Mr. Matteson looked up swiftly at the lovely face that had lost somewhat of its fresh bloom and gained so much beauty in the school of adversity. Norah



"Talked to her of the waiting angels."—p. 752.

was balancing herself against the lamp-post, the wind playing wild tricks with her curly hair and waking the colour in her cheeks.

"Have a home with me," he said suddenly. "I love you, and want to marry you."

None of the passers-by guessed that there was anything pathetic in this odd little scene.

They only saw a staid City man holding on his top-hat with one hand, and grasping his umbrella with the other, and a girl, with all the light of laughter quenched in her eyes, looking away at the bar of sunset glow across the sky, struggling with the biggest temptation her simple life had known.

"I love you. I can give you every comfort that wealth can buy: a house in Park Lane, diamonds, horses, what you will," he was saying.

How beautiful it would be to drift into such a haven of rest, out of the sordid every-day world in which she dwelt, where she had to look at both sides of a halfpenny before spending it. But she was true to herself, to Dick, and to this man. She would not marry him without loving him.

"I am only a plain, stupid sort of fellow, but I love you."

"Mr. Matteson," said Norah, bringing her eyes to

earth again with an effort, "I am so sorry, but I do not love you; and it would not be fair to you to marry you under those circumstances."

He accepted his dismissal as calmly as he had made his offer.

"I thought as much. Well, I will say good-evening. I think I shall go away for a bit. I suppose it is that Mr. Seddon. Well, I would not put too much faith in him. You know, subalterns have a love in every port," he said awkwardly.

"I thought that was sailors," said Norah, with a piteous smile.

"Perhaps it is, perhaps it is. I will say good-evening."

And he walked away with a bent look about his figure that added ten years to his age.

And Norah ran home, and up to her room, and cried till she could cry no more.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"HOLD me up a bit, so that I may see the light. It is growing so dark, Norah; and yet it seems so odd to me that the birds are singing so loudly," said Mrs. Blessington feebly.

She was dying: there could be no doubt about that; and Norah was alone with her, and the nurse and Theodora in the next room.

Norah slipped a strong young arm under her feeble head. The sharp features were blurred into something like softness, and the eyes had lost their keen hard look of suspicion. Death was softening the outline of that embittered life, and shaping the features to something like their old beauty, when Theodora Blessington had been wooed and won so falsely, and had lost her trust in human nature.

"I am dying, Norah, I know," she said calmly. "I don't think that I shall last the night out. We Blessingtons always die at the sunrise; and it is such a short while till daybreak. I made my will weeks ago, Norah Clarke. I wish I could make my peace with God as easily. But I want to tell you about it. Bend over me, for I am weak. I am a rich woman, Norah, and all the money I have in the world I have left to you, on condition that you bring up Theodora. If she marries, she must be wooed and won as a penniless girl. And on her wedding-day you must make over to her the half of my fortune; it is all written down plain in the will. I am doing this because I trust you, and I know that you will fulfil my dying wish. Live where you like, how you like. Only bring up Theodora to be a true good woman, and God will bless you, even as I do. Hush! do not speak about it; I have so little time left. Send for Theodora's father. I want to forgive him—before I die."

Norah, dumb with astonishment, went out, and despatched a messenger to Camden Hill; then went in again to the sick-room and sat by the bed, watching those restless hands pulling at the sheets; bending down every now and then to catch a wandering word.

"You have been very good to an old woman, Norah. God bless you!" said Mrs. Blessington at last, in a

strong voice, as with almost miraculous strength she lifted her head from the pillow. "I can hear him in the street—his footstep—Edwin!" A light flashed over her face, transfiguring her, so that even in the pale candle-light Norah saw the dying flicker of the love that had never left her.

The door opened at that moment, and a tall bearded man entered the room with a hesitating step.

He must have been good-looking in his youth, but his face was weak and his eyes inclined to be shifty in their restlessness. But such as he was, he was the love of Mrs. Blessington's life, and Norah slipped out of the room.

As she closed the door behind her, she caught a fitful glimpse of the man on his knees at the dying woman's side, and her hand straying weakly across his bowed head.

Theodora did not know her father by sight, and her mother had died some months ago. So that Norah, going in to her, found her devoured with restless curiosity, which only softened into childlike gentleness when Norah took her on her knees and talked to her of the solemn mystery of death and of the waiting angels. The child had much improved under Norah's influence, and now, when the girl took her in her arms and put her to bed, Theodora begged her to sit by her with her hand in hers till she was asleep.

It was late in the evening when Norah was roused from her sad thoughts by the child's bed. The house was very silent; even the roar of London seemed to be muffled within those walls, when suddenly upon the still air rose a wild cry: "Theodora!" It rang through the house, startling Mary Jane in the kitchen, and making the child stir in her sleep. And when Norah rushed out upon the landing, she found the tall stranger there, shivering in every limb.

"She is dead! she is dead! and she knows now that I loved her!" he cried wildly.

Norah took him by the hand and led him into the sitting-room, where he gradually grew calmer. And still with that same composed look on his face, he rose and went away, muttering under his breath.

When Norah went into the quiet chamber of death, she saw Mrs. Blessington lying in her last sleep, her hands folded on her breast, an ineffable smile on her worn features. Perhaps she knew the truth now: that Edwin had loved her always, and that misunderstanding and pride alone had parted them. Human life holds many mysteries which shall be cleared up hereafter; but among them there will be no sadder record than this of two blighted lives.

When Mrs. Blessington's will was read, it was found that, save for a legacy of five thousand pounds left to her old lover, Norah had complete control of her fortune, subject to the conditions set down in the will. And as there were no kind relations to dispute it, Norah woke, a month later, in a Devonshire village, mistress of a pretty home and five thousand a year.

She had had few partings to go through before leaving London. Her mother had wept over her, and had implored her to take a house in Park Lane, which would enable her to see a little life; and her step-father had hinted that there were several deserving charities which would be the better for a little valuable



support. But she had escaped from everyone now, and was settled in Prior's Haven Lodge, on the South Devon coast; a house which had come to her with the rest of Mrs. Blessington's fortune.

When she opened her eyes on the morning after her arrival, she found Theodora already dressed, dancing round her bed.

"Norah, darling Norah!" she cried; "come out! It is all green, and there are flowers growing beside the paths of the garden. And Wynter says that you will buy me a little pony, just like that one we used to see in the Park."

When the child knew that she might walk on the lawn and pick any flowers she liked, her delight knew no bounds. She had never seen the country before, and the mere sight of it had carried her out of herself, so that she clung to Norah in a burst of affection.

"All this lovely place for you and me to live in? Norah, I will never be naughty any more."

There were tears in her eyes which she dashed away, and Norah lay still, thinking, after all, there were depths in the child which she had never dreamed of before. And she prophesied to herself a happy future, in spite of all the sorrow that had come and gone. When she rose and drew aside the blind, the sun shot in with a stream of gold filtering through the green creepers round the old-fashioned window.

The lawn, smooth-shaven and green, lay below her, and beyond that a belt of trees, and the glitter-

When the gong summoned them down to breakfast, she found Theodora waiting for her in the long dining-room, examining with frantic astonishment the big Crown Derby bowl full of clotted cream, the pretty breakfast-service, and the dainty napery.

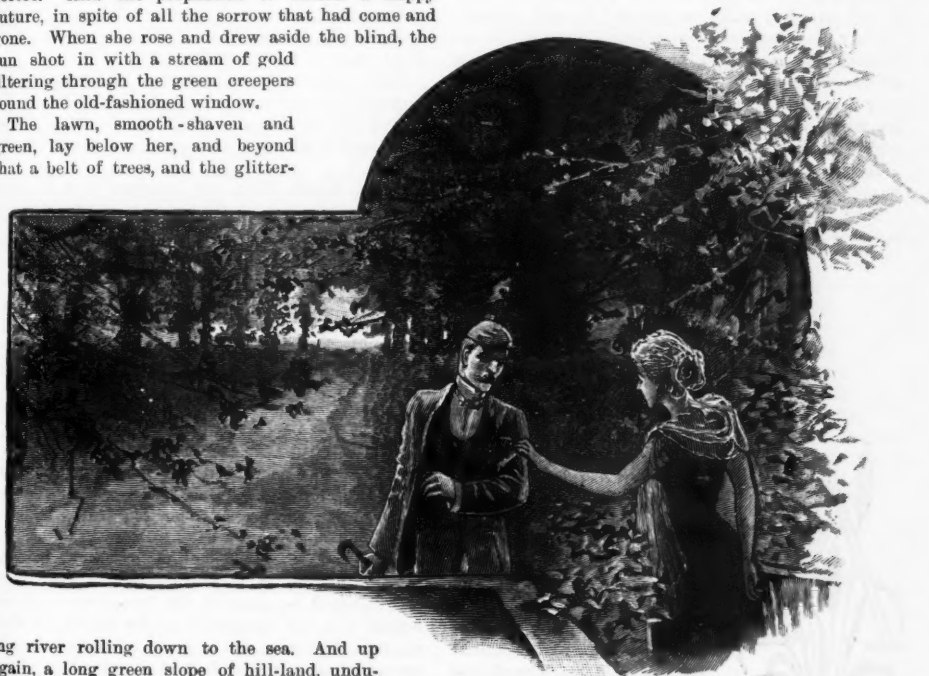
"Is it all true? will it last?" she said, looking back with a little shiver to the dull London house and to the pensioned Mary Jane, who had, on the strength of her £100, married her policeman, and set up a coffee-tavern.

"Yes, darling," said Norah, smiling through her tears. "It will last if we remember to thank God every day for all His goodness."

Prior's Haven was a quaint little village built on the side of a hill, and bowered with green.

It possessed a little society of its own, as Norah guessed by the look of the trim houses which lay on the slope below the Lodge. No doubt, later on, she would get to know everyone; at present she wanted nothing save to enjoy the exquisite peace of her new home.

That evening, when Theodora was in bed and the light was growing dim in the golden western sky,



ing river rolling down to the sea. And up again, a long green slope of hill-land, undulating and swelling away into the dim hazy distance.

Behind the house rose the heather-clad hills, steep and precipitous, and over all the exquisite blue of the Devonshire sky and the crisp morning air, laden with perfumes from a myriad flowers.

It was like the Land of Promise. And Norah, with a low gasp, sank down on to her knees, and thanked God for His unutterable mercies to her.

"Norah, how do you come to be here?"—p. 754.

Norah slipped a white shawl over her black evening gown, and went out, down the shrubbery to the gate, where she stood looking out up the road, into the tree-shadows.

There was the quick footstep of some passer-by beating rhythmically up the white dusty way, and as

it grew nearer, Norah lifted her head to see who was approaching her. In her strangely happy state, it did not seem strange to her that she recognised Dick Seddon. Only she fell back a little against the gate, and cried out, with a sob in her voice, "Mr. Seddon!"

The voice came to him across the sombre musing of his thoughts. He had not glanced in the direction of the black figure by the Lodge gate. But the voice filled him with a wild tremor of delight.

It was Norah: this slim figure with the exquisite whiteness of the rounded arms and neck, set off by the dead-black of her gown.

For one instant he was silent. The white glaring palace square, the hateful tragedy of that day, all the bitter disappointments of that past year, surged back upon him in a flood.

"Norah," he said breathlessly, "how do you come to be here?"

"This is my own house. I am rich now," she said, in a sobbing, tremulous voice, wondering, with growing dismay, why he did not snatch her in his arms.

Could he have forgotten her? Had some other girl in the last Malta season taken her place in his heart?

"And I! I am only the same poor subaltern that I was last May when we parted," he said bitterly. "Truly Fortune holds wonderful changes in its turning wheel. And so you are the rich Miss Clarke, of whom the whole village is talking? Well, if I may be allowed to offer my congratulations, please let me do so. But I think I must wish you good-night, for they will be expecting me at the rectory."

He was talking at random, scarcely knowing what he was saying.

How bitter it was to come home and find the girl he loved rich beyond all expectations!

He could not pour out the flowing words of his love now; for she was a wealthy woman, and he only the rector's son, with scarcely a penny besides his pay.

But Norah, with a woman's true discernment, guessed the agony that was shaking his heart.

She knew the honest loyalty of his love, and she loved him all the better for it.

She stole out from under the shadow of the great elm-trees, a slim figure in the dusky light, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Dick," she said, between laughter and tears, "why do you not finish what you began to tell me in the guard-room, one long year ago? I love *you*, Dick, just the same. Have you lost your love for me?"

With a cry, that was torn from his very heart, Dick turned and caught her to him.

What need was there of protestation, when she was crying on his shoulder, and his lips were raining passionate kisses on the curls of her sunny hair?

They loved one another—they had never changed. That was the burden of their words as they paced up and down in the moonlight, learning over again the sweet lesson of love.

Everyone was delighted to hear of their engagement; and even Mr. Matteson expressed his sympathy in the dumb shape of a diamond bracelet.

Had he known the whole history of the interrupted proposal, he might have marvelled as much as Mrs. Smyth did at Norah's folly in throwing herself away upon a penniless subaltern in a marching regiment.

But as Norah, Dick, and Theodora were as happy as the day was long, it did not much matter what the world thought.



## SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY; OR, THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR FINLAYSON, AUTHOR OF "EVANESCENT PHILOSOPHIES," "ETHICS OF ATHLETICS," ETC.

### I.—ROMANCE OF SCIENCE.



YOUNG fellow had been very successful at an important grammar-school. He had won several scholarships, and this fact altered his prospects in life; for instead of entering his father's business, as was intended at a certain age, the youth was allowed to continue the studies in which he showed such diligence and proficiency. The course of his education took him from the shelter of his father's roof and the incentive of his father's Christian example. But the effect of parental piety remained upon the youth. He had now relinquished the classical side of his studies, and was devoting himself to natural science. And

in the lecture-room and the laboratory he found that the study of physical science was gradually undermining the precious spiritual truths which he knew well his parents held so dear. Contact with certain teachers and college lecturers led him to view matters in a different light. The general tone adopted by some of the lecturers on physical science was not favourable to the truths of Christianity. The men who were so scientific when lecturing on their special field of investigation adopted an obliqueness of vision when referring incidentally to the truths of revelation, and thus by a species of mental hemiopia, or one-sidedness, they unconsciously became unscientific in their arbitrary assumptions, and in their dogmatic rejection of truths which belong to a different domain. Where older men err, it is not surprising that younger men follow, and fall into the same mistake. Thus it came about that this young man, when home for the vacation, and

conversing with his father in a confidential manner, startled and pained his parents by the frank confession: "I am drifting hopelessly and helplessly into a position of practical atheism."

His good father, trained in a classical school, was not able to combat the theories of his son's scientific teachers; and as he did not claim to be a man of science, he naturally felt indisposed to venture an opinion on any of the theories of scientific men. But he was able to show that the facts of science are one thing and the theories suggested for their explanation quite another. The distinction is too often forgotten by men of science who glory in their scientific accuracy in their own domain, and yet discuss religious matters in a loose, inaccurate, and unscientific manner. It is precisely because so many who glory in their scientific accuracy are yet unscientific in their habit of confounding fact and theory, or in their calm assumption that their pet theory is a well-ascertained fact, that other thinking men are led to undervalue scientific investigations or think lightly of scientific facts. But that is also a mistake. In seeking to avoid Scylla, we must not make shipwreck on Charybdis. True science is the handmaid of revelation, rightly interpreted. He is wisest who uses both the world-book and the Word-book as companion volumes of the same work, and is able to say concerning them, "My Father wrote them both."

Now, there are many young men and young women in the present day who are liable to be carried away by the romance of science, or who are unconsciously drifting from the old moorings of their religious faith. In their enthusiasm for the new study, with its enchanted fields, they are apt to be carried away by the abracadabra of scientific conjuration, the mystic spell or charm, and magic key which is to open all locks and solve all difficulties. To such it is well to point a friendly warning against a treacherous undercurrent, which will carry them into waters beyond their depth, and leave them hapless wrecks on a barren and rugged shore. I want to stretch out a friendly hand to such young students, and to help them, if I can, to sail on smooth seas, or to mark out for them a safe anchorage when sailing in dangerous waters.

To attempt to answer special scientific difficulties in this paper would obviously be an impossible task. Such an effort, to be successful for general readers, would require volumes. The difficulties of one are not those of another; and we should by such a course only be raising difficulties in one direction, while attempting to set them aside in another. There is, happily, a more rapid and easy way: special difficulties, of course, require special treatment; but it is possible to lay down general principles which may be successfully applied in a large number of particular cases, and while the outcomings of certain principles may vary in different cases, yet the principles themselves remain the same and indisputable. The principles which I propose to lay down apply to all. The distinction between the general law or principle and the mode of applying that law to a particular case must not be forgotten by the general reader. Attention to these general principles, and care in the application of them, will, I believe, be helpful to very many in the

battle of life, and in conflict with the sophistries of science falsely so called.

## II.—LIMITATIONS OF SCIENCE.

1. *Scientific investigation is conditioned by scientific limitations.*—This is a principle too often forgotten by students of physical science. The laws of vital force or power are essentially different from those by which ordinary matter and its forces are governed. In the same way, the laws of spiritual force or Christian life (which is, at least, as undeniable as physical life) belong to a distinct sphere. The province of physics is one thing; the province of revelation is another. The latter deals with problems absolutely beyond the jurisdiction of physics or philosophy. The domain of physical or chemical forces is one thing; the domain of moral and spiritual forces is another. Physical science is one thing; psychical science is another.

2. *Scientific men should beware of travelling beyond their own special domain.*—Scientific experts are to be listened to with all possible respect in investigations of science; but beyond these limits every man of ordinary intelligence may form his own opinion as to the conclusions derived from the known facts, without presuming to call in question the ascertained results of scientific investigation. The tendency to recognise as facts only material or sensuous processes, and yet to frame really metaphysical theories outside the sphere of merely physical and material elements, and to dogmatise over the region of philosophical thought, is a fruitful source of error. It is a species of mental *hemipia*, or bias, to which students of science are much addicted. Put on blue spectacles, and all things assume a blue aspect; but the original condition of such things or their relation to other minds is in no wise affected thereby. "Let the man of science," said an eminent divine, "reign supreme within his own sphere, and let none but those trained in the same school and learned in the same craft venture to dispute with him as he gathers his facts and generalises his rules. But when all this is done and he proceeds to reason, then it is different. He steps out of his special department into a sphere open to all men alike. Tell me what your facts are, and if I sufficiently master them I am as competent to judge of the validity of the conclusions drawn from them as the man of science himself."

This is an intelligible principle. All argument rests on common principles, and when once the facts of the case are clearly ascertained, any man who is trained to reason correctly is competent to judge of them. For scientific men to ignore or forget this is not a pardonable error. "The first and greatest wrong," says Pere Didon, "committed by men of science is to mix up metaphysical doctrines with science, and cleverly invest the one with the authority of the other. Another fault of scientific men is, on the one hand, an almost total ignorance of the faith they attack; on the other, the misconception of the elements which constitute science." There is nothing unreasonable in the position taken up that scientific men, as such, are only to be considered as experts in their own special field.

Special knowledge in one direction does not imply

special knowledge in another. It often precludes it. The scientist is conditioned by his limitations.

"It is admitted," says Dr. Hodge, "that it is the province of scientific men to discuss scientific questions, and that much injury to the cause of truth has followed the attempts of men not devoted to such pursuits undertaking to adjudicate in such cases. Physicists are wont to take high ground on this subject. Metaphysicians and theologians are not allowed to be heard on questions of science. The rule must work both ways: scientific men, devoted to the study of the sensuous, are not entitled to be dictatorial in what regards the super-sensuous. A man may be so devoted to the examination of what his senses reveal as to come to believe that the sensible alone is true and real." When, therefore, students find so-called scientists dictatorial and dogmatic on questions beyond their sphere, the principle here laid down should be carefully remembered, and applied with judgment.

Material science has no measure of moral truth. "The plummet of physical science is not the fitting instrument for discovering the Infinite Spirit; a higher organon is needed for this investigation. The universe they have sounded, broad and deep though it be, is, after all, but one sphere, and that the lowest, of the true universe as it may be known to man. Physical and physiological research can go far; it has gone so far of recent years that some Christians have felt half-afraid lest it should succeed at last in reducing the whole world of being under the empire of mechanical necessity. prove men to be magnetic mockeries—cunning casts in clay—and leave no room for religion. But all such fears are quite groundless. Science can go far, and the farther she can go the better; but she has found, and she has recognised, her limit. Beyond the molecular changes in the substance of the brain, further than the furthest point to which scientific processes, the scientific reason, even the scientific imagination, can go, is the hyperphysical fact of consciousness. And with regard to this, science admits that she knows nothing. Her far-reaching, deep-searching analysis fails here. Her most delicate instruments are too coarse to dissect a motive, or weigh a desire, or measure the force of a moral effort. She can only stand powerless before the inexplicable undeniable facts, and say: 'This knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.' The limitations of science are clear and distinct. They are unmistakable. Yet this is the very rock on which so many scientists split. They venture out to sea with purely local charts; and it is small wonder, therefore, if the shore is strewn with wreckage of scientists' criticism—stranded because, from its very nature and in its method of operation, it was unscientific.

If you are a student of science, remember your limitations. You must not expect to see the whole range of

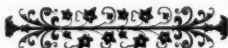
truth by following scientific truth only in its physical relations. You have not a key which will open every lock, and to act as though you had will simply be to court disaster and prove yourself unscientific. "The learned sceptic," it has been said, "often deserves special consideration. He has explored, like Huxley, among natural laws till he loses sight of the Law-giver; he has dealt with sensuous things till he has lost sight of the super-sensuous, and has been unfortunate, perhaps, in the class of Christian teachers whom he has encountered. Or, like Buckle, he has plodded among the forces and uniformities of history till the chaos or coincidence of facts has hidden from him the guiding hand Divine. Or he has spent his life in elaborating the difficulties of religion and the objections to Christianity till his sight is confused. We respect his learning and acuteness; we pity his perplexity, and the more because the whole surrounding atmosphere of his life has been that of doubt and cavil." The lesson for you and me is to beware of imprisoning our minds in the fetters of purely material science. And in the world of spirit outside material science we must cultivate the spirit which will enable us to enter on its study with some prospect of success. A deaf man cannot be considered a judge of music. A blind man is no fit judge of scenery. To understand poetry, painting, the drama, you must possess and cultivate the poetic, the artistic, the dramatic instinct. In like manner, spiritual things are spiritually discerned. Science and philosophy have wrought wonderful changes in the world of thought; but they do not deal with the domain of the heart. Hence, while man exists religion is indestructible. When the soul, in face of the realities of life and the mystery of death, asks, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and how shall I appear in His presence?" the Christian revelation alone is found to adapt itself to all the deeper needs of human nature. To recognise this is the soul's truest science. Brother, suffer the question, "*Are you scientific?*"

There is a weighty inspiration for you and me in the beautiful lines of Mr. I. Campbell Shairp, when he says—

"I have a life in Christ to live,  
I have a death in Christ to die;  
And must I wait till science give  
All doubts a full reply?"

"Nay, rather while the sea of doubt  
Is raging wildly round about,  
Questioning of life, and death, and sin,  
Let me but creep within  
Thy fold. O Christ! and at Thy feet  
Take but the lowest seat,  
And hear Thine awful voice repeat,  
In gentlest accent, heavenly sweet—  
'Come unto Me, and rest,  
Believe Me, and be blest!'"

Let us take the lesson to heart. In this truth there is inspiration, food for reflection throughout life, and strength for all time.





## The Hour of Prayer.

Words by CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

Music by GERARD F. COBB.

1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From  
2. For then a day - spring shines on me, Bright -

blush of morn to ev' - ning star, As that which calls me  
- - er than morn's e - the - real glow; And rich - er dew's des -

to Thy feet— The hour of prayer, The hour of prayer?  
- - cend from Thee Than earth can know, Than earth can know.

3. Then is by Thee my strength renewed,  
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;  
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude  
By hope of heaven.

4. Lord! till I reach yon blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be,  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to Thee.

BELINDA'S BABY.  
A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY E. S. CURRY.



"They were a quaint pair."—p. 759.

CHAPTER I.

PEGGY'S EXCURSION.

**P**EGGY sat in her little carriage like a princess, surveying the trees, the flowers, and the passers-by with a serenely ruminating gaze which many found very fascinating.

In all the achievements of her life, she carried with her that arresting charm in which beauty is only an accident. Peggy had both. But her beauty was not the first or chief attraction; you discovered it almost with surprise when you were already attracted.

It was cool and shady under the trees, and the few chairs here and there were occupied chiefly by elderly couples or maiden ladies, resting from the heat on their way home from marketing. All these Peggy had surveyed with that apparently cynical interest which so exercised her mother's speculation, charming them by her condescending smile, as, one by one, they

got up and sauntered away to the suburban homes where early dinners were being prepared for them.

But there were still many *habitués* of that little park left, for whom no dinners were preparing, and in whom, whenever they approached near enough, Peggy's interest waxed keen. She had leant over the side of her carriage, and conversed affably in infant language with more than one ragged child of the surrounding slums, happy in its freedom amongst the trees and grass. She had received sticky sweets from one, a portion of bread-and-jam from another, in return for which she had bestowed her doll, and a woolly white lamb she much loved. She was just beginning to find her confinement in the carriage irksome, and to consider how she could climb out of it, when her attention was claimed by a boy. He came sidling towards her along the bottom line of railing which protected the grass, and his appearance immediately arrested her interest.

He had many charms. He was ragged, he was hatless, he was barefooted. And the gleam of his white teeth and sunshiny smile would have attracted

any baby—therefore certainly Peggy, whose intelligence was uncommon and whose friendliness was great. Approaching her, he got down from the railing and beamed, his eyes and whole face sparkling.

After a moment's pause of solemn consideration, first of his white teeth, then of his bright eyes—unusually bright in their somewhat grubby setting—Peggy smiled back; and lifting her hand, shook it in the air, with a pretty little gesture of greeting.

Thereupon two grimy hands approached, the handle of the carriage and gave a tentative push; and Peggy, to her delight, felt herself moving. Things were no longer irksome, and she sat content.

"Go on," she commanded, as, alarmed at his own audacity, he paused to see how Peggy was regarding it, and to glance back at her presumed guardian, sitting preoccupied, still, and intent, on a chair hard by. But Belinda was in another world, too much engrossed to notice him, and Peggy apparently approved of his proceedings. So he went on.

The carriage moved very smoothly; it was delightfully easy to guide. In a quarter of an hour or so, Peggy had been the round of the park, had seen all the flowers and the children, and was being guided down a little retired street by her charioteer, whom she had already begun familiarly to address as "Boy."

They were a quaint pair. Probably if they had met a policeman, he would have stopped them, and so spoilt Peggy's adventure and saved much suffering; but "Boy" knew better than to draw attention to his doings by putting himself into the way of the police. He was quite aware that he was doing wrong—but he was acting in the kindness of his heart; as he believed, in the interest of Peggy. So he dodged, and twisted, and trundled Peggy's chariot along in high glee, his aim being a certain pond on a common where he was wont to play, and which he thought Peggy would like to see.

For the drawback of the park they had left behind was, that it contained no pond and too many palings. There were several ponds and no palings where "Boy" was going. Crab-fashion, down side streets and retired ways, they travelled, attracting some little attention from working-men going home to dinner, who were perhaps too hurried and too hungry to put any obstacles in the way of their progress. "Boy's" little bare feet pattered along the hot pavement, whilst Peggy's noiseless wheels carried her smoothly onwards.

The charm she exercised on everybody was working now on the boy who had carried her off. His bright face was crimson, and every nerve in his little body was strained to the uttermost, in his hurry to give Peggy the pleasure he himself delighted in.

At last they emerged from a little side street on to the common, and it did not take many minutes to convey Peggy to the side of the alluring pond.

It was a quiet time of day, and there were few people about. All the nursemaids and children had gone home to dinner; only the dinnerless ones without nursemaids, and with apparently no intention of attending to the surrounding school-bells, camped out or played about on the breezy common, and saw nothing unusual in the companionship of the boy and Peggy.

For a little time Peggy was satisfied to watch from her carriage the games of the children on the common and at the pond-side; but when some little boats were added to the attraction of mud-pies and stone-throwing, she could contain herself no longer.

"Git me down," she commanded. "Boy! git me down, please."

The boy hurried to her side, and Peggy's extended arms added emphasis to her entreaties. He recognised a master-spirit, and accepting his responsibilities, did his best. Peggy was landed on to the grass with no other casualty than a scraped nose and a crumpled frock.

She stood for a moment, a quaint little figure, her sun-bonnet tilted back, her little fat legs planted widely apart to steady herself, her unusually immaculate frock requiring a nurse's righting touches after its long imprisonment in the carriage and the boy's embracing arms. Her beautiful eyes delightedly contemplated the advancing fleet of boats which some daring spirits on the other side were propelling across the pond. Then she walked deliberately a few steps forward to meet it, planted her two feet into the water, and hugged up one of the little boats into her bosom.

"Me wants it," she announced, as a scream from the owner warned her of transgression. Turning hastily, Peggy trotted off. Carriage and boy were alike forgotten in the delight of this new possession; and apparently so was the boat by its owner, for after a few steps in pursuit of Peggy, he turned to guard the rest of his fleet from other more dangerous thieves.

Peggy trotted on with the aimless zigzag of a little child, hugging her prize and talking to it in a comforting manner.

"Peggy git to some water, little boat," she announced presently, stopping to hold it straight out before her, and to pat it promisingly with chubby palms. "Peggy tell Lin; Muvver let Peggy put you in bath."

Then she swerved aside on to the grass, and as she sat down, lifted up a cherubic face of innocence and beauty to a passer-by. She was such a picture, with her soft halo of bright hair, and beautiful eyes, that he paused and glanced down at this white-frocked baby—Peggy was little more—who held up to his admiration the clumsy little boat she was affectionately clasping.

"What is it, little one?" he asked, perplexed, adjusting his spectacles. "How come you to be alone, I wonder?"

He was a learned man, crossing the common on his way home to a late lunch, and his head was as full as it could be of great and wise thoughts. But to Peggy, all men were alike friends and playfellows; she was nothing daunted at a stranger, for in her short experience of life strangers soon became friends.

"Boat!" she remarked, with a perfectly fascinating smile, slipping her fingers into his as he bent down towards her, and signifying that she would accompany him on his way. So a great philosopher was the second person who assisted Peggy's unwitting elopement.

They sauntered on together, the philosopher adapting

his long strides to the pitter-patter of the little feet. Presently these grew tired, and Peggy commanded "Carry Peggy!" and in this way the master presented himself to his wondering household, with a baby-girl in his arms, whose words and ways seemed to be tolerably familiar to him.

When the welcome sight of luncheon on the table presented itself to Peggy's eyes, she announced—

"I 'ae hungry!" and hastily divested herself of her bonnet.

The waiting housemaid lifted her on to a chair, and Peggy fixed solemn eyes on the philosopher.

"How will she eat it, Mary?" he asked perplexedly, regarding the fish before him.

Under Mary's directions, and with her help, a plate of fish was prepared, Peggy meanwhile watching the preparations and the philosopher with largely observant eyes.

"You ain't said your g'ace," she presently observed reproachfully.

"Eh! What does she say, Mary?" he asked, peering through his spectacles.

"She says you have forgotten grace, sir," amended Mary, as politely as possible.

The philosopher laid down his fork.

Memories of long-gone-by years, of a gentle mother whose tender face beamed above his, of a grave father watching a little child with earnest eyes, rushed through his brain, as he encountered the questioning orbs of the baby at his side.

With a curious look upon his face, he glanced up at Mary, as he racked his brain in vain for another memory, that of the "grace" he had been used to lisp when he had been a babe like this one.

Meanwhile, Peggy sat expectantly, patiently, with that strange expression on her face which caused her mother so much thought and speculation. She came to his help presently.

"Has you forgot?" she asked sympathetically, remembering her own occasional shortcomings.

He bowed his head in silent acquiescence, and Peggy's fat little fingers clasped themselves together above the table.

"S'all Peggy do it?" she inquired earnestly, in the manner of one bracing herself to a difficult task.

"Yes, Peggy, you do it," answered the relieved philosopher, and he clasped his hands also, as he had been wont to do sixty odd years before. And then, to his utter amazement, was sung out in the lisping baby accents—

"Benedictus benedicat."

The old man gazed at the child, and for a moment the thought crossed his mind: "Was this a young angel dropped from heaven, or only a human baby come to sojourn with him?"

The child returned his gaze as she lisped the sonorous syllables with a note of triumph; and then she sighed. She had done her duty, and her hands parted.

"Faver's g'ace," she remarked, with satisfaction; "Peggy don't like 'Thank God' any more now she's big, and Paul's borned."

Her host was regarding her with eyes whose dimness was not alone caused by age; and he resumed

his fork with a sigh—was it of regret, was it of reverence, for this unapproachable innocence and sweetness? He ate his fish silently.

As for Peggy, she was a dainty little maiden, whose training had evidently been most careful. Mary's offers of help were dispensed with.

"No, thank you. Peggy knows how. Ain't you got a littler fork?" she asked dubiously, surveying the rather heavily chased one which was handed to her.

The philosopher observed silently the brave efforts of the little waxen fingers to close round their tool, and a bright idea struck him.

"Bring one of the little pickle-forks, Mary," he suggested.

Peggy's eyes shone with delight as she grasped it, and she daintily ate her dinner in a manner befitting the little princess she looked. After it was over, Peggy solemnly repeated the grace, getting rather mixed in her inflections, and then presented herself at the philosopher's side.

"Up!" she demanded. "Now tell Peggy a story."

Some memories of his own childhood led the old man to divine what Peggy's "up" meant, and as he took her on his knee she nestled into the sheltering arms, threw her head back, and fixed her eyes expectantly on his face.

"Tell Peggy a story," she reiterated.

The philosopher that evening was to deliver a learned address to a very learned society, and his head was full of his subject. Nevertheless, at this point, glimmerings came into his mind that someone must be wondering as to Peggy's whereabouts and safety. So he asked—

"Where do you live, little woman?"

Peggy pondered. Then she shook her head.

"Dunno," she announced slowly.

"With father and mother?" he asked.

Peggy solemnly nodded.

"And nurse, and Paul, and Lin," she added, summing up her belongings in a satisfied tone. "And Paul: he's ill, and muvver sits by him. Can't 'tend to Peggy," she added self-pityingly.

"And has Peggy run away, then? Where is mother?" the philosopher asked, faint regrets that he must give up this child who had come to him, passing through his mind.

"Out there," responded Peggy, waving her hand magnificently towards the outer world. "At home," she added explanatorily.

Mary, silently removing the luncheon, listened to this conversation, and here ventured to put in a word.

"Don't you think, sir, Thomas had better tell the common-keepers that the young lady's here, in case they should be asked about her?"

"By all means; certainly. Send him at once," said her master emphatically. "And, Mary," as she was hastening off, "you will take care of her whilst I am away, and don't give her up to anyone—you understand? Mind they are the right people. Is my portmanteau packed?"

"Yes, sir."

Peggy's hand was straying over the philosopher's



beard, and she now drew back his attention to herself by a gentle pull, saying plaintively—

"Ain't you got a story nowheres in your head? It's got no hair on—like faver's—where the stories be. Ain't you?"

What the philosopher's answer was I have not space to tell. The story he unfolded to the listening child was a grand and universal one: couched in beautiful words, yet adapted to the peculiarly sympathetic intelligence of his listener. Peggy, enthralled, rehearsed it afterwards with much dramatic effect to her parents and other audiences, applying it in many ways which its author never dreamed of. At its close—

"I yikes you," Peggy remarked considerably. "Sould Peggy kiss you?"

The old man looked at the flower-face lifted to his: the beautiful grey eyes, where lingered the wondering expression his story had called there: the rosebud mouth, quivering with sensitiveness and sympathy, and with the gratitude of the baby heart: the tumbled soft hair—the fairness, the softness, the perfectness of a perfect child.

His eyes shone behind his spectacles. He bent his face, and Peggy, with parted lips, solemnly planted in the middle of his grey moustache a soft little caress. It was her notion of payment for his story. She was accustomed to being importuned for kisses she did not care to give; but for her father and the philosopher her kisses were volunteered.

"You feel like faver," she remarked, with a satisfied content, as she nestled closer; "Peggy's tired."

The old man sat still in perplexed thought as to what his duty was in respect to this "faver," whilst Peggy's eyelids softly drooped; and soon she lay, a beautiful picture of sleeping babyhood, within the philosopher's arms.

## CHAPTER II.

### BELINDA.

BELINDA's eyes travelled rapidly down the column of closely printed novelette she was reading, till "The End" was reached, amid a climax of horrors. Then, with a gasp, she recollected herself, and lifted her eyes.

All the chairs around were empty; the little park was quiet in its mid-day rest; even the slum children were lying on the grass under the trees, still and tired.

Belinda sprang up.

"Peggy!" she exclaimed, with a thrill of horror and dismay such as no fictional episodes had induced. "Oh, Peggy!"

Belinda clasped her hands and looked round. There was sunshiny blankness where Peggy's carriage had stood. Belinda started off, and ran swiftly up and down, and round and across all the park, treading—had she but known it—in the very marks of Peggy's carriage-wheels, which had been propelled along much the same course. Gasping, frightened, breathless, she stopped at last before a stern park-keeper, and blurted out her story.

"A baby in a pram! And you've lost her!" he repeated incredulously. "Ridiculous! she couldn't have wheeled herself away!"

"She 'ave, she 'ave indeed!" asseverated Belinda,



"What is it, little one?"—p. 750.

the tears coming in a passion-flood. "Peggy ain't like other little gels—she's so clever! Oh! missus, missus! whatever shall I do? And the baby ill, too—else I shouldn't a-been trusted. Nurse will kill me!" she finished agonisedly to the keeper, with the air of one whose doom, from which was no rescue, was pronounced.

"Sarve you right too," said the pitiless man. "What have you been doing? Not attending to your work!"

Belinda gave a despairing gesture.

"Blame my mother!" she exclaimed dramatically. "It's this name of mine. But never again! I'll never buy another ha'porth, if only Peggy will come back."

"Ha'porth!" repeated the man. "Do you mean to say, you bad girl, you've been drinking?"

"Drinking? me!" said Belinda angrily. "Me!" she reiterated more fiercely. "You're a bad man to say such a thing of a 'spectable gel."

"Then what have you been doing? Any way, you've lost your baby."

"Oh, Peggy!" wailed Belinda, breaking into fresh tears: "the darlingest, lovingest little ducky you ever saw. Oh! what shall I do?"

"You'd better come along to the police," said the man, moved to pity by Belinda's streaming eyes. "If anyone can tell you, they can."

And in a minute Belinda was anew relating her grief to the big policeman on the beat near.

"A little girl—about three—in a white frock and bonnet, in a pram," sobbed out Belinda, in answer to the man's queries. "Answers to the name of Peggy. I did just what nurse told me, and came down the pavement straight, nor turned to the right nor to the left," she related, in a manner insensibly induced by the literature she had been reading: "except once. I will tell the truth—the whole truth. I saw some story-books with big names stuck up on a board hanging outside a shop door, and I thought how nice to sit under the trees and read 'The Loves of the Lady Ermine,' and I bought a ha'porth. And we sat under the trees, and Peggy—bless her little heart!—was as happy as a queen, with her doll and her lamb, a-prattling away to herself. And she's gone! She ain't nowhere! Oh! what shall I do?"

Belinda again subsided into tears and sobs.

"Where do you live?" asked the policeman sternly.

"I live in Black Street, with the Reverend Mr. Cardyne, and Peggy's his little girl. Everyone knows him," she added proudly. "And I shouldn't have been trusted with Peggy, only the little baby's ill, and nurse and missus too busy to 'tend to her. And I promised nurse solemn to go straight along the pavement into the park under the trees, and back again, and not let Peggy out of her pram. For nurse says: 'There's no knowin' what she'll do if she gets loose.' And now I daren't go back, and break missus' heart. It's nigh broken already, with baby ill. And Peggy! They think such a lot of Peggy. She's like a princess, only prettier, and cleverer, and knowinger. You never saw such a knowing little gel!"

Belinda stopped at last.

"Now you listen to me," said the policeman bluntly. "You just go straight back as quick as you can, and slip into the house and find your master—not your mistress, mind—and tell him what you've told me. And listen! don't you hide a word of your own carelessness, but tell the truth. And if you're sent out of the house without a character, it'll serve you right, in my opinion."

Belinda listened, and sped away along the pavement like an arrow from a bow, looking neither to the right nor to the left, until she reached the street where Mr. Cardyne lived.

There was no need to slip into the house, for both Mr. Cardyne and nurse were watching for her. The sight of her master's face, more than the nurse's agitation and horror when she gasped out, "Peggy's lost!"—the only words she had breath for—were too much for Belinda, and she sank on to her knees with uplifted hands on the doorstep.

"Tell Mrs. Cardyne when she asks, nurse, that I have gone to Peggy," Mr. Cardyne only stopped to say quietly; and he walked hastily away, whilst nurse relieved her feelings by drawing Belinda into the dining-room, and giving her an uncompromising scolding. Then she went up to the top of the house, where, in a quiet darkened room, sat Esther Cardyne by the side of her sick little son. For some hours the news of Peggy's loss was kept from her.

Then when, after the doctor's reassuring visit, and the long quiet restorative sleep of the ailing infant, Esther rose at last and went, tired but hopeful, to her room, she found her husband there awaiting her.

"Much better," she said, smiling into his anxious eyes. "He will be well in a day or two. It has been so still all the afternoon, and he has slept beautifully. What has made our Peggy so quiet? Has she been with you?"

And then he told her.

Poor Esther! Poor mother! After her first despairing cry, she sat quite still, listening to what her husband had to tell her: how all their search in the park and its neighbourhood had been unavailing: how warnings had been given at the police-station, and how already there were big notices out, headed "Missing!"

"The police theory is, that whilst Belinda was reading, Peggy was stolen, as the carriage was found deserted in a little street, at least two miles away."

"Oh, my Peggy! my Peggy!" wailed the mother. "What else have you done?" she asked presently, watching the hurried unsteady steps travelling up and down, up and down.

"Offered a large reward. The notices are already up all over the place for any information."

And so, whilst Peggy, after careful tendance by loving hands, was peacefully sleeping in the philosopher's secluded home, and whilst the philosopher himself was lecturing in a big town many miles away, little dreaming of the misery Peggy's loss was causing, her father and mother spoke hopeful words to each other, whilst their hearts ached with pain and fear. They took many an unavailing journey together, as the night wore on, and little shreds of information reached them.

As the dawn drew near, the husband and wife went up on to the flat roof of their house. It seemed easier to hope, and to bear the terrible suspense, out-of-doors.

"We must hear in a few hours now, Esther," Mr. Cardyne said, as they watched the cold pale grey in the eastern sky, suffuse and change into glorious rosy hues.

And soon came a message which took them to Hampstead, to find a bonny little girl who declared

expression now over the baby on her lap, and then ran from the room, shaking with sobs.

"I've killed her!" she repeated over and over again. "Oh, Peggy ducky, come back!" she implored, glancing wildly round at the familiar chairs and tables, which were full of reminiscences to Belinda of Peggy's pervading presence.



"'Wot are yer cryin' for?'"—p. 764.

her name to be Peggy, but who was not in the least like their Peggy.

Mr. Cardyne bought some papers and showed Esther his notices in them, and drew her attention to the big rewards posted up here and there as they again drew near home. They found quite a roomful of lost children awaiting them, at whom and at whose guardians, Belinda indignantly glared; but still no news of Peggy.

There was good news, however, of little Paul, who was able to smile and crow with delight, and clutch at his father's beard, as Esther took him into her longing arms.

Belinda's grief was painful. She just glanced at her mistress's white face, bent with an ineffable

Esther had not trusted herself to speak to the girl, fearing her grief might make her unjust; but her silence and averted looks were a far worse punishment than any words, however hard, would have been.

As the morning wore on, Belinda shrank aside, and stole away out of Esther's presence, and finally begged nurse so hard to be allowed to go to the park and look about, that nurse consented.

There she sought out the chair on which, the morning before, she had been sitting reading, with such unlucky intentness, the vicissitudes and woes of the Lady Ermine. She sat down again and glanced around, with a vague hope in her mind that as Peggy had disappeared, so she would return. Anything more miserable and haggard than poor Belinda's

appearance could not well be conceived. Her hat was awry, her hair dishevelled, her eyes and nose swollen with crying, her face smeared. For, as she had walked along, recollections of Peggy's sayings the previous morning on the same route, returned freshly to her memory. She burst anew into sobs, and tears—that began by being clean, but which, when mixed with the stain of her cheap kid gloves, left anything but a clean mark on her countenance—streamed from her eyes.

Whilst thus engaged, she suddenly felt a touch upon her knee, and, looking hastily from behind her wet pocket-handkerchief, she beheld—not Peggy—but a bright-eyed ragged boy, whose black fingers rested on her clean print gown.

Belinda was a kind girl, but grief and disappointment made her cross. She gave her knee an angry jerk to dislodge the fingers, and turning a sulky shoulder to the boy, again buried her face.

There was a moment's silence. Then the fingers made themselves more insistently felt, and Belinda heard—

"Ain't you got your baby to-day?"

"Oh! oh!" sobbed Belinda at the cruel reminder.

Then, a sudden thought darting across her mind, she seized hold of the grimy hand, and, fixing the boy with severe eyes, she demanded—

"What do you know about my baby? Have you took her? Where is she?"

Belinda spoke imperiously, remembering the numerous stories of lost heirs she had read about.

"Dunno," he answered stolidly, contemplating with pity Belinda's swollen face—"Wot are yer cryin' for?"

"You're a bad boy!" Belinda returned ungratefully, suspiciously returning his glance. "I believe you've got my baby hidden away somewhere. What 'ave you done with her?" she insisted.

"Ain't doned nothin'," he returned sturdily. "She doned it herself."

A cry of joy broke from Belinda.

"Tell me," she said, giving him a shake, "what she done!"

Then hastily fumbling in her pocket, she drew out a little leather purse, and after withdrawing a shilling for a purpose which flashed across her brain, and putting it for safety between her teeth, she signified to the amazed boy that the remainder of the contents should be his, if he would restore her baby.

Absolutely bewildered by the story which he thenceforth poured into her ears, Belinda's one thought was to keep the boy with her. She found a post-office near by, and sent off a telegram to Mr. Cardyne, which ran thus:—

"Sir, a clu from a ragged boy name of Sparks on Clapham; keeping him in toe, BELINDA."

It had originally been longer, but as Belinda found that her money would not run to so much, she had curtailed it. She was quite satisfied in her belief that Mr. Cardyne's cleverness would enable him to guess all she omitted. She had wrangled a little over the spelling of "clu" and "toe"; and had finally demanded, with a superior air, of the young lady telegraphist who was obliging her—

"Does you or me, Miss, know best what I want to say? The gentleman won't be stumped by no spelling; you may make yourself quite easy! An' it ain't as if he don't know my writin'."

She finished triumphantly and marched away with Sparks in "toe"—a smile of scorn, which fortunately she did not see, illumining the features of the young lady she had left.

She travelled with her guide along the devious route he had taken the preceding day, arguing thus with herself:—

"I lost her. I must find her. If I try to make this imp go to Black Street, he'll run away. I knows 'em. The sight of master would just frighten him out of his wits."

And in course of time Belinda arrived on the common whence Peggy had disappeared twenty-four hours before.

(To be continued.)

## MY LITTLE PARADISE.



HAVE a garden that I call *Paradeisos*—my paradise—which, in the original, signifies a garden. Its shape is peculiar in the ornamental portion, where the flowers flourish and the buds blossom, bursting the winter clothes that God had given to protect

them from frost, and snow, and the north-east wind, and preserve their lives for the resurrection of the spring.

This garden is long and narrow, varying in width from about five yards near the house, then gradually narrowing to about four feet, and again widening out to about ten yards at the extreme end, where the Jerusalem artichokes grow and the boys pull down the palings, notwithstanding the awful notice in large letters—"BEWARE THE MASTODON!"

A footpath winds gracefully from one end to the other, having on its left a murmuring brook, with here and there a diminutive cascade. Sloping down to the brook is a steep bank, adorned with many wild plants. Where the bank ceases and the path narrows it is shaded by luxuriant trees—maple, hawthorn, willow, etc.—which, being on





A PICTURE IN MY GARDEN.

the south side, form a pleasant shady walk on a hot summer's day. At one spot, overhanging the brook, is a leafy old bush that has been trained so as to form a bower, sufficient to seat two persons if cushions be placed on the old stump. Here occasionally I sit of an afternoon, "puffing off my cares" or reading, or meditating, seeing everywhere, myself unseen. On the farther side of the brook stands a lofty hawthorn-tree, that in May hangs out its snowy banner of sweet-scented flowers (turning red when withering), regaling both sight and smell, and the ear also, when the sparrows, robins, and tomtits are singing and twittering among its leafy boughs. At the narrowest part of the path the bank sinks perpendicularly—a sheer precipice—down to the water, where sticklebacks, shrimps, whirligig beetles, boatmen, and other creatures disport themselves.

Let me remark here that the site of this garden was originally a road-side bank, covered with briars and brambles, and has been transformed

into its present condition by my own hands and some help from others during the few years I have been here, affording me the greatest pleasure in watching its gradual growth and improvement. On entering this garden from the house, you will see on your left a luxuriant vine that sixteen years ago was a little slip on

a tree in the garden of Lord Mansfield, near Highgate, one of the most beautiful and historic villages on the northern heights of London. This vine has never grown a single grape. On your right, against a wall with a southern aspect, are two pear-trees, from among the leaves of which peep out the lovely flowers of the major convolvulus, and tropæolum in the autumn. On either hand as you advance are flower-borders, on which may be seen fresh floral beauties through all the changing seasons of the year, beginning with snowdrops, yellow aconite and crocus, and ending with chrysanthemums of various colours, until the cruel hand of winter lays the ground completely bare, except where the hellebore or the Russian violet hails the Christmas morn with its incense of perfume.

Here is a little path down to the brook, with a bridge over a cascade. In the water grow the forget-me-not from my native place in Gloucestershire, the bog-bean, "that lily which a sunbeam or

a rosebud leans upon," besides watercress—good for food—the *osmunda*, royal fern from Breconshire, and the rare marsh-fern from Sussex, etc. The bank here is covered with lilies-of-the-valley from Holly Hill, and a fine sweetbriar from Paddlesworth perfumes the air, especially after a shower, and its fruit gives food to the birds in winter. Ferns cluster around the trunk of a willow, whose friendly arms support the "twisted eglantine" and the evergreen ivy, whose flowers are the hunting-grounds—the one of the gaudy butterfly, the other of the sober-clad night-moth.

Now we arrive at another cascade that all day long and throughout the night sends up its murmur of praise, or seems to be chattering to the water-nymphs, while over it wave the pliant branches and graceful foliage of the willows that were little slips two years ago, and are now good-sized trees, hiding the ugly reservoir that is used to flush the town drains. Wild flowers cover the ground—hellebore in the winter, violets, primroses, etc., in the spring, followed by alyssum and rock *cistus* later on—just as you may see them on the

banks of a rustic lane. Further on, currant,

gooseberry, and raspberry bushes give promise of jams and jellies in the winter, and luscious tarts in the summer, while strawberries make the mouth water with the thoughts of strawberries and cream at our afternoon tea.

We now retrace our steps and cross the bridge over the cascade, which, though not so grand as the Miners' Bridge or Swallow Falls at Bettws-y-coed, is certainly much safer. Immediately a wider prospect stretches out before our vision, a larger garden well supplied with fruit-trees, strawberries, and vegetables, the gift of two kind friends. But we will turn aside to the little greenhouse—another present—which is filled with ferns from various parts of the country. Kent and Sussex, Hereford and Gloucestershire, North and South Wales have given up their treasures to the exertions of myself and friends. A few ornamental plants are here, but ferns are my chief hobby.

We will now take a peep at the rockery in yon far corner, all overgrown with native plants. This beautiful blue sage came from Cobham Park—one of the few localities in which it is found. Here is the maiden pink, another rare plant, and hard by is an *erodium* (stork's bill) from Hastings Castle. It is nearly allied to the *geranium* (crane's bill). The little horseshoe vetch is creeping over the

stones, and derives its name from the shape of its head of flowers. Stonecrops of several sorts, saxifrage from the mountains of Breconshire, a little snapdragon ("mother of thousands"), creeping-jenny, beloved of cockneys, with oak and other ferns, besides other rock plants that adorn this little corner. The borage, beloved of bees and useful as a flavouring, grows here plentifully.

The privet hedge by the public road was planted by me thirteen years ago in little slips. It is now grown a thick fence, five feet high, and bears plenty of white spire-like flowers, and its black berries afford fruit to the birds, of which many visit my garden. Two robins, doubtless married, and certainly most respectable, claim it as their dominion, and allow no intruders. They fly about the bushes or come to the back door for crumbs, etc., that my benevolent housekeeper throws out for them. In return for her kindness, they sing their little songs nearly all the year



MY SUMMER-HOUSE.

round, and pick up slugs. No unfeeling boys are allowed to disturb their domestic bliss, though I fear my tom-cat sometimes frightens them; but they are quickly high up the trees, out of her reach. (A tom-cat is the only *she* in Norfolk.) The water-vole used to frequent the brook, and I have often watched him sit and nibble the weeds of an evening. I fear his ugly cousin, the grey rat, has exterminated him. However, Nemesis, in the shape of my cat, pursues the murderer day and night, sitting and watching patiently on the bridge, till she sees the grey rascal come out of his hole, then down she pounces on him—one shrill squeak, and all is over.

Of frogs and toads there are plenty in the garden and brook. The latter are useful in destroying malicious insects that creep into the buds of flowers by night, like ghouls. The former are allowed to disport themselves on land and water for their beauty! Some say that toads and frogs, and all destructive or noisome animals and vegetables, rose out of hell. On this point I am unable to come to a positive conclusion, having no data to go upon, but I do know that many of them existed on this earth long before man made his appearance. The worst enemies of this sort that thrive in my garden are the snails and slugs, which are sure to devour the choicest of my flowers, especially the more delicate ferns. They will eat the leaves of many poisonous plants, such as the foxglove, henbane, and belladonna, which I cultivate as botanical curiosities, and these do them no injury. Many of the snails have prettily marked shells. I have noticed four varieties: viz., the large helix and two smaller ones with coloured stripes or unmarked pink shells, and a very small white with black stripes, which come out in such numbers after a shower of rain that the rustics have thought it had rained snails: which is not true—though, according to popular language, it does “rain cats and dogs” sometimes.

I am often delighted to see the busy bee from my neighbours' hives come to regale herself on the flowers of my garden, and I observe that she is not so fond of variety as some giddy girls of my acquaintance, but sticks to one and the same species until she has visited all the individuals, and then flies away to her hive, or, perhaps, to flowers of the same species in another garden: I know not, for her flight is too swift and straight for me to keep up with her, and often too far—much too far—for my slow limbs to follow. Bee-keepers have powdered their bees at the hive and afterwards found them miles away hard at work, and yet they return home before sunset. Wonderful instinct! or, perhaps, some special sense that can thus direct their flight across miles of the country back to their home and their companions. If there are several hives close together, each bee

will go to her own hive, where they will not allow a stranger to enter. But, if you want to know more about bees and ants, read Sir John Lubbock's book on the subject.

Writing of ants reminds me that I have had several nests of the small red ants, and have often observed their interesting proceedings; but they are a pest in a flower-garden. They do not generally come out till the middle of summer, when they begin to be very busy at home in the morning, like respectable domestic people, and go abroad foraging in the afternoon. Some flowers, as the goat's-beard, close about mid-day to keep out these intruders, as their smooth bodies gather no pollen, and they would eat the petals. Various plants have various methods of defending themselves against these mischievous busybodies. The common spurge secretes a milky juice, and when the ant walks on the leaf her sharp claws penetrate the epidermis, and the juice exudes, becoming thick and gluey on exposure, and so clogs the poor ant, who stumbles on, getting more and more clogged till she falls down exhausted, or tumbles off the leaf and dies miserably. Others, as the vetch, exude a sweet juice at the joints of their leaves, where the ants stop to enjoy the sweets and forget all about the flowers.

There is a tree in Central America—a sort of acacia—which has thorns, and at the roots of these are little dens or caves exuding a sweet juice, affording a nice domicile to the ants in their ascent of this, their Mont Blanc. Here they congregate in numbers, enjoying themselves, and warding off all creeping things that would injure the flowers. So this tree keeps a standing army to protect itself, and rewards them with board and lodging. Wonderful provision of Nature!

Of spiders I have several species, which I encourage, as they destroy those grub-bearing flies whose progeny would devour my choice plants. The most glorious of these creatures (which are not insects, and have no heads, only a thorax) is the geometric spider, who spins a beautiful circular web, with many concentric circles and radii innumerable. This lovely fly-trap, glorious in the autumn when covered with dew-drops, he hangs out between two or more plants by means of strong ropes. He sits in the very centre of his net, where he can feel the slightest tremor and distinguish the direction and distance of the unwary intruder, whom he poisons with his deadly bite, and wraps around him a shroud of web till his dinner- or supper-time.

In the autumn the gossamer visits me and lays his lines across my path, so that my nose or mouth is caught in them as I walk along. He is a very little fellow, and is borne up in the air by his ropes and blown about by the wind till he comes to an object on which he fixes his web, and

starts off for another aerial sail. I have also occasionally seen the wall-spider, who builds no domicile, but lives in holes and crevices of the wall, and suddenly jumps on his victim, whom he speedily devours. There are several indoor spiders, the plagues of the tidy housewife. One of them is very large and very disgusting. The harvest spider has a very small round body and very long legs, and if he loses one or more of them he takes no notice of the loss. Whether they grow again I know not. The spider that has his hole in the ground with a filmy trap-door I have not seen here. As soon as he hears a fly he peeps out of his hole, quickly snatches him up, and shuts the trap-door on him.

should be older and wiser, he watches from a distance, and if he sees the angry scowl, away he goes for his life. So he travels along till he finds a young lady spider who smiles upon him.

There are blights of various kinds, called *Aphides*.



THE ONLY "SHE" IN NORFOLK.

#### THE LOVES OF THE SPIDERS !

Yes, fair readers, spiders, like froggy, do go a-wooing at the proper season. The gentleman, having dressed himself in his gaudiest attire, goes forth like Cœlebs in search of a wife. He peeps into the nests as he passes, and if he sees a handsome lady sitting at her door, he cautiously, at a respectful distance, watches her countenance; then, if young and inexperienced, he goes a little nearer, to see if her look is favourable—one step more, and he sees an angry countenance: he turns to flee, but is too late. She dashes out like a flash of lightning, seizes and devours him. If he

These go through several generations of quite different forms, till they return to the original one. The worst of these intruders on my premises is the *Dolphin*, that covers my broad-beans with black masses of them, and destroys the fruit.

Last, but not least, of the dwellers in my Paradise is my little black dog, who answers to the euphonious name of Jack. He loves to lie on the path enjoying the sunshine, or "rapt in cynic meditation fancy free." At night he will hunt the cats that dare to prowl about in the darkness, seeking rest and finding none. At other times he will range about half the night with some canine male friend—of whom he has a number—occasionally deserting the old for a new one. These dogs become greatly attached to him, and one from a considerable distance remained all night outside the door waiting for him.

There are in my garden many other objects of interest, and I find in them an endless enjoyment, never tiring in the study of God's works within the narrow confines of my Paradise. Everywhere and in everything I see evidence that, notwithstanding some doubts and difficulties, all this beautiful arrangement of vegetable and animal life has been brought into existence by Infinite Wisdom and Infinite Love. J. EVANS SMITH.





## "ALL SOULS ARE MINE."

BY THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN, AND VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, PADDINGTON.

"Behold, all souls are Mine."—EZEKIEL xviii. 4.



MINE, as the Infinite Proprietor : Mine, as the Infinite Creator : Mine, as the Infinite Benefactor and Preserver of them all : Mine, as the Maker of all things and the Judge of all men. This is the standing lesson of all revelation. A sense of dependence is the first conscious idea of all created intelligences. We feel we are not our own to live, not our own to choose, not our own to act, not our own to die. We are the property and belonging of "ONE," of whom, and through whom, and to whom are all things. And the universal Lord is the universal Parent also. All revelation and all reason, all consolation and all hope, are comprehended in those first words of the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

But the text forces upon our notice one special glory of this Divine proprietorship. To be told that "in Him we live, and move, and have our being" is not enough. This might not of necessity include more than a promise of things which pertain to the present life—the air we breathe, the food we eat, or the raiment we put on. But man has higher interests than these to think of—interests, too, which are constantly endangered, and which, therefore, stand in need of watchful protection and continual help. Who will take charge of these—the living soul, the kindled spark of immortality, the inbreathing of the Divine Spirit which came upon us as soon as we were born? In whose Almighty care and keeping should this Divine thing be? Perish, it never can; and yet live, by any power or might of its own, it never will. God alone can take care of it while it lives, or when on earth it can live no more. "Behold, all souls are Mine."

I. The first thought suggested by these words, as emphasising the Divine proprietorship in all humanity, is that if there be one part in our human organisation in which, more than in any other, the Author of our being claims to have a special and peculiar ownership, it is man's Soul. "All souls are Mine." We know the words might have run—"All things that pertain to the human creature are Mine: the body, with its capabilities of active service; the mind, with its varied powers of intelligence; the judgment and the will, with all their faculties of moral choice and determination. All these are Mine"; and for the right

employment and use of them each one must give account. But these parts of a man, though properly belonging to God, as much as souls belong to Him, are derived to their possessors through human and physical channels, which are natural, and physical, and strictly human. Earth of earth, ashes of ashes, very dust of very dust, brains the powerfulest, and hands the skilfullest: all these are made for naught. They must soon return to the condition from which they sprang. "The dust shall return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

Yes, says the high and mighty One, *All souls are Mine*—Mine as nothing else, of or belonging to man, is Mine. In regard of their source of being, we must always be careful to distinguish the Divine and immortal part of this human workmanship of ours, from our physical and intellectual faculties. To suppose that "souls" can be transmitted from parents to children, in the same way as bodies are transmitted, were a libel upon the Divine creation. When the infusion of a Divine element into our spiritual nature takes place, or how it takes place, we know not. All that Scripture leads us to conclude is that the formation of the human soul is a separate and distinct act of God, in the case of every one who is born into the world. The father of our flesh is not the Father of our spirit. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and nothing else. The supplemented or superadded life that is breathed into it, the Divine resemblance which is imparted to it, the seed of immortality that is formed in it, comes of a distinct and repeated putting forth of creative power, whereby each child of Adam becomes a living soul. And, being fashioned in this Divine mint, the soul thenceforth becomes, for all the purposes of moral existence, indestructible. Do any, looking upon one of the children of men, ask, "Whose is this image and superscription?" A voice from the excellent glory makes answer, "*Behold, all souls are Mine.*"

II. "All souls are Mine"—Mine, that they may be for My glory: Mine, that I may get honour out of them: Mine, that man, whether created in innocency or redeemed from death, may be a praise for Me in the earth. "This people have I formed for myself," says the prophet; "they shall show forth my praise." Man was a praise to God at his creation. The very angels in heaven were proud of him, inasmuch that "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for

joy." Man, as he was first made, would be a praise among the angels for his innocence, his purity, his faultless perfectness. The transcript of the Divine likeness was complete. Not a breath of taint or evil was permitted to mingle with the inspirations of the Almighty. Man himself might fall—to all human seeming, fall irretrievably. But God had a property in the ruin. Every atom into which the Divine image was shivered, contained life in it, had divinity in it, had the germ of eternal redemption in it. Hence, in Scripture, creation and redemption are set forth as the one simultaneous act of the one Infinite mind. The one did not follow upon the other; the one was implied and included in the other. "But now, thus saith the Lord, that created thee, O Jacob, and He that formed thee, O Israel, fear not: for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name. Thou art Mine. This people have I formed for Myself." It manifestly adds to the glory of God to have made man so that he could be redeemed—aye, to have made such provision in the economy of grace that Adam, in his estate of innocence, should not be worthy to be compared with the lowest of the redeemed saints in glory—being formed into a new creation, renewed as the sons of God. It is of redeemed souls especially, therefore, that God declares, "All souls are Mine." God loves the work of His own hands. This is the great security for our salvation. We are His property. His name is written upon our foreheads; and our name is written in His Book of Life. We are accounted of, among the glorified spirits of the world above, as creatures formed for His praise. Hence the mission of His dear Son. Hence all His exceeding great and precious promises. Hence the coming of the Holy Ghost, accompanying with His quickening power the instrumentality of the word and sacraments, that the world might be convinced of sin, and all men be drawn to the cross. Yes, brethren, glad as we are, when looking above us and around us, to acknowledge that "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handy-work," we should remember that the work of redemption shows forth that glory even more.

"'T was great to make a world; 't was greater to redeem."

In the triumphs of His dear Son, in the victories of grace over our fallen nature, in the recovery of the rebellious to their lost allegiance and to their lost home, new lustre is shed on the all-glorious Name. Oh yes! it is in the history of man created, man fallen, man redeemed, man glorified, we get to see something of the priceless worth of man's soul: see at what infinite pains and cost God has ever taken care of it: see in what sense it is true, and why it is true, that God has caused

the proclamation to be made throughout all worlds: "*Behold, all souls are Mine.*"

III. "All souls are Mine." Yes, and all that belongs to souls: their well-being, their well-doing, their well-keeping, whether for life or for death. "My times are in Thy hands," said the Psalmist; all my times: my sorrowing times, my joyous times, my times of labour and struggle, and my times of rewardful rest, when I shall have accomplished as a hireling my day. And we are no judges of the fitnesses of these times. To labour or to rest, to live or to die, there is a time to every purpose of God under heaven. And everything is beautiful in that time, because it is His time. We find it hard to think so sometimes. We see the pious father or mother taken away just as their children had need of them to train their souls for heaven; or men of great gifts of statesmanship removed, just when their country had most need of their wise and judicious counsels; or faithful ministers of the Gospel called to their rest when the Church stood most in need of them. But when thus thinking about family needs, and the nation's needs, and the Church's needs, what thought are we giving to a more imperative need than any of these? when this servant of God or that is removed just because "the Lord hath need of him:" need of him for a higher service and a better world. Oh yes! brethren, God's time for taking to Himself the souls of the righteous is always the right time; He never makes any mistakes. Anyhow, as applied to ourselves, that of which the text assures us is that our souls are in safe keeping, by reason of the Divine property in us. "All things are yours," says the Apostle: life if you live, death if you die, things present if they fluctuate, things to come if they make you afraid—they are all yours, because gathered up and included in that charter of covenant right, and ownership, wherein God has set His seal on you and on all that belongs to you. If we are the redeemed of the Lord, Jesus claims us, makes mention of us to the Father as their joint property: "All Mine are Thine, and Thine are Mine, and I am glorified in them." He mentions us, as if by name, in His parting intercessions, like the flocks that pass under the hands of him that telleth them. Still, everything is based upon a foregone right and proprietorship. It is because we are Christ's, and because Christ is God's, and because your souls are the purchase and travail of the Redeemer's soul, that they can never perish. None can pluck them out of the Father's hand. Behold, saith the Lord of hosts, "*All redeemed souls are Mine.*"

IV. Are Mine, and shall be Mine everlastingly. For so are we assured by another prophet, who, speaking of the souls of the redeemed, says: "And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, on that

day when I make up My jewels": on that day when my Beloved puts on His "many crowns": on that day when souls shall be "a crown of glory in the hands of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hands of our God." Again are we glad to be brought back to that aspect of our text which makes the infinite preciousness of souls to consist in this: that they are at once the personal property of the Divine Redeemer, and that their salvation is His glory. Such a view seems to take the assurance of salvation out of our own hands entirely: to raise up a new order of securities for us, above the promise, above the oath, above the covenant: even the glory of the Divine Name, which would suffer reproach and hurt, if Christ were not able to challenge all the powers of eternity to controvert that saying, "Of Them which Thou hast given Me I have lost none." Oh yes! that which we should all try to say, and to feel when we say, is, "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine." It is only proprietary love which is unchanging love. "Jesus having loved His own which were in the world, loved them unto the end." Through all their weakness, all their waywardness, all their unfaithfulness, He loved them; and that for no other reason than because they were His own. Satan desired to have them again and again, that he might sift them as wheat; but he

was driven back. A voice from the thick cloud was heard, "Touch not Mine anointed. Do My blood-bought saints no harm. These souls are Mine."

Such, brethren, are a few practical applications of this precious text. Only the light of eternity can disclose to us what it is for the Eternal Lover of the souls of men to declare that He has a direct property in us. That light will show to us how the hidden things, and the obscure things, and the mysterious things, in the Divine dealings with us, were the affixing of the seal to a covenant right, enabling us to see how, through sorrow, through temptation, through the darkness, through the light, God was hiding souls in the secret of His pavilion, graving them on the palm of His hands, that none of them should perish and none of them should be lost. Lost! for how could any one of them be lost? Could the glorified Redeemer lose one of His many crowns? Could reproach or stain be allowed to rest on the throne of the everlasting glory? Could a single precious stone be missing on that day when the Great Proprietor is making up His jewels? No; this may not be. God will assuredly take care of His own. Behold, saith the Lord of hosts, "All souls are Mine."



## A PRINCE'S PART.

BY ELIZA TURPIN.

"It is a prince's part to pardon."—BACON.

PART II.—THE GATE IS OPENED.

### CHAPTER IV.



HE days dragged slowly by, as all days must depart. They left their monotony behind to form a dense past. I did not tell Mona what I heard that day on the cliff. She was so perfectly happy that I could not bear to mar her peace.

Perhaps I should not have left her in a fool's paradise. It might have been wiser to have

broken the golden spell she was weaving for herself out of her heart's first love. But wiser heads than mine fail in judgment, and few act always for the best.

St. Alvers did not come to the Abbey for a week. We saw him at church, and after the service he told us he was very busy.

Mona thought nothing of his absence. In fact, she was rather pleased than otherwise. She admired his endeavour to interest himself in the village and people.

My mind was greatly perplexed. I was reaching a state bordering on desperation.

"Nora, you are not well," Mona declared one day when I was grumbling at everything.

"I am quite well," I contradicted confusedly.

"Nora has not your evenness of disposition, my dear," aunty said. "Your moods vary, but your disposition is always sweet."

"That means that mine is not," I said crossly. "All the Talbots are not 'sweet.'"

Mona laughed. Aunty looked very dignified and prim.

"The hot weather is trying," Mona remarked, soothingly.

"People are trying," I asserted. "Those who have nothing to make them cross would be senseless if they were put out." With this parting shot I left them and went down to the village to see Polwyn's cottage and Dicky.

Artistic effect had given way to renovation and health. Bricks and mortar destroyed all quaint old beauty. The sweetly scented woodbine over the porch looked dusty and parched.

"Will it be cut down?" I asked Mrs. Polwyn.

"Sure to," she replied. "And Miss Mona were thet vond of 'en. My lord, 'en telled t' men to spare et, but they can't."

Considering her again! I stood thinking of the puzzling facts when I heard the sound of men's voices.

"Good-morning, Miss Nora," Mr. Callan called from the road. They came into the garden. St. Alvers' eyes wandered to the cottage door as if in search of someone else.

"Mona is not here," I blurted out foolishly. Mr. Callan gave me a swift glance. I felt he had read my thoughts.

St. Alvers tried to look unconcerned—a pitiable failure. He reminded me of a child who has taken a second bon-bon before the first is eaten and is discovered in the act.

He went inside to Dicky, and Mr. Callan favoured me with a prolonged stare. I tried the method of "staring back," but it took no effect. I began to fear he would be left with some severe optical disorder if he taxed his powers further, so I went into the cottage, in wasted disgust.

St. Alvers was looking at a book Mona had lent Dicky. As he was returning it, a tiny piece of paper fluttered from it to the ground. He caught it under his foot and took it up.

Months afterwards she showed it to me. It was only a small scrap on which she had made a memorandum concerning some studies, but he kept it treasured through long, dark days.

I walked back with them until our paths diverged.

"I will walk on with Miss Nora if you are going to see Standish," Mr. Callan said. Standish was the steward.

St. Alvers hesitated. Then he shook hands with me, and strode off without a word.

"You are thoughtful," Mr. Callan remarked, as we walked on in silence.

"You suppose the parrot need never think," I retorted, with a smile. He laughed.

"I have not studied the capabilities of a parrot's mind. No doubt they are not to be scoffed at," he said. "But may I commence my study by asking what you were pondering?"

He said it so pleasantly and laughed so lightly that I forgot to be offended.

"I was thinking men are a failure," I said. "It doesn't need great penetration to discover that."

"What reason have you for making such an assertion?" he inquired, still smiling.

I hesitated. To tell him would be to reveal my knowledge, and my perplexing fears.

"Oh! things in general," I returned vaguely.

"Is your cousin of your opinion?" he asked, in a would-be careless tone.

"Why should she not be?" I said, answering his question by asking another.

"Nora," he said, "I should like to tell you something."

"I know," I cried. I was glad of the opportunity to rid my mind of its burden. He looked surprised.

"I have not added thought-reading to my rôle," I said, "but I know what you are going to say. It's

about St. Alvers. You think he is in love with Mona and you do not wish him to be. Now, am I right?"

"Partly. But you have guessed that long ago. I want you to know my reason."

"Your reason," I said quietly, "is—Lucine."

He was completely taken aback. "I am not a prophet Isaiah," I quickly assured him. And I told him what I heard that day on the cliffs.

"Now I am ready for your explanation," I declared,

"Sit down here," he said, pointing to a fallen tree by the pathway. "I will tell you."

After he had studied botany in the form of some nettles which grew by the trunk of the tree and flicked off their harmless heads with his stick, he spoke. I give the story as he told it to me.

"It was at Florence where he first saw her. He had known old Darrel for years—old Lord St. Alvers, Guy's father, was intimate with him. People scarcely understood this friendship, but the St. Alvers do not care what 'people' think.

"Lucine was away in some convent or other, for the life her father led was not exactly the life to bring up a daughter to. He was a gambler.

"Well, he (I mean St. Alvers) dangled after the girl when she came home, and, somehow or other, the old man Darrel conceived the notion of his marrying her. I have an idea that the originator of the scheme was Lucine herself. They went to Rome, to Venice, and eventually I met them all one evening in Paris, near the Arc de Triomphe. The Darrels had taken an *étage* in a tenement in the Rue St. Honoré, and Guy was at the Hôtel Continental. I asked him what it all meant. I put the case before him—he a young, wealthy man; intelligent, even clever; widely read and with a deep knowledge of the world, for his years. Was he going to throw himself into the arms of two bold adventurers and marry a girl without an idea beyond men's admiration and fine clothes? I became almost angry with him, though it was none of my business, in a way. He sat smoking and smiling, lazily listening to my tirade. Then he said I was troubling myself needlessly: he had no intention of marrying 'la belle Lucine.' And so matters remained for a time.

"I suspected the Darrels were carrying on the old game. Lucine had cast off all her nun-like innocence (if she ever had any) with her convent garb. She was no hindrance to her father; she was a help. In a few weeks she became popular among the species of mankind they wished to decoy. Ah! many a young man has played away fortune and honour in that gaudy saloon of theirs! Men have risen from the tables to go out and die by their own hand rather than meet the reproaches of an old father or mother.

"But there," he said quickly, "you do not need to hear such tales. I will go on with the story. Guy did not gamble deeply. He had too much respect for himself, perhaps. I stayed on in Paris. I was as well there as anywhere else, and I was not overburdened with work appertaining to my profession—in other words, I was a briefless barrister with a small private income.

"I tried to get him home, but he would not come. He's self-willed in some things; he *was* in this. No



doubt it was partly pride. Anyhow, he said he would not be coerced into leaving that Babylon for 'a lonely old castle overrun with rats and mice, haunted by a thousand ghosts; a very ruin!' That is how he described Castle St. Alvers.

"One day St. Alvers and I sat chatting in his private room. We were just going out to look at some pictures a poverty-stricken artist in the Quartier Latin was striving to sell for bread. St. Alvers is Quixotic in a case like that, so I thought I had better go with him to restrain his sometimes mistaken generosity. I had not had so much money to throw about as he had. We sat talking, as I said, when the servant announced that a lady, Mademoiselle Darrel, wished to see Lord St. Alvers.

"Show her up," he said coolly. She came. Her father was very ill, dying, she said. He wished to see Lord St. Alvers.

"We went back with her to the flat in the Rue St. Honoré. Darrel was dying. He had been shot. He would give no particulars, nor would Lucine. Guy was too much shocked to press them. I scarcely felt justified in doing it: I had always been very cool with them. He intimated that he had a secret to impart to St. Alvers, and requested me to leave the apartment. I waited for him in the *salon*, where the tawdry gilding, if it could have spoken, might have revealed so much vice and sadness. When Guy joined me, he was an altered man. Before, he had been an ardent, earnest, yet somewhat lazy and always good-natured lad; after that hour with the dying scoundrel—yes, he was a scoundrel, Nora—he became different. He was older, quieter, and wanted *occupation*. The same night he told me he had promised, by the dying man's bedside, to marry Lucine when her father was dead. I reasoned, expostulated, tried to laugh him out of it; but all to no purpose. He said he was compelled to keep his word.

"We heard no more of the Darrels for a few days. Guy showed no inclination to visit his betrothed. Then we went to St. Petersburg and to several Russian cities. Lucine wrote and told us of her father's death, and that she was going to live with her uncle, in London, until her marriage.

"And so the thing stands. The Darrels have some hold on Guy, I am sure. He has never seen Lucine since the day he was bound to her by his promise; he does not care to see her. It's not a very promising outlook for wedded

life. And now, to crown all, he has fallen in love."

He waited for me to speak, but words seemed inadequate to express my surprise at the strange tale he had told me.

"What do you think now?" he asked, when he had waited long enough for my comment.

"Two things are clear," I said. "One, that they have some hold on him. The other, that he does not care for Lucine Darrel."

He agreed.

"And now," he went on, "there remains one course. Guy must tell Lucine Darrel the whole state of affairs concerning Mona, and trust to her pity. That's not a part of her nature either. Only she might pity *herself* married to a man who loved another girl."

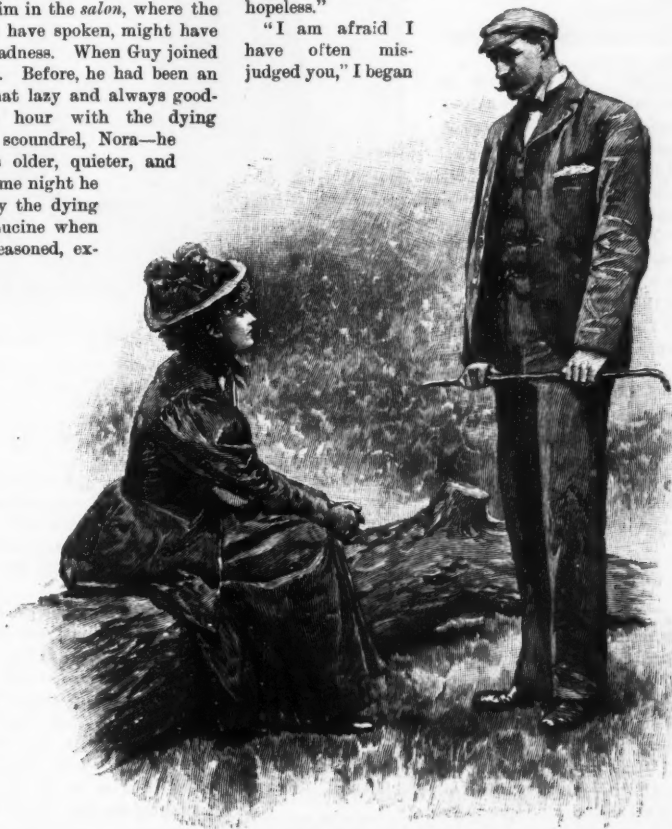
"Would not Lord St. Alvers tell you what it is that forced him to so obnoxious an arrangement?"

"I have asked him," he responded. "He says that it would do no good to tell me. That his words are true I cannot doubt. Poor old fellow!"

"Mr. Callan," I said hesitatingly, "do not tell him that Mona cares. She has never said so."

"I will not," he readily promised. "It would only make things more hopeless."

"I am afraid I have often misjudged you," I began



"What do you think now?" he asked.

again; "I used to think you had some sort of an objection to seeing Mona so happy and so often in Lord St. Alvers' society."

"I had a great objection," he admitted miserably.

"Yes, but I thought it was a selfish reason," I went on, with the instinct that "confession is good for the soul."

He turned and looked at me with a smile.

"Did you think I was jealous?"

"Something like that," I confessed.

"No," he said; "your cousin is just the girl for Guy. I should be glad to see him happily married. Surely," he exclaimed, on the sudden thought, "you did not think I was in love with her myself?"

"Why not?"

He smiled again at my question.

"Well," he said with a peculiar look, "there is a good reason 'why not'—the best of reasons."

I looked up at him, into his smiling eyes, with an inquiring glance.

"You see," he said, "I am afraid I am in love with someone else."

"Dear me!" I commented.

"You think that a strange fact?" he questioned.

"If 'someone else' is agreeable, it's all right," I returned, and he laughed.

"Come here to-morrow," he suggested, as I rose to go, "and we can have another talk over matters."

"Very well," I said. "Won't you come to the Abbey for a cup of tea?"

"I think I will," he said.

#### CHAPTER V.

MR. CALLAN stayed until dinner-time. He would not remain longer, because he said St. Alvers always waited for him.

"I shall soon be there—running," he said, as he bade us adieu.

Later on, Mona and I stood together under the beech.

"What are you thinking of?" I asked her.

"Of many things," with a slight flush.

"All at once?" I questioned.

"I was thinking of the birds just then, how free and unrestrained they are. How happy they sound!"



"She held out her hand calmly to Lord St. Alvers with an ordinary greeting."—p. 777.

The eventide warblings trilled through the silent air.

"It's like angel melody," Mona said.

"Mona, don't wax poetical," I advised. "It sounds as if you were going to die. Old Jan's granddaughter used to talk about angels before—"

"Nora, you really are ridiculous!" she laughed, interrupting me.

"Mona is like her father," aunty said: she had joined us a minute before. "He was like the Duke in—let me see—*As You Like It*. Found 'tongues in trees,' and all that sort of thing."

"And good in everything!" Mona quoted softly.

"He fancied that often in places where it did not exist and in people who were wholly bad."

"No one is wholly bad," Mona interposed. "There is no situation or person but has a redeeming point. I am glad my dear father knew that."

I began to wonder where Mona would perceive the "precious jewel" in the ugly adversity which was in

store for her. But St. Alvers had played with fire and had certainly burnt his own fingers. Only for his undoubted honour and truth I could almost find a savage sort of comfort in this reflection.

Aunty went in with one of her headaches. The moon rose in full, calm glory, changing the foulest objects into fair scenes. Prosaic day was transformed and dispelled. Fairyland had stepped in. The scent from the falling rose-petals was wafted abroad on gentle, mourning, sighing winds.

"I was just thinking, Mona——"

"Don't, dear. Think of the exertion!"

"It's about the moon," I exclaimed, in self-defence. "All the thoughts about the moon are stale by now. Perhaps it's something you have read—poetry."

"Now you are wandering. Have you *ever* found me guilty of reading poetry?"

"I cannot say you add that crime to your numerous shortcomings," she returned, laughing merrily.

"People who read poetry are either disappointed lovers or—lunatics," I remarked. "But all the same, this evening is making even me feel that peculiar—er——"

"Inward yearning—aching void—which?" my cousin questioned. "If you develop any such symptoms, I will banish you."

"There is someone coming," I said, as the sound of a footstep fell on my ear. "It's Lord St. Alvers."

"Are you star-gazing?" he inquired, as he drew near.

"There are no stars," I said. "I was going into raptures over the moon."

"Have you consulted a doctor?" he asked, with great gravity. "Have you been long like this?"

"Wretch!" I cried.

Then we all laughed, and I thought how inappropriate it was that we three should be gay and happy, even outwardly.

"Nora, go and play something," St. Alvers asked me later on.

"Do you think it will 'soothe the savage breast'?" I laughed, as I went in through the open window and remembered that Mona could play ten times better than I. How humiliating to be *de trop*!

I ran over a few soft old melodies—simple tunes—and watched the two outside as I sat. I knew the task he had to perform. I divined why he had come once more.

All through his long pleading and recital she turned her head away. With a miserable attempt at unconcern, she tried to hide her agony and love.

"Mona, look at me, speak to me!" he cried, when he had finished.

"Why should I?" she asked, in low tones which resounded with pride and pain.

"Why?" he exclaimed. "Because I love you—because you are my very life, my all. Because I have loved you from the minute I saw you."

That was exaggeration, I am sure. But it is usual in such cases.

At last he took her hands and turned her face to his. Then I shut the piano and went silently from the room.

I waited for her until I heard a slow, lagging footstep which was strange in our house. Mona always walked gracefully along; I generally ran—*un-gracefully*.

This girl who entered was the old Mona never again. "The same, the same, yet not the same."

"Mona!"

"Nora—you here!" in surprise. "Is aunty——"

"In bed," I supplied promptly.

She sat down by the window, and I knelt beside her chair.

"Nothing can destroy your love for me, Nora, can it?" she began. "We shall always have each other."

"Always," I ejaculated fervently, regardless of the future. "We can live together and be happy; we needn't be cross and ugly old maids."

She gave a low, dull laugh.

"And men will be strictly prohibited," I added, as a grain of comfort. "But do tell me. It will ease you."

"I think you know. A man who is engaged has asked me—at least, told me he—loves me," she said, with even a haughty accent through her pain.

"Lots of men do that," I assured her comfortingly, with an element of imagination in my assertion. "They don't intend any insult. They fall in love with everyone."

At another time she would have asked me where I had gained my experience. It was fortunate she did not then.

"He told me about that girl," she went on, divining that I knew too, "and I was surprised he should tell me. Then he said he loved me. If he had not said *that*, I think I could have borne all."

I knew better, but did not say so.

"I said some nasty cold things. I believe I insulted him——"

"Serve him right," I commented.

"I told him the sooner he announced his engagement the better, then people would understand his methods."

"He did not like that!" I cried, with relish in the thought. But she paid no heed.

"Of course, I don't love him. How should I? Nora, you believe I do not?" in pleading anxiety.

I did not mind telling—well, prevaricating just a little to gain a great end; but really, this was too much.

"I know you do." Then there was a dead silence. I went away.

The days passed on. The world was going backwards just then.

Mona said nothing. She buried herself in books, and if at times I found her studying a bare cover, she always said she was thinking out a problem, or something of the sort. Her problem was not solvable.

I was coming from the rectory one day, and met Mr. Callan.

"How is——" I began.

"Guy is in a most peculiar state," he returned, supplying the word. "He'll say nothing. When I question him we go 'one step forward and two steps back.' And you look weary."

"I am. I should like to help them."

"Guy says that he will not annoy a girl who does not care a straw for him."

"Ah!" I wished it were so. "We were so happy before. It's all men. They are the patent misery-producers of the world."

"I think it is the women in this case," he retorted, in man's defence of man.

"That's your view," I said, in a tone which implied that his view was not of the most reliable character. "But what sort of a girl, to look at, is Miss Darrel?"

"Oh! yellow hair and limpid blue eyes. Fascinating, 'to look at.' Repulsive to look into. She's like a snake at the edge of a chasm—draws them there; and then the greedy vulture (otherwise old Darrel) preys on them, or, rather, did prey. He's dead now."

"I don't suppose she loves St. Alvers?" I asked, cautiously, feeling rather ashamed of imagining the unfortunate young peer as being loved by a "snake."

Mr. Callan laughed.

"She loves his wealth, position, and all that. I believe she rather dislikes him personally."

"She'll have a fine opportunity to vent her dislike on him if she marries him," I said quietly.

"I wish Guy would tell me what hold she has on him," Mr. Callan soliloquised. "He won't. And he's not exactly a sociable companion just now."

"It gives you a chance to indulge in your own love-thoughts," I said, with a smile.

"Yes," he agreed, with a slight hesitation.

"I wish you would tell me about her. What is she like?" I questioned curiously.

"Oh! she's very nice," he replied vaguely.

The next day aunty and Mona sat in the drawing-room when I went in for tea. Aunty was looking anxiously at her darling.

"I fear you are not well, dear," she said. "I notice a change in you. You are not wilful as you were. And now you say you do not care if you never have another dress. In time you would be limited to your own room and consigned to solitude."

Mona smiled.

"I suppose I meant for the present," she said.



"How did you know I was here?"—p. 778.



"I hope so, my love. In the country a little interest in dress is so useful. It gives one something to think about."

"I have no lack of thought," Mona returned wearily.

"I think you need a tonic," aunty declared. "You are growing desponding—so unlike you."

I laughed. The tonic she required was a formidable preparation—to be taken *en masse*, and not in teaspoons or tablespoons.

I was so disgusted with myself for laughing, that I began to cry. Aunty immediately concluded that I was in hysterics, until, between laughing and crying, I made a rare exhibition of myself. Perhaps Mona understood.

The same evening I met St. Alvers. He looked so altered and miserable that I felt constrained to sympathise with him, even though he had wrought such unfortunate circumstances in regard to Mona. I told him he looked unwell.

"It doesn't matter much," he said defiantly.

"Lord St. Alvers!" I exclaimed, "what do you mean?" It was just a little deceitful on my part. I knew quite well, too well, what his meaning was.

"You're a good little thing," Nora, he said quietly.

"Can you tell me you do not know what I mean?"

"I cannot," I admitted. "At least, I believe I know. And I am very, very sorry for you and—"

I recollected that we had decided not to let him know of Mona's love for him. So I stopped.

"And whom?" he inquired sharply. But I did not answer.

"If you mean Mona," he added, "you are wasting your pity. If you mean—the other, why—don't throw it away, that's all."

"Wasting my pity!" I echoed. "What do you mean?"

"She cares nothing for me," he replied moodily.

Then his face changed.

"I am a fool. Why should she love me—my darling—my love? Better far that she should not. And yet—"

I longed to tell him the truth.

"Would it make you less or more miserable to know she *did*?"

"God knows—I cannot tell."

We had reached the entrance to the Abbey grounds as we talked, when I looked up and saw Mona coming along. She came straight to us and held out her hand calmly to Lord St. Alvers with an ordinary greeting. She controlled herself well indeed.

I saw his dark eyes lighten with a look which the absent Lucine might have regarded very unfavourably.

"I am going to the rectory, Nora," she announced. "No doubt aunty will be glad to see you, Lord St. Alvers, if you are going on with Nora."

"I am *not*. May I not walk back with you?"

She hesitated, and it angered him. Wrongly though it was, he had given her his whole love, and it seemed that she valued it so lightly.

"I cannot intrude my presence upon you," he said curtly, "since it is so obnoxious. But you need not avoid me so pointedly. I love you and *honour* you far too deeply to annoy you wilfully."

She did not reply, and he was going. He held out his hand to say good-bye.

I can imagine those overwrought nerves of hers; I can fancy how they gave way, how her resolutions weakened and fled. She turned her face to his, and their eyes met. In one long, yearning glance he had wrested her secret from her keeping for ever. He had drawn from her eyes the mute confession she was striving to withhold. Both their weaknesses had united in an awful strength.

"Mona!"

And I saw that mine would be the intruder's part if I remained, so I took my leave.

I even conquered the curiosity usually attributed to our sex, but which is occasionally perceptible in the other one, and did not turn to look if they were gone when I was at the top of the avenue of beech-trees. Things were becoming so complicated, and yet so fearfully clear, that it was becoming fast a difficult problem, and one whose end and solving were nothing but the brink of further confusion. What the result of to-day's work would be was not easy to guess. Ah! how many will intrigue, plot, plan; will sell their honour for the one end—marriage. And yet anyone, even the most devout pilgrim to Hymen's altar, will never question that the way thither is through thorns and over sharp rocks; that, rough as is the approach, the end is rougher still, in far too many cases; that the bud is often cankered. But yet there are plenty to try the rocky road; there is no scarcity of applications for the thorny throne. The maid who avows that she will never wed is like my Highland namesake, and does not wait for the swan to "barter the lake's clear breast," for the "eagle's nest," ere she is married.

I waited again for Mona, anxiously and impatiently, and with many a fear. When she came, we went under the old beech-tree, and she told me that her life was lived.

"He is going to her, he says. If she does not give him his freedom he must marry her. There is no alternative—none. It is to save a dead man's name from dishonour. He has told me all, for he said he would not take me, if he *could*, until I knew. And I could not let him sacrifice what he has given so much to keep—the secret which the Darrels knew. She will not give him up—is it likely? He says she is hard and cold, but perhaps she loves him. Oh Nora, shall I ever get rid of this pain?"

#### CHAPTER VI.

MR. CALLAN was very good to us in a silent, unobtrusive fashion which admitted of scarcely an excuse to thank him. He had a way of performing little kindnesses in a natural manner which was delicate in the extreme. He came to see us; brought books and papers, and offered to teach Mona and me Italian. But I was too much afraid he would be disgusted with my incapability in learning if he attempted to teach me anything, and considered that the better way to conceal my ignorance would be by not seeking to lessen it, so I declined with thanks. But I sat and listened to him as he conned the soft sounds to

Mona, who was glad of any excuse to keep her mind occupied and drown the haunting memories which crowded in. I am sure this was one reason, and the principal, why she progressed so rapidly.

Miss Darrel had gone to Rome and Switzerland for a holiday. St. Alvers had gone to find her. There was some difficulty about this, according to his letters, which Mr. Callan told me all about. I never alluded to him in talking to Mona. She had asked me not to mention his name if I could help it, and I knew it was better so. Of course aunty often spoke of him, and remarked on his unsettled disposition.

"I think he should have stayed at home for a time," she remarked. "He has been away for so long."

But neither Mona nor I made any response.

I often wondered if aunty had not noticed his preference for Mona. She did not say anything, however, so I did not know. And Mona guarded her secret so well.

One day, a hot July day, when scarcely a breath of air relieved the sultriness, and the myrtle boughs hung mournfully, their ivory-like flowers drooping with a pitiful supplication for rain, Mr. Callan received a letter from St. Alvers. He had reached Paris and overtaken Miss Darrel and her uncle there. He had found their address, and was just going to see Lucine.

Mr. Callan brought the letter to me, and I sent up from my heart a silent prayer that she might be merciful to him.

"If she grants me my request," St. Alvers wrote, "I shall write to Mona."

"He will write to her whichever way it turns out," Mr. Callan said. "I hope it may not be 'farewell.'"

"Oh! don't look for the worst," I begged earnestly.

The next day aunty received an invitation from an old friend in Yorkshire to go and visit her for a short time. She seldom went from home, and we pressed her to accept. So she began to collect all her pretty dresses and laces for the creation of envy in the breast of someone, and started off three days after she received the letter. Mona and I were left alone.

I watched every morning for the news from Paris. Every footstep that fell on my ear set my heart beating ten times faster than its wont, with eager expectancy. The days seemed lengthened into lifetimes of hope deferred.

It was the morning after aunty had left us. Mona and I sat at breakfast by the open window, with the hum of the industrious bee and the thrush's full melody to remind us that the beautiful world was without, waiting to teach us its Heaven-sent lesson. The weather was so hot, that morning and evening were the only times when existence was anything but a trial.

It is strange that when we await a crisis it invariably is reached unexpectedly. I believe on that bright morning Mona had found solace in reading the magnificent lesson on Nature's scroll, and I had lost the memory of St. Alvers and his Circe-like betrothed.

Ah! the letter-bag, and with it the returning recollection of outer things. Among the few missives I espied one bearing the stamp of a foreign land.

"Mona, will you have some ham?" I asked, trying to look unconcerned. But she disregarded me entirely.

She was too sincere to affect indifference. She opened it, and I knew by her tightening, paling lips that the white dove had fled from Pandora's box.

"It's all over," she announced. "He says she will not release him, and he declares he will never marry her—but he must. Oh! I——"

And she left the room to bear her pain alone. I walked to the window and then turned away in disgust. Why *was* the earth so tauntingly bright, so aggravatingly beautiful?

But the fact remained. Moreover, besides being bright and beautiful, it was very tempting, and I strolled to the beech-tree and sat looking at the lattice of leaves and branches which framed the azure sky above my head.

"Miss Nora," said a voice I knew.

"How did you know I was here?" I asked lazily.

"Drake told me," was Mr. Callan's reply: for it was he.

"Detective-staffs should be formed of our domestics," I declared. "It is useless to try to conceal one's self from them."

"If you wish to be alone——" he began.

"Now, that's just like men," I said, highly aggrieved. A girl can't indulge in a little philosophy but they always flatter themselves she is actually wasting her thoughts on *them*."

He ignored my flippant veil.

"I have had a letter from St. Alvers."

"Mona has. She has gone away to her room. I shall have to be going to her soon." But this broad hint took no effect. He threw a letter into my lap.

"Read it," was his command. It ran thus—

"MY DEAR CLIFFORD,—I have seen Lucine. She refuses to cancel my vow. But the tale I told you before I came here she may publish to the world. I will never suffer her to share my name—dishonoured though it may be. And, of course, to ask the truest, noblest woman in the world to be linked with the disgraceful scandal Lucine will make is out of the question. I shall come back to St. Alvers once again."

"Is the tale very dreadful?" I asked.

"Guy thinks so. But I cannot see myself how a man is to be held responsible for the deeds of a parent. Everyone's good name is in himself. And no one has led a more honourable life than St. Alvers."

"It's a shame!" I cried, oblivious of the fact that what was a "shame" was rather vaguely defined. "But I am sure Mona would not care for what his father had done, or mother, or any other relation."

"Guy would," was Mr. Callan's rejoinder. "He has a strong sense of honour—peculiarly so. He honours the woman he loves, and will never ask her to share a stained name."

It was too hot to argue. On a day like this it was enough to sit and enjoy the shade.

"Enough it seemeth unto me  
Not to be doing, but to be."

That is one bit of a poem I always appreciated and understood.

"I will come down this evening," Mr. Callan said, as he went away.

I went in to Mona. She was seated by her window, with the letter which had crushed her hopes open in her hand. I sat by her side, and drew her head to my shoulder.

"He says he is coming back; but, Nora, I must not see him. He *must* not suffer scandal for me. In a little while he will forget me and marry her."

burial to occupy our minds and thoughts and lessen grief. There was nothing to distract Mona's mind from the one great death she was grieving for to-day—the crushing of her young love.

"I had a letter from Miss Stayne to-day, Nora," she said to me as we sat at dinner—the most miserable pretence of a meal that we two had ever made.

"Poor old Miss Stayne," I said, thinking of the time when she had so earnestly endeavoured to cultivate



"A letter addressed to myself."—p. 780.

"He won't," I declared.

"If I were dead to him, he would cease to care," she said slowly; and often, in days to follow, those words echoed in my heart in miserable memory.

"Let us talk of something else," she urged at length.

"Everything else seems so flat," I said.

"We'll go to the sea," she said. "Anything's better than nothing."

"I suppose we shall live to remember all this without feeling very keenly about it," I remarked. It was like a death without the details of mourning and

in us what we respectively lacked—in me, cleverness and accomplishments; in Mona, method and system.

"She is not particularly old or pitifully poor," Mona remarked, with her faint smile. "She says her 'Uncle Sam' has died and left her a small fortune. It will relieve her of the necessity to take another situation, and she wonders where to settle."

"Why not at St. Alvers?" I asked, on the impulse of the moment. "There's the 'White House' unoccupied."

The "White House" lay near the rectory, and was a

small cottage prettily situated and covered with creepers. It had usually been the habitation of some person on the St. Alvers estate, but the present steward, Mr. Standish, had too large a family to live there, and so it stood empty.

"Write to her and tell her of it," I urged. "I am sure it is just the very thing for her. Fancy that 'Uncle Sam' dying! I believe I sometimes doubted his existence; but he could not very well have died unless he had lived, so I suppose he was no myth."

I tried my best to keep up a little conversation, but I am afraid it was a somewhat unsuccessful attempt. At last I gave it up, and sat silently thinking of many things.

True to his promise, Mr. Callan came again in the evening, but he evidently did not like to mention the theme uppermost in our minds. We talked on perfectly indifferent topics. But, however much Mr. Callan might discuss science and art with Mona, he never reverted to such depths in conversing with me. The sculpture of departed worthies of the house of St. Alvers in the church was quite near enough to the fine arts for me. (How far off that is I shudder to recall.) For Mona was reserved the privilege of hearing of all the associations of sunny Italy—of that perfect little statue by the unknown Greek found in the ruins of the most elegant of villas at Tempé—of beauty's home and glory's grave. And so in all things. Mona first—me behind.

After this Mona appeared to be unusually interested in the village people, and together we lingered lovingly near all the old familiar spots linked with our happy girlhood. In the blindness of my heart I rejoiced.

"Will you come with me to Metherton?" I asked her one day. "I want some things."

"No, dear, not to-day. Will you take a message to Mr. Howard? And if they press you to stay to luncheon, do."

She stood in the old porch to see me off. I remember her now, even after the lapse of many years, as she looked then.

"Nora," she said lovingly, "if I ask you to do something for my sake, will you do it?"

"Certainly," in surprise.

"Some time I shall. And you believe that I should act for the best, or I should try, though I fall short?"

"Yes, dear, I do," in increased wonder.

"Good-bye," she said quickly, and as I rode away (not without a groom) she waved farewell. Farewell!

Mrs. Howard did press me to stay, and I could not refuse. She was a very kind little woman, and joined in the universal love accorded to my cousin with the utmost heartiness. Mr. Howard was a keen, quiet man, about fifty years of age, with a clean-shaven, clearly cut face and grey hair. He was considered the most acute lawyer in that district.

The old-fashioned red-brick house in which they lived adjoined his offices. Before I went home, he came to me from them to say good-bye. Mrs. Howard had gone in.

"Miss Talbot is well, I hope?" he said quietly, looking at me.

"Pretty well, thank you," I replied.

"She has had a little trouble lately, has she not?"

"How do you know?" I exclaimed, astonished. I knew no idle curiosity prompted his inquiry. He was too true a gentleman for that.

"From something she said the other day. Your friend Lord St. Alvers has flown off again, I hear."

"He has gone to Paris," I stammered, with a fine flush; and if Mr. Howard did not conclude that I was madly in love with St. Alvers it was through no fault of mine. But he said nothing.

It was nearly six o'clock when I reached the Abbey. I ran up-stairs to find Mona, when I saw she was not down. I could not see her in her room, and went to my own.

"Mona," I called; but there was no response.

"She must have gone for a walk or to the rectory,"

I thought, going back to see if her out-door garments were in their place. They were not.

I thought nothing of it, and went down-stairs to wait for her. At last I asked Drake if she had left any message.

"No, Miss Nora," he answered. "I see'd en go afore lunch. She took'd a portmanteau."

"A portmanteau!" I exclaimed. "Perhaps she had a telegram from aunty."

I flew to Mona's desk, and the first thing I saw was a letter addressed to myself in her handwriting. I tore it open with a faint cry. This is what I read:—

"MY DEAREST COUSIN,—I have gone away: you know why. I believe it to be for the best that I do this. Do not try to find me. For my sake do not. I have arranged everything, and shall receive an ample supply of money through Mr. Howard. Tell aunty what you think best, but do not seek me. When he is married, I shall come back to you. Oh, Nora! give him my love, my undying love, and tell him to be true to her, and kind. Tell him he must save his name and reward her love, for she must love him. It is no wrong to her that I send him my love. It is adieu, like a last farewell beside a dying-bed, only that my love is stronger than death.

"I shall be with Miss Stayne. Good-bye, Nora, and dear aunty. It will not be for long. Tell him to forget me; we shall never more be justified in remembering each other in this world. Perhaps in a land where honour is uncorruptible and undefiled we may meet again—where there is no pain, but unfading joy and light for all eternity.

"Good-bye once more. Yours with unchanging love.

(To be continued.)

MONA."





## HOW GOD DELIVERS IN TIMES OF NEED.—II.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR W. GARDEN BLAICKIE, LL.D., D.D., F.R.S.E.



"Messenger after messenger went to summon her."—p. 182.



It is very remarkable that the sentence which we find repeated most frequently in Scripture is this short but very delightful one—"For His mercy endureth for ever." In the Psalms we find it thirty-four times (twenty-six times

in the 136th), and six times in other places—not to mention numberless occasions where the same truth is expressed in other words. Surely it was meant that it should be very deeply engraven on our hearts, and have a powerful effect on our lives. To realise it gives a bright and cheerful tone to any life. It keeps the spectre of despair clean out of sight; and even care ceases to look so dark—ceases to be the *atra cura* of the pagan poet; for the rays of Divine mercy transform and brighten it, as the rays of the sun lighten and brighten the column of smoke that ascends from the cottage on the mountain-side.

It is the keynote of several Psalms, the succeeding verses or strophes of which consist of illustrations of its truth. Among these is the 107th. It begins with a call to "Praise the Lord,

for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever."

Following this is a series of pictures, showing manifold situations of distress in which God's people have found themselves. In these situations their cry has risen in trustful accents to their Father, and uniformly with a happy result. "Then they cried unto Him in their trouble, and He saved them out of their distresses."

As in the case of the 91st Psalm, there is an allegorical element here; the assurance really given is the assurance of constant protection, but not always of deliverance from temporal evil. The issue is in the hands of Him who doeth all things well, and to whom it has often seemed right to leave the agencies of pain to do their worst for a time, but always under the assurance to His people that "ALL things work together FOR GOOD to them that love God—to them who are the called according to His purpose."

Yet all Christian history is full of instances in which God has interposed to snatch His servants from physical destruction, or to avert from them other evils, when their situation had become well-nigh desperate. The Divine arm has been visibly stretched out, like that of Jesus to Peter when he was sinking in the waters; and it may be that this has been done just because we, too, are of

little faith, and because that feeble faith sometimes needs to be buttressed by the evidence of sight. In a former paper (QUIVER, March, 1894) we have described some of these deliverances in the case of communities; in this we will do the same in the case of individuals. The instances we are to bring forward will fall under two divisions: remarkable cases of God supplying pressing wants, and of His averting pressing dangers. And it will be shown how closely these instances have been connected with a habit of filial, trustful, believing prayer.

## I.

MANY are the instances of God's servants, reduced through persecution or poverty to the most extreme state of destitution, finding supplies sent to them in a way utterly unexpected. And it is remarkable that not only human beings, but even animals, have sometimes been the medium through which the supply has come. The first colleague of John Knox in the High Church of Edinburgh was a man with a remarkable history, of much decision of character and remarkable gifts—JOHN CRAIG. He had been a Dominican friar, had been suspected of heresy in Scotland, had gone abroad and entered a Dominican monastery at Bologna, where, chancing to find in the library a copy of Calvin's "Institutes," he was so impressed by it that he became a Protestant. Escaping from the monastery, he became tutor in the family of a Protestant nobleman in Italy; but being arrested and tried for heresy, he was condemned to be burnt, and escaped only through the connivance of a soldier to whom he had once done a kindness. It is said that in his flight he entered a wood, and sat down to think of his forlorn condition, in a foreign country, without money or friends, when a dog came running towards him and deposited a purse at his feet containing a considerable sum. There is a well-known story of a poor widow in a lonely part of the Highlands whose last handful of oatmeal had been consumed, and who had not one morsel of food for her children on the following day. Sitting down to ponder some of the texts that might serve to keep up her flickering faith, she was arrested by these words in the 50th Psalm: "All the beasts of the forest are Mine, and the cattle on a thousand hills." It was bread, not beasts, the poor woman was thinking of, and, though the words haunted her, she could not see what they had to do with her case. Early in the morning, a drover, who was driving a herd of cattle past her hut, found that a young ox had fallen over a bank, and so injured itself that it had to be killed; and not being able either to carry it on or to send back for it, he made a present of it to the widow, whose wants were thus

most unexpectedly supplied. Thus a dog in the one case and a young ox in the other was a medium of deliverance. Birds, too, like Elijah's ravens, have done their part. Once, in a large city, a pet canary that had escaped from a handsome mansion in the neighbourhood flew through the open window into a starving man's house, and having been watched, a servant came in search of it. The story of poverty was carried back by the servant with the bird, and an ample supply came from the rich man's mansion. When God made miraculous use of Balaam's ass, Jonah's whale, and Peter's fish, He showed how He could requisition "all sheep and oxen, yea, and the fish of the sea," to fulfil His purposes; in these latter days, without any miracle, He does the same.

Probably some of our readers are familiar with the name of Beaté Paulus. She was the daughter of a pastor in the south of Germany named Halm, a man of piety and force of character, and the wife of another pastor, a relation of Professor Paulus of Heidelberg, the well-known rationalist; but the pastor was not a partaker of the professor's rationalism. Pastorin Beaté Paulus exemplified in a marvellous way the power of prayer. She seemed to know by a kind of spiritual intuition when God would interpose to answer her. Being desirous to obtain a superior education for her sons, she had sent five of the six to different schools, believing that God would provide the means of educating them, although she did not possess them. One morning three letters came by the same post to the pastor from the different towns where the boys were boarded, saying that if the dues were not settled at once the lads would be dismissed. The pastor was angry; he reproached his wife with her folly, and asked how she was to pay the bills with her faith. The wife read the letters with an untroubled look; she said calmly, "It will be all right," left the room, and went up to a garret where she often went to pray. There she spread the letters before God, and declared that she could not believe that He would forsake her in her trouble; she was willing to be the *second* whom He might forsake, but not the *first*. Night came on; supper was ready, messenger after messenger went to summon her; breakfast came in the morning; but her invariable answer was to leave her alone, for she was not ready. At last she appeared in the family with a wonderful light in her face. In a little time a message came from the innkeeper of the place, asking her respectfully to go to see him on particular business. It turned out that he had been thinking of her all night, and having three bags of gold in a box, for which he said he had no particular use, he wished her to accept of them, for he thought she must be in need!

## II.

THE cases of sudden and unlooked-for deliverance from pressing and fearful danger, sometimes apprehended and sometimes hidden, are not less remarkable or instructive. The case of Luther will occur to everyone. After the Diet of Worms, at which Luther took up such an attitude of bold defiance toward the papacy, the Emperor, Charles V., signed the edict by which Luther was placed under the ban of the Empire, and all his people were forbidden, under the most serious penalties, "to give shelter to the said Luther, to conceal him, to give him food or drink, or furnish him, by word or deed, openly or secretly, with any kind of succour;" further, they were enjoined "to seize him, wherever he might be found, and bring him to us in sure custody." His books were to be burned, or utterly destroyed in some other way; and his adherents were to be seized and suppressed, and their property confiscated. It was a moment of extreme peril to Luther—a peril which it seemed hardly possible for him to escape. On his way home he spent one night with his loving old grandmother at Mora; next day, while skirting the woods of Thuringia, five horsemen in masks burst on him and his companions, and, before they could recover from their astonishment, carried Luther off into the depths of the forest. And for a full year no one knew what had become of him; the Reformation seemed to be lost. It turned out, after all, to be a friendly intervention. The Elector of Saxony had braved the Emperor, and secretly arranged to kidnap Luther, and send him to some hiding-place. This was the castle of Wartburg, where the Reformer remained for a year disguised as a knight, and occupied himself chiefly in translating the Bible. It was a bold and highly hazardous exploit, but it saved Luther and it saved the Reformation.

It is said of George Wishart, the Scotch martyr, that when he was preaching at Dundee, a priest was employed to assassinate him. One day, when the service was over, the priest stood waiting at the foot of the stair with a dagger concealed under his gown. Wishart must have had a sharper eye than the King of Moab when he was visited by Ehud, for he saw and seized the dagger, and quietly asked the priest what he was going to do with it. The poor wretch fell at his feet, confessed his intention, and craved mercy. The people outside would have lynched him but for Wishart's calm remonstrance: "Whoever hurts him shall hurt me, for he hath done me no mischief, but much good, by teaching me more heedfulness for the time to come."

The annals of missionary enterprise present many memorable instances of deliverance from frightful danger. When Dr. Adoniram Judson had been but a short time in Burmah, he was

seized as a spy of the British Government and flung into prison under circumstances that made it plain that he was doomed to death. His first prison was a perfect hell; each prisoner was confined by three pairs of iron fetters, and all were fastened to a long pole, to prevent their moving. Lying on the bare damp floor, the fetters crushing them and making wounds in their flesh, every turn or twist of their bodies, made in hope of relief, only aggravated their miseries. Poor Mrs. Judson, frail at best, and expecting her confinement, struggled to visit the prison daily, and brought food to her husband and his fellow-missionaries, to receive which he could only crawl to the door. Six months after, a poor puny little girl was born that seemed to be always wailing. One day, coming to the prison door with his breakfast, Mrs. Judson found that he and his fellow-prisoners had been carried off, no one knew where. At last she found him, and learned that after a most cruel march he had been committed to another wretched gaol, where he was under the charge of a horrid gaoler—a man with "Murderer" branded on his breast, bearing the nickname of "The Tiger-cat," a wretch who positively gloated over the sufferings of his prisoners. Meanwhile, the British army, under Sir Archibald Campbell, was advancing nearer and nearer, driving back the native troops, which so enraged the king that his prisoners could not doubt but in a little while he would revenge himself by putting them to death. Mrs. Judson, after eighteen months of mental torture, was now on the very brink of despair. But it proved to be the dark hour that precedes the dawn. God's deliverance had come. The authorities of Burmah believed that Judson might be of use in pleading for them with the British Government and obtaining easier terms of surrender. In a moment Judson and his wife were free, and under the protection of the British Government.

Our readers must be familiar with some of the dangers of Livingstone. His deliverance from the lion that had its paw on his head was next to a miracle, and, but for the chivalry of a native helper, Mebalwe, who drew the attack of the lion on himself, and thus saved his master, he must inevitably have been killed. Many of his hair-breadth escapes will be found recorded in his biography; but we cannot forbear extracting a description of one of the most remarkable. On his return journey from Loanda, in 1856, at the confluence of the rivers Loangwa and Zambesi, he encountered a hostile tribe who had formerly been provoked by some Bazimka, or half-caste Portuguese, so that at first Livingstone could only avoid their fate by showing his bosom, arms, and hair, and asking if the Bazimka were like that. But still he was in most imminent peril. He felt

that in a few hours he might be called to stand before the Judge of all, and prayed for resignation to His will. He pled, as one only can plead who gets near to God and feels very strongly that it is God's work he is doing—pled that for the sake of Africa he might be spared. "What an impulse

this great region and teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow. But I read that Jesus came and said, 'All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations—and lo! *I am with you alway, even to the end of the world!*' It is the



"The people outside would have lynched him."—p. 783.

will be given to the idea that Africa is not open if I perish now! See, O Lord, how the heathen rise up against me as they did to Thy Son. I commit my way unto Thee. . . . Thou givest wisdom liberally to all who ask Thee—give it to me, my Father. . . . I cast myself and all my cares down at Thy feet. Thou knowest all I need for time and for eternity."

This was his morning meditation. In the evening he writes: "Felt much turmoil of spirit in view of having all my plans for the welfare of

word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour, and there is an end on 't. I will not cross furtively by night, as I intended. It would appear as flight; and should such a man as I flee? Nay, verily, I shall take observations for latitude and longitude to-night, though they may be the last. I feel quite calm now, thank God."

In the morning the natives collected round him and his handful of followers, all armed. They had sent the women and children out of the way, as was usual before a fight. A canoe was lent,



but the river was a mile broad, and first the goods, then the men, had to be conveyed across. But by some marvellous influence the natives were restrained from making any attack. While waiting for the return of the canoe, Livingstone showed them his watch, burning-glass, etc., and kept them amused as best he could. It needed both nerve and faith to be so calm while a horde of savages were standing armed at his back. It was indeed a wonderful deliverance, and it seemed as if He who shut the mouths of the lions in Daniel's prison had touched the hearts of these savages, and restrained them from hurting a hair of his head.

But no missionary of modern times has so wonderfully experienced the protecting care of God at moments when all seemed lost as the Rev. John G. Paton, D.D., late of the New Hebrides Mission. At the risk of repeating what we have said on a previous occasion, we must refer to his case, because it shows so emphatically that even in this age, when so many suppose that "natural law" is the only ruler, and that spiritual force is but an imagination, "the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, nor His ear heavy that it cannot hear." Dr. Paton relates that on one occasion, when residing in the island of Tauna, he found his house surrounded at daybreak by armed men, and a chief intimated that they had assembled to take his life. "Seeing that I was entirely in their hands, I knelt down and gave myself away, body and soul, to the Lord Jesus, for what seemed the last time on earth. Rising, I went out to them, and began calmly talking about their unkind treatment of me, and con-

trasting it with all my conduct towards them. I also plainly showed them what would be the sad consequences if they carried out their cruel purpose. At last, some of the chiefs who had attended the worship rose, and said: 'Our conduct has been bad, but now we will fight for you, and kill all those who hate you.'"

On this occasion Dr. Paton's safety was due to the influence of his own mild words. But there were other times when it came from an extrinsic cause, with which he had nothing to do. Once a party were assembled bent on burning down his house, and the fence was already on fire, when a furious tornado of rain compelled them to abandon their project. Another time it was a ship seen in the offing that caused his murderous assailants to desist.

We remarked in our former paper that the 91st Psalm must be regarded as, in the main, allegorical, using material images to denote the inward spiritual preservation of God's servants. But in the case of Dr. Paton it really seemed that the allegorical was superseded; he seemed to be literally preserved from the influence of every hurtful thing.

Thus, while they cannot absolutely rely on being preserved from all earthly ill, the servants of the Lord have the firmest assurance that they will be protected from all that would hurt or destroy the immortal part of their nature. Within the veil, it will be their universal and enthusiastic testimony that no good thing has failed of all that God promised, and that the very things that seemed most against them have turned out most signally for their good.



## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

### INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

AUGUST 19TH. FIRST DISCIPLES OF JESUS.

To read—*St. John i. 35—49. Golden Text—ver. 41.*



**INTRODUCTION.** After the Temptation, Christ returned for a short time to Jordan, where John was baptising, before going into Galilee. He mingled with the crowd; and when John saw Him, was at once pointed out by him as the Lamb of God. He

had been announced by John, who now bare record how he had heard the Father's voice declare that this was He who should baptise with the Holy Ghost.

**I. THE FIRST PAIR OF DISCIPLES. (35—40.)**

*Their names.* Andrew was Christ's first disciple. John the Evangelist was evidently the other.

He always, from modesty, avoids his own name.

*Their knowledge.* Had been for some time disciples of John the Baptist.

Carefully instructed by him about Jesus Christ.

He now points out to them the true Lamb of God.

In His character meek and gentle as a lamb.

In His death the all-sufficient sacrifice for sin.

*Their following.* They heard, saw, and followed.

Christ notices them, encourages them, invites them.

They come and spend a night under His roof.

They learn more. Their hearts are drawn to Him.

**II. SECOND PAIR OF DISCIPLES. (41, 42.) Who?**

One known—Simon Peter found by Andrew.

Proof of having found Christ seen by bringing his own brother to Him.

"He first findeth." Who, then, was the second? Surely John sought and brought his brother James. Christ beheld Simon, by a look read his character. He gives him a new name for his new life. "Cephas," or "Peter," meaning "rock," or "stone."

His character was bold and determined, and he was to become one of the foundation-stones of Christ's Church.

### III. THE THIRD PAIR OF DISCIPLES. (43-49.)

Jesus returns to neighbourhood of His old home. Finds Philip, probably long known to Him.

Calls him to be a disciple or learner.

Philip finds his friend Nathanael (or Bartholomew).

Tells him of Christ fulfilling the Law and the Prophets.

Notice these points about Nathanael's character.

His honest doubt—"Can any good come from Nazareth?"

His willingness to learn—he came and saw Christ.

His guileless disposition—testified to by Christ.

His open statement of faith when once convinced.

LESSONS. Christ's disciples must—

1. Learn of Him, the great Teacher.
2. Come to Him, the only Saviour.
3. Acknowledge Him as Lord and God.
4. Bring others to Him to be His disciples.

### AUGUST 26TH. FIRST MIRACLE OF JESUS.

To read—*St. John ii. 1-11. Golden Text—ver. 11.*

INTRODUCTION. Christ had just been gathering together and teaching a few disciples. Either five or six accompanied Him to Galilee. A wedding was being celebrated in Cana, a few miles from Nazareth, where He had been brought up. To this He was invited, and asked to bring His new disciples.

I. WINE WANTED. (1-5.) Tell the story.

A wedding in a country village in Galilee.

The bride has been taken to the bridegroom's house.

Merry-making and feasting go on for several days.

Six extra guests cause supplies to run short.

The mother of Jesus tells Him what is needed.

Evidently she expects Him to work a miracle.

He replies that He must work in His own way.

He is no longer subject to her leading.

The moment to display His power not yet come.

She tells the servants to obey His bidding.

Was evidently a relation or family friend.

II. WINE PROVIDED. (6-11.) Notice—

Six stone water-pots, holding ten or twelve gallons each, for washing hands and arms "up to the elbow" (*St. Mark vii. 3, margin*).

These, at Christ's order, filled quite full of water.

Showing that no wine could have been added.

Then the liquid drawn out and tasted by the governor, or presider over the feast.

Was found to be wine of the best quality (*ver. 10*).

His astonishment was great, not knowing whence it came, though the servants knew.

Notice His words to the bridegroom about it—

Most men give the best first, keeping inferior till the taste is blunted. This just the opposite.

So Christ began His miracles. What did they show?

*His sympathy* with the bridegroom's distress.

*His power*—able to do all things for His people.

*His glory*—as of the only-begotten of the Father.

*Result*. His new disciples believed on Him.

LESSONS. 1. *The blessedness of Christ's friendship.*

He came to share man's whole life on earth.

Therefore rejoiced with those who rejoiced.

Just as He mourned with those who wept.

Should be welcomed as Friend in all life.

Nothing be done He cannot be asked to bless.

2. *Christ's best blessings come last.*

The world offers its best gifts first: viz.,

Youth, mirth, festivity, pleasures of the body.

These soon turn to bitterness and disappointment.

But joys of true religion increase.

Its ways are pleasantness, its paths peace. (*Prov. iii. 17.*)

Increase more and more as time goes on.

Their end—an inheritance that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for ever.

### SEPTEMBER 2ND. JESUS CLEANSING THE TEMPLE.

To read—*St. John ii. 13-25. Golden Text—ver. 16.*

INTRODUCTION. Soon after His first miracle Jesus went up to Jerusalem for the Passover feast—thus beginning and ending His public ministry with one of these Festivals. His time for manifesting Himself as the Messiah had now come. Jerusalem would be crowded with Jews from many lands. No better time could there be for showing Himself. So with His new disciples, and probably joining a company of pilgrims, Christ went up to Jerusalem.

I. THE TEMPLE CLEANSED. (13-17.) Describe the scene.

*The Court of the Gentiles*—outside the Temple.

Huts of shop-keepers, booths of money-changers.

Pens of flocks of sheep, goats, and oxen all about.

Wicker cages filled with turtle-doves and pigeons.

Tables of small coins at which money-changers sat.

Heat, and noise, and crowds filling the place.

This the entrance-court of Temple of Most High!

What a contrast to what was going on hard by!

*The Court of the Jews*—adjoining that of Gentiles.

Sacrifices incessantly offered at the brazen altar.

Priests clad in their beautiful robes of office.

Levites assisting and singing the Psalms of David.

Crowds of worshippers joining in chants and prayers and Psalms of David.

*Inside the Temple.* Incense always burning on altar.

Now picture Christ and His party of disciples.

He goes into Court of Gentiles—the cattle-market!

He makes a small cord of rushes, and uses it.  
 He drives out the cattle and the buyers and sellers.  
 He overturns the tables of the money-changers.  
 He overthrows the wicker cages of the birds.  
 He speaks thrilling words of indignation.  
 God's House must not be a place of merchandise.  
 Why was it built by Solomon and dedicated to God? (1 Kings viii. 30.)

For offering of sacrifices for sins of all kinds.

For prayers and vows. (2 Chron. vi. 19.)

For teaching God's Word. (St. Mark xiv. 49.)

For dedication to God's service. (St. Luke ii. 22.)

For singing God's praises. (Ps. cxxxiii., etc.)

But not for traffic, merchandise, and such-like.

II. THE JEWS ANSWERED. (17—25.)

Notice effect of Christ's action on those who saw it.

Disciples saw in it honour for God's House.

Buyers and sellers were silent, being overawed.

Jews indignant at interference with their customs.

Asked for a sign of Christ's authority.

He answered by a mysterious prophecy.

They would reject Him, but He would rise again.

Its fulfilment confirmed the disciples' faith (ver. 22).

Had He not already given them many signs?

His miracles did convince many people.

They saw and believed in His Divine power.

But Christ could not trust Himself to them.

He knew their fickleness, foresaw their hatred.

Therefore stayed only short time in Jerusalem.

LESSONS. 1. My House is a House of prayer.  
 Use it, honour it.

2. Your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost.

SEPTEMBER 9TH. JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

To read—St. John iii. 1—16. Golden Text—ver. 16.

INTRODUCTION. Last lesson told how many in Jerusalem believed in Jesus after seeing His miracles. Some only believed in Him as a teacher sent from

God. Among these was Nicodemus, a member of the Jewish Sanhedrim, or Council of Seventy Elders. But he desired to know more of this new Teacher.

I. THE NEW BIRTH. (1—8.) What it is.

Nicodemus was seeking more knowledge of God.

What had this young and new Teacher to tell him?

He must be born again: *i.e.*, undergo a change.

So only can anyone enter God's spiritual Kingdom.

How is this change brought about?

By the action of the Holy Spirit cleansing heart.

Of which baptism by water is the outward sign.

How does the Spirit work? Like the wind.

It is invisible—its movements cannot be seen.

It is powerful—3,000 converted at once. (Acts ii. 41.)

It is seen in its effects. Saul the persecutor becomes the apostle Paul, the great missionary preacher.

What are the results of being born again?

Such walk in the light of the truth. (1 John i. 7.)

They crucify the flesh, with its lusts. (Gal. v. 24.)

They live in love one with another. (1 John iii. 14.)

LESSON. Ye must be born again.

II. THE NEW TEACHER. (9—16.) Who is He?

A Teacher from above, come down from heaven.

Sent to reveal heavenly things to men.

But His words not believed by the Jews.

Even "masters" (ver. 10) learned in the Law did not understand the Scriptures about Him.

The Son of Man must be lifted up on the cross.

Brazen Serpent was a type of this. (Numb. xxi. 9.)

It was made like the serpents which bit people.

When looked at with faith, was effectual to heal.

So Christ was made sin, who knew no sin. (2

Cor. v. 21.)

Through faith in His death man is saved.

LESSONS. 1. The greatness of God's love—it reaches to the whole world.

2. The value of the sacrifice—His only Son.

3. The freedom of salvation—whosoever believeth.

4. The danger of rejecting—perish everlastingly.

"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."



## THE LITTLE 'UN.

A STORY OF LONDON ARABS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLONEL KIT," ETC. ETC.



"I! master, let's have a look."

The words were enforced by a prod that sent the basket of carpenter's tools all awry, and Jim Davis turned angrily.

His anger was, however, quite disarmed by the comical little face that looked into his with a certain appeal.

"There ain't much to see," he said, good-naturedly

making room in front of him: "only a hoss as can't get up."

"It's the little 'un wants to see," said the boy; and then Jim Davis saw that he had a tiny child pressed close to his side, a girl-child, with a pinched, suffering face, who gave a plaintive cry as the crowd surged about her.

"Here, let me have her," Jim Davis said, lifting her up.

The boy looked up jealously for a moment, but was soon watching the horse with great interest. It was presently helped up, and the crowd melted away.



"'They can't do nuffin for her,' the boy said gloomily."—p. 789.

Jim Davis put down the little girl, who took the boy's hand, and limped along painfully.

"Thank ye, master," said the boy. "Dot could see lovely, couldn't she?"

The child rubbed her cheek against his grimy hand, but gave no other answer.

"What's wrong with her?" asked Davis.

"Her leg hurts her," the boy answered briefly; "but she's going to get quite well soon, 'cause me and her is all alone."

"Well, I daresay she don't dislike sweets," said the man, holding out a penny ere he went on his way.

It happened that Jim Davis had just got some new work, which took him in that direction every day for a time, and he often afterwards fell in with the children. The boy sold matches, flowers, or anything for which he would be likely to get a ready sale, while the little girl limped at his side. The boy, generally called Coppers, by reason of the colour of his hair and eyes, did not have very much in common

with the other street boys. Dot took all his time and care, and if he ever longed to take part in the rough play he watched with such interest, Dot never suffered from his longings. Under happier circumstances, she might have been a pretty little child; as it was, she had a certain attractiveness, and good-natured Jim Davis soon found pleasure in so often seeing her.

One afternoon Coppers was standing alone, with his matches in front of him, and he looked so lonely and unhappy that Davis crossed the road to ask after Dot.

"Her leg's that bad, I got old Mother Mitchell to have her down by her fire," Coppers answered. "I say, guv'nor, can't nothing be done for the little 'un?"

"I should take her to the hospital," Davis said slowly; "and I believe I know how to get you a letter."

"Oh, do, master!" Coppers said eagerly.

It took Davis two days to get the hospital letter, and Coppers took it with great joy, firmly convinced that Dot would soon be cured; and Davis was infected



by the boy's hopes. He even bought a cheap and tidy little hat and cloak, that the child might make a respectable appearance, and Coppers put his own head under the tap by way of preparation.

Davis thought a good deal about the children while he was at work. His job was finished earlier than he expected, but he lingered about, hoping to see them. At last he saw Coppers carrying Dot uncomfortably on his back.

"Well?" he asked; but there was no answering brightness in Coppers' face.

"Look here," he said, after a pause: "I'm going to sit in the park a bit instead of going home to tea. Come and keep me company."

He took Dot in his arms, stayed to buy some sweet cakes, and then they went into the park. For a wonder, they found a quiet corner, and there Davis fed the two with his cakes, till a little colour came into Dot's white cheeks, and she fell asleep, nestled comfortably in his arms; then he repeated his questions to Coppers.

"They can't do nuffin for her," the boy said gloomily. "Oh, come, mate, that ain't what they said," protested Davis.

"Pretty near," Coppers said dismally. "They ain't got room to take her in; lots of little 'uns like her is waiting to be cured."

"But what did they say about her legs?"

"They give me a bottle of physic, and she's to have plenty of good things to eat and drink, and a change to the country would do her good," said Coppers, with unconscious irony.

Davis gave a little dismayed whistle. He looked down at the small sleeping face, but had no words of consolation to offer; only after a time he put one hand on the boy's shoulder and patted it gently. The sun, near its setting, made long cool shadows; a gentle breeze sprang up and fanned their faces; and a sense of help and comfort came over poor Coppers. He looked a little consoled when he turned into the miserable street which he knew as home.

"How's the little 'un?" asked Davis a few days after, when he came upon Coppers.

"She ain't no better, but"—Coppers made the announcement very importantly—"she soon will be. She's going into the country."

"How's that?"

"Mother Mitchell, she's going hopping, and I've 'ranged for us to go with her."

Coppers was so proud of his arrangement, and so certain it would cure Dot, that Jim Davis had not the heart to discourage him, though he thought the little one would have small chance of getting better among all the hardships which hop-pickers have to endure.

"S'pose I've seen the last of them," Davis muttered next day, after bidding them good-bye. He was surprised to find how sorry he was; when they returned, his work would be in another part of London, and he might never see them again.

Two months later, one cold drizzling autumn day, Davis tripped against Coppers, who was looking in the window of a newspaper-shop. They were both very pleased at the meeting, but the inquiry after Dot died on the man's lips as he saw a shabby piece of crape tied round the boy's arm.

"Come home with me and have some tea," Davis said presently; "they're all out at my place."

Coppers went, but without the burst of pleasure he would have had formerly; and it was not till he had fed his guest, and the two were sitting over the fire, that Davis asked after Dot.

"She's dead," Coppers said, with a gulp; "and I'm right down glad!" He spoke quickly, as if afraid of breaking down. "T wasn't like dying here; and she just was bad."

"Tell me about it," said Davis sympathetically.

"She just did like the country, and I thought she'd get well, but she didn't; her leg hurt awful all the time. Mother Mitchell was all right to her, but me and she had to be hop-picking all day, and the little 'un was dull like, and kept getting worse. One night Mother Mitchell said she must have a doctor, and we didn't know what to do; and the parson came, and was so kind."

"Well?" for Coppers made a very long pause.

"The parson fetched a doctor, but the little 'un was laying in my arms, and didn't want no one else; and the doctor didn't disturb her. He just said, 'Poor little 'un!' and then parson said some beautiful prayers, and the little 'un held on to me till they took her away."

"Was she dead?"

"Of course. If she wasn't, they couldn't have took her."

"Poor old chap!" said Davis pityingly.

"I'm glad," said Coppers almost fiercely. "There wasn't room for her in the hospital, and she'd always have had to be in pain. The parson had her put in one of his little girl's bed-gowns, and they brought lots of white flowers, and they're going to make some grow on her grave; and she'll always be in the country, and won't have no more pain to bear; so I'm glad."

"But you'll miss her terrible," said Davis.

"Don't!" cried Coppers sharply; then he said, as if in apology, "I'd rather miss her than let her be hurt. It don't matter about me."

"Look here, old chap," said Davis, patting his shoulder: "I'm going to keep my eye on you; if you're a good boy now, and get on, I'll help you all I can; and some day, if you like, learn you to be a carpenter like me. We'll go somewheres on Sundays sometimes, and me and you'll be real friends!"

Coppers brightened up.

"And when you get to be an old man," he said, with much vigour, "I'll take care of you, and work for you."

"That's a bargain!" said Davis heartily.



## THE MUSIC OF THE PSALMS.

BY J. F. ROWBOTHAM, AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF MUSIC."



It is a curious question to set oneself to answer—What sort of music accompanied the Psalms in the Temple services of the Hebrews? The time was long ago, the indications in the Bible itself are few, and the collateral information on the point in the way of comparison and analogy strikingly meagre. Yet, by making use of the slender materials at our hand to the very uttermost, some light of an interesting nature may be shed upon an obscure subject; and our own appreciation of the Psalms, whether as objects for musical delivery in our churches or as themes for meditation and exposition, may thereby be considerably extended and illuminated.

What sort of music accompanied the Psalms? What sort of tunes were those divine hymns of praise sung to, in ancient days? What was the original and earliest form of delivery to which they were subjected? These three questions bear upon one another, and may very well be considered together.

In the first place, we may be very sure that there were regular and recognised tunes to the Psalms, for the inscriptions of several of the Psalms themselves are an evidence to this. When we find, for instance, the title of a Psalm quite at variance with the subject of the Psalm itself—of this there are many examples, *e.g.* the title of the 34th Psalm relates to David's behaviour before Abimelech, while there is not a word on that subject in the whole hymn that follows—in such cases as these we have no option but to imagine that the title indicates the *tune* to which the psalm was to be sung. If so, its variance from the subject of the psalm becomes very reasonable and natural indeed. The same phenomenon may thus be studied in the Psalms of David which meets us in the poetry of Burns, where we find, for instance, the title of the tune "Lady Macdonald's Lament," and immediately following it a sonnet of passionate attachment from the poet to some dear friend, a song of happiness and rejoicing.

The Psalms, then, had regular tunes, some of which became so thoroughly identified with certain canticles that there was no way of alluding to them except by quoting the subject of the tune with which they were generally associated.

In addition to being sung to regular tunes, the singing was accompanied by the sound of various musical instruments. The instrumentalists were some priests, some Levites, both of whom had their peculiar instruments. By allusion to the twenty-fifth

chapter of the First Book of Chronicles, to the twelfth chapter of Nehemiah, and elsewhere, we shall find that the priests played the trumpet exclusively, while the Levites performed on cymbals, psalteries, and harps. The use of the trumpet by the priests seems to have been their peculiar privilege, of which they were perhaps somewhat jealous. The trumpet in its oldest form was made of ram's horn, but later in Israelitish history it was constructed of brass and even of gold. There were many traditions connected with the instrument. It was the trumpet which had caused the walls of Jericho to fall, and had struck the Midianites with panic. Doubtless a peculiarly sacred character attached to the trumpet, which marked it out as *par excellence* the priests' instrument.

We are not to think of any elaborate harmony in the Hebrew Temple services such as probably characterised the performances of the Egyptians. To the Hebrews, music was not an art, but a voice in which they poured forth their soul to Him that "inhabited the praises of Israel." To dally with the musical relations of notes, to seek to enhance the effect of the composition by graceful combinations of instruments or sounds, were thoughts very far from the earnest minds of the genuine Hebrews.

"The singers and the trumpeters were as *one*, to make *one* sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord," runs the passage in the Second Book of Chronicles; and earlier in the same chapter we read of "One hundred and twenty priests blowing with trumpets"—a scream of sound! Harshness is forgiven to that enthusiasm which wrestles for expression and sees heaven open before its eyes. "For when they lifted up their voice," continues the sacred narrative, "with the trumpets and the cymbals and the instruments of music, and praised the Lord saying, For He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever, behold then, the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud. For the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."

In this swallowing up of all into enthusiasm, this contempt of mere beauty and the fair outside of music, we may see the contrast between the sacred music of the Hebrews and that of the Egyptians. In the Egyptian temples there were the priestesses singing and rattling their sistrums, flutes playing, lyres and lutes swept by the hands of women—all beautiful and melodious in sound. The Hebrews, on the contrary, would not tolerate women within the Temple's precincts; their choruses were composed entirely of men-singers; even boys' voices they were careless to take advantage of; and the national instrument of the land, the harp, was made to give way in the enthusiasm of devotion to the trumpet.

Any attempt to revive the actual melodies of the Hebrew music to which the Psalms were sung, seems predisposed to end in failure. One method of approaching such a result is to be particularly guarded against, and that is by reference to the music of modern Jews, who sing the Psalms at the present day in their synagogues with the same earnestness of tradition as ever, so far as concerns the words, but with respect to the music with complete alienation from primitive forms. So far from being of a primitive cast, the music of the psalmody in modern Jewish synagogues is of the most florid and often the most meretricious order. Full of turns, trills, and unexpected runs, it possesses, so to speak, a trivial character, instead of that pomp and sublimity which we should naturally look for in so exalted a musical sphere. In addition to this defect, there is very little common ground for comparison, even were an inquirer to adopt this means of reconstructing the past. The chants used by the German Jews are entirely different in complexion, style, and tune from those employed by the Italian Jews, and these latter in their turn are in striking contrast to the music which the Spanish Jews employ. Thus the attempt to make a *rifacimento* of the old Hebrew Psalms by allusion to the chants of the modern Jews can hardly be proceeded with, owing to the want of a fixed standpoint, if no other reasons were against it.

We have, however, the testimony of one witness in the past to the ancient Hebrew chants—a witness who heard them in their antique form, and was a cultivated man to boot, whose opinion is therefore a most valuable one. This was Clemens Alexandrinus, who has recorded his opinion that the chants were very much like the Dorian mode of the ancient Greek music. Now the Dorian mode was the gravest and most simple of all the modes of music in ancient Greece, and we have authentic specimens of it surviving whereby we can test its character. It has survived also in the First Tone, as it is called, of the Gregorian Song, which is traditionally called the Dorian mode, and was almost certainly composed, or at least arranged, in Constantinople, while Greek art and Greek music still possessed vitality in that capital of the East. In comparing the old Hebrew chants to the Dorian mode, however, Clemens Alexandrinus probably intended to convey no allusion to the actual notes of the chants, and meant presumably little more than to characterise thereby the chants' simplicity and earnestness. One of the celebrated Alexandrian's commentators says, "We must take this statement of Clement to refer to the earnestness and solemnity of the chants."

Very earnest, very solemn, very sonorous, and, we may add, probably very low in pitch, were the ancient Hebrew psalms as they were sung in the services of the Temple. This last assertion about them, as to their low pitch, must be accepted merely as an hypothesis, however, though doubtless a true one. All ancient music was very low in pitch as

compared with our own. Whether it were that the voices of mankind have become higher as centuries have advanced, or that the absence of women's and boys' voices from many systems of ancient music may have affected the pitch to profundity, or finally that the accompaniment of the voices in those days, instead of being underneath the voice as at present, was *above* it, and therefore depressed the voice instead of raising it—whatever were the cause, the fact remains as certain that, speaking generally, ancient music was very low as compared to ours. If we would restore to our minds in a popular way a conception of ancient music in general, we have but to refer to the bass of our own modern music. In its simple progressions, in its grave and sober outlines, and finally in its depth of pitch, we have a very fair, if superficial, reproduction of much of the music of antiquity, and, as it seems to us, of the Hebrew chants among the number.

But if we cannot actually lay down in so many words the very notes which the Psalms were sung to, we can at least furnish a very tangible piece of information relative to the manner in which they were sung. From the earliest times the Hebrews were marvellously attached to that form of singing which the Greek poets used to call "Amœbean," and which consists in dividing the song or the verse between two singers or two sets of singers, and causing each to declaim half in turn. The very earliest song which occurs in the Bible is arranged in this peculiar form—the Song of Lamech:—

"Adah and Zillah, hear my voice:  
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech.  
For I have slain a man to my wounding:  
And a young man to my hurt.  
If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold:  
Truly Lamech seventy and sevenfold."

Lamech the poet was the father of Jubal the minstrel, and there is a certain suggestiveness even in this fact, so far as the poem we have just quoted is concerned.

When the minstrel of the old patriarchal times gave place to the choruses of city life, the division of the verse into two parts, each reflecting the other, occasioned the division of the chorus into two groups, each responding to the other. When Miriam the prophetess took a timbrel in her hand and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dancing, Miriam answered them:

"Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously:  
The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

This last phrase probably represents the response of the women.

In the same way, when two choruses came out to meet David after his victory over Goliath, one chorus sang, "Saul has slain his thousands:" and the other chorus answered, "And David his ten thousands."

This method of singing probably—we say probably, for we are unwilling to commit ourselves to a

complete assertion of the fact—insinuated itself into the services of the Temple, and most likely not only were there two choruses of singers who answered one another, each declaiming one half of each verse of the Psalms, but two bands of instrumentalists likewise flanking the singers and supporting them at the proper places with their music. Sometimes even three divisions of singers and instrumentalists may have been employed, as is suggested by the psalm, "Praise the Lord, ye house of Israel: praise the Lord, ye house of Aaron: praise the Lord, ye house of Levi." There is a tradition, or a strong supposition, that the first sentence was sung by the High Priest addressing the people; the second by the people back to the High Priest; and the third by the Levites.

Now if this was an occasional method of performance, it did not interfere with or change in any radical way the usual and recognised system of having the Psalms sung by two choruses, aided by their respective bands, who each delivered half of the verse alternately. So common was this method, that Isaiah transfers it to the Seraphim, "And they cried alternately and said," etc. (Isaiah vi. 3).

The structure of the verses in the Psalms themselves is a very obvious suggestion of this practice;

but we can go a step further than suggestion, and argue from an actual ceremony which is described to us in Scripture, and upon which we may fairly speculate as to its general identity with the arrangements of the psalmody in vogue in Solomon's Temple.

The ceremony we allude to was the dedication of the wall of Jerusalem in Nehemiah's time, when we read, "The chief of the Levites, Hashabiah, Sherebiah, and Jeshua the son of Kadmiel," were appointed, "*with their brethren over against them*, to praise and give thanks, *according to the commandment of David the man of God*" (so that this was obviously a revival of the old practice), "*ward over against ward*."

"Two great companies of them that gave thanks," says Nehemiah, "were appointed, whereof one went to the right hand upon the wall, and after them went Hoshaiiah and half the princes of Judah." From this it would even appear that the whole disposal of the ceremony was affected by the choral requirements. "A band of trumpeters also went with them," continues Nehemiah, "and the other company of them that gave thanks went over against them. So stood the two companies of them that gave thanks in the house of God."

## CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT.

BY THE REV. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.



"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."—PHILIP. IV. 11.

THESE words are not uttered by St. Paul in the midst of prosperity. No thanks to him if they had been so; if he had been seated at the time in one of life's pleasant arbours with flowers blooming and scattering their fragrance all around. No thanks to him, if he had made the avowal when pil-  
lowed and cushioned in fortune's chariot, with the palm-branches strewn on his way, and the air filled with hosannas.

They were the utterance of one whose track was rugged and steep; whose life was a gigantic scene of conflict, a retrospect of toil; Hill Difficulties ever and anon confronting; who could tell of hair-breadth escapes, bodily and mental tortures: perils of waters, perils of the wilderness, perils of false brethren. At one time fleeing a fugitive from Damascus; at another, a solitary stranger, stoned well-nigh to death by the semi-barbarians of Lycaonia; at another, toiling at menial labour to earn his daily subsistence; at

another, one of a shipwrecked crew on a heathen coast; at another, immured in a Philippian dungeon; and now, a prisoner in the world's great capital, with certain death before him.

And yet, here he is, with all that war of elements, sitting quietly and calmly under the heavenly palm of Contentment, as if no cloud were on the horizon, and nothing but sunshine were brightening his path.

And we must remember, too, that in the case of the Apostle this tranquillity of soul was all the more remarkable, as his not only might have been, but doubtless would have been, a very different condition had he not made a noble life-surrender to the Lord who died for him. As the scholar of Gamaliel, with his learning, his Hebrew pedigree, his rare intellectual energy, he might have won for himself a place of eminence and renown, and never required his hands to minister to his necessities. But with the full consciousness of that self-sacrifice and humiliation, occupying a cell instead of a pedestal of fame, he says: "I am therewith satisfied;" "I have all and abound."

Let us seat ourselves too in thought under the shadow of this palm-tree. It would be a happier world if each man and woman could habitually take



their place there and say with Paul, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Like all Christian graces, contentment is not indigenous to the soil of the heart. It is a plant of heavenly growth, requiring careful nurturing and fostering. Hence, you observe, the Apostle here uses the word with reference to it, "I have learned." It was a thing acquired, the result of moral and spiritual discipline. He speaks as if he had only mastered and completed the lesson at the close of life, when the wrinkle was on his brow and heaven in view. Old age, with many, is associated with peevishness and discontent. But it was then this great and good man had really come to enjoy the boon. The sun was brightest and calmest at its setting in his evening sky.

What is the source and secret of contentment?

I answer that question, first, *negatively*. It comes from nothing outward. This is best evidenced in the case of those who are rich and opulent, what the world calls successful, but who are not rich towards God. They have every temporal blessing that can be obtained; the fabled horn of plenty is filled to overflowing; and yet see how discontent often sits like a bird of ill omen over whatever they have. Life has no sparkle. It is a constant fret. Nothing seems to go smooth or easy with them. Judging from their wealth and possibilities of enjoyment, one would expect that, like the singing birds, they would warble all day long throughout this bright summer of their being. But not so. They rather crouch with ruffled wing and wailing note within the bars of some imaginary cage, when none are freer to soar than they. Solomon was an illustrious example of one who had his full of these outer things. If such could have ensured content, if the golden key of riches, honour, power could have given access to that enchanted ground, the priceless blessing would pre-eminently have been his. No better proof could be given that contentment comes from nothing external than to see these wings, which the grandest of human destinies had covered with silver, and these feathers with yellow gold, lying "among the pots," blackened and tarnished:—this King in Jerusalem—if we still cling, as we do, despite modern criticism, to the old theory of the authorship of Ecclesiastes—telling us he "hated life!"

On the other hand, go to some Christian of lowly mediocrity, or even to a child of penury like the well-known cottager, and such as she, whom the poet of Christianity has so graphically pictured, with the Bible her only patrimony in possession, and a nobler reversion to "a treasure in the skies." See how, despite adverse outward things, contentment inspires her humble life-story and brightens her lowly lot: following her even to her half-filled barrel of meal and half-used cruse of oil, imparting a calm and tranquil joy unknown often in the ceiled dwelling and lordly demeane. *She* might most truly be called the caged bird. But she sings her song within the

wire-grating, while the bird of gilded plumage and unfettered pinion is often tuneless and mute.

This leads me to observe, further, that as contentment comes from nothing outward, it must depend on something inward. It springs from within. It is a thing of the mind. And though with some it has the aspect of natural grace—a flower surviving the ruins of the fall—yet, like all natural virtues, it is transformed by religion into a heavenly one, a transplantation from the King's garden, a growth of the new, regenerated nature. As such, let us for a moment seek to analyse two among others of its component elements. What, in the case of the believer, constitutes a contented frame?

(1) Contentment is derived from the conviction that *all that concerns us, and happens to us, is the appointment of God*. Every niche in the temple of life is God-built: every turn in the wheel of life is regulated by Him. There is no room left for vain hankerings after other and imagined better portions. The Christian clings to the firm assurance—"This and no other lot was planned for me. My Heavenly Father, the all-wise Disposer, has apportioned me my cup. I dare not wish it otherwise. I would not have it otherwise. It is wisest, it is best, just as it is. The manna comes down from Heaven in appointed measure. Let others covet the double supply, not I. I am content with such things as I have, for He hath said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'

"Father, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me:  
The changes that will surely come  
I do not fear to see:  
I ask Thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee."

Wordsworth in two brief lines describes the Christian pilgrim pursuing his path:

"So didst thou travel on life's common way  
In cheerful godliness."

(2) Another element in Christian contentment is *the hope of heavenly glory and felicity*. The ills of life would often be hard to bear with unruffled composure but for this. It would often be difficult to sing the song of contentment with no thought of a Better Land. It would be easy enough, as I have previously said, to sail in the charmed barque on pacific oceans, with no environing storms: to exercise calmness and resignation when in an atmosphere of smiles and sunshine. Not so easy to hold on the even tenour of our way when outward troubles come crowding upon us: loss of health or loss of wealth; to suffer in silence under unmerited wrongs; to hear unmoved the tongue of calumny; to brook the coldness and vacillation and unkindness of mutable friends; to see breaks and blanks in the loved circle; the sea of life scattered with wrecks.

But Contentment borrows lights from the future. The half-starved voyagers can bear up manfully with the harbour in view. The belated Alpine traveller

can cheerfully buffet the rain and tempest with the mountain refuge at hand or the radiance gleaming in the châlet. The heavenly voyager or wayfarer can sing his "song in the night" with the joyous prospect of morning and of home.

This same great Apostle gives elsewhere a comparative estimate of present suffering and future glory. He holds the balances in his hand. Into the one scale he puts afflictions. How does he speak of these? He calls them by comparison "light afflictions," and still farther "light afflictions which are but for a moment." How does he speak of the glory with which they are contrasted? He calls it "a weight of glory," "an exceeding weight of glory." As if this were not enough, "a far more exceeding" aye, more, "an eternal weight of glory."

Or shall we go to a Greater than Paul? See, amid the other characteristics of the perfect humanity of Paul's heavenly Master and Lord, how no murmur of discontent ever escaped His lips. If any were entitled, in human language, to aspire after great things, surely it was He. Considering His peerless and supreme Divinity, He might well have felt abased even had He been proclaimed an arch-King among men, a Monarch among monarchs, the sovereigns of earth doing obeisance at His throne! But how meekly and resignedly He accepts the manger, the workshop, the youth of toil, the homeless and houseless manhood! See how this patient "Lamb of God" stands dumb before His shearers. "He was oppressed and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth." He took the cup of anguish with Contentment's noblest utterance, and walked unresisting and calm to the cross. What was it which supported Him in this hour of fierce conflict? True, in the first instance it was the might of indwelling deity, combined with the elevating consciousness of doing His Father's will. But His holy human soul was also sustained by the thought of the reversion of glory: seeing of the fruit of the travail of His soul: the revenue of joy reaped in the future for Himself and His Church when the conflict of the present was over: "who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame."

It is the same animating anticipation which imparts strength and endurance and equanimity to His tried and tempted and suffering people. They have learned in whatsoever state they are therewith to be content; for they reckon that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which is to be revealed."

Thus, then, you observe, this divine Grace springs partly from within—from the possession of a heart at peace with God as our heavenly Father and Friend; and partly from the hopes and consolations of another and brighter world. It is, as we have seen, independent of all things outward. It is like a calm well in the depths of our being. And just as when the storm is raging around, rending and uprooting the giants of

a forest, or rousing the waters of lake or sea into madness, such a well as I have spoken of in field or garden retains its unruffled surface—a glassy mirror; so, when others are chafed into dissatisfaction and disquietude: while the wicked are like the troubled sea which cannot rest: this well of good-content in the Christian's soul retains its placidity amid all moral hurricanes. Hear the tranquil Christian we have again and again alluded to as he confronts King Agrippa. Conscious of the inner secret and source of peace denied to him at whose tribunal he stood, he could make the truthful and noble avowal, "Would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am."

O Apostle, prisoner, pilgrim on the heavenly way, we can now understand and reconcile thy paradox, "Having nothing, yet possessing all things." Truly "Godliness with Contentment is great gain."

Let our closing thought and lesson be the duty, the obligation, and (where this is heartily given) the delight, of calm acquiescence in the midst of adverse providences. This is undoubtedly a hard lesson: one that has to be "learned." There can be small sympathy with such morbid and imaginary sources of discontent as those of which I have spoken. But there is every need for tenderness here. We have little sympathy with the peevish prophet of Nineveh when, in sullen mood, he brooded over a faded gourd, and with regard to a comparative trifle made the childish and petted averment, "I do well to be angry, even unto death." Or with the prophet of Carmel, when he rushed away from duty, and sat moping under his juniper-tree, oblivious of all the past, and wished to die. Still less sympathy have we with the surly King of Israel, who buried himself in his mantle on his royal couch at Jezreel, turning his face to the wall, and refusing to eat or drink, because Naboth declined to give him an acre of land to add to his vast demesnes. But we have sympathy for the burst of anguished feeling from the Rachels who are weeping for their children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not; for those, like Job, who are staggered under the mystery of successive bereavements; for those, like Jacob, who can no see silver lining in the cloud, and in heart-bitterness are led to exclaim, "All these things are against me." While, on the other hand, we honour, we wonder at that serene assent to the will of Providence which enables not a few, like Aaron under the sorest of domestic afflictions, to "hold his peace;" or, like Eli, to say, "It is the Lord;" or, like Job, to "bow down and worship;" or, like David, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it;" or, like the Shunammite, in reply to the question regarding her withered flower, "Is it well with the child?" to answer, "It is well!"

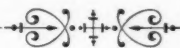
Here is surely the highest development of the "meek and quiet spirit:" recognising God's sovereign

right to do with us and ours as seems good to Him: content with St. Paul to have the thorn still left to buffet if the God he besought thrice to take it away considers it better that it should remain: accepting with submissive heart the nobler compensating boon, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

Reader, seek, at all hazards, to exorcise the evil spirit of discontent, in all its Protean shapes. It is one of the demon throng walking up and down in the earth to get admission to the soul: and once admitted, once bolt and bar have been removed to let this importunate wayfarer in, who can set the bounds to the riot it may run? Discontent is a habit of mind rapidly fostered. It is a false medium. It misrepresents everything. It fills the windows of the heart-chamber with discoloured glass. The sweet sunshine and verdant sward and gorgeous flowers of life are every one of them distorted, turned into paleness and ashes. Discontent, though you may yoke it in golden harness, will never pull smoothly; though there be never so much of level way, it will keep wheels and vehicle jolting persistently in the ruts, bespattering with mud, or raising its columns of blinding dust. It is strange, indeed, with what self-complacency many seem purposely to subject themselves to this voluntary

penance, to lash themselves with these imaginary scourges, these ghostly evils, pouring so lavishly all the gladness out of the cup, and filling it with gall and wormwood! They have their days of outer sunshine, but these are the very days on which their shutters are closed. They are only opened in the time of cloud. Like the Israelites, they have three-score and ten palm-trees, and twelve wells in Elim, and only one Marah-well whose waters are bitter; but they nurse the Marah-well remembrance, and are oblivious to the Elim memories. They could not live without their fret, and they carry it with them to the grave.

Let us all be discontented with nothing but one thing—the meagreness of our Christian attainments. "Not as though I had already attained," is the only murmur which has the authority and sanction of the man who penned this notable eulogy on a Christian virtue: a brief entry from the diary of his own experience. If it be merely higher and higher on the ladder of human ambition, "satisfied," "contented," you never will, you never can be. But if it be from bough to bough on the tree of Christian attainment, aspiration after the true and only satisfying good, you *will* reach it at last, when from the topmost perch in the Kingdom of Grace you take upward wing to full and everlasting contentment in the Kingdom of Glory.



## SHORT ARROWS.

### NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

#### HEALTH BEFORE CUSTOM.



URELY it is time that the foolish and unhealthy custom of drinking healths should cease! It has been recognised by thoughtful people long ago as provocative of drunkenness and detrimental to health. From this point of view, that was an excellent answer which a great man made when asked to drink a king's health: "By your leave, I will pray for the king's health and *drink* my own."

#### RULE-OF-THUMB V. RULE-OF-SCIENCE.

"I do wish they would teach you something practical at your school," exclaimed an over-burdened mother one day—"something that would enable you to assist me in the house. Why, you cannot even make me a cup of tea properly if I am ill!"—"Oh, mother!" protested the daughter, "you are too hard. Why, it is easy enough to do that—just pour boiling water!"—"Oh no, you are quite wrong," interrupted her brother; "mother does not make nice tea like that; I have watched her."—"And what is the proper way, Mr. Consequential?"

asked the sister.—"Mother pours the water on the tea in a hot tea-pot, just after the water boils, and serves out the tea in the cup after it has stood a very few minutes."—"Five I think I give," said the mother; "but George is right. Tea properly made is most refreshing and exhilarating; just what I like when I have a bad headache; but tea carelessly made of water that has been boiling a long time, and that has been stewing the leaves also, is flat and indigestible, and makes me ill." And she made a pretty grimace, at which mother and daughter laughed. "Ah," she continued, "you may smile, but how many bad tempers have been increased by bad cooking? How many terrible family jars? Alas! their number must be legion. How many people, too, I fear, have been driven to take too much stimulant to overcome the depression caused by dyspepsia!"—"Why, mother dear, you seem to regard cooking as one of the most important things in the world."—"It is far more important than you think. Haphazard, careless, rule-of-thumb cookery is horrid, whereas cookery pursued on sound principles—rule-of-science cookery, I may call it—is delightful and healthful in its results."—"I should think that cake you compounded the other day was rule-of-thumb," remarked George slyly.—"Well, I



A CLASS AT WORK.  
(The National Society's School of Cookery.)

suppose I had better go in for this teaching," remarked his sister; "they are about to begin it at our school."—"And a very good thing too!" exclaimed her mother. "It is quite time they did something of the sort. The idea that rule-of-science cookery is an inferior subject is perfectly ridiculous, and if you take my advice you will study so as to become a teacher yourself—you would be likely to get a good salary."—"Ah! that reminds me," exclaimed the young damsel, drawing a paper from her pocket: "the National Society have commenced a training-school of cookery at Lambeth, to ensure more efficient teaching of this important art of yours, mother, in their schools. The house is in Lambeth Palace grounds, leased at a nominal rent by the Archbishop, and the object is to train well-educated women to teach cookery. The course seems most complete."—"Well, that is the best news I have heard for many a day," cried her mother. "Give me the prospectus, dear. Oh, yes. I see the school is inspected by the Education Department, which also recognises the diplomas granted by the school, and of course they hold examinations. The full training course is forty-two weeks, but there is a shorter course. Well, well, this is a step in the right direction: I think you must go in for this, my dear. I hope to see the day when cookery will be properly taught in every elementary school."—"And no more rule-of-thumb cake," added George. "Ugh! it did make me ill."

#### RELIGION FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

Lord Astley, before he charged, at the battle of Edgehill, made this short prayer: "O Lord, Thou

knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me." About this Hume remarked, "There were certainly much longer prayers said in the Parliamentary army, but I doubt if there was so good an one." The battle that many persons in this age have to fight in life admits of little leisure. Let them think for their comfort that their Heavenly Father knows exactly how they are situated, and that His presence is always near them, whether they are conscious of that presence or not. It is not the length of our prayers that is of importance, but their earnestness. Prayer means thinking to God as well as speaking to Him, and this can be done in the very crisis of business and in the midst of the largest crowd.

#### SAVED BY HOPE.

St. Paul tells us that we are saved by hope, and it is quite certain that sanguine nations and men are the most progressive. If a man never thinks that he will become better, he never will become better; while, on the other hand, all things are possible to him who believes. It has been said, "God will forgive us all but our despair." This fine line contains a truth that should never be forgotten by those who are trying to reform either themselves or others.

#### THE NEWEST BOOKS.

No doubt, the most popular class of books among general readers at this season of the year is that which includes good stories. Messrs. Isbister send us two excellent volumes, each containing reprints of collections of short stories. The first is "The Phantom Brother," and other tales, by Evelyn Everett Green, Sarah Doudney, L. T. Meade, and other



writers almost as well known. The leading story in the other volume is "Greater Love," by Alexander Gordon. These varied and well-illustrated volumes are deserving of a warm welcome.—A strong single-volume story is "The Thing That Hath Been," by Mr. A. H. Gilkes, of Dulwich. The story has a good manly tone that should secure attention for it. Messrs. Longmans are the publishers of the book.—Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton send us a new edition, with numerous additions to the former one, of the veteran hymn-writer, T. H. Gill's, "The Golden Chain of Praise."—Messrs. Sampson Low's "Preachers of the Age" series has reached the point at which it begins to include men who are coming to the front as well as those whose fame and services to the churches are known all over the land. So we are glad to welcome the Rev. E. J. Gough's "The Religion of the Son of Man."—We have also to acknowledge the receipt from Mr. Elliot Stock of "Little Rests by the Way," a series of addresses to children for every day in the month; and "For His Name's Sake," which is published by Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co.

#### CHINA'S "HONOURABLE WOMEN."

Great merit and lasting fame are ascribed in China to widows, and maidens deprived by death of affianced husbands, who have devoted their sorrow-stricken lives to the service of their parents-in-law. Sad to say, such mourners are yet more highly esteemed where they signalise their bereavement by suicide. This Chinese sutteeism is never, as in India, by fire: but by opium, starvation, poison, or drowning. In honour of these women and girls, memorial arches, such as is here shown, are sometimes erected, and may be seen, usually near the highways, all over the country. They are of stone, about twenty feet high, more or less elaborately carved, with inscriptions graven on the upright and cross pieces in praise of filial piety and chastity, which virtues are expressed by the two large characters "hian" and "tsieh." The inscription also gives the widow's name and place of sepulture. Near the top are always found two characters denoting that the monument is raised by the Emperor's permission. The cost of such structures varies from tens to hundreds of dollars, towards which a small contribution accompanies the Imperial sanction. When the edifice is completed, some mandarin of inferior rank goes to worship before it.

#### THE MATCH AND THE CANDLE.—A PARABLE.

"So far as I can see, brother candle, although you are stuck up, you needn't be so proud," said a wax vesta from its position in a candlestick. "There is no essential difference between us twain. We are made of the same stuff, and we both possess a wick which enables us to afford illumination to the world. Advantage, indeed, if any, lies with me, for I have a head and you are dependent upon me for the light you yield. Unless I first am lighted, for anything that you can do, the universe would lie hid in gloom."—"It's all very fine to talk so big," said the candle; "when you are struck and thrown aside, you become useless for further work. You live but a minute, whereas I endure for hours; and if it comes to that, there are a hundred ways in which my light can be made to shine. You are not so absolutely necessary as you seem to think."—"Oh! it was a hasty word I spake," replied the vesta. "I see that each has his own appointed work. I start the flame, you sustain it. You must, however, at least admit that without assistance you can shed no ray of light upon the field of darkness." *Moral.*—Energies of



MEMORIAL ARCH IN HONOUR OF VIRTUOUS WIDOW.

(From a Photograph.)

different kinds are required to initiate a movement and afterwards to carry it on. The man who starts a work is not always the best fitted to keep it going.

#### "THY WILL BE DONE."

Some people have an almost blasphemous way of talking about the will of God. They say, "It is the will of God," when things go wrong, but seldom when they go right. If sickness break out through inattention to sanitary laws, or money is lost owing to a foolish investment, or a complete want of common sense in the arrangements causes some enterprise to fail, they say, "Oh, it is the will of God, and we must submit." Still, though we need not submit to our own ignorance, negligence, and indolence, we must submit to the Divine Will, and to do so cheerfully is almost the whole of religion. And surely the Kingdom of Heaven has come into the heart of anyone who can say on all occasions as says the old motto which is carved on the chimney-piece in one of the rooms of a famous castle:—

"Let come what will come,  
God's will is well come."

#### MAKING THE MOST OF EACH OTHER.

A friend of the writer's lately remarked to an old man, "You seem to begrudge every moment that you are absent from your wife."—"Indeed I do," replied the old man; "we have now been married forty-six years, and I feel that we shall before long be separated, so I try to make the most of the time that remains." This thought of inevitable separation, at least on earth, should make us appreciate, before it is too late, not merely our life-partners, but all our friends. They are not without faults, and they may sometimes torment us; but, with all their drawbacks, it is better to have them than not to have them. "For though," says the Homily on the state of matrimony, "thou shouldst be grieved with never so many things, yet shalt thou find nothing more grievous than to want the benevolence of thy wife at home."

#### A MINISTERING FAMILY.

A friend wrote lately to a correspondent to tell him that for the last five years he had been a medical missionary. "I like my work much," he said, "preaching the blessed Gospel and healing the sick. It is a grand means of getting the truth at the careless and ungodly." He then went on to speak of other departments of Christian work in which the members of his family were engaged. One of his daughters was going abroad to the mission-field, his wife conducted a Bible-class for poor women in St. Giles. Each was doing something for the glory of God and the good of man; for, as he triumphantly ends his letter, "we are all on the Lord's side." What can be happier than for a family to be united in good works upon earth, and afterwards to meet in the Communion of Saints—the whole family being translated to Heaven without a single failure?

#### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The Book of the Acts of the Apostles comes after the four Gospels as if to teach us that that only is true faith which is followed, though not preceded, by works. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." The facts of our religion related by the four Evangelists, when apprehended by living faith, produce Christian Acts.

#### ELOQUENT RAGS.

Talking about the way boys were admitted to his Home, Dr. Barnardo said to an interviewer, "I was standing at my front door one bitter day in winter, when a little ragged chap came up to me and asked me for an order of admission. To test him, I pretended to be rather rough with him. 'How do I know,' I said, 'if what you tell me is true? Have you any friends to speak for you?'—'Friends!' he shouted. 'No; I ain't got no friends; but if these 'ere rags,' and he waved his arm about as he spoke, 'won't speak for me, nothing else will.' When we seek admission to the Heavenly Home above, we shall not be as badly off as this poor boy, for we shall have a Friend to speak for us, the One Mediator between God and men—the man Christ Jesus. As for our own righteousnesses, they are 'as filthy rags,' which need not, and should not, be mentioned. Our hope is not in these, but in the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness, which covers us and pleads for us.

#### THE SPURGEON MEMORIAL, STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

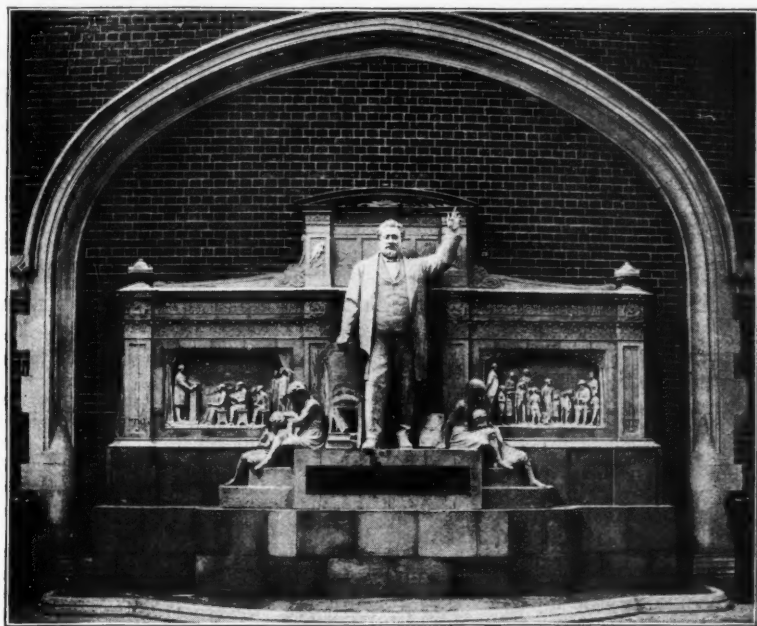
Although the great preacher disclaimed being its actual founder—according that distinction to the late Mrs. Hillyard, the clergyman's widow who handed him £20,000 for the purpose—it is held, with good reason, that the best and most lasting memorial to Spurgeon is the Stockwell Orphanage. At one time the preacher indulged the hope that, when his work was done, his remains might rest in the centre of the Orphanage grounds; but as that was not to be, it was still meet that some worthy memorial to the father of the Orphanage should be set up in the institution itself. The Memorial Hall, opened on June 20th, 1894, seems, on the whole, to be an appropriate monument, and one in which visitors for generations to come are likely to be interested. This hall will accommodate an assembly of over a thousand persons, one end being taken up with a platform for speakers, the opposite end being the place chosen for the memorial itself, which is 16 feet 8 inches in width, and 12 feet in height at the centre. The designer and modeller is Mr. George Tinworth, and the whole has been produced in terra-cotta by Messrs. Doulton and Co. at their art pottery works. The aim of the artist has been to represent the different phases of Spurgeon's pastoral and philanthropic work. The figure of the preacher is of life size, and he is supposed to be in the act of

addressing an audience. The groups lower down on either side are orphans. The panel in high relief on the left of these represents the late President of the Pastors' College addressing his students, as he was wont to do on Friday afternoons. The corresponding panel on the right portrays him seated in the Orphanage grounds conversing with the children as he loved to do. On the pilasters are emblematical representations of the *Sword* as well as the *Trowel*, and *Wheat*, the latter signifying the fruitfulness of the preacher's work. In ornamenting

Artist who has arranged that our light affliction (the chipping of the marble), which is but for a moment, should work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. The marble wastes, our outward man perishes; the statue grows, the inward man is renewed day by day.

#### WHY HE CAME TO CHURCH.

Nothing is more contagious and inspiring than the example of energy in good works. "Do you know why I came to your church?" an artisan said



THE SPURGEON MEMORIAL.  
(From a Photograph.)

the capitals the artist has modelled a story from the bird world. In the four smaller panels near the top he has depicted Christ's Parable of the Sower. On the top of all will be noticed the victor's laurel and crown. The Hall also contains the large and fine collection of Reformation Pictures which the late preacher purchased from time to time with admirable judgment. A bookcase containing a complete set of his published works is also to become a part of the furniture of the Hall.

#### WASTE AND GROWTH.

If a block of marble could speak, it would no doubt express pain rather than thankfulness to the artist for cutting and chipping it; and yet, as Michael Angelo said, "The more the marble wastes the more the statue grows." Unless we are as dumb and senseless as marble, we ought to thank the

to a clergyman. "Because I saw you going about your business early and late. I don't believe in blinds down at nine o'clock in the morning, and six bank holidays a week."

#### SAVED BY HELPING.

There is nothing which helps our own spiritual life so much as working for others. A traveller was crossing alone a high mountain which was covered with snow. He struggled against the sleep which weighed down his eyelids. If he had fallen asleep death would have been inevitable; but sleep was fast stealing over him. At this crisis his foot struck against a heap lying across his path. Stooping down, he found it to be a human body, half buried in the snow. The next moment the traveller had taken a brother in his arms, and was chafing his chest and hands. The effort to restore another

brought back to himself life and energy, and was the means of saving both.

#### EIGHTY-FOUR YEARS YOUNG.

"I never met a man more full of sunshine," is the verdict of Mr. Walter Besant in reference to Oliver Wendell Holmes, whom he went to see after attending the literary congress at Chicago. Dr. Holmes is as lively and as busy as ever, and tells his visitors that he is eighty-four years young. If we have no hope of another world in which we shall renew our youth, it may be absurd to speak of being eighty-four years young; but if we have a hope full of immortality, we will never speak of being on the dark or shady side of eighty, seventy, sixty, but will think that each year beyond these ages is brighter than the last, because it is nearer to that blessed world where "they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light."

#### "THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

List of contributions received from May 26th, 1894, up to and including June 27th, 1894. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "The Quiver" Waifs Fund: J. J. E. Govan (50th donation), 5s.; A Glasgow Mother (50th donation), 1s.; G. J., Birmingham, 2s. 6d.; J. S., Newcastle, 10s. 6d.; J. W., 5s.; H. Warwick, 6s. 6d.; Reader of *The Quiver* (5th donation), 1s. 6d.

For Dr. Barnardo's Homes: James Sales, Kent, 10s.; and A. E., £5 (sent direct).

For The Children's Country Holiday Fund: B. W. H., 12s. 6d.; Readers of *The Quiver*, 10s.; S. Holditch, 10s.; Toff, 10s.; and the following amounts sent direct—A. Z., £1; H. S., 10s.

\* \* \* The Editor will be glad to receive, and to forward to the institutions concerned, the contributions of any of his readers who desire to help external movements referred to in the pages of this magazine. Amounts of 5s. and upwards will be acknowledged in *THE QUIVER* when desired.

#### "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

(A NEW SERIES OF QUESTIONS BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

##### QUESTIONS.

109. By what means did St. John the Baptist know Jesus to be the Messiah?

110. In what way were St. Andrew and the other early followers of our Lord brought to Him?

111. What did Jesus mean when He said to Nathanael, "When thou wast under the fig tree I saw thee"?

112. Which of the apostles appear to have been with our Blessed Lord at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee?

113. What proof is given of the reality of the miracle which our Lord wrought at Cana?

114. From what words should we gather that the Virgin Mary believed our Lord could perform miracles?

115. At what feast did Jesus pay His first visit to Jerusalem after His miracle at Cana?

116. From what part of the Temple did our Lord drive out the sheep and oxen?

117. Why did the Jews ask our Lord for a sign of His authority?

118. Why was Nicodemus called "a ruler of the Jews"?

119. In what way did our Lord declare His divinity to Nicodemus?

120. What does our Lord say was the motive power which caused Him to come and die for man?

##### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 720.

97. Because Herod inquired of the wise men what time the star first appeared, and then had all the children killed from two years old and under. (St. Matt. ii. 7, 16.)

98. It is supposed they knew of the prophecy of

Balaam, and, being astrologers, thought this to be the star there spoken of. (Numb. xxiv. 17; St. Matt. ii. 2.)

99. They came all the way from the East to Jerusalem, having nothing but the appearance of a star as the ground of their faith. (St. Matt. ii. 1, 2.)

100. Because many Jews resided in Egypt, who enjoyed great religious freedom, and a temple had been built for their worship at Heliopolis. (St. Matt. ii. 13.)

101. Rama, or Ramah, was a village situated about six miles from Jerusalem, on the way to Bethlehem, where Rachel was buried. (St. Matt. ii. 18; Gen. xxxv. 19.)

102. Because, a few days before his death, Herod had divided his kingdom into three parts, giving Galilee to Antipas, who was not cruel, like his brother Archelaus. (St. Matt. ii. 22.)

103. The Feast of the Passover, when He was twelve years old. (St. Luke ii. 42.)

104. Because every Jewish boy had to learn a trade, and Jesus learnt that of a carpenter. (St. Mark vi. 3.)

105. The term "Wilderness of Judæa" was applied to the country district lying between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea. (St. Mark i. 4.)

106. By Himself insisting upon being baptised, although St. John the Baptist did not think it necessary. (St. Mark i. 9—12; St. Matt. iii. 13—15.)

107. The pinnacle of the Temple is considered to refer to the gallery, built by Herod, situate on the south side of the Temple, which stood at a great height over a deep valley. (St. Matt. iv. 5; Josephus, "Ant." xv., c. xi. 5.)

108. Under the heads of "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." (1 John ii. 16; St. Matt. iv. 3—11.)



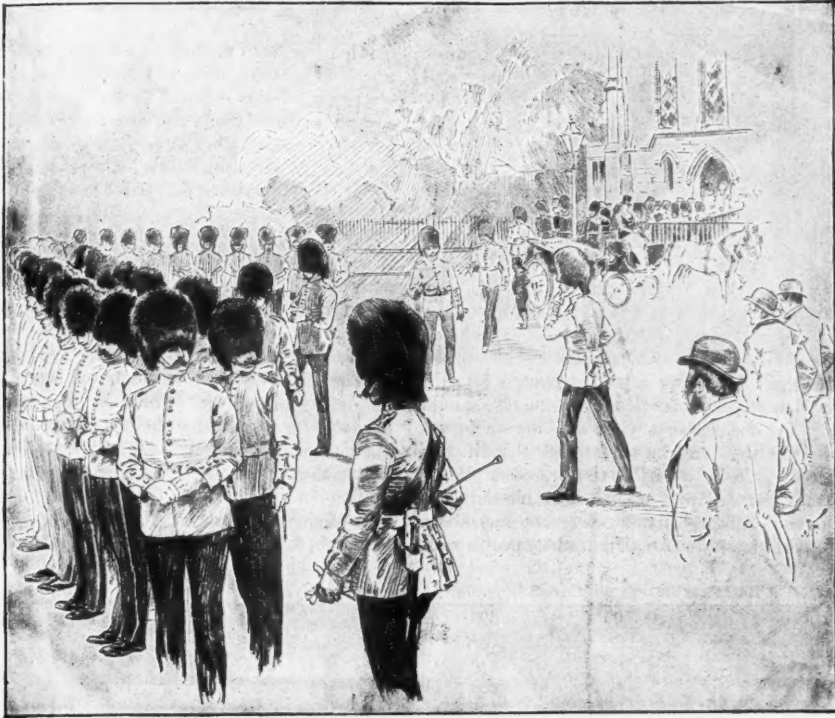




A TRUSTY MAIDEN.

## PARADE SERVICES.

BY THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A., CHAPLAIN TO H.M. FORCES; AUTHOR OF  
 "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED."



FALLING-IN AFTER SERVICE.

**I**N the Queen's regulations and orders for the Army all officers in command are ordered "to take care that Divine Service is regularly performed for the troops under their orders," and they are "to induce the wives and families of the men, by every means in their power, to attend public worship." It is the same in the Royal Navy. On board every ship of war in every large dockyard, and at each depôt of Royal Marines, there are compulsory Church Parades.

Much may be said for as well

as against the regulation. If it be urged by its opponents that it is treating soldiers and their families like children "to drum them to church," as it has been expressed, it may be replied that when they live in barracks they must obey rules, and that they soon become as accustomed to go to church as they do to get up early in the mornings, attend the military school or gymnasium, or do anything else that befits them. If all were not ordered to go to church by the authorities, the men who would wish to attend might be almost prevented by the scoffs of those who did not. In some regiments the wives "on the strength" are not compelled to attend a place of worship as strictly as in others; and it is not long ago that a sergeant's wife said to me that she wished the colonel were more strict in this respect; for as it was, the women who did go to church were said by the others to be proud, and only to go because they wanted to show their clothes. If some in a community will not give

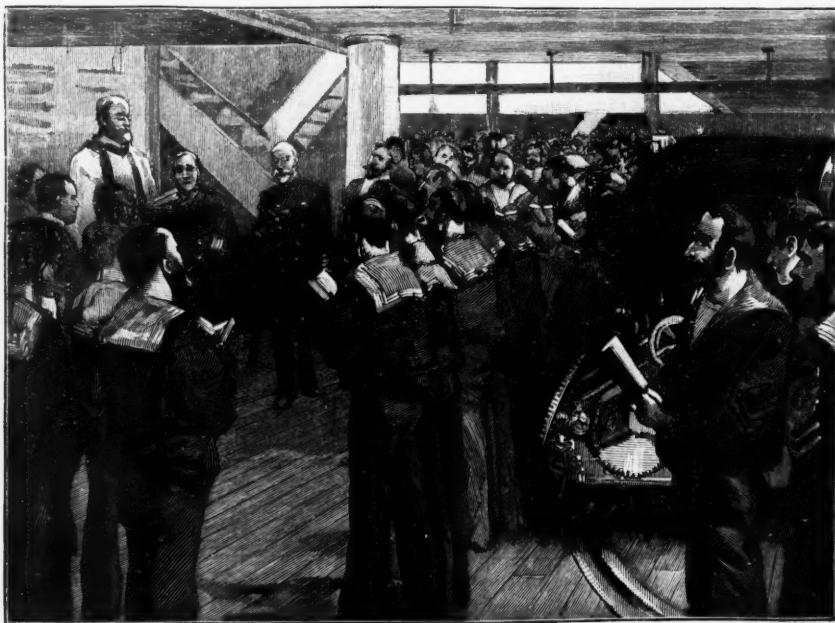


others the liberty to do right, then it is better to force all to do it; and if Tommy Atkins and Jack Tar think or say that to make them attend Parade Services is a survival of the grandmotherly legislation which prevailed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when everyone was legally bound to attend church, they may comfort themselves with the reflection that even now civilians are not altogether free in this respect. Mrs. Grundy is more powerful than ever Queen Elizabeth was, and many go to a place of worship to propitiate her who would never think of doing so to please the Almighty. Is not this why the fashionable people who assemble in the London parks after Divine Service are said to attend Church Parade? A better argument against compulsory church is that it is impossible to force worship, and that a man who is obliged to go to church against the grain seldom benefits by doing so. In my experience, it is not the most, but often the least, religious commanding officer who is strictest in this matter. One such I have in my mind's eye. He never attended church himself, but was most particular that everyone else should do so. On one occasion, when a soldier's wife was a few minutes late, he threatened that if this occurred again he would have the women of the regiment paraded and marched to church before the band. Talking to this officer one day about Parade Services, I remarked that many people were

of opinion that soldiers should not be forced to attend them. "Not go to church!" he said, with horror; "why, that would be subversive of all discipline. Where would we find our men?—one-half of them would spend Sunday in the public-house, and the other half lolling on their cots."

It is the parade, and not the church, that such commanding officers think of when advocating Church Parades. And this leads me to what is, to my mind, a strong argument in favour of them. If soldiers were not obliged by the Queen's regulations to attend Divine Service, they would be in danger of losing their weekly day of rest altogether. Some commanding officers would try to make them do drills and parades on Sunday as much as on any other day. But, of course, the chief reason why there are these Parade Services is that a public recognition of the Divine existence and Providence is due from institutions like the Army and Navy in a country not professedly atheistical.

I am afraid that the hour before soldiers fall-in for Church Parade is not as hallowed as every hour of Sunday should be. The men are tempted to use bad language to their helmets, swords, or bayonets when these require elbow-grease. Nor does it put them in the best humour for appreciating Divine Service to have—"Might be a little more burnish on that sword"; "There's a stain on that helmet"; "You haven't half-polished those boots,"



SERVICE AT SEA ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.





MILITARY SERVICE IN THE OPEN AIR.

and other fault-finding remarks, addressed to them immediately before by the sergeant-major and adjutant.

To do them justice, however, many soldiers do attend to the Service, and even to the sermon, when the chaplain gives them anything to attend to. They can find their way about in the Prayer-book better than civilians of the same class: first, because the pages of the Prayer-book issued by the War Office are numbered; and secondly, because, willingly or unwillingly, they go to church more frequently. On one occasion a soldier told me after Service that I had read a wrong collect. When I complimented him on knowing what the right one was, he reminded me that few men go to church so regularly as soldiers. Indeed, what strikes most people for the first time they attend a military Service is its heartiness. Soldiers delight in singing hymns, and eight hundred or a thousand of their manly voices make, if not much music, certainly a very cheerful noise.

A Parade Service ought not to last longer than an hour, and it is often necessary or expedient to make it shorter. The reply of a judge to a clergyman who asked him how long an assize sermon should be was: "Twenty minutes, with a leaning to mercy." The Duke of Wellington seems to have been of the same opinion, for he used to say to chaplains: "Put all you can into twenty minutes, but I won't wait any longer." In these rapid days many commanding officers would not like to wait so long. If a chaplain goes on "gassing"—that is to say, prosing or talking nonsense, is not understood or is not heard—a volley of coughs will make him aware of

the fact; and if he do not take the hint, the noise will increase so much that it will seem as if all the warriors sitting before him had suddenly been attacked with infantine whooping-cough. At my first station most of the troops were either cavalry or horse artillery. Having in my inexperience continued preaching on one occasion a little after the usual dinner-hour of the horses, demands for oats were neighed so loudly from the stables (the dumb ass, as it were, forbidding the madness of the prophet), that I had hastily to conclude, amidst the suppressed titters of the men, some of whom, no doubt, would have liked to give an extra handful of corn to their faithful steeds for rescuing them from a longer sermon.

Near the great military hospital at Netley, at which I was once chaplain, there is an asylum to which all soldiers who become lunatics when on foreign service are sent. Church Parade here was sometimes a curious experience. As a rule, however, the men were quite as well-behaved as an ordinary "sane" congregation. If a man would occasionally laugh out insanely, he would soon be frowned down by the shocked and forbidding looks of his companions. The public opinion of those who were less mad was always on the side of order and respectability, and kept in check others who were inclined to be troublesome.

But there is another kind of hospital with which army chaplains are familiar—that is to say, a hospital for moral complaints, more commonly called military prisons. The first Sunday I held a Service in one of the largest of these establishments, I was much surprised at the hearty way

in which the prisoners answered the responses. They were not afraid to speak or sing out, as are so many other congregations. Alas! when I congratulated the governor after Service upon having such religious men under his charge, he took away all illusion with a word of explanation. He told me that the men, being on the silent system, found it a great relief to use their tongues in chapel. Certainly in no place were my sermons more attentively listened to than in that prison chapel, especially if allusion had to be made to any event going on in the outer world. I noticed this to be the case very much once at Christmas-time, when, having described the butchers', poulterers', and other tradesmen's shops as they were to be seen outside the prison dressed for the season, I tried to prove to my congregation that their Christmas, where they were, would be at least as happy, and certainly better spent, than it would be by them if they were free, but unable to control their appetites.

I have occasionally taken a Parade Service for a naval chaplain on board a man-of-war. This was a pleasant change, because they were harbour ships, and stationary. Not so, however, when at Malta I exchanged duty with a brother of the sea, and went for one trip on a troopship to Egypt and Cyprus. The first Sunday morning I felt like a criminal going to be executed. How was I, sea-sick as I was, to get through the service? It had to be done, however, for sea-sickness receives anything but pity in the Royal Navy, and is not tolerated in an officer. With what horror I contemplated the rigging of church between-decks, and the soldiers and sailors, officers and wives of officers, going to their places! When I began I had to lean for support against a signalling gun, but soon I forgot myself in my sermon, which was a rather better one than usual; and this made me well; nor was I ill again the rest of the voyage. Enforced work cured me, so sea-sickness must have much to do with the nerves.

"Remember, my boy," said a dying wine-merchant to his son, "that wine may be made of everything, even of grapes." We might parody this, and say that a Parade Service may be held everywhere, even in a church. There are some military churches, and they are not all ugly or deficient in fittings and furniture. In many places, however, we use a chapel-school: a building which, as its name implies, serves as a school during week-days. Sometimes, however, we have not even this accommodation, and then a riding-school, a gymnasium, a drill-shed, or, what is best of all, God's own cathedral under the blue sky, is used. All the time when I was on foreign service at Malta I had two open-air Parade Services each Sunday. Of course in the heat of summer these were held at hours so early that many people in

England would think them almost improper for Sunday rising. These open-air Services were necessarily short, as sometimes the sun was becoming very hot, or the wind was so strong that leaves were torn out of my book (the seed of the word literally blown away) and my surplice sent over my head and eyes. Then it was tiresome for the men to stand in a square in one position all the time. Still, the scenery around, even if the chaplain had been dumb, should have preached eloquent sermons. The blue sky ought to have suggested the Heavenly Father's smile, and the waves dashing against the rocks could scarcely have failed to illustrate, for those who saw and thought, human life.

Military chapels and chapel-schools are used at different hours by Church of England, Roman Catholic, and Presbyterian chaplains. The Royal Engineers have invented most ingenious contrivances for settling theological differences. Altars are made for Roman Catholics that are easily moved aside, covered with a screen, or taken to pieces and carried into a boarded-off receptacle, before the Presbyterian Service begins. At one station I was provided with a Communion-table and railing so cunningly contrived that it was difficult to get a church orderly who could understand how to put together the several parts. It would be well if, in civilian life, churches were as much used as is, for instance, the chapel of Netley Hospital. From seven o'clock on Sunday morning until eight in the evening, this building is scarcely idle a single hour, one denomination of convalescents and officials taking the place of another. What a saving of stone and mortar, not to speak of its utility as an aid to toleration, it would be were this practice adopted in the civilian world! As it is, there is only too much truth in the answer which a driver made to a fare who remarked, when driving through a Scotch town, that it must be a very religious place because there were so many churches in it—"It's not religion at all; it's just their bad temper!"

Every soldier and sailor is "at full liberty to attend the worship of Almighty God according to the forms prescribed by his own religion." Protestants who do not belong to the Church of England are generally classified "with either Presbyterians or Wesleyans." "Other fancy religions," as a commanding officer once described them, must, for the sake of convenience, make themselves happy somewhere amongst Church of England, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, or Jewish congregations. But what about those who do not profess any religion? Such soldiers I have met. When being enlisted they are asked their religion, and answer, "No religion," or "I don't know." The sergeant puts down "Church of England," thereby paying that Cave of Adullam a high compliment.

A man must adhere to what at first he puts down, or allows to be put down, as his religion. He can only change afterwards by getting permission from his commanding officer; and frequently this permission is asked for reasons that are anything but serious. When I hear of a soldier wishing to change what he is pleased to call his religion, I say to myself, "Who is she?"—for I know that nine times out of ten a woman is at the bottom of it.

At Bermuda the Wesleyan chapel was a mile and a half from barracks, while the Church of England Service was performed in barracks. Probably, too, I preached shorter sermons than the Wesleyan minister. At all events, several Wesleyan soldiers suddenly began to admire my form of worship, and told their commanding officer that they wished to go to the Church of England Service. He said that they must talk the matter over with me, and get me to write a statement of their reasons for desiring to change "religions." What I wrote for one man was: "So-and-so finds a march of a mile and a half disagreeable when the thermometer stands at eighty-three degrees in the shade." I know a man who wanted to attend the Roman Catholic Service rather than the Church of England for no better reason than to avoid having to help to carry some forms that were required at the latter.

A commanding officer of my acquaintance had for some time been bothered by a soldier who

vacillated between the Church of England, Roman Catholic, and Presbyterian persuasions. As the man seemed to be very little persuaded about any of them, my friend said to him: "To give you an opportunity of quite making up your mind upon this important subject, you will attend all three Services until you do so." The hours for the Services happening to suit, the man was marched to all three on the next Sunday. A single Sunday like this was enough to make him give his exclusive adherence to one of these persuasions, though which it was that received his final patronage I quite forget.

Some men like to get a seat as near the door of the church as possible, or in a gallery, or, if the Service is held out of doors, as far as possible from the chaplain. Nor are commanding officers always as careful as they might be to arrange troops in the field so that they can be all reached by the voice. I used laughingly to say to one of them that he seemed to think that if heard I might exercise a bad influence upon his men. Still, with all its drawbacks, a Parade Service is a great opportunity. We have before us a large number of young and healthy men, and it is our duty to warn them against the temptations of fiery youth, and direct them to Him who, when He beheld a young man anxious about his highest interests, loved him. May God forgive some of us chaplains for not making more of these opportunities!

## A PRINCE'S PART.

BY ELIZA TURPIN.

"It is a prince's part to parlon."—BACON.

PART III.—"WITH THEE AWAY!"

### CHAPTER VII.

"LESSONS sweet of spring returning" were everywhere. Summer had been quietly received into Autumn's embrace, and then revengeful and jealous Winter had killed both; and now the seasons were returning good for evil and commencing life anew.

The seasons are early, in the mild south. Though it was but the end of March, the apple-blossom was out, trusting to the month to withhold its blustering

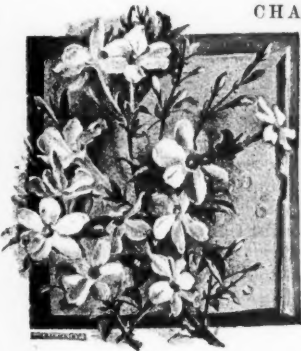
character in consideration of beauty. The brave daffodil defied wind and weather, and reared its smiling head against cold and rain.

I sat outside in the sunshine gazing aimlessly at a white cherry-tree which promised much for later on. But, I reflected, it was subservient to other circumstances; for might not the "wind in a frolic" turn its jesting to earnest and rob it of its power to fulfil its vaunting resolve?

"The next step in my career will be insanity," I thought, when I had attained this degree in moralising, "for I am altering very considerably. Fancy you, Leonora Talbot, daring to philosophise! It's too ludicrous!"

But, nevertheless, spring is very lovely. No one can deny this, from poet to gourmand who remembers young ducks and green peas.

It was just the time *she* loved so well—Nature conquering seasons and time and all regulations, and sending forth the herald, spring, in very gladness.



"Ah, Mona, where are you?"

Was she enjoying the English spring as I was? Or was she longing, *à la* Browning, "to be in England now that April's there?" (or soon would be, to be exact). For, somehow, I had a notion that she was not in England.

It was nine long months since she had left us, in

as impenetrable as granite—as impregnable as the rockiest fortress fiction could invent or fancy picture.

"Do you think I should be worth the name of friend if I told you where she was, so long as I know she is safe and sound and in no need?" he asked, looking me through with his keen eyes.

He had a harder task in disposing of Lord St.



"You do not appear particularly pleased to see me."—p. 810.

her idyllic service of duty and honour and quixotic notion of what was best. Despite her request, made "for my sake," aunty had tried to trace her, but not with success. She had certainly left a station two miles from St. Alvers, and in an opposite direction to Metherton, on that July morning which seemed so far back, and had booked for London. And in that chaos she had contrived to be unnoticed, I supposed; for we could find out no more.

I went, at aunty's special wish, to Mr. Howard, and begged him to disclose Mona's hiding-place. He was

Alvers. Mr. Callan, who was there, told me of the stormy interview.

"May I ask by what right you are so anxious to learn Miss Talbot's place of residence, my lord?" the lawyer inquired coolly, as was his wont when dealing with unruly clients.

"You can ask what you like," fumed St. Alvers; "but, unless you deal fairly with me, I will not answer."

Mr. Howard raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders indifferently.



"I do not reveal my clients' secrets, or gossip about their affairs," Mr. Howard declared.

"Not if silence is greatly to their disadvantage?" questioned St. Alvers.

"Silence seldom *is* disadvantageous," returned Mr. Howard. "I am a trustee of the late Mr. Henry Talbot—I stand in the light of a friend to his daughter. In what way would it benefit *her* if you learned her whereabouts?"

"I could give her the protection of a man who loves her," was his reply.

"She needs none. She is quite secure from any harm, and has plenty of money."

Then St. Alvers tried persuasion; and who could plead so powerfully as he? But water never rolled off the proverbial duck's back so readily as the eloquence of Lord St. Alvers failed to move the lawyer's resolve. Frustrated, fuming, he left Mr. Howard, who was as cool and collected as if they had parted after a friendly chat.

Then he went to London, and wandered aimlessly about the great city. I cannot tell whether his madness led him to expect to find Mona on the stage, and anticipate a touching reunion somewhere in the wings, when, throwing aside her newly acquired fame, she would repose in the shelter of his loving care.

He came back to St. Alvers, and threw his whole soul into the repairing of cottages with a vehemence very inconvenient to their occupants, and with a sublime disregard for expense which threatened to ruin him.

The work of renovation at the castle was continued. And, oh! how hard is the killing of hope. For all over were Mona's favourite colours chosen, and her tastes brought to bear on his choice of furniture. He remembered that Mona had once admired rose-colour, and he had the little octagon room transformed into a veritable wild-rose. It looked pretty, but decidedly unserviceable. It is a colour, I told him, which fades so quickly.

"We'll have it done over again each time it fades," he asserted, with wild extravagance.

"Rather uncomfortable for its owner," was my remark. "It will be like perpetual spring-cleaning."

It was a current idea in the village that when Mona went away she had gone to aunty. Mr. Callan advised us not to contradict it, and everyone supposed Mona to be still staying with aunty's friends. If Drake suspected differently, he was too faithful to impart his suspicions to anyone.

I had told aunty pretty nearly all the story which led to Mona's departure. Poor aunty had wept, more or less, for about a week, during which period of sackcloth and ashes she remained in her room, waited on by her own maid, old Sarah, and myself. Sarah was silent as the grave.

I tried to comfort aunty with innumerable assurances of good being hidden in evil, clouds having silver linings, roses having thorns, until I really had hope myself that all would come right in the end.

"But where can she be?" aunty would cry repeatedly. "Why did she not confide in us? And London is such a dreadful place, and Mona so lonely

and inexperienced. Miss Stayne is a willow-wand in Mona's hands." She forgot she was little more herself.

"Mona has plenty of sense," I assured her.

"I have heard of girls being reduced to selling matches in the Strand, barefoot and hungry, and sleeping in those horrible low lodging-houses, where it's far worse than the Black Hole of Calcutta."

"It could not be worse," I asserted, "for lots come out safely every morning. Besides, Mr. Howard knows Mona is well provided for."

"Young girls are so often imposed upon," she persisted. "And I only saw the other day a case of a body being found in a swamp——"

"Oh! aunty, really! How could she get into a swamp—only the swamp of despair," the last inwardly. "And as for Mona's selling matches—why, it borders on the realms of impossibility."

And now March was departing with the lamb-like meekness sometimes connected with the thought of its exit—but generally somewhat mythical, and existing principally in the verses of youthful poets. In fact, it was a spring such as our grandmothers romance of: the time "when I was young," when modern depravity and bad weather were not hand-in-hand.

We were in the drawing-room, and aunty had a newspaper. Judging by her close attention to its pages, I inferred she was reading of some peril which had befallen venturesome youth.

"Nora dear, have you ever thought of a convent—a nunnery?"

"Never very much. I'm not interested in them," I replied nonchalantly.

"I mean," she went on, "do you think Mona——"

"I am sure she has not gone into a nunnery," I cried, checking a strong inclination to laugh. "She's far too sensible."

I was not afraid that Mona was treading the broad way in the shape of a convent. That path, so monotonously void of either roses or thorns, was not in her line at all.

"But," I added, "it would be better than selling matches—more comfortable and respectable. Besides, it's so easy to be good where there are no inducements to be bad."

"Mona was always so sympathetic," aunty said, as if she were referring to the dear departed, and in a tone which implied that I was *not* so.

I went to the cliffs and listened to the vague complaining of the ocean, and thought of my cousin, who loved their sorrowing murmur so well. That led me to think of Mr. Callan: how kind he had been to us, and how he had assured aunty of the probable safety of her absent dear one, and advised her to respect the request made "*for my sake*," and give up the search for Mona. He had, too, been invaluable in calming Lord St. Alvers' impetuous anger and disappointment.

"Good afternoon," exclaimed someone.

They say if you think of certain fallen seraphim they are sure to appear. Not that Mr. Callan was a seraph, fallen or otherwise; and it was he.

"Oh! it's you, is it?" I remarked, with my face unaccountably reddening.

"You do not appear particularly pleased to see me," he said.

"You are mistaken," I stammered. "I am always glad to see you. You have been such a friend to us."

"Er—yes," he began. "I mean," he corrected hastily, "not at all. At least, I have done no more than anyone would."

He was growing incoherent, so I left him to regain his usual collected speech, feeling amazed at his momentary confusion. He generally annoyed me by his unassailable *sang froid*.

"Has Lord St. Alvers come with you?" I asked.

"Yes; he has gone to the Abbey. Your aunt told me you were gone for a walk, so I came to find you."

"We will return," I said, rising. "Aunt and Lord St. Alvers will be weaving all sorts of fancies about Mona. The latest clue is the cloister."

He laughed. Then he became grave.

"St. Alvers is no nearer his marriage," he said.

"He vows he will not marry Lucine Darrel. She will soon press him to keep his promise, I feel sure."

"Has he seen her lately?"



"Have you not the faintest idea who is Clifford's love?"—p. 811.

"No; she has gone abroad again. I believe she is at Nice. She told him last year that she would come to England this summer. I think she intends coming to St. Alvers."

"As its mistress?" I inquired anxiously.

"Yes," he replied; "and she is determined, when she likes. She is obstinate."

He never would acknowledge the presence of any virtue in Miss Darrel. I had grown to picture her as a specimen of the dragon tribe from hearing his derogatory description of her morals.

"Do you know," he said to me, as we crossed the lawn, "I have been looking forward so much to coming to St. Alvers again!"

"It is not the same now Mona is gone," I said, with a sad little sigh.

"Ahem—no," he said, in such a curious tone that I looked up at him quickly. There was an earnestness in his face which made me wonder—wonder if the girl he loved would care for him to be so lavish with his earnest glances—which made me wonder, with a flush, if he mistook my sometimes flippantly inclined talk for coquetry. So I gazed as icily before me as I could. I did not wish him to amuse himself with me when he was at St. Alvers and away from his sweetheart's watchful eyes. I did not care to let him take me for a flirt.

"You do not suppose," he continued, probably not noticing my chilly appearance, "that Mona is the only attraction in St. Alvers, do you?"

"It is a subject I do not wish to discuss," I replied, thinking I would check any undue familiarity in the bud. He seemed startled, and, turning to look at me, must have perceived the polar-like air which enshrouded my face and person generally.

"Have I offended you?" he exclaimed.

"Not at all," I responded, as we entered the house by the French window.

St. Alvers sat talking to aunt and looking unutterably lonely; it seemed to me so impossible to sever his presence from that of our missing one. He greeted me in a kind, brotherly manner, and remarked on my rosy cheeks, glancing the while at Mr. Callan, who was occupied, it appeared, in a profound and unprofitable study of vacancy. After tea St. Alvers asked me to show him my ferns, which transparent artifice I saw through at once.

"Have you heard anything, Nora?" he asked, as he looked at an exceedingly fine specimen of the fern *maidenhair*, and with a barely disguised eagerness in his voice.

"Nothing," I had to tell him.

He sat down on an ornamental "rock," and sighed. Then he went

over all the old ground so vastly interesting to himself, and arrived at the same old goal—nothing.

"Nora," he said earnestly, "I feel almost guilty of going against her wishes in seeking her, but I shall never be at rest until I find her."

"Why will you not marry Miss Darrel?"

"Never! Loving Mona as I do, it would be a double crime. God only knows how dear she is to me."

I did not reply. I knew he was speaking but truth.

"You are a good child, Nora," he added, "to listen so patiently to all these ravings. It cannot be very interesting to a third party—these reminiscences."

I laughed a little.

"Mr. Callan will be the next to confide in me," I said.

"What do you mean?" he asked, with a queer smile.

"He has confessed to me," I replied, "that he is in love. But he has not told me who the lady is yet."

"Oh! he will do that," St. Alvers asserted readily.

"I suppose *you* know all about it," I surmised, thinking of the strange conversations these two must hold, both having the great theme uppermost.

"Oh, yes! I think I do. Have you not the faintest idea who is Clifford's love?"

"Why should I have? She certainly does not live near here, because he never goes to see her when he is at St. Alvers."

St. Alvers pulled his dark moustache and laughed.

"Poor old Clifford!" he said. Then we returned to the drawing-room; for the fernery was chilly, and it was growing dark. Moreover, the fireside was comfortable at this season; for, bright as March sunshine may be, it is apt to be deceptive, and it leaves no heat behind after it sets. I do not doubt that St. Alvers was warm anywhere. Love is generally supposed to usurp both food and heat; it supplies the place of all other luxuries and many necessities.

I never missed Mona so much as when St. Alvers was at the Abbey, and I felt lonely and unhappy to-night. I believe we all felt so, for there was little conversation. I had always heard that the society of people in love is extremely dull to any but the object of their tender passion. It seemed to be true: here was St. Alvers pining for Mona, and Mr. Callan sighing (not audibly) for his love. I wondered what her name was.

The next morning, as I sat breakfasting alone (aunt was fond of her first meal in bed), the letter-bag came. I opened it. There were not many letters; we had not much correspondence at St. Alvers Abbey.

There was a somewhat bulky missive for me, directed in the handwriting of Mr. Howard, the lawyer. Opening it, I found it enclosed another letter without direction or mark on the envelope.

"Queer!" I remarked inwardly, as I prepared to read it. Merciful Heaven! it was from Mona. There was no address, no clue as to her whereabouts. I read the following—

"MY DEAREST NORA,—It is out of my weakness that I write to you; but it seems such an eternity since I saw your dear face, and that of aunt. I am sure you have all been anxious for me, but I am well

and—contented. Naturally, there is not much pleasure for me, away from those I love; but I should not say this, for I do not regret the step I have taken. I dare not tell you where I am, dear Nora, for you might, out of your love to me, betray me. But it is a pretty place, and I have found plenty to do. I have Nature as I love it best, I have the companionship of a kind woman, and the solace of my own memories—and—peace from a merciful God. I am thankful there is nothing in the past which I may not think of—no dishonourable action too dark to be aught but bitterness—as there might have been if I had caused a man to break his oath.

"Oh, Nora! I cannot write of *him*; I dare not. For I love him so—God forgive me! I often wonder if he is at the Abbey, under the old beech-tree; or by the sea sending a message to me in the song of the waves which tells me to be firm and resolute—to fear not.

"Tell dear aunt that I am well; ask her not to be anxious for me. I am busy and occupied, and it helps me to forget—no, to remember with less sorrow. I dare not send any message to *him*, only to do what he knows is right, *advienne que pourra*.

"I hope you are happy, dear. I often think of all the village-folk, and especially of little Dick. I wonder if he is quite recovered?"

"Now, dear Nora, farewell once more. You know the event which will clear my way to return. I shall hear of it from Mr. Howard. He sends me no letters now; it is my wish, and proceeds from my weakness, as I said before.

"Farewell—farewell, my darling. Remember me in your prayers.—Your loving  
MONA."

## CHAPTER VIII.

AUNT wept most bitterly over the letter. She read and re-read it; she examined every stroke, as if to obtain a clue as to Mona's present dwelling-place between the lines. But, figuratively as well as literally, there was nothing but a dismal blank.

The same afternoon I met St. Alvers on the cliffs. He was gazing despondingly away over the billowy waves; there was a strong wind blowing against the tide; the sun was hidden by clouds; it was cold and dull. It was like his life—duty against love, interest gone—dreariness, and no warmth of happiness to arouse his young spirit to spring forth in joy. All his energy warped as it was rising by the grey clouds around.

"I have something to tell you," I began nervously.

"Have you?" he responded, apparently not thinking of me at all, and less of what I had to impart.

"It's about Mona," I said, to rouse his wandering mind. It was supremely effectual.

"What of her?" he demanded, almost fiercely. I had thought of preparing him gradually for the news, but he frightened me.

"I have had a letter from her," I blurted out.

He gazed at me in astonishment, not unmixed with incredulity.

"Where is it?" he asked quickly. "Where is she? What does she say? Show it to me."

"She does not give any address," I told him, ignoring the rest of his questions completely. Then I began to tell him what she had said.

"But show me the letter," he interrupted.

I hesitated.

"You cannot surely refuse," he exclaimed. "Am I not more interested in her than anyone? Have I not the best right to see it?"

"You ought not to have," I said, with a sigh. He laughed, but not merrily—hardly and sarcastically. Then he changed to tenderness, and put his hand on my shoulder, entreatingly looking at me.

"Nora," he said, "you love your *cousin*; I love my *love*. Are the two feelings comparable? And yet you would not do this for me!"

I felt quite uncomfortable, and like a mild species of torturer. If I had been eating the proverbial last crust in selfish gratification of my own hunger, unsharing it with one whom I had professed to love, I could not have experienced any more guilty sensation. I wavered no longer. I gave him the coveted letter with a hot flush of shame at my own greediness. No wonder that Lord St. Alvers seldom pleaded in vain!

"Nora," he said, when he had read it through twice, "she is an angel!"

I hoped not, but did not say so. He was too deeply employed in studying his angel's handwriting to notice the silence of anything so earthly as me, his companion of this sordid sphere.

"Do you know," he remarked, "I think she is abroad somewhere. The idea of messages across the water points to it."

"I do not like the thought," I said. "I cannot bear to think that the ocean divides us."

"It may be some Breton village by the sea. Or she might go from London to Newhaven and cross to Dieppe. You have been that way, have you not, into Normandy?" he inquired rapidly.

"Yes, we have. But do not try to find her. She asks us to leave her in peace. If you found her, settled and content, it would drive her from her resting-place and from any connections she may have formed. Perhaps she would go to a far greater distance from home than she is now."

"If I found her," he said, with a smile, "I should never lose her again."

"But you said you would not ask her to share the dishonour which would fall on you."

"I should take her right away—to some village where no one would know us, and where no breath of scandal should touch her. By my life's undivided devotion I would try to atone for the sacrifice she would make in marrying me. She does not care for society and the world. I care only for her."

This idea of his was rather alarming. It was dangerous.

"You would not do that," I said quietly. "You could not. You would not cut her off from the world to gratify your own selfishness. What would people say of her?"

He was but a mortal, and no paragon. He smiled again.

"She will judge and choose, when I find her," he said.

"I dare hardly hope that you will!" I ejaculated; "for she would not be able to withstand your pleading."

I trembled to think what power a love like his must have; what an irresistible influence he would have over a girl who loved him. Mona was firm, her will was strong, but ten times ordinary resolution a woman must have who conquers love by duty. Anyway, it was of no use arguing with St. Alvers. My one hope was that he would seek her in vain.

I knew Mona too well to think she could ever be happy under the circumstances which his wild fancy had devised. Hers would be a life of unavailing, though unceasing, regret for the weakness which had caused her to yield to his undisciplined love. I was utterly miserable after that.

And everywhere a dolorous air prevailed which nearly drove me mad. St. Alvers, with his dark eyes growing eager and tired in their keen longing; aunt in a chronic lachrymose condition which suggested immediate deluge; myself with a face like a February day to look back to me from every mirror near. Even Mr. Callan was forced to join in the general gloom, probably from politeness. Moreover, "when you are in Rome," etc.

"Nora," aunt said to me one day, "this cannot last for ever."

"Hardly," I agreed. Aunt frowned.

"Don't be cynical when matters are so serious. It is so much like disgrace for a young lady to run away. People must wonder."

"It's no disgrace. It is heroism!" I cried, in hot defence of Mona. "And people must mind their own business."

"They have so little to mind in St. Alvers," aunt said regretfully.

The next day I went to see Mr. Keverne.

"Nora," he said, "I am not curious or prying, but I have heard so many conjectures as to Mona's absence that I am becoming mystified."

"It is base for any person in St. Alvers to say a word against Mona," I exclaimed. Then, knowing how safe a secret was in his keeping, I told him all the story. He was deeply moved.

"I will do all in my power to check wrong surmise," he declared. "I would do far more for her. I have lived near her all her life. I know how good she is. May God help her to do what is right, and may He keep Lord St. Alvers from rashly leading her against her sense of honour."

And I echoed his hopes.

"It is lovely April weather," aunt said to me one day, in a slightly hesitating manner, "and you do not look well. Do you think you need a change of air?"

"No. One place is the same as another," I returned, with questionable knowledge of the variations of climate and scenery. Aunt looked disappointed, and the next time Mr. Callan called in she asked him if he thought I looked "myself." He seemed doubtful.

"Perhaps a change of air—" he began, and aunt caught at the straw instantaneously.

"Just what I say. Only Nora is so reluctant to leave home. I wish I could induce her to go—with me, of course—to Brighton for a time."

He lured me to the fernery with a hackneyed and



distinctly unoriginal request about showing him the ferns, "if I did not object," and then began to lecture me on the advisability of a change.

"Your aunt is evidently longing for a little diversion," he said. "It would do her a world of good."

"And would bring back my expression so that I

lent; and you once told me you had never been there."

And, in less than an hour from then we had decided to sail from Southampton to St. Helier in a week from then. Aunty was almost happy again, preparing



"Surely you are not going out in this rain?" she cried."—p. 317.

am recognised without any trouble," I suggested, with a half-smile, thinking of his hesitation when asked if I looked like "myself." He did not reply.

"But not Brighton," I went on. "Anywhere but that marine London. Is there no quiet place which would satisfy aunty?"

"A quiet place would be no change." That was true. Surely St. Alvers was the very type of seclusion and repose.

"Then you advocate Paris or Brussels," I said rather crossly. "Or perhaps London will be sufficient for the start."

But he only laughed.

"I think the Channel Islands are charming, especially just now," he said. "Why not go there? There are plenty of excursions; English is tolerably preva-

all the different suitable toilettes she would require, and in seeing that I was properly equipped for sailing, driving, picnics, or *table d'hôte*. It is fortunate she was so attentive to my wants, or I am afraid a sad exhibition of dress would have amused the eyes of the visitors with whom I came in contact; for I was not at all interested in the subject. No doubt, when I saw others around me in the full glory of fashion, my concern would manifest itself; for it is unnatural in the female sex to show no desire to look as well as possible, though, to be sure, plenty of women are unsuccessful in the attempt. We have quantities of evidence that men are above the vain consideration of wearing apparel. With virtuous obedience, they "remember the lilies of the field," and that Solomon in his glory was left far behind them. And there is

no scope for displaying the raiment of the wise king in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century, when wisdom is not always synonymous with wealth or with gorgeous clothes. So, if Solomon failed, how much more would the modern Englishman, whose limit of finery is a "blazer" and flannels? Hence the virtue of necessity.

St. Alvers was openly sorry that we were going. Mr. Callan did not say much about it, but then he was the promoter of it all. I began to wonder if he wished to get us away.

He came to pay us a visit the night before we were to start. I was in the fernery when he came, and so saved him the trouble of resorting to deceptive means for getting me there. He came to me.

"It will be fearfully lonely when you are gone," he remarked, with an attempt at sentimentality. Such a speech should have been accompanied by a faint sigh, but I waited for it in vain.

"You will have Lord St. Alvers," I said, unsympathetically. "And you are generally busy. Then you can write letters."

"May I?" he asked, quite eagerly.

I looked at him in astonishment, feeling a strong desire to laugh.

"May you?" I repeated. "Why, if I said 'No,' what difference would it make?"

"All the difference. As a matter of course, if you said you did not care to receive a letter from me, I should not write to you."

"I did not mean that," I exclaimed, flushing. "I meant you could write to your—to that girl you like; you can send her specially long letters written in your spare time."

"Ah! yes," he said dubiously. "But I may write to you, may I?"

He sat down by me, and laid his hand on my arm.

"If you think that other girl won't mind," I said, with a little laugh, and shaking off his hand.

"Oh! hang the other girl!" he exclaimed, so suddenly that I turned, startled, to look at him.

"That is a very ungentlemanly way of alluding to her," I said slowly.

"Nora," he said, "there is no one else. I care for no other girl. The only one I care for is by my side."

I was too much astonished to speak.

"I don't understand you," I said, after a few minutes.

"I should not have spoken yet," he said slowly, "only for that rubbish you have got into your head about someone else. I do not love any girl but you—I have loved you ever since the day I saw you in the dell. When I said I was in love, I meant it for you—I was too uncertain of you to dare to tell you. Nora, do you think you could ever care me?"

"Do you mean to say," I asked him deliberately, "that all this time you have allowed me to think a lie of you, and you have deceived me, and yet you say you—love me?"

"You do not state it fairly," he remonstrated. "I have not been guilty of deception. I have told no lie."

"You have acted one," I said curtly. "That is worse, I think."

He did not speak. A thousand thoughts thronged my brain—my mind was whirling. We sat in silence for a time, with no sound but the plash of the little fountain.

"Will you forgive me, Nora?" he implored, breaking the silence.

"I have no particular reason for forgiving you," I said, as frigidly as I could. "I have nothing to forgive. Only I must say that you have scarcely acted honourably."

"Nora, I love you. I was afraid you were so—well, inexperienced in such matters that I had better wait for a time. I hoped to let you see I cared for you before I told you so."

"You have shown your affection in a peculiar manner—by deceiving me," I said coldly. "Do you wish it returned in the same way?"

I did not wait for an answer. I left him sitting alone in the fernery, and went to the drawing-room, where auntie was holding a conversation with Lord St. Alvers on the respective merits of Jersey hotels. I joined in the conversation with a vigour at once gratifying and surprising to auntie; but, had she asked me where Jersey was, I might have been at a loss to reply, I was so cross, excited, and hot.

Thinking that Mr. Callan was probably too hardened to care for words, I tried "silent contempt." I was extremely angered; my pride was wounded; and I had meant to ask him to send me all the news of St. Alvers and be on generally friendly terms!

"He has fooled me," I thought, in a grand rage; "he has deceived me."

"Good-bye, Nora," he said, in low tones, when he was going.

"Good-bye," with indifference.

"I hope you will enjoy your trip."

"I am sure I shall," was the reply, with such heartiness as one who doubts a statement supplies to his speech.

"I shall see you again—some day," he remarked, stupidly.

"As we are not going to cannibal regions, you may do so," I agreed, icily. Then I met his blue eyes—how kind and pleading his eyes were! And yet they say that people with true eyes must be open and good!

He dropped my hand and left me. And I actually shed a few tears that night when I remembered how we can be deceived in a person. He always had seemed so very nice. But double-dealing is intolerable.

"I believe he *does* like me," I thought, with gratification. "It is his punishment."

I was dreadfully miserable the next day. I bade adieu to the old familiar spots and the servants with the fervency and hopelessness which befits the departure of troops to Egypt or the expectancy of returning no more. Ten months since we had never seen St. Alvers—or his friend. How heavily shod are the feet of sorrowful days! How light-winged the time that is spent in joy!

I kissed her desk, her favourite books, her pet chair. Ever and again I recalled her, in the first flush of the beauty of awakening love, to my mind. I remembered her unconscious, queenly grace, the marvel of her

long, dusky eyes, and the rare tint of her tawny hair. Oh! my cousin Mona! How I long for your ready sympathy just now!

Yet why? I am surely not specially unhappy. I am having a little revenge, and it is accounted sweet. I do not wish to quarrel with any old-established proverb; but, really, are they all quite as pleasant in practice as in theory?

St. Alvers was at the station. He saw us off and bade us farewell.

"Where is Mr. Callan?" aunty inquired.

"He's getting an article ready for the—well—some magazine or other. He does that sort of thing; finds it fills up the time he spends waiting for briefs—which don't turn up."

"Oh, certainly!" aunty agreed politely.

I, not feeling the faintest interest in Mr. Callan, made no comment.

"Mr. Callan is an extremely agreeable man," aunty said, awarding him the praise which was, with her, a species of presenting the Victoria Cross to a favourite soldier. When she pronounced the verdict "extremely agreeable" on a person, we knew she regarded that person with the utmost favour.

"I am glad you think so," I said lamely, watching the fields we were speeding past.

"He is one of the few men I like," aunty said, which was the remark she made on every man she became intimate with.

"He is one of the few (very few) that I do not like," I thought.

But as I stood on the boat that same evening and watched the dark ridge of the outline of England's little garden-isle drawn against a darker mass of cloud, and, turning, might behold England's shores dotted with the lights which betoken life and civilisation, the still small voice in which that very obtrusive female, Conscience, betrays her presence whispered to me that a girl whose dearest aversion was deceit was not entirely guiltless of that same defect. And I divined the girl's name to be Leonora Talbot.

#### CHAPTER IX.

BABBLE and chatter! The mixture of an inimitable *patois* with doubtful French and shaky English; here and there a strong British roar struggling for mastery in British fashion, sometimes in its native tongue, sometimes in French which would make the angels weep.

"If you can see a respectable vehicle, Sarah, hail the driver," aunty said.

Poor Sarah looked as if she were going to her own funeral; she had experienced all the ungraceful, undignified horror of *mal de mer*.

"If the host is not English, aunty," I said as we drove from the quay at St. Helier, "what *shall* we do?"

"Find someone who is," she declared.

But he proved himself a genuine Englishman, for which I was grateful—exceedingly so.

"There are not so many visitors here," he said, "as there are vehicles on the quay. They are deceptive. But the season will be early this year; soon I anticipate a rush."

"When the throng rushes in we'll rush out," I remarked to aunty, when he had gone.

"Ah! fellow-Saxon," I thought, as I viewed my next-door neighbour at dinner. "And young, too."

I was just wondering how to discover a "fellow-feeling" when he paved the way to conversation most amiably by upsetting a glass of wine into my lobster-curry. Such a friendly overture was irresistible. We were chatting at once.

"Do you know," I said, "I am so much obliged to you for upsetting your wine."

"Why?" in amazement.

"Because it has introduced us to each other."

"You are kind. But a more agreeable method would have answered quite as well."

"You are mistaken," I assured him. "Now, if you had passed me the water or the salt, I could not have *laughed*. You would have put me down as a little 'off.'"

"Well, since you are satisfied," he laughed, "I can say no more. But, I assure you, I haven't done such a silly thing before."

"Oh!" I sighed, "and I was just flattering myself that it was your original method of getting to know anyone—whom you wished to know."

He laughed, and looked at me from his blue eyes. How like they were to—someone's else. But surely, I thought, I will not spoil my pleasure by thinking of *him*.

"How long are you going to stay here?" I asked my new friend.

"Oh! I have nothing particular to call me away—"

"Government official?" I questioned, gravely.

"Don't!" he groaned, "I am not so guilty. I am only an idler."

Here was a "fellow-feeling."

"My name is Warwick—Herbert Warwick. My home is Stanton Oakhill, Yorkshire. You may know the name."

"Perhaps aunty will," I said, turning to her.

She said she had often heard the name mentioned by her friends of his county. She expressed herself as charmed to make his acquaintance. I felt rather pleased to know there was a—well, young man, near just to pass the time away.

He was down on the quay the next morning when I took a stroll that way. We watched the St. Malo boat steer through the rocky course away into the opal water and into dark green and violet-red shadows, and then walked back together. He was interesting, and not bad-looking.

"I came up with Mr. Warwick," I said to aunty; "I like him awfully."

"That's a doubtful expression—very," aunty remarked. "But, Nora dear, I do not think I should flirt too much with him."

"Flirt!" I cried. "Oh! do give me time to start before you reprove me."

"You certainly do show a partiality for the—other sex," she said. "I used not to credit Mona's assertions when she declared you were—"

"Not a flirt," I said. "I've had no chance—worse luck!" I added inwardly.

A few days later we were at dinner.

"There are some new arrivals," Mr. Warwick said to me.

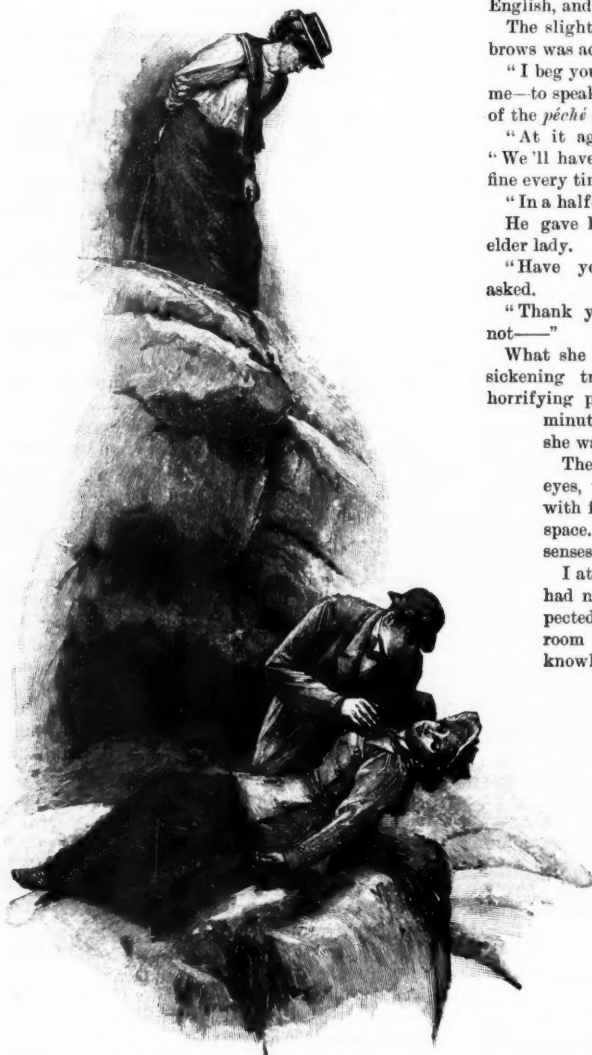
"Any—I mean, who are they?"

"There's a gentleman—he's elderly, so don't look pleased. I think he has the gout, so I deduce bad-tempered. Then there's an elderly lady and a young one."

"Last, but not least," I laughed. "Are you not glad?"

"Completely overjoyed. Did you not notice a sort of suppressed excitement in my eyes when I came in?"

"If I had looked at them, I might have seen the emotion," I replied calmly. "Why, here they are!"



"Her face was white, and her eyes closed."—p. 813.

as the door opened, and three people entered with a stir and a bustle.

The girl was unique in her way. She was dazzling. Her hair was of purest gold, sheeny and abundant. Her eyes were like azure lakes of limpid, sparkling, melting liquid. Though not pretty in features, her style was captivating. Finding my gaze fixed on her alluring face, she assumed a conscious, prepared-to-be-admired expression which robbed her of seven-eighths of her beauty in an instant.

"*Cher oncle, voulez—*" she began in a clear, high-pitched voice.

"I'll vooley nothing," the *cher oncle* growled. "I hate the 'chopping French.' Give me good sensible English, and be content."

The slight, habitual frown between her high eyebrows was accelerated just a little.

"I beg your pardon. But it is the natural way to me—to speak in the French. I will try to rid myself of the *péché mignon*."

"At it again," her uncle said, in high disgust. "We'll have a missionary box, and you shall pay a fine every time you forget yourself."

"In a half-hour I should ruin myself," she declared.

He gave her up, and turned his attention to the elder lady.

"Have you quite recovered, Mrs. Frith?" he asked.

"Thank you, Mr. Darrel, almost. But I have not—"

What she had not I did not hear. The sudden, sickening truth had flashed into my mind with horrifying plainness. Why had I not known, the minute I beheld that golden-haired siren, that she was Lucine Darrel, and no other?

The room was receding—yellow hair, blue eyes, white hands were hopelessly mixed up with ferns and flowers, and floating away into space. With a mighty effort I brought my senses back.

I ate my dinner as well as I could. Auntie had not heard the name Darrel, and she suspected nothing; but when I reached our own room I turned to her, unable to keep the knowledge to myself.

"Auntie," I gasped, "did you see that girl?"

"Girl!" auntie ejaculated, looking round the room as if to find someone there.

I laughed.

"You are decidedly hysterical. No, no," auntie declared. "Do collect yourself. Here are the salts."

I threw the smelling-bottle aside.

"The girl with the yellow hair—" I began again.

"Yes, dear, I know," auntie said, soothingly. "She won't come here."

I subsided into a wild fit of merriment. When I recovered I *was* more collected.

"It's Lucine Darrel, auntie!" I said. "It's the girl who drove our dear one from her home."



"Gracious!" aunty exclaimed; "and is she mixing with respectable people? She ought to have a mark of Cain or—something," aunty wound up vaguely.

"Look here, aunty," I said, "she does not know us. Let us not know her. We'll just remain here and say nothing, and perhaps in time I can get to know her and tell her how unhappy she has made us. Then, just think, dear; we can advertise for Mona in an Agony Column—Come home at once; all made right. Then we shall all be happy."

"I think those things usually happen in books, not in real life," aunty demurred; but eventually she gave in, and we stayed.

Strange as it may sound, in a cool, unloving manner, Lucine Darrel and I became friendly. The day after she arrived was wet; but, in the afternoon, I was so tired of the small sitting-room that I took a cloak and prepared for a walk. On the stairs I met Miss Darrel.

"Surely you are not going out in this rain!" she cried. "But evidently you are English."

"I am," I replied, with conscious pride of the fact.

"Ah!" she retorted, "that is why you go out in the rain; it is you English who are so fearless. You boast of it—glory in it. You create opportunities to exhibit your courage."

"I'm not creating this one," I said, smiling. "But are you not English?"

"Parentage is nothing. Man is a creature of circumstance, and my circumstances have been wholly French; therefore am I not English," was her reply, given with a very expressive shrug. "But *adieu!* it is of no consequence."

She went to her novel, and I went my walk; but I would rather have stood out in the pouring rain until I died (which would not be long) than be Lucine Darrel for ten minutes.

"Have you enjoyed your walk?" she inquired at dinner.

"Immensely!" I assured her. "It does one good to weather the storm."

She laughed.

"The ethics of the weather is not a suitable subject for this dismal day," she said.

She sang to us in the *salon* after dinner a silly French love-song, which I am sure she despised as much as I did; for she came to me after and said it was very senseless.

"You do not believe in love?" Mr. Warwick asked.

"Certainly I do," she replied. "In some kinds. It is a luxury, and is not a necessity. Of course, it is useful for the novelist and the poet. It is their leading string."

"Lucine!"

Her uncle called her, and she went.

"Do you think love is a necessity?" Mr. Warwick asked me.

"Yes, I do. I could not live if I did not love aunty and Mona—I am sure I could not."

"No, of course. But other love?"

"I don't know of any other kind," I declared, with the most daring gravity.

Then our eyes met, and we laughed.

"But who is Mona?" he asked.

"My cousin," I said shortly. "I must go to aunty; she will think I am neglecting her."

"If you go, you will be neglecting me," he said.

"It will do you good," I retorted, smiling as I left him.

Several times I went for a stroll with Lucine Darrel. I found underneath her fascination and brilliancy was an undercurrent of calculation and coldness which might easily flow over a bed of malice and hatred. Her vileness was hidden under that smiling mask—nay, perhaps not hidden, but veiled. It peeped forth from her languishing eyes—it showed itself in the frown between her brows. It almost shone on her sparkling teeth.

Mrs. Frith was afraid of her. Who she was and what she was Lucine did not say. I took her to be a *chaperon* for Miss Darrel—one of the kind who is never in the way.

Mr. Warwick had arranged an excursion for the Darrel party and ourselves. He promised to show us the loveliest, most secluded spot imaginable. Lucine, as she declared, abhorred secluded spots; but then what else was there to do "*pour passer le temps?*"

"I do not like to associate with anyone of the kind," aunty said. "But I suppose we must go."

"Is not the scenery lovely?" I asked Lucine, as we drove through the well-kept lanes, past blooming orchards and laughing valleys.

"Ah! yes," she replied vaguely. "It's like all other scenery—trees, flowers, hills, valleys, and the sea. Sometimes they are differently arranged—the trees thrown out, or the flowers dead. Now the sky is blue, now grey, now crimson. One time the trees are miserably brown—then they are startlingly green. Some views are pretty, some splendid, some divine, others sublime. The choice of descriptive adjectives is a matter of skill. *Voilà tout!*"

"You bring it down to very little," I remarked.

"The Park on a May afternoon is worth all these," she said, smiling strangely. "There *toilette* is not wasted on birds and donkeys, or a few rustics. It makes others long for it. Here no one is envious or even charmed."

"Certainly not," I assured her, with laughing emphasis. She amused me, despite her worldly ideas and scheming nature. Perhaps Mona's words were true, and there was an element of good in all things and in everyone.

St. Edyn's Bay was a lovely spot—that unexpected blending of sea and land so unique in Jersey. Here the beauty of a wooded valley—then at once a crescent bay with white waves breaking on silver sand.

Lucine, Mr. Warwick, and I started for a stroll over the rocks after our picnic lunch, leaving the elder ones to rest by the sea. Miss Darrel's high-heeled shoes, more adapted for the *Bois* than for climbing, continually threatened to work her downfall. I was used to rocks and pools, and found it comparatively easy walking.

"Do you know," Lucine said to me later on, "you never told me where you live."

I felt a sudden fright. Had she looked into the visitor's book and seen our names there, with "St. Alvers

Abbey, Devonshire," following? Had she known all along who we were? I did not know that St. Alvers had never told her one fact concerning the girl who had won his heart.

"I live in Devonshire," I told her, as indifferently as I could. What a practised deceiver she was! The name did not cause her to flinch or to colour in the least.

"Ah! Devon. Have you many acquaintances near to you? Do you visit much?"

"None at all," I said, thinking that our visiting people and acquaintances would amount to *nil* in her estimation.

She was standing on the extreme edge of a shallow precipice which overlooked some jutting rocks which reared their heads from the breakers. The seething sound of the water rushing amongst them was blending with the metallic shriek of sea-birds. Mr. Warwick stood a little way off, looking over at the white foam and listening to the cries of the birds which exult in solitary wildness.

"Do you know," Miss Darrel asked with studied unconcern, "a place called——"

And that sentence was never finished. She somehow or other lost her footing, and fell over the cliff on to the rocks below. It was not far to fall, but the rocks were sharp and dangerous, and I heard a loud human shriek over the rushing waters and birds' cries. Oh! surely she was not hurt seriously? I dared not think of the worst.

Mr. Warwick was over in a minute. I went to the side, and looked down. She was still then. Her face was white, and her eyes closed.

He was holding her in his arms. I saw at once that he alone could never lift her from the rocks. Every flat surface was brown and slippery. Foothold there was none.

"If you can find help," he called, "I can hold her for a time. Go to a cottage. The tide is coming in, so be quick.

I turned in from the coast, where all was noisy with the waves' roar, to the quiet valley. There were a few cottages, and I arrived breathless at the nearest—one with a pretty lawn and a rhododendron shrubbery before its white walls. I ran across the lawn to the rose-covered porch.

Inside was a lady, knitting. I commenced, in English, to ask for assistance. She lifted her head as I drew near, for I began my excited speech before I reached her.

When I saw her face, I stood still in the pathway and remained speechless.

"Miss Stayne!" I gasped. It was she. She viewed me in the anxious, hesitating way we regard a welcome visitor come at the wrong time. She turned to the door as it opened from within.

Into the porch stepped a figure—tall, graceful, thinner than of yore. I flew to grasp it, in a peculiar feeling that it might vanish again. A voice which had been lost to my ears through weary months exclaimed in rich, full accents—

"Nora!"

"Is it you?" I asked slowly, in an imbecile way, as if I could mistake her! "Oh! Mona."

(To be continued.)



## DRINKING AT THE BROOK.

BY THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF ARMAGH.

"He shall drink of the brook in the way, therefore shall He lift up the head."—PSALM cx. 7.



THESE are the closing words of the most remarkable of all the Psalms. That Psalm is more often quoted in the New Testament than any other passage in the Old; to it our Lord Himself appealed against the notion that Christ was no more than a descendant of their ancient kings; and it is to-day the greatest difficulty in the way of certain modern views about the Psalter. Moreover, it is the very foundation of the great Epistle to the Hebrews since it first proclaimed to Israel that its Messiah should be a priest; and, in joining this office with that of a conquering monarch, it proclaimed the utter downfall of the Jewish system, which gave these functions to altogether different tribes.

This verse itself has had many curious and surprising explanations, of which it is enough to say that their too deep subtlety, their wire-drawn ingenuity, refutes them. When a verse is obscure, and when we are certain of the translation and the context, we may reckon on finding two sorts of explanation, one sort of which we say, "Who would ever think of that?" and another, which makes us ask, "Why did I never think of that before?" Only the latter is a real explanation. Sometimes it is difficult to find the true meaning of a verse, and sometimes, when found, it makes a severe demand on our attention to work it out, but always, when really grasped, we find it straightforward and informing.

Now, such an explanation of this verse is not hard to find.

For consider of Whom it is asserted.

Jehovah has set Him on His own right hand, has sworn to Him, has made Him an eternal

Priest. Every enemy is to be struck down. His favour and glory are to be supreme. And all this is spoken in the East, where magnificence of robes, of equipage and of festivity, every splendour and every luxury, go to the popular notion of high rank.

But yet they tell us that Eastern peoples are more easily impressed than any others by the strength of character which can lay all such indulgence on one side.

The plain coat of an English governor, the hardy self-exposure of English officers, are more wonderful to them than the royal state of Solomon, which left the Queen of Sheba no more breath in her.

That is true in everything which a great critic said about fine writing: the only style that never goes out of favour is simplicity.

And so the Psalmist writes of "his Lord" at the right hand of Jehovah, that He shall be refreshed along His conquering march, not with the rich wines of Helbon cooled in the snows of Lebanon, but, like any private soldier, from the wayside brook. And He shall need refreshment, having taken His full share of toil; without water, He should have begun to droop and faint: because He shall drink of the brook by the way, therefore He shall lift up His head.

This completes and closes the view of Messiah given us by this noble psalm. Already we knew of His high favour, His splendid and various offices, His magnificent and decisive victories. But now we find Himself, a Captain worthy to be followed, sharing with His men the dust, the heat, the weariness, the burning sun and thirst.

We are reminded of an historical event, when the troops of Charles the Twelfth, in sore distress and half inclined to mutiny, brought him a specimen of their bread, which was hard and sour and black. But, to their astonishment, the king ate it with a relish, and quietly answered: "It is not good bread, but it can be eaten." There was no more thought of mutiny in that camp, nor will such a leader ever lack men to follow, to suffer, and to die with him.

We march with a Captain who makes common cause with the humblest. The contrast in this verse between a splendid destiny and the simplest life was never so true of any as of Him. This contrast is what moves Paul to astonishment in the words, "God sent forth His Son, born of a woman, born under the law." We have not an high-priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmity, but was tempted in all points like as we are, weary, athirst, and faint.

1. See how true this is of the lowest part of human life, the life of the body. For thirty years Jesus lived the frugal and simple life of a carpenter's son in a quiet village among the hills of Galilee. His first recorded temptation was to

break His fellowship with us by claiming miraculous supplies, at least of bread; but this help, which He gave to others, He would not Himself employ. Never once did Jesus use His special powers for Himself to make a difference between His life and ours, or drink of other streams but such as ran by the wayside for all. His first miracle is to make large supplies of wine for a marriage feast; but, for His own part, He will sit by the wayside fountain, waiting, and will ask a lost woman to bestow on Him a cup of cold water. The fever of His cruel death was alleviated by the vinegar, the sour wine, of the private soldiers beneath His cross. Even after His resurrection, when He had already entered upon that sublime and mysterious life which it is our highest hope to share, He did not scorn to take of the fish which they had drawn from the Lake of Galilee, and, again, even of the cold fish which remained from a former meal.

How does the simple, unsophisticated, hard life of the Son of the Highest, whom God has enthroned at His own right hand, yet who drank of the brook by the way, condemn our softness, our self-indulgence, and our ostentation!—

"How do Thy mercies close me round!  
For ever be Thy name adored!  
I blush in all things to abound:  
The servant is above his Lord."

2. Observe, however, that He does drink. You will not find one innocent pleasure, which came "in the way" to Jesus, and which He sourly or wilfully refused. He would leave a feast at once if called by Jairus to a sick-bed; but He knew that He was reproached for eating and drinking, nor would He refuse the feast of His friends in Bethany, though He felt His death so near that the ointment then poured upon Him would go with Him to His burial. How does His example affect us? We may refuse pleasures because we are weak, because temptations must be avoided, because we have no longer any choice except to cripple our life, or having two feet to be cast into hell fire, but this is not a thing to boast of. Or, like St. Paul, we may deny ourselves for our weak brother's sake, which is an honour, and a Christ-like thing; but the rule, apart from special cases, is that the best and truest life welcomes and is refreshed by all simple pleasures which sparkle and sing by our life's path, which do not require us to leave the road of duty that we may drink of them.

3. It is touching and wonderful to notice how true is this verse, as concerns the affections, the life of the soul of Jesus. Think of Him in the beginning with God, and then listen to Him saying, "I call you no more servants, but I have called you friends." "I say unto you, My friends." "Ye are they that have continued with Me in My

tribulations." "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." Think of the head of John reclining in His bosom, and hear the disciple asking little confidential questions, unrepulsed. We do not realise, though we confess the wonder, the condescension and the love of it, or else we would press nearer to Him; we would give our hearts to Him more frankly, knowing that He is still the same, that there is joy, open and frank, in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth.

4. Not even yet have we exhausted the teaching of this verse. It is more marvellous still to think of the spiritual life of Jesus nourished and refreshed by the same means of grace which are available for us every one. As if we saw Him rise from the right hand of God, to stoop by the wayside and drink from the rills of earth, so does our heart burn within us when we observe our Master's constant use of the very means of grace which we so little value. Our prayers—how short they are, how formal, how easily interrupted. But He rose up a long while before day or continued all night in prayer: He prayed as He came forth from Jordan at His baptism, and when He chose the Twelve, and when He had fed the five thousand, and when He was transfigured, and in the garden. We easily absolve ourselves from public worship; but He was careful to frequent

the synagogues, and attended the festivals in Jerusalem. We neglect the Supper of our Lord, concerning which He said, "Do this in remembrance of Me"—for My sake, do it; but with desire He desired to eat this passover with His people before He suffered. We rely on our own judgment and our conscience, and few of us make it a duty to instruct our conscience and keep it sensitive by constant study of God's Word. But He was never at a loss for spiritual lessons from the Old Testament, saying on every emergency, "It is written."

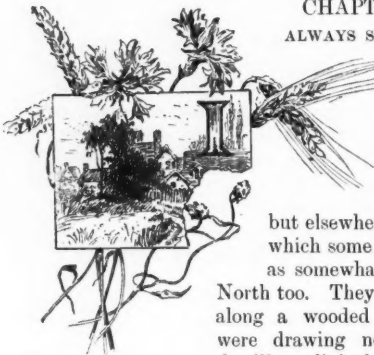
It is surely a bitter rebuke to us every one, that anyone watching our Master and His followers might suppose that He it was who needed help the most—that we were much the better able to dispense with it.

The brooks that refreshed Him on His march are not dried up; nor are they, like Solomon's fountain, sealed. And if our pilgrimage appears too long for us, if our spirits flag and our heads droop, can we wonder at this, as long as we neglect any help or ordinance which God has appointed, which Christ was not too proud to use? Let us follow His example, and we also shall grow brave again, and vigorous, and upright; drinking of the waters that are so free, so plentiful, and so refreshing, we also shall lift up our head.

## THAT PEACEFUL TIME.

BY THE VERY REV. A. K. H. BOYD, D.D., LL.D., AUTHOR OF "THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON," ETC. ETC.

### CHAPTER IV. ALWAYS SOMETHING.



T was not far North, in that quiet place often thought of:

but elsewhere, in a region which some would esteem as somewhat towards the North too. They were walking along a wooded avenue, and were drawing near a kindly dwelling, linked in memory with several who have gone away. Was it not yesterday that the venerable lord of that pleasant spot told the writer how he had brought a lovable genius, who was "dwining," there

for a space of rest: and how the genius, feebly walking forth, sat down in the west wind under a blossoming tree, and looked about, and just said *Paradise?* There is a turn, near the house, where a vista has been deftly cut through branches, a round opening, where green leaves frame the picture of a little town, two miles off, and far below: dark towers and ruins cutting against the blue sea. They stood, and gazed in silence: and one said, quietly, but with pride, and not with intention of conveying information, *That's Sin Tam-drevce.* It seems odd to the stranger, though not to those accustomed to it, to hear the sacred name so pronounced. But surely, speaking of so solemn a place, one ought to speak accurately, and not without deliberation. The writer will not be hurried, uttering such a name. Let us say SAINT ANDREWS!

"He was educated there," one of the pilgrims went on, "the man we were talking of." Then



the speaker went on: "He's a born orator: no man more so. Tulloch, who taught him any theology he knows, used to say that once on a time he was standing in the quadrangle of St. Mary's College, when the future preacher came in to make complaint of some injustice done him in the matter of a small scholarship. Tulloch had never seen the youth before. But our lost Principal was wont to declare that though in after years he beheld the orator sway-

that mattered not. Criticism was impossible, then and there. The enthusiasm was tremendous. And there was not much in some of the stories: but how they were told! One comes back. A mother, questioned as to her daughter's approaching marriage. "A nice marriage?" "Just delightful, charming. Everything we could wish but only one. That is, the lassie just canna thole the man: she just hates him. But there maun aye be a something."



"Looked about and just said, 'Paradise?'"—p. 820.

ing a crowd of thousands, he never heard him so eloquent as when, with intense feeling, he told the story of his wrongs on that departed day. He was but a poor lad. But he was pleading for very life. And there was no question as to the pathos with which he did it."

Ever so many years after, when he was an old man, and had risen just as high as he could rise in that vocation, I was present where he was charming near four thousand people, playing upon the human mass like a great player on a grand organ; and eliciting the instant response whether in tears or smiles. Not quite smiles, indeed: rather howls. He told many stories, which had but a distant connection with his subject: but

Anything in the nature of reflection on this touching legend would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that the narration was received with immense applause and laughter. Nobody appeared to have a thought for the poor girl, constrained to marry a wealthy and respectable man whom she detested. Possibly the reason was that nobody believed the story. I have no doubt whatever it was a pure invention. I do not say it was invented by the wild orator. But it was devised by somebody else. And then he accepted it, without any use of the higher criticism.

But the principle is sound. "There is aye a something." Long ago, I was talking with a worthy man, a Scotch parson, to whom a loss had

befallen. The woman with the finest voice in his choir had got married, and gone far away. "It's a loss," he said. "But as ae door steeks, another opens. Something else will come and make up."

The words were wise. But let them not now be understood in the sense that when one good thing is taken, some other good thing will come and take its place. They are to be taken in quite a different sense : or (as I think I have heard my boys express it) "the other way about."

When some great trouble is taken away (and such an event sometimes comes, even in this troublesome world), for a while you are most thankful. You have peace : for a brief space, even what may be called perfect peace. But, gradually, when the real heavy sorrow has ceased to press you down, other lesser ones, forgotten in its black presence, assert themselves : come forward : grow in bulk and weight, and demand your attention to them. Circumstances in your lot, vexatious circumstances, but so small that a fortnight ago you would have been ashamed to think of them, begin to vex you now. I am supposing them real, these worries : but if all real troubles go, fanciful ones will come. Morbid fears : foolish remembrances of sorrows gone by long ago, and best forgot : vivid and stinging revival of old and even childish wrong-doings : till the needful normal amount of disquiet is here again. "There maun aye be a something." A certain degree of disquiet is due : has to be. Anything will serve as a peg to hang it on. You thought you would be perfectly thankful and peaceful if that great cross were lifted off you which for years has embittered your life : if only such health and strength were in your home as are in countless others : if some anxious work were well finished which you fear to die and leave unfinished, knowing that then it can never be finished at all : if some modest measure of success were at length permitted to crown hard and weary work which hitherto has come to nothing. And truly, when you come to know, you will be startled to find the deep assurance in many men of their ill-luck. I am not to write high-flown sentiment : or I might remind you of the firm faith which Dickens had, as you may discover in his most charming book, that if a man marries the right woman, it will be, for the grand matter of soul-satisfaction, exactly the same as if he went to heaven. Ah, look to the first page of your St. Augustine : and read : and remember. "Thou hast made us for Thyself : and our heart is restless till it resteth in Thee !" Much rubbish the Saint wrote : even such were the words to me of good Dr. Lindsay Alexander, pretty nearly his best Editor : but here are the words of true inspiration. Now, suppose such success sent as comes to one in a million : such a lot and such a home as come to one in a hundred thousand :

suppose the chiefest worldly blessing which can come to ageing folk, what homely Scots call "a well-doing family" : and have you not known how in such a case the ghosts of past care, humiliation, ill-usage, injustice, foolishness and wrong-doing, waken up and dog and haunt the unthankful recipient of blessings beyond number ? I have known "the dark ages" (so he called them) never cease from the memory of one of the most honoured and successful of men : the terrible struggle of those anxious years, long past and gone : the bitter recollection of having been victimised and cheated by smug folk who if they had any conscience were certainly never troubled by it : the sore memory (in brief) of a host of sleeping sorrows which ought never to have been awaked.

Do not say that all this is morbid : as though thus you made an end of it. I tell you it is common in human experience. The shadows of the prison-house, long escaped from, darken the sunshine and the freedom of this better day.

I have known one who, when great success came to him, and great popularity, never could get away from the bitter thought how he had been pinched and despised through years when he was just as deserving as now. When Edmund Kean, half-starved, was acting in barns to a handful of ignorant bumpkins, he was just as great a genius as when he was crowding Drury Lane. Dickens tells frankly how, at the zenith of fame, he wept aloud when he thought of the neglected little boy he had been. I knew the meaning of a line I read at the end of a manuscript sermon, written on the evening of a day on which it had been given to a dense multitude of educated folk. It ran thus : "First preached at Kennaquhair to forty-three people : several of them sound asleep."

There are those who, when anniversaries come round, *will* go back upon the awful blow that fell as on this day these years ago. And the old-time comes over them, in a grievous way. I am not thinking of the day on which one died : *that* ought to be "kept" for evermore : and the remembrance does good, not harm. I am thinking of crushing and humiliating trouble : sorrow darkened by shame. Pass from that, my friend. I do not say that madness lies that way : but of a surety ingratitude for the past and distrust for the future.

I have known those who for fear of growing conceited, resolutely and successfully put away the recollection of cheering things. This without any affectation. Hardly a soul, but themselves, knew the stern discipline they underwent. It was needless. Quite enough of takings-down will come, to keep us humble. That is, unless we be foolish quite beyond words.

There was a man, long ago, who told me how

after many years of wearing anxiety, he came to a time in which he had absolutely no troubles at all. He had got (as Charles Kingsley said) "all he had ever wished, and more than he had ever hoped." It was all sunshine for a little space. He hardly knew himself for the same being. But then the something came: the something which has to be. He was possessed by an idea, which he could not dismiss, that somehow all the little provision he had made for his children would be lost. And this, for weeks of a bright summer, made up the normal load of care. It is certain that human beings set in the highest places, great nobles and kings, have had the heart taken out of all they possessed by the *Red Terror*: the fear of a smashing-up of society; of anarchy. A decent mortal, not in any way noble, but a humble retainer (he had got made a baronet for services rendered to an unimaginable monarch), said to an official of the London and Birmingham Railway who wanted to survey his little fields, that he would fight against railroads to the last, for "they would ruin the *noblesse* of England!" Poor soul! The "*noblesse*" was not ruined at all, but made a very good thing of selling land to the companies. But supposing for a moment that the "*noblesse*" could only hold on if the millions were prevented from travelling about (even as the American slave-holders could keep their place only while the slaves were not suffered to read and write), I fancy the nation would soon have made up its mind. It is self-evident now that the thing to be thought of is "the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

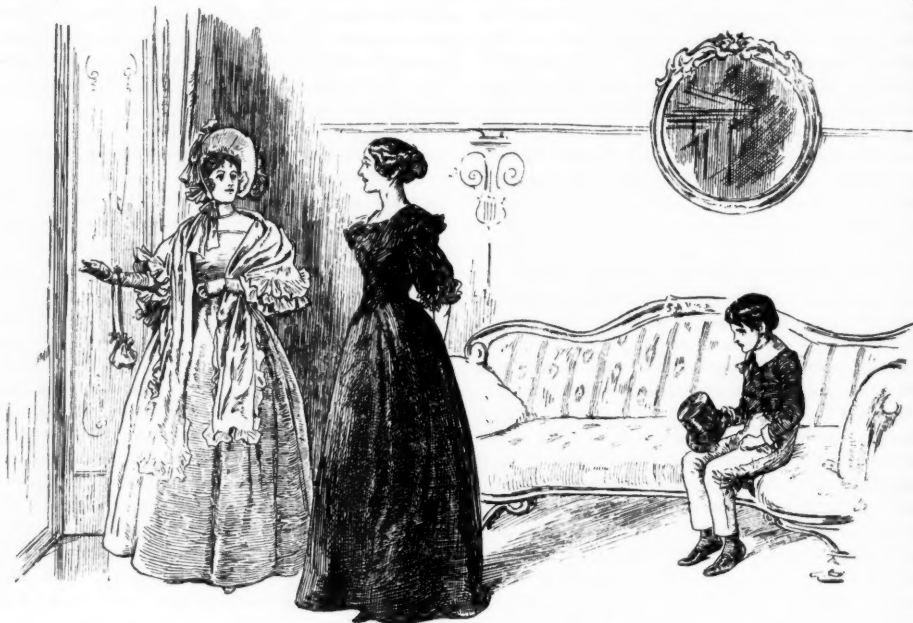
But there is entire freedom from fanciful fears in the family which looked out on this world through that little "window in Thrums." The man who works for eighteen shillings a week, thankful that his little children have their daily bread, has no alarm for a smashing up of society. And Southey, thankful towards the end of an honoured and laborious life when in a certain February he saw the means of support provided to the end of the year, would never be disquieted about the possibility of being bit by a mad dog, or of mass being some day said in St. Paul's, or of the Athanasian Creed ceasing to be said on certain great days. Very urgent and substantial possibilities of want and sorrow are in the foreground: and they quite shut out the view of transcendental eventualities. These urgent possibilities are very real: very terrible sometimes: but they deliver us from everything else: even as a mortal disease keeps off all lesser illness. But there must always be something. Ah, "born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward": that is, trouble will come as certainly, as naturally, as the sparks ascend. To "live happily ever after" is a thing which cannot be. And a very great trouble, crushing

you down, is good for you in divers ways. It makes you absolutely forget lesser vexations: such cease to be, in that sombre presence. It takes the nonsense out of you: it sobers you: in a wonderful way. And it holds you in continual and most real dependence on Somebody who can feel for you and sustain you: who only can. In fact, it brings you to your knees. I am quite sure that most men and women who are going down towards the sunset have found this out by abundant experience.

If you get everything this world can give (one man in a million has done so), you grow sick of "the whole concern": to use Professor Aytoun's classical phrase. Perhaps, like the wicked old Duke of Queensberry, you are possessed by morbid longings for that which cannot be: as that the Thames should run dry. When someone said how beautiful a spot he had by that royal river, he said, in a voice which forbade the thought of affectation, "Oh that wearisome river! always running on, and never will run away!" Without supposing that, I fancy that nowhere does life turn to such listless vegetation as in some grand dwellings. How children remember! I was a little boy, not ten years old, when I heard a great lady, to whom someone had spoken of the loveliness of the scenes amid which she lived, say with a weary sorrowful voice, "It's not life: it's vegetation." I never named the incident till now. But I understood it as well as I do to-day. I said to my little self, "I thought people living in a place like this must be happy: but I see they're not." There comes back to-day, too, out of the misty past, another voice, strange in a child's ear. A woman too. "It's not trees and rivers one wants: it's men and women!" Ah, sad, sad, was that woman's after career! One thought it strange, a little later, to mark how the girls of a family of exalted estate, living in one of the most beautiful domains in the land, continually came forth from the Paradise within, to walk for miles along the public road which skirted it. There was the craving for change: the longing to break bounds. You understand. I am not thinking at all of the "satiety" of that vile humbug Childe Harold, who, while posing as one weary of everything, was in fact in a flutter of anxiety as to the success of the book in which he explained that he cared nothing for anything. He, and his delineator, were not so much very bad fellows, as extremely silly fellows, thinking it fine to be bad: and taking credit for having done many evil things they never did: even like certain contemptible idiots I have known. I was but a youth when I heard one such talking in phrases which were grammatically penitential of the terrible ill-doings of his life, and the view he had got of the rottenness of refined society. It was extremely plain

that the real spirit was one of windy boastfulness : boastfulness of evil which in fact he had never done at all. I would have given much, that I might pat him upon his empty head : and say, "Oh, poor Rattle, you are a tremendous fool !"

surrounded with worldly blessings, kept vexing his soul because thirty years before he had been very ill-used, and that for a long time. I have known another who got up the inevitable something, by continually recalling how he had been



" 'It's not life, it's vegetation.' "—p. 823.

But while Byron and all his heroes were contemptible impostors, it is quite certain that mortals in no degree romantic, or even interesting, have of a truth attained to that general dissatisfaction which silly youths used to think very grand. I remember, vividly, a sour old man of no worldly standing, who, all his personal wants being fully provided for, and he having no one dependent upon him, did in fact attain to a discontent very analogous to that which made Porson, on a memorable occasion, ban "the nature of things." As he could only put his position in homely verse, people only laughed at him. But he was just as rational as Childe Harold, and a great deal more sincere. The refrain which closed each verse of his lyric poem ran as follows :

"As sure as daith I'm weary of the haill rickmatick."

The upshot of the matter is that if for any considerable time there be nothing really wrong, you will by-and-by invent or imagine something. I do not mean to grumble about. You don't grumble. But to be secretly unhappy about. I am not describing insanity. Only one who, when

bullied at school. And one who, having risen high, and gained a reputation for wisdom, would harp (to a special friend) on the depressing fact that at a certain period of his early life, he had been (in his present judgment) quite the greatest fool in history. No doubt he had been. But few remembered it save himself. And he never forgot it at all.

Let me recall to the reader's memory certain lines of Archbishop Trench :—

"Some murmur when their sky is clear,  
And wholly bright to view,  
If but one spot of cloud appear  
In their great heaven of blue.  
And some with thankful love are filled,  
If but one streak of light—  
One ray of God's good mercy—gild  
The darkness of their night."

Ah, my reader : the "some" are the selfsame people, taken at different times !

A closing word. Easily borne now is the sorrow, lifelong, and piercing, which is all over : easily borne, I mean, by survivors : even by such as would have sympathised deeply with it while it still lasted on. There is a pathetic fallacy here,



We recall with a smile what was no smiling matter to the poor soul who felt he had spoiled his life. "Ah, that worthy man: what a home his wife gave him for near fifty years. But it is all over now." Yes: but it is not a truism to say it was not over while it lasted. He was a pattern of staid wisdom: and his wife was a hopeless fool. He was an example of all the proprieties: and his wife barely kept out of the Divorce Court. Think of the wretched Premier, with a home which is matter of tragic history. Think of the miserable Lord Chancellor: how did

he live and work at all? But then they are dead: and in the biographies the facts were lightly passed over. The thing may be briefly told in a half-page, and nearly forgot by the reader, which brooded like a black cloud over half a century of life: and made peace impossible.

They never tell, these wretched illustrious ones, what vulture is tearing, as at Prometheus. Nobody mentions what everybody knows. But that did not mend things, while the awful time dragged on. It was a terrible reality in its day, though the day is ended now.



## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

SEPTEMBER 16TH. JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL.

To read—*St. John iv. 7—26. Golden Text—verse 14.*



**INTRODUCTION.** After the conversation with Nicodemus at Jerusalem, Jesus and His disciples went into the country parts of Judaea, and there His disciples (iv. 2) baptised. Great crowds came about Him, attracted by His words, and probably by a report of His miracles. John the Baptist's disciples told him of the success of Christ's teaching, which drew forth from him a beautiful testimony to Jesus Christ as the Son of God. After that, Jesus left Judaea for Galilee, passing of necessity through Samaria. He came to Sychar (or Shechem), the first place at which Abraham stopped when he entered Canaan. (Gen. xii. 6, 7.) Here the bones of Joseph were buried. (Josh. xxiv. 32.) It lay between the Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. The well dug in the solid rock with water still remains.

**I. LIVING WATER. (7—15.)** The story. Christ, weary with journey and heat, sits on well. Disciples gone to buy food for mid-day meal. A woman of the city comes to draw some water. Christ asks for some—she is much surprised. Between Samaritans and Jews an old enmity. Former opposed Ezra when rebuilding Temple. (Ezra iv., v.)

Built a grand rival Temple on Mount Gerizim. Christ begins to tell her of the living water. What is it?

The Holy Spirit, which gives life to man's soul. In what ways is the Holy Spirit like water? It is God's gift to all who ask. (St. Luke xi. 13.) Its sources are deep in Rock of Ages. (1 Cor. x. 4.) It never fails, but gives strength which lasts.

It refreshes weary—with love, joy, etc. (Gal. v. 22.) It must be partaken of daily and eagerly.

It wells up within a man's heart, and its blessings last unto everlasting life.

The woman at once asks Christ to give her some.

**II. HIDDEN SIN. (16—19.)** A command.

Jesus tells her to fetch her husband and return.

He shows that He knows all secrets of her life.

The work of Holy Spirit is to convince of sin. (xvi. 8.)

So her heart is touched. She admits Christ is a prophet.

**III. TRUE WORSHIP. (20—26.)** (a) *Where?*

Is Jerusalem the necessary place for worship?

Why is not Samaritans' Temple equally good?

Both these Temples will soon be destroyed.

Soon every place will be open to God's worship.

(b) *What?* Samaritans' worship very imperfect.

Jews had knowledge of God in their Scriptures.

Soon all the world shall worship true God.

(c) *How?* No longer in types and outward things.

But with true, inward, spiritual religion.

God is Spirit—can only be met by man's spirit.

True worship is praying always in spirit. (Eph. vi. 18.)

**LESSONS.** 1. With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

2. "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out, and known me."

3. "Lord, teach us to pray."

SEPTEMBER 23RD. CHRIST'S PEACEFUL REIGN.

To read—*Is. xi. 1—9. Golden Text—verse 9.*

**INTRODUCTION.** Isaiah prophesied near the end of the Kingdom of Judah, at a time when the Assyrians were oppressing the country. He foretells the downfall of the Assyrian Kingdom, like a great cedar-forest felled by the woodman's axe (x. 34), to rise no more, and the stem of Jesse (father of David)

prostrate, too, for a time, yet retaining its fertility (vi. 13), and sending up what seemed a feeble sucker—a root out of a dry ground (liii. 2), but in the end to attain to universal dominion. It will be best to read the passage verse by verse. The general idea is—The Peaceable Kingdom of the Branch, that is, Christ out of the root of Jesse.

1. *A rod.* A shoot growing, not from the stem, but from the stump after the tree has been cut down.

This shows Christ's humiliation. It is the lineage of Jesse, the humble farmer, which is to decay before the new plant springs up.

*A branch.* A sucker from the roots which grows into a new tree. So Christ's Kingdom has new and fresh growth.

2. *The spirit.* Rests on Christ as the Prophet who teaches and rules His people. There are six gifts, in three pairs, viz. :—

Wisdom and understanding refer to the intellect.

Counsel and might—to action requiring prudence and strength.

Knowledge and fear—to man's devotional life.

3. *Quick understanding.* Margin is "scent," meaning Christ's pleasure shall be in seeing men fear the Lord. (Is. liii. 11.)

4. *Judge.* The Messiah is an upright Ruler.

He shall combine justice with love.

The poor and the meek shall receive justice.

But the wicked shall have just punishment.

5. *Girdle.* Righteousness and truth around Him.

6—9. *The wolf, etc.* The joys of Paradise shall return. Christ's reign of peace shall come.

The strong and the weak will live in peace.

The oppressor and oppressed will dwell together.

The young will be safe from all alarms.

Love, joy, peace, and gentleness will be the rule.

All this will be universal as the sea.

All will know and love and fear the Lord.

His Church shall be strong, like a mountain.

All Christ's people shall be in peace.

LESSONS. Such is the promise of Christ's Kingdom. What can we do to bring it about?

1. Pray without ceasing—"Thy Kingdom come."

2. Work to bring others to know and serve God.

3. Let our light shine before men, that they may glorify our Father. (St. Matt. v. 16.)

4. Wait with patience for fulfilment of God's promises.

SEPTEMBER 30TH. REVIEW OF QUARTER'S LESSONS.

*Golden Text—St. Mark i. 15.*

INTRODUCTION. Have had twelve historical lessons on the early life and ministry of Christ, and one prophetic one on His future peaceful reign. What have all these lessons taught us about Him? The golden text sums up the whole in two thoughts. (1) Christ as a King comes to His people. (2) They must submit to Him with repentance and faith.

I. CHRIST A KING. *His birth.* (St. Luke ii.)

The place—Bethlehem, royal city. (St. Luke ii. 4.)

His title—given by angel—Christ the Lord.

The message of the angels—peace on earth.

*His presentation in Temple.* (St. Luke ii. 25—38.)

The Lord's anointed King foretold to Simeon.

Christ, object of worship both to Jews and Gentiles.

*Visit of the Wise Men.* (St. Matt. ii. 1—12.)

They bowed in homage before Him.

They gave royal presents to King of Jews.

*Flight into Egypt.* (St. Matt. ii. 13—23.)

Herod, through jealousy of rival, seeks His life.

*Youth of Jesus.* (St. Luke ii. 40—52.) As King—

He learns all things suitable to future position.

He who is to rule must himself obey.

*Baptism of Jesus.* (St. Mark i. 1—11.) As King—

He sends forerunner to prepare the way.

He submits to the same rites as His subjects.

Is declared Son of God—King of Kings.

*Temptation of Jesus.* (St. Matt. iv. 1—11.) As King—

Undergoes same sufferings and trials as others.

But conquers His great enemy, the Devil.

*First disciples.* (St. John i. 35—49.) Power over men called to be His ministers.

Andrew attracted by His royal words.

Nathanael owns Him as King of Israel.

*First miracle.* (ii. 1—11.) Power over Nature.

The servants of the bridegroom do His bidding.

The water in the jars obeys His command.

*Cleansing Temple.* (ii. 13—25.) Power over animals.

The sheep and oxen submit to Him Who made all.

The buyers and sellers obey Him instantly.

*Nicodemus.* (iii. 1—16.) The laws of His Kingdom.

Entrance only to those who become as children.

The King, lifted up, will reign from the Cross.

Pardon and life given to all who believe in Him.

*Woman of Samaria.* (St. John iv. 9—26.) Royal bounty.

King gives water of life to all who ask.

II. MAN'S SUBMISSION. Examples :—

The shepherds saw and praised Him.

The wise men worshipped and gave gifts.

Philip and Nathanael bore witness to Him.

The six disciples believed in Him.

The buyers and sellers were awed by Him.

Nicodemus was taught by Him.

Woman of Samaria convinced of sin.

LESSONS. 1. Thy Kingdom come in earth as i. heaven.

2. At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow.

OCTOBER 7TH. JESUS PREACHING AT NAZARETH.

To read—St. Luke iv. 16—30. *Golden Text—Heb.*

*xii. 25.*

INTRODUCTION. Lesson three Sundays ago was about the water of life and the woman of Samaria. Jesus, after passing through Samaria, travelled on to

Galilee. He was everywhere received with favour. On the Sabbath days He, the young prophet, taught in the village synagogues. At last He reached Nazareth, where He had been brought up.

I. THE VILLAGE SERMON. (16—22.) Notice :  
*The preacher.* Jesus, full of the Holy Spirit. Known to all in the place since His babyhood. But details of that thirty years' life unknown to us.  
*The place.* The village synagogue or church. He had worshipped there all His life. Now comes again to teach as well as worship. Allowed to do so by the ruler of the synagogue. Stands up to show His willingness to be called on.  
*The text.* A passage from Prophet Isaiah. (Is. l.) Probably appointed reading for the day. (Acts

xiii. 15.)

Tells Divine mission and message of Jesus Christ. Anointed with the Holy Spirit at His baptism. Sent to preach glad tidings of salvation. The sick, the sad, the slaves, all blessed by Him. A message of pardon and mercy from God to all.  
*The congregation.* All Christ's relations and friends.

See how attentively they fix their eyes on Him. What is He saying? "These words fulfilled to-day." No wonder they marvelled at these gracious words.

They only knew Him as Joseph the carpenter's son. Had yet to learn that He was the Son of God.

II. THE PREACHER REJECTED. (23—30.) Christ knew what they were thinking and wishing. He had done miracles for others—why not for them?

But He would not do miracles only to please men.

They must first accept Him as a Divine prophet. But a prophet is often rejected by his own people and hidden to go to strangers with blessings. As for example:

Elijah, rejected by King Ahab, was sent to bless the widow woman in Sarepta. (1 Kings xvii. 9.)

Elisha healed Naaman, a Syrian leper. (2 Kings v.) At this the congregation became very angry.

They understood the rebuke for their unbelief. Tried to murder Him Who spake the gracious words. But He passed calmly through them and escaped. So was "despised and rejected of men." (Is. liii. 3.) He came to His own, and they received Him not. What caused their anger? Jealousy. They could not bear His speaking of blessings to Gentiles.

So Jews turned against St. Paul. (Acts xxii. 22.)

LESSONS. 1. Christ's message one of pardon, peace, and comfort.

2. Without faith Christ's message is in vain.

3. The sin of jealousy. Leads to hatred and strife.

OCTOBER 14TH. THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

To read—St. Luke v. 1—11. Golden Text—St. Mark i. 17.

INTRODUCTION. After His rejection at Nazareth, Christ went to Capernaum, cast a devil out of a man in the synagogue, healed St. Peter's mother-in-law and many other sick persons. Then went into a desert place for quiet and rest for a time before making a tour of the villages of Galilee. To-day's lesson finds him at the seaside.

I. CHRIST TEACHING. (1—4.) The scene.

*The place*—the shore of the Lake of Galilee.

Two fishing boats lying on the sand.

A crowd throngs the shore—presses on Christ.

He gets into a fishing-boat belonging to St. Peter. Who and his brother Andrew had already been called once to be disciples. (St. Matt. iv. 18.)

*The teaching.* Probably the seven parables—Sower, Tares, Mustard, Leaven, Treasure, Pearl, Net. (St. Matt. xiii.)

Another lesson to be taught now by His action

*Christ commanding.* Three orders given.

Each a symbol of His work in man's heart.

1. *Thrust out from land.* Do something for Him.

Man's heart must be detached from the world.

2. *Launch out into the deep.* Give up all for Christ.

Commit your soul to the ocean of God's will.

3. *Let down nets for draught.* Work for God.

No work done in obedience to Him can fail.

II. CHRIST WORKING MIRACLE. (5—7.) The scene.

Simon tells how their toil has been all in vain.

Yet he will obey, having gained some faith.

Now the nets are let down—drawn slowly in.

They inclose multitude of fish—nets begin to break.

Partners are beckoned to come and help them.

Both boats are full and almost sinking.

Faith is rewarded, work blessed, success gained.

LESSONS. 1. Work done in obedience to Christ's command always must gain blessing.

2. Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it.

III. ST. PETER'S CONFESSION. (8—11.) Notice :

Christ's power makes him feel his littleness.

He feels himself a sinner in presence of his Master.

A sense of unworthiness overpowers him.

How can he ever be fit for such a Master as this?

Let Christ go away and leave him in his work.

Christ encourages him; he has naught to fear.

Henceforth he shall do a better fishing work—

Catch souls, bring men to Christ, teach them.

LESSONS. 1. Knowledge of holy and almighty God produces sense of sin.

2. Christ came to bring peace, not fear.

3. Bringing others to God is the highest work.



# "THE LPL LASS."

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.



THE early morning air was deliciously reviving after my long night's trudge through the dark Devonshire lanes and thick sandy soil; but I was mightily hungry, and the sight, at a sudden turn of the road, of a little ivy-grown farm-cottage was very welcome. The good people were evidently astir, for I caught a snatch of the Morning Hymn issuing from the little latticed window above as I stood in the porch—

"Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:  
In all His works most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways!"

It was a child's voice—a voice of peculiar sweetness and musical charm. I knocked gently at the door; a woman in snowy apron and cap opened it, and ushered me in as if I had been expected.

"My man 'll be down in no time," she said, leading the way to the kitchen. "Ye looks ez ef ye'd journeyed a weary mile or two, an' could do wi' a bit o' breakfast."

Thanking her, I threw myself into a chair and watched her movements. To this day I remember every detail in that kitchen: the large open range, the hissing kettle, the purring cat at my feet, the bright pots and pans on the chimney-piece, the canary threatening a shrill oration in a cage by the window, and the quaint weather-wise clock in the corner by the door. Presently the brightest little sunbeam of a child that ever dazzled an artist's eyes danced into the room and up to my side with a friendly greeting. She was about twelve years old—a mere babe to a young man of twenty, starting in life with sanguine hopes for his future greatness; and I laid my hand on her nut-brown hair, and met her engaging look with a smile of admiration. She had all the Cornish type of beauty: large black eyes, olive complexion, and the fullest, rosiest lips that I have ever seen.

"What is your name?" she asked abruptly; she did not speak with her mother's broad dialect, but her accent was prettily touched with the West Country sound.

"David Charrington. What is yours?"

"Anna Crake. Isn't it ugly? But yours is a very dear name—David, David. Do you know what it means?"

"No, tell me."

"Beloved. Do a great many people love you?"

"Very few, Anna. I have no parents, or brothers or sisters."

"Oh! but who mends your clothes?"

"My landladies," I laughed. "I am a painter, and

travel about a great deal, and I have to get them mended as I can."

She scanned my attire up and down. Then she darted away through the kitchen door into the yard, and returned with a milk-pail and stool in her hands, and an orange-coloured sun-bonnet tied under her chin.

"I am going to milk the cows," she said. "Don't let father eat all the hot cakes."

Just at this moment the farmer entered the kitchen and gave me a hearty welcome, and his wife returned from the inner room with a dish of bacon, fried potatoes, coffee, and some steaming cakes, the name of which I never could pronounce, but which were a kind of scone. We all fell-to with hearty good-will, and the farmer and I discussed the glorious summer and the prospects of harvest. In the middle of the meal Anna returned, and the farmer popped the plate of hot cakes on my knee.

"That's my li'l joke," he whispered. "Hold 'em tight a bit"

She gave him a great hug as she passed to her seat opposite to me, and took the scolding from her mother for being late up with a pretty droop of the head.

"Father," she cried presently, darting her quick eyes round the table, "where are the hot cakes?"

"Them ez comes late shouldn't ask greedy questions," he twinkled: "leastwise, when there's a gentleman present."

She looked at me searchingly.

"Have you eaten them all, David?"

"Come, come, lass, 'ted'n fer sech ez you to take liberties wi' the gentry."

She tossed her head.

"He called me Anna," she answered, "and he told me his name was David."

"Quite right, Anna," I laughed. "I was the person who took the liberty. But will you do me a favour if I give you the cakes? Will you let me paint you milking the cows?"

The farmer and his wife flushed with pleasure, and Anna answered demurely—

"If you please, sir."

"Say David," I said, taking the cakes round to her side; "and do let us all be friends."

It was soon arranged that I should send for my luggage to the village where I had left it, and take up my abode with them for a time.

"We took in a laädy painter las' summer," Mrs. Crake told me, "but she was a bit too fine to stop long in the plaäce, an' I wasn't altogether sorry when she went; she put all sorts o' maäzed things in the lassie's head: an' she was always too speritty ez 't was."

Anna had gone to school when this conversation took place: a little school set up by a former rector's daughter. This explained the child's educated speech, and perhaps many of her pretty, refined movements, and her gentle manner; for I got to know the school-mistress, and found in her a delightful type of the



old school of gentlewomen ; and many a pleasant hour I spent in her society when she came to tea with the Crakes, or when she passed me sketching, and stopped to watch me at work. From her I learnt many a touching story of good Dick Crake, and I soon found out for myself his sterling honest character and

lingering on. We had grown great friends, and Dick Crake would call me "David, lad," with no more detestable references to "the gentry."

At last I had to return to town for the winter exhibitions, and with great reluctance I bade them good-bye.



"Will you ever come back?" she asked."

gentle kindness of heart. I commenced at once on my picture of "The Lil' Lass," as her father always called her. At first she provoked many difficulties. It teased her to sit still when she was not actually milking, but soon I found I could bribe her with tales of foreign scenes and gay London assemblies, and then it was a temptation to keep her longer than I needed, for her intelligence and pretty delight fascinated me.

In the evenings I played draughts with the farmer, and his wife and little Anna sat in the porch sewing ; the child singing softly or jumping up now and again to catch the evening moths and frolic with the cat. So the summer passed, but autumn beauties kept me

Anna ate no hot cakes that morning, and there was a wistful droop in the pretty mouth. Crake was to drive me to the station in his cart, and the child stood at the gate to see us depart.

"Will you ever come back?" she asked, as I folded her winsome face in my hands and kissed her brow. "Bend down your head, David ; I want to whisper a secret to you : the lady who was here last summer told me she would come and fetch me one day, and take me to the fine world ; then I should meet you at all those grand parties in London."

I held her from me. "Ah, child ! you are happier here," I cried. "You would be spoilt in the gay world."

And I left her pouting. But she threw me a rose

that 'till lingered untouched by the frost, and when I turned at the bend of the road I saw her enter the cottage with her sweet head bowed on her breast.

I knew the picture I had painted of her would have brought me, if not much money, certainly some amount of fame, but I could not bring myself to part with it, and I hung it in my room, and dwelt often long and tenderly over the simple, beautiful memories it recalled to me. I could not go to the Crakes' the following summer, and for three years after that I had commissions that took me into foreign parts. Too much a lover of my art to court society, I was somewhat amazed on my return to England to find myself the lion of the London season.

One night I had gone to an "At Home" at Lady Lisle's—also an artist, and for many years a friend of mine—and was sitting by her side talking, when I was arrested by a bright musical laugh from the other end of the room. I got up and craned my neck to see to whom it belonged, and someone instantly took my place.

"One minute," Lady Lisle said, smiling to the other man that she would be back directly. "I want to introduce you to a little *protégée* of mine. She is a West Country girl, and so pretty; and I fancy you have met before."

She took me to the corner of the room where the laughter was, and there, in white silk and pearls, radiant with health and beauty, stood "The Lil' Lass." In a moment the colour deepened in her cheeks, and both her hands were stretched towards me.

"Oh, you have come at last! I have watched for you every night. Lady Lisle told me you were in England, and we have wanted to surprise you. Do you remember," she rushed on, taking my arm, and leading me away from the crowded room—"do you remember I told you she promised to make a gay lady of me? You did not know it was Lady Lisle? No; and I never knew she knew you till the other day, when she told me all about your grand, grand pictures. And what do you think of me?"

"You are just the same little Anna."

"But I am ever so old now. You don't know how old I feel! I have travelled a little, and have heaps of masters to make me clever, and all that."

"But how did you ever get your parents' consent?"

"They made a little fuss at first, but they gave in at last, and now they are very glad."

"You go and see them sometimes, then?"

"David! Of course!"

Her beautiful eyes filled with reproachful tears, and she took her hand from my arm.

"Forgive me," I said. "I scarcely know why I said it. I don't think anything could spoil you, Anna, though I did once. But tell me: what is to be the end of all this?"

We were standing in the conservatory, and she turned her face away as I spoke, and buried it in some flowers.

"Lady Lisle wishes me to marry," she faltered.

"And is that your wish, too?"

"No. Don't you remember when I was a child I told you once I would only marry the man I loved."

"Well?"

Her face was still turned from me, but her voice was steadier now.

"The man I love is infinitely above me in every way, and—and he does not care for me: not in that way. So I am going home very soon, and I am going to take Miss Graham's place."

"The schoolmistress?"

"Yes; she died last year, you know, and there is no one to teach the village children; the National School is too far off."

Someone was coming towards us. It was Lady Lisle's brother—Duncan Lisle, a handsome officer, who had distinguished himself in the last war.

"We want you to sing, Miss Crake," he said; "but am I interrupting?"

"Oh no," she smiled, with quick animation. "Mr. Charrington and I are old friends; he has stayed at our farm. And I shall see you again?" she questioned me.

"I hope so," I said, watching her pass away on Duncan's arm. Was this the man she loved? I did not doubt it. But surely the child was mistaken; if ever man had admiration and love written on his face, it was this man. How like Edith Lisle's vagaries to educate this beautiful farmer's daughter for an alliance with her own house. Was I pleased or not? I was honest with myself, and I knew I was not. My dream was spoilt. For years I had treasured the memory of the sweet winsome child who had crept so closely into my life in those few months, and I had grown to think—foolishly enough—she was more mine than anyone else's, and now—

A voice from the music-room fell on my ear—rich, pure, soulful—and I paused in my walk and listened. Could it be little Anna? Yes, it was the same voice that had sung the Morning Hymn, but now it was deeper, fuller, aye, passionate—the voice of a woman, and a woman who loved. I was strangely shaken. When it ceased I sought Lady Lisle.

"I must be going," I said. "You have done wonders with your *protégée*; I wish you every joy with her."

She looked up surprised.

"You have guessed my secret," she said, "and you do not think it wise?"

"What happiness can it bring," I cried, "to draw this child gradually from all the natural influences of her life?"

"But I have not done so. When she returns to her people, she is as much one of them as before. There is no concealment of her parentage."

"I know, I know," I interrupted irritably; "but it can't be so always. When she is married to Duncan, do you think he will like to mix the society that is dear to her with his?"

"No; he is not like yourself: he could never make friends or own as relatives people who speak such a—"

"Hush!"

Anna was coming towards us. She looked paler, but lovelier still, and when I met her eyes, looking me through and through, I knew I loved her—not as a child, not as the winsome lassie I had loved before, but as a man loves a woman but once in his life.

I bade them both good-bye, and I made up my mind to keep away from her until her marriage with Duncan was arranged. I packed up my things, and started off once more on my travels.

It was midsummer when I passed through London again. On the night of my arrival I was told a man from the country had been making inquiries for me, and before I had been many hours in the house he called again. Instinctively I knew it was none other than Dick Crake. Did he come to bring me bad news of Anna?

Yes, it was Crake—but a shadow of the former man; his rubicund countenance was pale and haggard, and his gait feeble and uncertain.

"My dear friend, what is the matter?"

He sank into a chair and covered his eyes.

"Anna, the Li'l Lass, is dyin'!" he sobbed.

Presently, bit by bit, I got the story from him.

"They wanted to make a fine lady of her, David, an' to marry her to a smart soldier-man; but her heart warn't took wi' he. From a bit o' a lass she's loved but wan, an' though it was jest a hopeless job, she wouldn't take up wi' nobbody else. Well, when she see'd what was 'spect of her she jest went maazed fer a bit, thinkin' it was ungrateful like to them ez bin so kind to her to say 'No,' an' she got frettin' an' frettin' 'bout it till they see'd she was ill, an' sent her home. The soldier-man followed, an' stayed a day or so in the plaice. He'd got good looks,

but he warn't like yer, David; he couldn't cotton to our waays; an' I think he slawed up a bit: leastwise, he telled the Li'l Lass she mustn't think they minded her refusin', an' she must jest git well an' sperrity again—fer, after all, he said, p'raps they mightn't 'a suited. My old woman was in a fine raage; but wimmen can't niver onderstan' wimmen; an' I knawed it was jest the best thing that could 'a happened to the lass; an' I thought she'd git well soon enough now 't was all auver. But though she's ez brave ez mor'n most wimmen, an' set hard to work at the teachin', an' nursin' sick folk, she's jest gone on pinin' an' frettin' to herself, an' now she's laid by wi' a low fever, an' she's dyin'." His voice choked, then he said: "An' it's all fer love o' yer, David lad."

I threw my arm round his neck and said but two words. In half an hour we were rushing by express to the West, and before the night had closed in I was bending over Anna's bed, and had folded her little wasted form to my heart.

"You have not come from *pity*?" she whispered, her great eyes looking into my soul.

"My little tender, faithful Love!" was all I answered, and she read all the rest for herself.

And what the doctors could not do for her, Love and Nature did, and before the year was out good Dick Crake and his wife had given "The Li'l Lass" into my keeping for good and all. LILIAN STREET.



## THE GNAT AND THE BLUEBOTTLE.

A FABLE.

BY ALFRED J. BAMFORD, B.A.



HE Puppy had been playing all the morning. He had first amused himself by chasing the Chickens in the yard; then had gone into the field and tried to frighten the Cows, but they had only looked at him with mild wondering eyes, and had refused to take his noisy yelping seriously. Finding this, therefore,

unsatisfactory, he had returned to the yard, where he found the Cat, which seemed to offer a possibility of fun for him; but she had taken him altogether too seriously, and, instead of running away from his worrying, as he expected her to do, she had treated him as a foeman worthy of her steel—or claws—so that he had to beat an ignominious retreat, marveling how it came about that his nose was smarting so. He felt depressed for a few moments after this, but it was for a few moments only; he soon re-

covered his spirits in the exhilarating game of trying to catch his own tail, to the increase of his pride in that member for its dexterous eluding of his pursuit. He was quite vain of possessing so clever a tail.

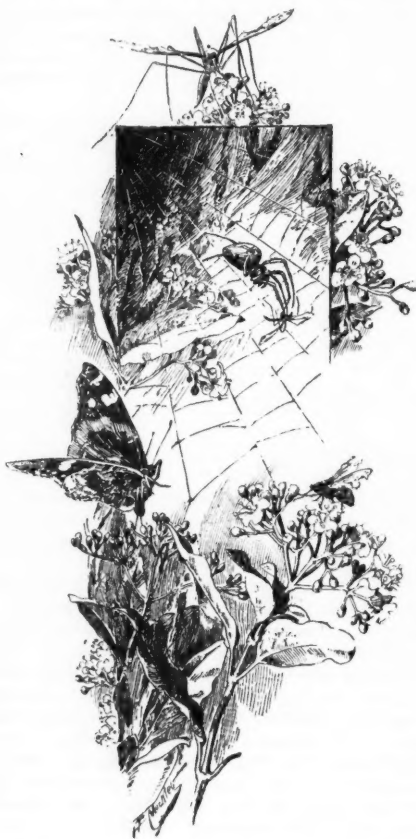
But by this time he was tired; so he threw himself down carelessly in the garden for a doze, and, in so doing, broke a corner of the web of a Spider, making that creature wonder what would happen next. The Spider, however, being of a practical disposition, soon set about the repairing of her web. While she was doing so, a big Bluebottle came buzzing along, and, after a little preliminary investigation, settled on the Puppy's ear. The Puppy twitched his ear, and the Bluebottle flew off. Taking a few turns round, the Fly came back to the Dog, and this time settled on his nose. The tickling caused by his settling on the Dog's ear had half-awakened him, but the light touch of his six slender feet upon his nose—always a sensitive organ, and just now, thanks to the Cat, specially sensitive—thoroughly aroused him. He was wide awake in an instant, and made an angry snap at the Bluebottle. Fortunately for that insect, however, he missed him. The Bluebottle settled on a leaf just over the Puppy's head, and the Puppy, though still lying down, watched with his eyes ha'f open, evidently ready to make another attempt if he came within reach.

The Bluebottle was looking at the Puppy, lost in study. At last he put his conclusion into words: "I can't see the use of live Dogs!"

He was only speaking to himself, but his words called forth a reply, uttered by a thin shrill voice in a rather supercilious tone: "Do you not, now? Well, there is a proverb that 'A live Dog is better than a dead Lion'; but perhaps that is a word of wisdom that has not entered your dull comprehension."

The Bluebottle looked up to see who was speaking to him, and there, over his head, was the Gnat, dressed in faultless taste, dapper, neat, and looking down on the Bluebottle with a very superior-person kind of air.

But the Bluebottle did not feel at all oppressed by



the sense of the Gnat's superiority, for he did not recognise it. He was not at all inclined humbly to accept instruction from her, and so answered, somewhat scornfully: "'A word of wisdom!' 'A live Dog better than a dead Lion,' indeed! Well, that's maybe a sample of the wisdom to be expected from a wizened, underfed shadow like you, but anybody that has a body—that is, a body big enough to be seen

—could tell you that a living Dog is not so good as a dead Dog, let alone being better than a dead Lion. The use of a dead Dog to lay one's eggs in is obvious enough, and the wonder is that the world has not been more largely made of useful carcasses; but the use of live Dogs— Bah! you cannot even settle on them without risking your life! The use of live Dogs is as far to seek as the use of live Gnats, and that is saying a great deal."

The Gnat had drawn herself up, with her first pair of legs lifted in an admonitory manner, as is the habit of Gnats. "You exhibit more ignorance than I should have given you credit for—or perhaps I ought to say discredit, rather," said she. "You talk of laying eggs in dead bodies—a most objectionable suggestion, I may remind you, and not only unpleasant, but devoid of any justification in fact. I have seen many eggs laid; indeed, I have myself been laying a number this morning. But the place where eggs are laid is, of course, the surface of the water, of which there ought to be a great deal more than there is. What could a Gnat larva do if hatched out away from water on a dead body, I should like to know?"

"What a Gnat larva would do under those circumstances I cannot say," responded the Bluebottle, "but I know very well what our Blow-fly larvæ will do." And he chuckled at the thought.

"When I said 'Gnat larva,'" replied the Gnat, a little irritated at what she considered the vulgar self-possession and merriment of the Bluebottle, "I, of course, meant all larvæ, for it is natural to think of all taking example from the best."

A Crane-fly had been silently listening to the conversation. Like the Gnat, he had felt that the Blow-fly was sadly at fault in supposing that the world would be better if it consisted more largely in carcasses for Blow-flies to deposit their eggs in. But when the Gnat showed herself equally confident that the surface of the water was the only proper place for the laying of all eggs, the Crane-fly thought it time for him to speak, and so he began; but, being an awkward, diffident insect, he began in a humble and apologetic tone, which was not calculated to command attention. The Bluebottle did not hear a word he said, for the Gnat's last remark so tickled his fancy that he was at once attacked by a most inordinate and uncontrollable fit of laughter. But the Gnat understood the Crane-fly to explain, or at least suggest, that neither the one nor the other could be considered the universal and necessary place of egg-laying—that his family, for instance, had been accustomed for generations to place their eggs in the ground: were, indeed, furnished with an ovipositor of exquisite construction for this very purpose. Since it was obviously useless to say anything to the Bluebottle, he being incapacitated from hearing anything, the Gnat vented her indignation of wrath on the poor Crane-fly, and soon sobered him by her rebukes.

"Let old Daddy-long-legs alone," said the Bluebottle, recovering himself. "He's got more sense than you have, at any rate. His folks don't seem to know quite the best thing to do with their larvæ, but they at least save themselves your folly of drowning them in puddles."



And the Blow-fly was off into another fit of laughter at the thought of the prim little Gnat laying down the law for the universe, though he had not been struck by the absurdity of it when he had done the same thing himself.

In an oblivious carelessness of movement, owing to the violence of his laughter, he rolled full into the web which the Spider had been quietly repairing during their discussion. He was sober in the instant he felt the clinging touch of the Spider's snare. The Spider rushed to seize him, but did not find him easy to manage, for he had strength and weight, and the struggle between them was severe. In the end the Bluebottle got away, though not altogether scatheless. He felt glad to have escaped so great a peril, but did not feel proud of his appearance, for, in addition to his wounds and bruises, his wings and body were entangled in fragments of web, and he was conscious that he did not just then wish to be seen by any of his friends. But, to his dismay, a gay and frivolous Butterfly came fluttering by, and, seeing him with all the marks of recent conflict upon him, instead of congratulating him on his escape, as she well might have done, rallied him on the figure he cut. Now, he shared, with a good many others, the weakness of being more easily moved by ridicule, and by the remarks of others about one's personal appearance, than by the force of their arguments, or even sometimes by the dictates of conscience. So, though the Butterfly's words were but the ridicule of a trifler, they mortified him grievously and evidently. He was ready with no answer to the Butterfly. He made no attempt to hide his vexation from the Gnat and the Crane-fly, who both heard what the Butterfly said.

The Gnat was so pleased to see him thus disconcerted,



that she danced with delight, and in so doing incautiously got against the Spider's web, out of which the Bluebottle had broken. But she had not his strength, and could not battle with the Spider as he had done.

By-and-by the Spider, talking comfortably to herself, said: "It's a small matter to me where you lay your eggs, so long as I get you at last; and if your foolish debates about it make you forget yourselves, and so fall the more readily into my hands—why, so much the better. But I wish I had been able to hold on to that Bluebottle!"



## "THE GREATEST MAN IN THE WORLD."

A SERMON DELIVERED AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE. BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

"Verily I say unto you, Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he."—ST. MATT. xi. 11.



ANY good men are overshadowed. They are themselves most excellent, and they may have contributed very largely to the prominence and popularity of those who now tower above them; but they are almost ignored by the multitude, and are often treated with all too little consideration by those who have stepped to their high places by the help of these less fortunate brethren. The

world, as a rule, applauds the acrobat who climbs to the apex of the human pyramid rather than the men by whom he reaches to that eminence, and who have most of the weight to bear. The soldiers who happen to have been foremost in the fray deserve all honour for courage and daring, but they are not less worthy whose lot it is to sentinel the host or to bring up the rear.

We are too apt to lavish our plaudits on those who take a leading part, and to forget the rank-and-file. I ask not for less praise for the generals

but for more for the privates. "This ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." Every man should be estimated on his own merits, with his environments duly considered. One blamed the snail for his slow progress, forgetful that he carried his house on his back. The bird would not be so fleet of wing if it had to carry its nest; nor would the butterfly flit so flauntingly if he had still to bear about even the remnants of the house he occupied during the chrysalis stage. Ah, me! we little know how some are handicapped in life's hard race. Comparisons are odious. Let every candle stand in its own socket.

All honour, I say, to those who play a secondary part—to those who are content to be behind the scenes. It needs no little grace to occupy a subordinate position.

From those whom they herald and exalt they have a right to expect the kindest consideration. They have sacrificed themselves for others' advantage, and should be loved and cherished in return. He who reaches the top of the wall by the shoulders of another should stay to help his helper up. It is the least that he can do.

I am led to these reflections by the story of John and Jesus. The Baptist was God's appointed herald of the Messiah, and we may say reverently that the latter owed much to the former. The preparation of the way before the King is a matter of no small moment. He was, of course, eclipsed by the Christ he harbingered. He was a burning and a shining light, but

"The light of the world is Jesus."

Still, this is no reason why we should ignore the messenger. We must not think less of Jesus, but we may think more of John. The Lord Himself set a glorious example in this as in all matters. The King speaks of His forerunner in the highest possible terms. He would not add to His own importance by disparaging His faithful herald. And He would have us give John his due. We must admire the sun the most, but we are more than willing to admit the charms of the moon, and to confess that the stars have a beauty all their own. The day-star, in particular, interests us, as it points with golden finger to the radiant East, and seems to say, "The glad, bright day is dawning." So John, himself a star of the first magnitude, announced the rising sun, as on Jordan's banks he cried to all, "The Kingdom of heaven is at hand," and ere he dropped beneath the horizon, exclaimed, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." If we praise the star, we really praise the sun from which its glory is derived. Jesus called John the greatest man in the world, but no one knew better than He that the Baptist's was a reflected glory.

We will glorify the grace of God in him, and honour the King by admiring His precursor.

John's character is truly sublime, and well worthy of imitation. What though it must be admitted that it is best to aim at the very centre of the target and to copy the master rather than the servant? yet some who, looking at Christ's perfect example, cry in despair, "It is high, I cannot attain to it," may feel more able to attempt an imitation of the Baptist, and so be prepared for the still harder lesson. Stepping-stones and mounting-blocks serve a useful purpose. Only let us not be content with reaching the lower standard. We who have so often said to Jesus—

"Be Thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of Thy gracious image here,"

cannot rest content until we have made the best copy possible of the copperplate headline at the top of the page.

In the first place, let us contemplate A COMMENDATION OF THE HIGHEST ORDER. "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." What unstinted praise is this! Here is no sign of slight upon the man whose glory is necessarily on the wane. He is in prison, but Jesus will not add affliction to his bonds. On the contrary, He will rejoice if His well-deserved praise helps to mitigate the bitterness of his lot. Oh, that this mind were in us. Then of those who supplant us, and of those whom we outrun, we shall cherish the kindest feelings, and speak only words that help and heal. Work this in us, O, magnanimous Master!

Remember, I pray you, that this unqualified eulogium is from the highest authority, and has in it nothing of flattery. Jesus knew what was in man, and spoke only as He found. He who was Himself the Truth abhorred all forms of untruthfulness. Flattery is lying. Let us say all the good we can, even of those who are not most admirable, but we must never say what we know to be false or exaggerated. We will keep silence if we cannot speak well of a man, but our praise of the worthiest must not partake of fulsome flattery. It is as evil a habit to give more than is deserved as it is to withhold what has been fairly merited.

Happy are they of whom their Lord speaks well. He does not grudge His praise. Enoch had this testimony that he pleased God. Even now we may hear Jesus say, "Well done," and see His cheering smile. He does not leave us to guess concerning His approval. His Spirit witnesseth with our spirits that we are delighting Him with our obedience, and zeal, and love.

Christ's verdict is worth more than all others. Down goes the scale if Jesus's approval falls into it. If He withholds His smile, the fawning flatteries of so-called friends are distasteful;

if He approves, the censure of a crowd falls harmless on our ears.

Christ's love to John outweighed the malice of Herodias, it brightened even that dark cell in lonely Macherus, and prepared him for what men call "the worst." So we, too, can sing—

"Let Thy face upon me shine,  
Tell me, Lord, that Thou art mine;  
Poor and little though I be,  
I have all in having Thee."

But we must speak more particularly concerning John. *His career was startling.* The promise that was vouchsafed before his well-nigh miraculous birth pointed to an extraordinary life. "He shall be great," said the angel, "in the sight of the Lord, and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb." And so it came to pass. There is no part of his career that is not bright with a strange glory—a halo hovers over all. His father's penalty for unbelief, his God-given name, his wilderness training, his marvellous ministry, provided sufficient ground for this remarkable encomium. And all this, as Jesus knew full well, was to be consummated and crowned by a martyr's death. What wonder that He who knew the end from the beginning, who saw that His forerunner would be faithful even unto death, said of him, "Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist." None of those who went before had had careers more striking or lives more eventful.

*His character was sterling.* Career is not so important as character, nor does it afford so good a test of greatness. Some of the most eventful lives have been those of mere adventurers. John's life was full of incident; but it was his inner life that made him truly noble. He was the greatest man mainly because he was the greatest saint. If this be so, we may all become illustrious. We may never be wealthy, but he is worth most who is most worthy. The prizes of the schools may be beyond our reach, but we may be wise unto salvation, and wise in winning souls. The chief rooms may not be reserved for us, but we may sit with Christ in the heavenlies even now.

Think of John's *heroic devotion*. "What went ye out into the wilderness for to see?" said Jesus: "a reed shaken with the wind?" If so, they were sorely disappointed. They saw rather—

"A tower of strength, that stood foursquare  
To all the winds that blew."

John was no vacillating orator, no trimmer, no bulrush springing from the mire and swaying in the softest zephyr. Some seem to count it their business merely to win applause and to please the people. John was no ear-tickler. He spake all things that were commanded him of God.

He hurled his denunciations broadcast. He was no respecter of persons. If even Herodias merited rebuke, she escaped not. He kept on the track of righteous indignation against all sorts of evil, and if royalty got between the metals, so much the worse for the queen. I remember to have heard of a little lad, who, reading aloud in the Scriptures, came to the passage which records that "an excellent spirit was found in Daniel." The word "spirit" was too much for the young beginner, so, stumbling at it, he rendered it *spine*. The difference was not so very serious. Certain it is that an excellent spine was found in Daniel, for neither the king's decree nor the lions' den induced him to budge an inch from his holy habit, nor to alter his course a hair's breadth.

One of the great wants of this age is men of principle—Josephs who will yield to no temptation, Elijahs who fear not to face the foe single-handed, Daniels who—

"Dare to have a purpose firm,  
And dare to make it known!"

We want more of John's holy audacity, of Peter's boldness, of Paul's unflinching determination, and of the Master's steadfastness of face. Oh, to clear the swamps of reeds, and to drive down to the solid earth the strong and seasoned piles on which a worthy fabric may be reared. May Omnipotent Grace transform the flags of the marsh into cedars of Lebanon!

John's *self-denial* is also most commendable. "But what went ye out for to see? a man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they which are gorgeously apparelled, and live delicately, are in king's courts."

There is little doubt that our hero could have enjoyed the patronage of the Court if he had pleased. Evidence is not wanting that Herod was kindly disposed towards the prophet. It would not have been difficult to curry favour, He might readily have been arrayed in fine linen, and have fared sumptuously every day. A man of such striking personality and remarkable gifts could have made his way in any walk of life, and have earned the due reward of talent and success. But he had no such ambition, or if it ever rose within him—for who can tell what secret struggles he knew?—he quickly subdued it, and remained content with such things as he had. Instead of palaces, he probably had caves and dens of the earth for his abode; he was clad in a rough garment of camel's hair, and with locusts and honey out of the rock he was satisfied. Doubtless his health gained by such habit and diet. The fresh air and freedom of the wilderness, the pure water of the river, the homely fare, all conspired to assist his physical and spiritual well-being. But we do not readily choose that which is best for us. The savoury pottage of Egypt is more

palatable than the manna of the desert. Or, at least, a change would be very acceptable every now and then.

The ease and pleasure of gilded society has a charm all too potent for most hearts, and many even of the Lord's own who would not pander to others are far too apt to pamper themselves. John came neither eating nor drinking. They said he had a devil, but Jesus seemed to say "Herein lies, in part, the greatness of this prophet of prophets." We shall do well to copy him, at least in spirit. A little more literal fasting might not be amiss. There would be more dumb devils cast out if prayer and fasting were more in vogue. A week of self-denial is better than none, but a lifetime of it is none too long.

Who can help admiring the *magnanimity* of the son of Zecharias? His other graces shine with mild, soft radiance, but this is the brightest star in the constellation. It was his chief delight that He who came after him was preferred before him. He did not yield because he had to, nor did he retire simply because there was no alternative. He revelled in being superseded. It was honour enough for him to introduce the Messiah. He counted himself unworthy to be the sandal-bearer of the Lord; and as to baptising Him—it seemed out of the question till he was straightly charged to do so. He did not cling to his office unduly, or try to bolster up his decaying influence. Instead of attempting to maintain his own popularity, he cried—may I not say with something approaching gusto?—"He must increase, but I must decrease." He was a burning and a shining light, but he was more than willing to pale his ineffectual fires when the True Light shone. This he did as gracefully as do the fading stars before the rising sun. All honour to him for this!

Was this always as easy to him as we suppose? Was not this second Elias a man of like passions with ourselves? But he had learned wherein true greatness consists. The servant of all the disciples is the greatest of all. Christ's slave is everybody else's master. Oh, to catch this spirit! The most difficult instrument in the whole orchestra to play is the second fiddle. Yet some musician—and a skilful one, too—must play it. Who will volunteer?

Are there not some brave hearts ready to take an apparently insignificant part—to be overshadowed and eclipsed for Christ's sake and the Gospel's? We cannot all be leaders. We must, at least, commence among the rank-and-file. Who would not prefer to be top-sawyer? He gets the benefit of light, and air, and elbow-room. His mate below is unseen, and cramped, and heated, and the sawdust is apt to fall into his eyes. But he deserves at least as much credit, and as good

a wage, as the more prominent workman. Let us reserve our warmest admiration for those whose modesty places them in the background, or whose magnanimity keeps them from the uppermost rooms at the feast. They shall surely be called up higher by-and-by.

We are beginning to see why the great Teacher spoke so highly of His predecessor. A startling career and a sterling character may well provoke His praise.

A third reason for this eulogium is found in the fact that *John's calling was striking*. He was a prophet. Christ's "Yea" proves that. In another place Jesus calls him Elias, for he came in the spirit and power of the prophet of fire. In many respects he resembles the hero of Carmel. But he excels him as he does Moses, and Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Eze-kiel.

Honoured names these! but John's has greater lustre. He was "more than"—nay "much more than a prophet." It was his happy lot immediately to precede the Messiah. He was the herald of the King, the harbinger of the day, the star which sings of the rising sun. He was the loop or link coupling the two testaments. He was by no means unworthy—as we have seen—of his high vocation, but it was that honourable post which caused him to be the noblest of the seers. His character made him the greatest man in the world, his office constituted him the greatest among prophets.

Moreover, he was a successful preacher. Even Isaiah had to cry, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" But John's ministry was followed by remarkable results. As often happens, he became popular though he did not seek for popularity. The multitudes flocked to hear him, nor did his censures thin his congregation. Matthew Henry quaintly reminds us that "God owned His ministry and made it wonderfully successful for *the breaking of the ice*, and the preparing of the people for the Kingdom of Heaven." His converts were by no means few; confession of sin was heard on every hand, and Jordan's waters were constantly stirred by the baptism of repentance. From his opening day until the sad and sudden close of his ministry the Kingdom of Heaven suffered violence. As the throng nowadays surges round the portals of a place of popular entertainment, each person striving for early admittance, so there was a rush and a crush to hear the prophet of whom other prophets prophesied, and an eager entry through the door of the new dispensation. There is little wonder, surely, that he was great in the sight of the Lord, for whose feet he made so efficient a preparation. We, too, will admire the man whom the King delighted to honour, and since "imitation is the sincerest



flattery," we will seek to be what he was, so far as it is possible to us. We will cultivate his gracious and generous spirit, that we, too, may be messengers before the face of the Messiah. If

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,"

we shall do well to take him, than whom are more renowned has been born of woman the greatest man in the world—as one of our brightest models.

From this high commendation let us turn, in the second place, to THE REMARKABLE LIMITATION with which our text concludes: "Notwithstanding, he that is least in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than he." Have you been wishing, my friend, that you could be as great as John? Did the high ideal just set before you cause you to long for such lustre as his? Or perhaps you have already feared that it is too bright for you. Here is a word of cheer for you. It needs no effort on the part of a true believer to be as great as the Baptist! *You are already far greater than he!* However insignificant your post, however few your talents, however uneventful your life, you exceed and excel even him who was incomparable in his day and generation.

*You* are the greatest man in the world, since you are greater than he who once occupied that proud position, for so the Lord Himself declares. But how can these things be?

By "the Kingdom of Heaven" we understand not heaven itself—it is rather the palace of the great King—but the reign of grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ, the dispensation of the New Testament which was commenced by the personal appearing of the Son of God, sealed with His precious blood, and crowned by the gift of the Holy Ghost. Jesus did not mean that the redeemed in glory are greater than they that remain, nor that John will have a less excellent place in the heavenly land because he was only a herald of the Gospel times. He could not have meant that the character of later-day saints is nobler than that of John, for alas! alas! there are few enough to compare with him. The best among us are as garnets are to rubies when compared with Christ's forerunner. In intellectual power, purity of heart, and devotedness of spirit, there are few to equal him.

Wherein, then, lies the advantage of "the least in the Kingdom of God"? It is evident that if John was the greatest of his order, ours must be a much more noble one, since the least member of it has higher honour than the foremost in the previous dispensation.

For, first, *our privileges are greater.* We occupy a spiritual vantage ground. As a dwarf upon a hill-top sees further than a giant in the vale, so we have loftier standing and clearer

views, babes in Christ though we be, than the Anakim on the low-lying plains of prophecy. On them the shadows of coming events were ever falling; on us the true light shines.

Zaccheus, little of stature though he is, is greater than Zacharias, the father of the Baptist; and Johanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, is greater than John himself; for the least of the greatest is greater than the greatest of the least. The disciple of Jesus is evidently greater than the disciple of John. And when we remember how greatly Christ transcends the Baptist, it is not difficult to see that the Messiah's humblest follower is greater than the noblest of his predecessors. The page-boys in the train have higher honour than the heralds of the procession.

It is also true that *our gifts and powers are greater.* We may not employ our ten talents to such purpose as John did his fewer advantages, but they are ours, and we may put them out to usury. John, the disciple, was endowed with gifts that John the Baptist did not possess. "John did no miracle," but all the immediate followers of Jesus rejoiced that even the devils were subject to them. They had, moreover, the opportunity of profiting by Christ's example, and by the inspiration of His presence, and precepts, and promises. These were all good gifts from the Father of lights, gifts to which the harbinger of the daylight was necessarily a stranger. And we are scarcely less favoured than the disciples, for, though we have not Jesus in the flesh, His example is recorded for us, His law-honouring life and His atoning death have both been completed "long, long ago," and His promises remain yea and amen for ever. Because Jesus has gone unto His Father, He that believeth on Him shall do greater things than even Christ accomplished.

Such is the wondrous prediction of our Lord. The Holy Spirit has been granted in fuller measure since the Saviour's ascension, so that the poorest and feeblest saint knows more of His outpouring and indwelling than did the precursor of the Christ. If the least in the Kingdom of God is necessarily greater than John, how much more glorious than he might we become, did we take full advantage of our special powers and privileges!

Certain it is, too, that *our knowledge is greater.* What though even now we know only in part, and see but darkly, we see more than the old-time seers, and know more than the ancients. There is much more to know, for one thing. The veriest tyro in the university of Gospel Grace is more advanced than a graduate of the school of the Law and of the Prophets.

"How happy are our ears  
That hear the joyful sound  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought but never found."

What a Teacher we have—the Divine Spirit! What a text-book is ours—the Book of Books! The law was our tutor to bring us to Christ, but He Himself now instructs by the Holy Ghost and the sacred Scriptures. Ought we not to make splendid progress? Oh, that we were as apt to learn as He is apt in teaching! Methinks that John would have outstripped the most diligent among us had he enjoyed one half of our advantages.

Nor must it be forgotten that *ours is a grander message*. John was *almost* a Gospel preacher, but not quite. Sorrowfully it must be admitted that there was much more of the Gospel in his addresses than there is in the sermons of certain of the preachers of to-day. The Name that is above every name finds all too little mention in some pulpits, and the atonement is relegated to the background, or robbed of its very essence.

John spake of Jesus, and pointed Him out as "the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world."

But this was all that he could do. It is ours, not to prepare the way before Christ, but to proclaim that He is the Way to God. "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand" was John's declaration; we declare that Christ has opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers. John pointed forward; we point backward and *upward*.

The Baptist introduced his hearers to the Captain of our Salvation, putting on the harness; we speak of One Who has not only put it off, crying, "It is finished!" but Who has returned in triumph to the heaven He left so willingly. Christ crucified and ascended is a theme immeasurably

grander than Christ embarking on His mission of mercy.

He is greater who urges to allegiance to the King once crowned with thorns, but crowned with glory now, than he who only exhorted to repentance because that King was just about to be made manifest to Israel. What a noble calling is ours who are put in trust with the Gospel! What high honour belongs to all the saints; for are they not a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people? We have no reason to be envious of John. However simply we may tell it, the story of the Cross and of the empty tomb is at once more pathetic and more potent than aught or all that the Baptist could proclaim; and the greatness of a messenger depends mainly on the importance of his message. Oh, that we may walk worthy of so high and holy a vocation!

There is one matter that must not be allowed to slip. If our advantages and opportunities are more than John's, OUR RESPONSIBILITIES ARE CONSEQUENTLY GREATER. "To whom much is given, of him shall much be required." If we live in so bright a light, the reflection from us should be correspondingly brilliant. With such amazing privileges we ought to outstrip those who went before. Like Ahimaaz, we run by the way of the plain, so we should overrun the Cushites who have had to climb the hills of difficulty.

Let us ask ourselves, "Are we thus bright and fleet?" Shame on us if we are outshone and outrun by Old Testament saints!

Dear Saviour, trim our lamps, and grant us new supplies of grace! Quicken us in Thy way; so shall we become truly great, and to Thy great name shall be ceaseless praise. Amen.

## AN AUTUMN LOVE-STORY.



I.  
HE Rector of Orlestone sat in his study, gazing into the fire. He was alone; he was always alone, for though he loved his sheep, and tended them, they were not companionable. He had lived alone now these many years—how many he sighed to remember. Once upon a time—oh! but before the Flood—he had been young and strong and hopeful, and had loved a woman passionately: so passionately that honour and his plighted word had become as nothing to him, and he had broken faith with the gentle girl he was engaged to marry. And then he had found out that his passion's queen had no least intention of marrying him. As he looked

in the fire this October evening, he remembered so well how she had told him that that on which he had staked his whole life's treasure could never be.

"I must marry a rich man," she had said, "for my poor father's sake;" with tears and many kisses she had said it, and he, with kisses and the tears the heart bleeds in solitude, had believed her.

It was many years now since he had left behind him the world that held her, and had accepted the Rectory of Orlestone, with its miserable £150 a year. There were no rich folk in the parish. The only big house in the place was the Hall, and that was shut up, and had been to let ever since he had first come to the village. So, with his meagre stipend and his many hungry sheep, the Rector of Orlestone went short of most things, and had seldom either enough fire or enough food; not that his sheep were ungrateful or

ungenerous. Many a tree-stump found its way to the rector's back yard; many a rabbit was found against the kitchen door, with no word to explain its presence. The rabbits were, in plain English, stolen; but the old housekeeper had no foolish sentiment about poaching and the like, and the rector ate what was set before him without interest and without question. And so body and soul were kept together, and the rector grew to stoop a little, and his hair grew grey, and he took to spectacles, because his kindly grey eyes would no longer serve him as once. And still o' nights, when the curtains were drawn, and the wind outside was wild in the laurels and cypresses, when the bare thorny rose-sprays tapped at the window like bony fingers, he sat by his fire, and thought of the woman he had loved, and loved still. He had her portrait in the secret drawer of his shabby old writing-desk—the one that had been his father's. It lay there with a few old letters and the slender watch-guard made of his dead mother's hair. And sometimes he would take out the portrait—the bright girlish face—and look at it, and sigh, yet with a half-gladness that the knife was still sharp in the old wound.

Celia Ringwood, the woman who loved him, whom he should have married, had told him that time would dull the pain. But time had not dulled it, and he was glad. He had given up ambition and friends, and dreams, the old life and the old life's hopes, to shut himself up alone with the plain daily duty—and this love-memory. And if the memory had failed him, had grown dim, what would have been left to him? Celia Ringwood, in her little lonely house in the market town, thought there might be much. Through all his trouble she had been his friend. She too had shut herself up with a memory: had set herself to be what she could to the man she loved. If he had wanted love, she would have given it. He only wanted friendship; that too she could give. And she gave it. She settled in the town nearest to him, and lived her lonely, orderly old maid's life for fifteen years, contented to be near him, to know that hers was the only companionship he sought, the only sympathy he needed. He came to see her once a week, and talked about the parish. Once he had been used to talk of the other woman; he did not mean to be cruel; she had taken his confession of his unfaithfulness so calmly, and so gently begged to be his friend, that he at once believed she had never cared for him. But such talk was over now. He had not spoken of her now for years. Celia began to think, almost to hope. Then she looked in the glass at her faded face, her pale hair, from which all youth's colours had gone; and she sighed a sigh that was half a shudder, put on her demure bonnet and cloak, and went out through the rain to see a child who was ill, because that was the only ease for her heartache. And the rector sat and looked into his fire, and the wind moaned in the trees, and the ashes fell from the grate like soft ghostly footfalls. And to her and to him, in their several places, it seemed as though the tune of life must always run on with the same sad refrain to it: "Lost and in vain—lost and in vain—lost and in vain!"

## II.

MISS CELIA RINGWOOD was washing-up the breakfast things—not, as all genteel people in stories seem to do, in the parlour, but in a workmanlike manner in the back kitchen. She had just hung up the tea-cloth to dry, when her heart stood still, and then began to beat violently. At thirty-eight one's heart can beat just as quickly as it can at eighteen, and much more painfully, if one hears a certain footstep on the threshold or a certain hand on the door-knocker. Miss Ringwood heard both. She was so conscious of having too much light in her eyes, too much joy-colour in her cheeks, that she delayed a little before going to the front door, so as to teach her face to look ordinary again.

"Good-morning, James," she said sedately. "This is an unusual and pleasant surprise." Some of the light still lingered on her face, but the rector did not observe it; his own thin face was slightly flushed, and his grey eyes were shining.

"May I come in?" he said. "I want to talk to you."

She led him into the little parlour—spotlessly neat—all the old furniture polished and gleaming, and the pale October sunlight striking aslant across the room through the half-lowered Venetian blind. Miss Celia instinctively turned the blind so that the sunshine should not fade the carpet, and said—"Well?"

"You've always been such a true friend to me," he said nervously. "I've always told you everything."

"Yes," she said; and her heart knew his errand even before he spoke.

"Celia, her husband is dead, and she has taken the Hall at Orlestone."

Celia Ringwood held out her hand to him. The light went out suddenly in her face, but it left the kindly mouth and eyes as he had always seen them, and only one who had loved her would have noticed the change.

"Only last night," he said, "it seemed to me that there was nothing left in life but duty and the blessed faith in the life to come. But now—oh, Celia!—I feel young again."

"Shall you ask her *again* to marry you?" There was a harsh note in her voice which she herself noted with dismay. But he did not perceive it.

"Yes, of course," he said simply.

Miss Ringwood bit her lip.

"You are very poor," she said, "and Lady Mountdew is very rich. People will say—she might think—"

"You don't know Eva Mountdew," he said proudly.

Celia was ashamed of her words before he had answered them.

She held his thin hand a moment between her soft palms, and looked at him wistfully.

"Whatever happens," she said, "I know you will not forget old friends." Her voice trembled a little as she said it.

"Dear Celia," he answered—and some faint sub-conscious stirring of remorse made his voice very gentle and tender—"Dear Celia, I am very selfish. You have been too patient with me; you have spoiled me."

She laughed a little, and took her hands away.

"An old maid must have something to spoil," she



"You are ill, and you never sent for me."—p. 811.

said. "If it had not been you, it would have been a cat or a canary-bird. When shall you see her?"

"This afternoon. She has asked me to come up to tea. She has let the Ashford people furnish a few rooms, and she is camping out, as she calls it, till the rest of her furniture comes from London."

There was a pause. Then he got up suddenly, and began to walk up and down the narrow space between the door and the window, with knitted brows and hands clasped behind him.

"Well?" said Miss Ringwood.

"It isn't that I doubt her constancy," he said, "but I don't know whether it's fair. I'm old, you see, and I have grown dull. It is rather like offering her the dry husks of—of—"

"Of what she threw away fifteen years ago."

"You are unjust," he said.

"No, no; I didn't mean it, James. Now you must go. I am very busy; and be sure you come and tell me all about it. Good-bye; you need not be afraid because your hair is grey. If she loved you— Well, good-bye."

He went off down the street with a new hopefulness in his step. When he was gone, Miss Ringwood went up to her own room; she leaned her elbows on the little white dressing-table, among the prim wool mats and the little daily text-books, and looked again at herself in the glass. Her eyes were very sad, though no tears stood in them. Presently a smile stirred the corners of her mouth, where a dimple still lingered.

"After all," she said to herself, "*she* is fifteen years older too."



Then she blushed at the too feminine thought, and the new colour in her cheeks became her so that she turned away from the glass in confusion.

"But he is just the sort of man not to care how old anyone was if he loved them."

Then the pretty colour faded quite away, and Miss Ringwood went slowly down-stairs to cut out petticoats for the Dorcas meeting that afternoon.

### III.

FOR four days Miss Ringwood looked hourly for the rector. He had brought his sorrow to her always; surely he would bring his joy too. On the first day she did not doubt that he would bring it; on the second day she told herself that she did not doubt it; when the third day had almost dragged itself out she was a little frightened at the bitterness of her own thoughts. Why should he come to her now? It is not happy lovers who need confidants. How, indeed, should he find the time to come to her now? All his spare moments would be spent in Orlestone now. He was sitting in some warm fire-lighted room, with that other woman's hand in his—how should even his thoughts find their way to the little lonely parlour in the High Street? He might at least have spared time to write. It would not have been so hard if there had been a letter. Next morning there was a letter. It was not from him; she saw that, while yet it was in the postman's hand, for she had been watching at the window, and had run to the door when she saw the postman cross the road. It was from his housekeeper.

"Please forgive the liberty," it said, after decent heading of address, date, and "Honoured Madam"—"but master is very bad, and he say 'No doctors.' He has been ailing this three days. If you was to think fit to come over, you might persuade him for his good.—Yours obedient to command,

"EMMA WELLINGS."

"I'm going out," she cried to her little maid, "at once."

"Without breakfast, mum?"

The girl's wondering eyes brought her back to the world where one minds what "people say," and she recollected that there were no trains to Orlestone till eleven. Those three hours, even now, Celia does not care to remember. She sat alone in her parlour, thinking, thinking. She had had such hard thoughts of him; and now he was ill: dying, perhaps. In a passion of desire to do something for him, she packed a basket with beef-tea, and eggs, and port wine—the little luxuries she kept for her "poor people"—and took it with her when she went at eleven. Surely never train crawled so slowly. As she got out at Orlestone Station she heard a porter speak a name that turned her sharply round—"Lady Mountdew."

Yes, that must be she in the booking-office, talking to the station-master. Celia remembered with a pang that it was this tall woman in the heavy crape who had the right to tend him. Miss Ringwood was woman enough to consult the time-table on the wall in such fashion as to be able to see, and see plainly, Lady Mountdew's face. Such a face! she thought to herself, with a sudden strange thrill at the heart, whether

of pain or pleasure she hardly knew. A stout, middle-aged, vulgar face, with a pink set colour and heavy bright red lips. How often she had heard of Eva's blue eyes! They were blue still; but steel-blue, round and prominent, and the busy crow had set his foot about them. And the gold hair, such a poor coarse gold now! It was a face through which shone no soul at all. As Miss Ringwood passed her, she put up her long-handled eye-glass to stare at the "little person with the basket."

The shortest way to the Rectory lay through the fields, and Miss Ringwood took it. She hurried on through the keen sweet air, devoured by a burning anxiety that consumed all self-consciousness, all personal doubts and dreams. When she saw the blue smoke curling from the red chimneys of the Rectory above the laurels and cypresses, she quickened her pace, stumbling a little now and then on the rough pasture.

The housekeeper opened the door.

"How is he?" Celia had to clear her throat twice before the words would come.

"But poorly," the woman answered. "He was out up at the Hall Tuesday; and all day Wednesday walking the wet woods, as I well know by the state his boots was in. And then he coughs all night, he does, and the next morning he sends out his breakfast, and so it's gone on; and he won't let me send for the doctor—and—well, yes, p'raps it 'ud be better for you to see him at once."

Celia clenched her hands as she went in. He did not hear her open the door. He was sitting gazing into the fire, with his head on his hand and his elbow on his study table. His head was bowed, and Celia realised for the first time that he was no longer young. He looked, indeed, an old man.

She laid her hand on his arm, and he started and looked up at her with a look of sudden joy and tenderness she had never hoped to see. But it faded at once. "He did not know who it was; he thought it was—someone else," she said to herself, but not bitterly.

"You are ill, and you never sent for me. And you never came, as you promised," she said, with only the gentlest reproach.

"I could not," he spoke hoarsely, and then a fit of coughing took him, and he sank back in his chair.

"But you are ill," she said. "I must send for a doctor at once."

"But he could do me no good. What nonsense it is!" he went on irritably. "Who told you I was ill? I'm all right, only very tired."

"I've brought you some beef-tea and things."

His brows contracted. "Now, Celia, I will not have it. There is nothing the matter with me." The grieved look in her eyes stopped him,

"You always trusted me before."

"I did—I do—I will! Celia, I went to see her. It is all over. I have wasted all my life on a shadow."

"She does not care any more?"

"She never did care, I think. She did not even know me at first. She only wanted to see the parson about her pew, and sent for him as she sends for anything else she wants! She did not know me at first, and—when she did. . . . I have thrown away

life, and youth, and hope, and love, everything, everything, for the sake of a woman who never was at all, except in my dreams and my fancy. And there is nothing left in life."

"Poor James!" she said; she had taken off her prim bonnet and seated herself near him. "But all your poor people: you still have them to live for."

"That's what I keep saying to myself, but all the sunshine is gone, and it looks such a long way to the end."

"But it is better to know the truth," she said, rather lamely.

"I didn't know, I didn't realise before, and that was why I couldn't come to you. Oh, Celia, you don't know—I didn't know till just now, all that you've been to me all these years; and but for my own folly and madness you might have been with me, close at

my side, all these long, long years; for you did love me once, didn't you, Celia?"

She was silent.

"At least," he went on hesitatingly, "if you had been my wife you would have learned to love me."

"Learned to love you! Oh, my dear!"

Her tone thrilled him to the soul. Her head was down on the arm of his chair, and his hand very gently and uncertainly touched her smooth faded hair.

"You don't mean— Why, Celia, my dear, my dear!"

For her arms were round his neck, and her face against his, and for that one good minute the long lonely years of sorrow seemed not too heavy a price.

"And now," said Miss Ringwood, lifting from his shoulder a face that had grown young and pretty again—"and now perhaps you will take the beef-tea!"

E. NESBIT.

## COLPORTEURS AT WORK.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE, AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND WORK OF CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON."



THE revival of colportage in the British

Isles belongs to the second half of the nineteenth century, and it appears to have been followed by the best results. Leaving out of the reckoning the private enterprise which provides Bible-carriages and so on, we have three chief societies: two in England and one in Scotland. In the aggregate, these employ some hundreds of men, each having his own district and constituency to look after. Provided that he has tact and qualifications for the service, the colporteur is sure to win his way, to become a favourite of the people, and to become, as it were, indispensable in his own little world. What the colporteur is, and what he does, is best known to the poor of his district; but the itinerant bookseller also makes

friends among the more well-to-do householders of his round, becoming in course of time a welcome visitor among them. Thus, in the course of the same morning a colporteur will be found selling a penny book to a peasant in the village street or to a housewife at the wash-tub, and a few minutes later he will open his tempting pack on the drawing-room carpet at the vicarage or the hall. He is a man of cosmopolitan sympathies, having persons of all ranks for his patrons. At times his visits may prove of as great advantage

to the rich as they do to the poor. At all events, many who do not belong to the poorer classes set a high value on the humble colporteur's ministrations, especially in time of sickness or of trouble.

The colporteur as I have met with him, and travelled with him over his district, is a Christian worker *sui generis*, but he would toil to little purpose if he were not in love with his calling or if he had not special qualifications for it. His social position is that of a better-class working man: one who cannot boast of any great acquirements in the departments of grammar or literature, but who, nevertheless, can hold his own in a religious dispute, preach a sermon such as those of his own order will value, and otherwise live such a life as will be in itself a Christian testimony.

Colportage in England is spoken of as a revival, because the Reformation itself is supposed to have been advanced by those who silently and secretly carried evangelical books in packs containing cloths, silks, etc. It was a hazardous thing to do in what would then have been called the enemy's country, but it was effective in carrying Luther's books to the most remote districts. That all passed away, however, and in the degenerate days that followed, colporteurs of another kind may be said to have come upon the scene both in England and on the Continent. In France, in the days preceding the Revolution of 1789, the itinerant booksellers, who were the chief distributors of the people's reading, were regarded as the beasts of burden of literature, while the booksellers proper were said to be its caterpillars. In the days of the tyranny which provoked the great sanguinary outburst these book-hawkers were ever in fear of the police, while they were so ignorant that they were commonly unable to see the difference between a prayer-book and a political pamphlet. While merely

seeking to earn a livelihood, these poor men were declared by patriots to be the assertors of public liberty, though, as victims of the tyranny which prevailed, one of their number would occasionally be sent to the Bastille, or be found chained up in a country market-place on market-day as a public offender.

What followed in our own country during the first half of the present century is well known to readers of old-time books, such as Mayhew's work on the London poor. The abolition of all the "taxes on knowledge" has had the effect of destroying the low hawker's trade by cheapening newspapers and multiplying periodicals of a popular kind; but probably the corrupt press is now even more active and disastrous in its effects than was the case when St. Giles's poured forth its stream of demoralising trash. If we contrast the earlier years of the Queen's reign with the present time, we shall not find much that is reassuring in regard to this subject. The boys have now demoralising serials; while, for the girls, millions of penny or halfpenny novels are printed in London, whence they find their way all over the country like swarms of devastating locusts.

Hence the need and value of the colporteur, who, if he be the right man in the right place, has one of the finest fields of Christian enterprise open to him. His calling is essentially an aggressive enterprise; and the late Lord Shaftesbury held that what had been done on the Continent and in the British Isles sufficiently proved that the period of trial or experiment had been passed, and that success was sure to follow any well-directed effort. The Earl was of opinion that colportage as a system was necessary to prevent the purveyors of bad literature from having the field all to themselves. The great philanthropist spoke as one who was well acquainted with the extent of the evil which required to be counteracted; and therefore it was that on one occasion he distinctly declared that "few, except those who have been forced into an investigation of what is said, done, and written by the circulators of impure and seductive literature, can form an estimate of the number and variety of their efforts, and of the zeal and subtlety in which they are conceived and executed." The pictorial art and literary talent expended upon the impure productions is also characteristic of the present day, as compared with the coarser modes of writing in vogue a century ago. As a means of counteracting the bad and promoting the circulation of what is good, the late C. H. Spurgeon thought colportage to be second to no other agency. Perhaps the best authorities on the subject are the men themselves, who appear to be very generally of opinion that their calling represents one of the necessities of the age. As an itinerant bookseller, his service does not clash with that of any other ardent Christian worker; he rather represents the complement of their service. Thus, we find him welcomed by clergymen and nonconformist ministers alike, who see in him a temperance advocate, a local preacher, and a sick-visitor as well as a seller of books. To distribute his wares widely and effectively is

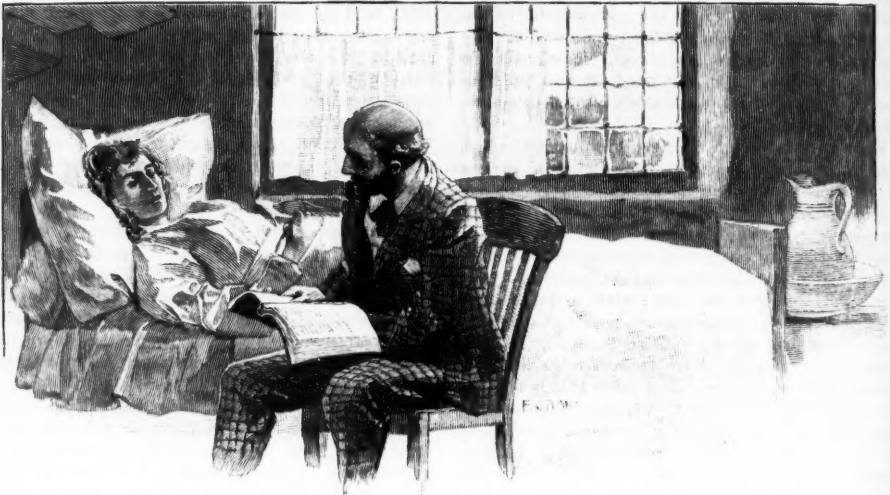
always regarded as the colporteur's chief duty, however; and as successful sales are a test of active service, the man is always anxious to have a good account to render in regard to sales. At the same time, colportage is a philanthropic undertaking rather than a commercial enterprise, and as such, entails an annual loss, to be made up by subscriptions, of £40 for each district. At first sight this may seem to be a comparatively heavy item, but in the way of really philanthropic work there is nothing cheaper that can be done.

The cheapness and effectiveness of the work was often dwelt upon by the late C. H. Spurgeon; and on one occasion it was well illustrated by the late Dr. Samuel Manning, when, in speaking before a number of colporteurs and their friends, he compared the work in general to a well-aimed ink-pot. When imprisoned in the Wartburg, Luther, according to a well-known legend, is said to have been visited by the devil, at whose head he aimed his ink-stand. It was thought that there was nothing so likely to make the arch-enemy flee as a well-directed missile made up of printer's ink. "Depend upon it, it is more powerful to exorcise the devil than all the holy water that ever has been sprinkled by priests from the beginning of the great apostasy to the present time," said Dr. Manning.

The hard-working colporteur, as I have met with him in his country district, has appeared to be a man made for his work. Hardy in constitution, and showing a simple piety which knows nothing of the doubt or difficulty which troubles more learned personages, he goes about his service with a straightforward



A WELCOME VISITOR.



A VISITOR OF THE SICK.

earnestness which is reassuring in times like these. Though poor, like the greater part of his constituency, the colporteur is above the average of his class in intelligence, and, unlike the French packmen of a century ago, he is commonly well acquainted with the quality of the wares which he offers. This affords him a double advantage: for it enables him to speak about the character of the books which he recommends. He thus makes himself agreeable to the people, who welcome his visits because they have learned to like the man. Perhaps he who has best mastered his business makes his way to the esteem of the elders through the hearts of the children, who in a peasant home are often found to be the chief readers of the family. What the better-educated children like, their elders will be sure to regard with respect, and many will listen with keen interest to the reading of such works as they could only imperfectly read for themselves. Beyond all this, the colporteur is greatly valued as an adviser and as a visitor of the sick. In the latter capacity, more especially, he is greatly valued; and no wonder, for under the most favourable of conditions the peasants have none too many friends who volunteer to visit them, or whom they really care to receive. In the person of the colporteur, however, they have a friend, whose unaffected voice has the true ring of their own *patois*, and whose heart is in thorough accord with their own shortcomings and aspirations.

The districts worked by the colporteurs naturally vary greatly, so that the energy or capacity of a man cannot always be estimated by the amount of his sales. I have taken notice of the colporteur in a large manufacturing town, for example, when it has been evident that he has occupied vantage-ground. His lot was not only thrown among those who had more money to spend than the agricultural peasantry: the town had advantages which were naturally wanting

in the villages. Parts of his own town, as well as the outlying villages, can be visited during the week, and then on each Saturday night he could spread the most tempting-looking stall among other or more ordinary bookmen in the market-place. As a man capable of making the most of his opportunities, he is there quite in his element. His wares are of a price to attract working-class customers, who, having once become purchasers, may acquire a taste for reading. As it is with the professional, so is it with the working-classes: when individuals begin to buy books, they will continue the habit, so that it is not impossible for an energetic agent to get together what is known as a connection. Whether that connection be large or small, the man will most likely command our sympathies while carrying on his operations. There may be even a ludicrous difference of one man's takings as compared with another's; for while a man in the Cheddar district once took £303 18s. 9d. in the year, another's receipts in the Midlands amounted to only £27 14s. 2d. These cases may be taken as showing the two extremes; but to properly estimate the value of colportage we have to take the average all round. The man of small takings may really be doing pioneer service of the greatest value. He may even see that himself, and be correspondingly encouraged, while the man in a more commanding sphere may be depressed by symptoms which betoken a turn in the tide. The shrewd members of a committee take their estimate of a man correctly, but they do not always look first at the sales.

In the non-manufacturing parts of England the colporteurs' district is one of great natural beauty, charming during a great part of the year, but a place in which the pedestrian bookseller has to rough it, at some risk of strength or health giving way. He has to conquer prejudice and to make friends. In villages entered for the first time he may have to work a



revolution in the reading tastes of the people before he can hope to make much headway among them. Many will show a liking for sensational fiction and records of crime, all illustrated by flaring pictures, some of which will be in colours, and the wisdom of having something better must be advocated. If he has the right sort of tact, the man will win his way little by little; and at length, when the good has outrun the bad, the humble colporteur is master of the situation. Having conquered the people without their knowing it, he has won their respect, and to miss the sight of the colporteur's face or the sound of his voice would be to lose a friend who could ill be spared. When he has thus established his claim to favour, the work of the colporteur among the common people aids that of all others who are their friends. His wish is to be opposed to none, but to seek the co-operation of all.

The best side of the colporteur's work is often best described in his own words, and the following vividly shows how he reaches the poor as well as the more well-to-do classes:—"Leaving a village one morning on a strange road, I presumed to call at a beautiful house, which proved to be a clergyman's, and offered my books for sale; and in a few minutes I had the pack open, and a goodly number of the household round it. Presently, on leaving the door, I had taken 9s. 2d., and went on my way in triumph, thinking I had made a good start for the day. I have called many times since, and have been kindly treated." Then, again:—"One evening, passing a farm-yard just as the men were leaving work, I stopped and opened the pack, and began to exhibit the contents, and one purchased, and another purchased, until presently I

had sold about ten shillings' worth of books on the spot, which would evidently not have been purchased but for my passing by."

Some years ago I was greatly interested in accompanying a colporteur over his ground in the Westminster district, which numbers among its attractions the charming and extensive park of Longleat Hall and the gigantic Saxon White Horse cut in the chalk of a hill-side. My companion was a man who had more than once received a testimonial on account of effective service. As a preacher on Sundays, and as a visitor of the sick, his work extended far beyond the mere carrying of the pack, and in one cottage after another his appearance was hailed as that of a welcome friend, and not of the intruding bookseller. What interest was excited when the pack was opened, and books in cloth, and in parts with attractive covers and splendid pictures, were exposed to view! At last, when one apparently well-to-do cottager took up a part of our old friend, "Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible," and held it at arm's length like a discerning connoisseur, admiration could be restrained no longer, so that he naturally exclaimed:—"I be in a good mind to take in that there." After being assured that he would always have his money's worth in a good Family Bible, there came the question—"How many parts be there?" "Forty parts at a shilling each, and a presentation picture." After some hesitation—"Shall I—*shall* we have it?" to which the wife discreetly answers, "Oh, just as *you* like; you know"—the colporteur is told to "Put *me* down," and he goes forward, conscious that he has done a good stroke of business. My companion had a wonderful stock of anecdotes to tell of rough adventures on the road,

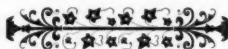


"I be in a good mind to take in that there."

oftentimes at night, and when he was a long distance from home. At one time he used a kind of tricycle; but in any case a colporteur must be strong enough to be capable of carrying 60lbs. a distance of twelve miles without breaking down.

The subject is a wide one; and did space allow, something might be said about colportage in Scotland, and the still more arduous work carried on in foreign countries by the agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society. These latter not infrequently show a heroism which is worthy of all praise, and which evidently comes of a strong love of the work. Almost less enviable than all is the lot of the colporteur in

London. In a poor district like Bethnal Green his trials are almost greater than those of the City Missionary, on account of the chronic poverty and ignorance which prevail. Instead of sweet fields and country lanes, with their hedgerows and flower-banks, he has to go into crowded streets and close courts, where, after ascending semi-dark staircases, he may knock at one door after another, only to discover a state of things that renders the purchase of books out of the question. He will have his Saturday-night book-stall, however, and in one way and another makes many friends. Colportage is evidently one of the works which ought to be stimulated rather than neglected.



## THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR FINLAYSON, AUTHOR OF "EVANESCENT PHILOSOPHIES,"  
"ETHICS OF ATHLETICS," ETC.

TRUTHS FOR THE TIMES.



SCIENCE cannot overturn religion, but it may shake it. And the faith of many is liable to be undermined by fears as they become entangled in the maze of certain scientific theories, and find themselves in danger of drifting from the old moorings. Therefore, it is well to remember certain great principles which will prove a safe anchorage, and reassure us that science is the friend, not the foe, of religion.

1. *Christianity is not opposed to science, nor is science hostile to Christianity.*—It seems strange that anyone acquainted with history should suppose to-day that there is any necessary antagonism between science and religion. No doubt there have been mistakes on both sides in the past. Scientists commit many errors in consequence of neglecting the light of revelation. Theologians have also fallen into grave mistakes in consequence of misinterpreting the teaching of Scripture respecting physical things. But if we look back through the vista of the centuries, we see that the Church of Christ (using the word in its widest sense) has been the nursery of science and the home of true philosophy.

The names of bygone worthies of science who were also believers in the Christian revelation rise up in the vista of the past, and add their striking testimony to the fact, which the principle we emphasize repeats and confirms in all ages. Such names as those of Roger Bacon (1214—1294), Nicholas Copernicus (1472—1543), Francis Bacon (1561—1626), René Descartes (1596—1650), Blaise Pascal (1623—1662), Isaac Barrow (1630?—1677), Robert Boyle (1626—1691), John Locke (1632—1704), John Ray (1628—1705), Gottfried W. Leibnitz (1646—1716), Isaac Newton (1642—1727), George Cuvier (1769—1832), John Dalton (1766—1844), Michael Faraday (1791—1867), David Brewster (1781—1869), John F. W.

Herschell (1792—1871), Adam Sedgwick (1787—1873), Sir J. W. Dawson, the Ex-President of the British Association, or Professor Stokes, who has in turn been called to fill three positions held by Sir Isaac Newton—as Professor of Mathematics, as President of the Royal Society, and as Member of Parliament for Cambridge University; these and other names bear eloquent witness to the fact that the Church of Christ has been the nursery of science and its foster-mother.

2. *Where such antagonism appears, the fault may often be due to imperfect knowledge on one side or the other.*—The canon of Scripture is fixed and closed; the canon of science is open and progressive. It may therefore sometimes appear that there is between the two an antagonism. And it may therefore be a sign of truth that such discrepancy or want of harmony between the verdict of Scripture and that of science be clearly marked. But the discordance may be due to the middle-men of science or of theology, who purvey science or theology, or what they consider to be science or theology, to the intelligent multitude. And in such a case it becomes important to enquire, What is the precise verdict of theology? What is the precise verdict of science? No single fact in science has ever discredited a fact in revelation. A scientific hypothesis or a pious opinion may be the means of creating confusion, but a little careful examination and a calm judgment may show a way out of the difficulty, by relegating these to their proper place instead of placing them in the category of well-ascertained facts. Professor Stokes, as President of the Royal Society, declared: "The cry about an opposition between science and religion is not only raised by professed sceptics, but, worse still, accepted and echoed by defenders of religion. In these days, when the truth of all scientific conclusions was assumed, to hear that religion was in conflict with them was to have doubt thrown on the truth of religion. Only those who get their science at first hand are in a position to estimate the evidence for

scientific statements, some of which might be well established and others the merest conjectures. Those who got them at third or fourth hand lumped them all indiscriminately together as equally trustworthy. The answer to such objections usually is, either that the scientific statements are only conjectures, or that they are true, but not opposed to religion." In other words, discrimination is necessary. There must be no hasty and reckless acceptance of *all* scientific theories, and no ingenious distortion of Scripture meanings to suit vague and unproved hypotheses. By attention to this principle the difficulty will either disappear or be greatly reduced.

When opponents say that science has proved this or that, and therefore the Bible cannot be true, we go a long way to meet this common and successful argument by replying, "I am not prepared to say whether your difficulty is right or wrong, but there must be a mistake somewhere, because men like Professor Stokes find no difficulty in believing." The number of believers, as we have seen, includes many of the most penetrating and profound minds, bred under those very conditions which are supposed to render impossible faith in things transcending ordinary human experience. And the fact that we have had five Lord Chancellors in succession—Lords Hatherley, Cairns, Selborne, Herschell, and Halsbury: all of them sincere and devout Christians, and all of them legal luminaries, men accustomed to weigh and sift evidence, men who are in the habit of analysing their thoughts and distinguishing between what they really believe and what they fancy they believe—is not a bad argument in favour of the truth of the Christian religion.

3. *Science and theology are each useful in their proper place.*—Professor James Clerk Maxwell, one of the greatest of modern natural philosophers, whose work on "Electricity and Magnetism" and whose scientific investigations have made him famous, was, in the full sense of the word, a Christian. As Professor of Experimental Physics in the University of Cambridge, he obtained a fame which entitles him—in clearness of mental vision, in power of penetration, and in the possession of that patient determination to which Newton ascribed all his success—to be ranked with Faraday. Now, Professor Maxwell asserted that he had examined every form of atheism which he had met, with the result of finding that all ultimately required the recognition of a personal God. And he solemnly affirms: "I think men of science, as well as other men, need to learn from Christ; and I think Christians whose minds are scientific are bound to study science that their view of the glory of God may be as extensive as their being is capable of." These are weighty words, coming from so eminent an authority, and nothing could more powerfully illustrate and enforce the principle here inculcated: that science and revelation are twin gifts of God, which it is our duty to thankfully receive and gratefully use to our own and to others' profit.

4. *Science is useless as a substitute for revelation.*—That we may be perfectly impartial, we quote from one of the leading scientific journals of the day: the *Lancet*, the cultured organ of medical science. This

independent witness frankly declares:—"We may turn our backs on religion, and repudiate revelation, but we have nothing better to turn to. No single fact in science is inconsistent with or opposed to the hypothesis of inspired or derived vitality, or the work of a Creator. Indeed, there is a need for this or some other hypothesis in the explication of physiology. The scientist is at liberty to reject religion as an aid to science, but if he does this on the ground that what religion has to offer is hypothesis, he must on the same ground reject the hypothesis of life as a property of protoplasm. All true men know this." These are words worth remembering by all students of science.

#### THE WITNESS OF BIOLOGY.

The theory of spontaneous generation, which has been struggling for a foothold in the biological world for so many years, has to-day been quite given up. So far as science can settle anything, this question is settled. Spontaneous generation is exploded. The mature decision of science to-day is expressed in the old axiom, *omne vivum ex vivo*. To-day all really scientific experience tells us that life can be produced from a living antecedent only. Science cannot bridge the chasm between the organic and the inorganic, or between the living and the lifeless forms of matter. Life is the cause of organisation, and not organisation the cause of life. Professor Tyndall, Dr. Dallinger, and Pasteur, by different methods and experiments, have demonstrated the fallacy of Dr. Bastian's experiments, made with the view of proving that life can be spontaneously generated. The highest authorities in biological science to-day affirm, with complete unanimity, the failure of spontaneous generation. Lord Kelvin, better known as Sir William Thomson, declares: "I am ready to adopt it as an article of scientific faith, true through all space and all time, that life proceeds from life, and nothing but life." Professor Huxley declares categorically that the doctrine of biogenesis, or life only from life, is "victorious along the whole line at the present day."

The attempt to revive the doctrine of abiogenesis resulted in its burial. Dr. Bastian, after a series of elaborate experiments on the "beginning of evil," revived the doctrine of spontaneous generation: i.e., that matter can spontaneously generate life. In his experiments, after every expedient to secure sterility life appeared in myriad quantity. Professor Tyndall repeated Dr. Bastian's experiments, with additional precautions to secure absolute sterility suggested by the most recent science, with very different results. He varied the experiment in every direction, but matter in the germless air never yielded life. Dr. Dallinger came to the front, and by a different method proved the fallacies underlying Dr. Bastian's experiments. Without leaning either to biogenesis or abiogenesis, he gave himself to the working out by microscopical research of the *life-histories* of the minute forms of life, the mode of whose origin was in dispute. He traced the life-histories of these minute organisms, and worked them out successfully, showing that, so far from their having origin in not-living matter, they actually

arise in spores or germs, fertilised by a genetic process, like all the higher and more complex forms above them.

These experiments have practically closed the question. Professor Huxley distinctly affirms, in the light of the latest research, that "the properties of living matter distinguish it absolutely from all other kinds of things, and that the present state of our knowledge furnishes us with no link between the living and the not-living." This is a sufficiently bold and clear statement, and is made by one who has scientifically mastered the results of researches up to the latest date. Tyndall, though confessing that he wishes the evidence were the other way, is compelled to say: "I affirm that no shred of trustworthy experimental testimony exists to prove that life in our day has ever appeared independently of antecedent life." Dr. Dallinger asserts: "The conviction to-day of the largest number by far of the most competent biologists is, that down to the uttermost verge of organised existence, out to its very edge and in its lowliest condition, it is yet true that only that which is living can produce that which shall live."

Biological science to-day is therefore an eloquent witness to the existence of a great First Cause, the Author of Life, and the mystery which science cannot pierce, and the darkness in which pure science would grope, is relieved by the light of revelation. Every elementary molecule of matter, science tells us, has its specific properties; and Sir John Herschell asserts: "These molecules possess all the characteristics of *manufactured articles*." And Professor Dana affirms: "Geology appears to bring us directly before the Creator, and leads us to no other solution of the origin of life than this—*Deus fecit*" (God produced it). Those who are dazzled by the conjectures of false science should remember this: spontaneous generation is discredited. The transition from not-life to life is abrupt. The break is absolute and clear. These are the latest conclusions of the highest scientific authorities of our day.

#### THE WITNESS OF REVELATION.

Where science cannot help us, revelation comes to our aid. There are problems which science cannot solve which Christianity answers. "The cosmic questions are connected not only with this world, but with the whole universe. What are the questions of this kind which science says she is unable to answer, and which religion has answered? Questions of origin:—

"How did the first atom of matter come into existence?

"What was the origin of force?

"What was the origin of life?

"These great questions are answered in the Bible.

"Is God a person?

"Can God control the laws of nature?

"Will God answer prayer?

"What is God's character?

"What is God's relation to mankind?

"These questions are not only unsolved by science, but there is not the least indication that they ever

will be solved in this way. They belong to an earlier stage and a higher sphere than it is given to man to penetrate. The first page of the chapter which treats of 'Origins' is a sealed book unless to those who read it in the first chapter of Genesis." \* Science is useless as a substitute for revelation; and to remember this is the soul's true science. Christianity is *scientia scientiarum*. The queen of all the sciences is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The soul cannot live on syllogisms. Science cannot bind up a bleeding heart. Logic has no balm for the soul. Revelation is a fact. Sin is a fact. Salvation is a fact. Christian life is as much a fact as physical life. That the life and death of the Lord Jesus avail to cleanse the conscience and to purify the life of man is, in its own way, as much a fact as any "fact" of science or of nature.

Theological science can at no point be separated from general science. Some knowledge of every department of human investigation must always be included in every system or Theological Encyclopædia as *auxiliary* to the theological sciences themselves. But theology outruns and overlaps all other sciences. And the student of science who ignores the grandest of all sciences, or deliberately shuts his eyes, ears, and heart to the truth of the Divine revelation as contained in God's Word, is like the chemist who denies that the ultimate reality can be known because he does not find it in his crucibles and retorts, or like a deaf man who questions the fact of sound because he cannot smell it.

#### ARE YOU SCIENTIFIC?

In the investigation of mathematical or physical truth, character counts for little. Men of the worst character may in such inquiries achieve the most triumphant success. Not so with the science of the soul. In the search for moral truth the heart cannot be separated from the head. In religious inquiry character is the keystone in the arch of moral investigation. "Prove all things," but "hold fast that which is good" while so doing.

Religion does not shrink from the stern test which modern science insists upon applying to all things—the test of experience. "Two and two make four—that is mathematics; hydrogen and oxygen form water—that is chemistry; Christ crucified is the power of God unto salvation—that is revelation. But how do you know? Put two and two together, and you have four; count, and see. Put hydrogen and oxygen together, and you have water; test, and you will prove it. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved; believe, and you will know. Each demonstration is unanswerable in its own sphere." Man's religious nature is as real as his physical nature, and implies a spiritual as much as the latter implies a physical world. "O taste, and see how gracious the Lord is!" The test of experience will witness to the reality and use of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

\* See "Scripture Miracles and Modern Scepticism," by Rev. W. Anderson. A book worth reading.



## A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING COUSIN.

BY MARGARET S. FAILL.

## CHAPTER XIV.

RACHEL.



SURELY

Ruth had had a bad dream, which the morning light would soon dispel? She tried to throw off the heavy weight which seemed pressing on her heart, but, alas! the effort only brought back the stern truth to her mind. It was no dream, no delusion. Across the passage, in a darkened room, they had laid Lance, and the silence of death which reigned

there cast its solemn gloom over all the house. Some faint sounds from the room adjoining hers reminded Ruth that her sister and old Miss Douglas were in the house; but they might have lived there all their lives for any curiosity she felt concerning them. The old lady came out of the room occasionally, but Rachel was unable to leave her bed. Ruth heard this without any emotion. Perhaps she had no feeling left—possibly her heart had turned to stone, too—but no: it ached too intensely for that. Nothing seemed real but this intolerable deadly load that hung upon her, and would not be shaken off, and which yet appeared like some bad nightmare.

It was on Monday that Miss Douglas, coming to the door of her room as Ruth passed, told her that her sister wished to see her.

"Don't let her excite herself too much," the old lady said warningly, "for she is still very weak. And now I shall leave you alone together;" and then Ruth found herself in the room face to face with Rachel.

Was this really the meeting which she had looked forward to for years? How often, in fancy, she had pictured the scene; and how difficult she would have found it to believe that she could be so unmoved! Still, as she went over to the bed a faint excitement stirred within her. She had only time to catch sight of a pretty, pale face on the pillows, when a pair of soft arms were thrown round her neck, and warm kisses pressed her cheeks.

"Dear Ruth," said a caressing voice; and somehow the tone and action brought a rush of tears to Ruth's eyes, although it sent a thrill of warm feeling into her heavy heart. "Ah, poor Ruth!" said the soft voice again; "but you mustn't fret so much;" and she gave another kiss. "Do you know," she went on, as Ruth forced back her tears, "I thought I should never have lived to see you. It was dreadful!"

"How did it happen that you were in the same boat?" Ruth asked, sitting on the edge of the bed, but still having her hand imprisoned in Rachel's soft, clinging clasp.

"Oh," said Rachel, sitting up, "this is how it happened: We were coming to see you—for ever so long we have talked of it, but somehow it always got put off. First, auntie wished to pay a visit on the other side of the loch, and we thought we could get across by the steamer. We found that the steamers didn't suit, owing to the season; but they told us we could get over in a sailing-boat. I was rather afraid; but it looked so calm, we decided to venture. When we found the boy in the boat, and heard the man call him 'Master Douglas,' auntie thought he was like me; so we knew who he was at once. Poor boy! he kept on telling me not to be afraid, when the squall came on. I can't bear to think of it. I was sure I was going to be drowned;" and she gave a shiver. But after a minute she looked round with a smile. "Are you glad to see me, Ruth?" she asked, with another embrace. "I am to see you."

Ruth could hardly have applied the word "glad" to any of her present feelings: her heart was too sore for that; but Rachel's tender embrace and caressing tones had a comforting and softening effect on the sharpness of her grief, and bending down, she returned her sister's kiss.

"I have always wished to see you, Rachel," she said, half sadly; "but just now nothing can make me glad."



"Cousin Archie brought her."—p. 351.

It was on Tuesday, the last day of March, chill and cold, that they buried Lance. Perhaps Ruth had not

fully realised her loss until they carried the boy out through the little gate where only a few short days since he had so gaily passed, whistling, and had turned to wave his cap. At this memory her tears flowed freely, and she wept until she was thoroughly exhausted, so that when she made her appearance among the others in the evening, her eyes were red and swollen, and her cheeks pale and haggard.

That same evening, when the lamps were lit and the fire was burning brightly, Rachel came down to tea for the first time. She was dressed in a tea-gown of the most delicate shade of pink, and made a bright spot in the dull room. She looked like some fragile hot-house plant, which a rough breath of wind might blow away. Jack rose and gave her the arm-chair near the fire, and Miss Douglas was greatly concerned lest there should be the slightest draught; so while everyone was bustling round the invalid, Ruth had time to observe her fully. The tearful interview in the bed-room had not left any very clear impression on her mind, but she became aware now—although it had not struck her before—that Rachel was a beauty. All her features were so delicate and dainty, even her feet and hands were tiny; and as she sat in the large arm-chair, with the firelight shining on her sparkling rings, she looked like a creature unfit for every-day use. Everybody came round her and attended to her as if she had been a princess; but she received it all with such a charming manner, that it seemed only natural and right. Miss Douglas regarded the two sisters, and as her eye travelled from the one face, curved into soft smiling lines, and then on to the other, which was sombre and heavy-eyed, she wondered how she could ever have mistaken them, even for a moment. Poor Ruth was indeed looking wretched. Even her eyes, always the most striking feature of her face, were dim and lustreless, and her whole air was dejected and listless. The old lady was sorry for the girl, who was so plainly suffering and unhappy; and she went over to the sofa beside Ruth, and made some effort at consolation. But her method, which was of the rousing-up order, could not be considered very felicitous. Ruth's wound was too recent to bear rough handling at present, and she winced under the well-meant remarks, uttered in such brisk tones.

"Well, well," Miss Douglas was saying, in conclusion, "the ways of Providence are a great mystery—the youngest in the boat was taken. But the Lord knows best, and we must submit to His will."

Ruth thought the old lady was submitting remarkably well; but she herself could not yet acquiesce in her affliction with such Christian resignation. She rose up a little wearily; and even when Miss Douglas added, cheerfully: "You know that I have undertaken to pay all the funeral and mourning expenses," she was ungrateful enough to feel as unsoothed as ever.

A few days later Ruth had carried up her sister's breakfast, and was lingering at the bedside for a little talk.

"Now, Ruth," Rachel said brightly, "I want to hear all about the people here. You haven't told me anything yet."

"There are so few people," Ruth responded. "The minister and his wife; a few small farmers and boat-

men; the shop, and post-office—I think that is about the extent of the village."

"Oh, that wasn't what I wished to know;" and Rachel put out her hand, with a little laugh. "Tell me about the men—the unmarried ones," she added, with charming frankness.

"There are hardly any," Ruth said doubtfully; "except, of course, Mr. Wilson, the schoolmaster."

"Well, what is he like?" Rachel asked, in a tone of interest. "Young and nice-looking?"

"Oh, young enough, and well enough-looking, I fancy," Ruth said indifferently.

"You fancy!" her sister exclaimed, raising her eyebrows. "What a funny girl you are, Ruth! Evidently you don't flirt most with him."

"Flirt with Mr. Wilson?" Ruth echoed, with contemptuous surprise. "Certainly not."

Rachel laughed.

"Then, who else is there?" she persisted. "There must be another man."

"There is Mr. Lewis," Ruth admitted reluctantly; "but I don't think he could be called young."

"Well, is he rich, or handsome, or anything? Is he the favoured one?"

"I think he is rich," Ruth replied, ignoring the last question, and wishing she could ignore her blush at the same time. "He is an artist," she went on quickly, to prevent Rachel making any remark, "and lives with his two sisters. You used to know them long ago, when we were children."

"Oh!" cried Rachel, who had noted the blush; "you should have mentioned him first. I'm sure he is the one. You must take me to see them, and perhaps the artist will want to paint our portraits—unless," she added, catching sight of the expression on Ruth's face, "he has done yours already. Has he?"

Ruth nodded affirmatively.

"Then he might do us together," Rachel suggested. "I daresay you had great fun in the studio."

"Indeed no," declared Ruth, with a lively recollection of her last unpleasant interview there. "Nothing would induce me to sit again."

She made this assertion with such emphatic earnestness, that Rachel, in spite of the former blush, was constrained to believe its truthfulness.

"But tell me, Ruth," she asked, "if there is no society, and only two men whom you don't care for, how on earth do you manage to exist?"

"Couldn't you exist under those circumstances?" and Ruth looked round at her sister.

"Good gracious! no," the young lady responded fervently. "I couldn't live without society, and some flirtation;" and she laughed frankly and naturally.

Ruth regarded her with some surprise. This way of talking was quite new to her. Indeed, Rachel was a complete revelation to her, and unlike anyone she had ever met. However, as she betook herself out of the room she sincerely hoped the idea of visiting the Lewises would not seriously recur to Rachel, for if so, what excuse could she manage to make?

Little Katie had taken a great fancy to her newly found sister, and followed her about admiringly

wherever she went. The little girl chattered away, and imparted a great deal of information, to which Rachel only lent half an ear. At last Katie bethought her of her French doll, which was surely beautiful enough to excite some admiration; so she ran off, and proudly returned with it, arrayed in all its finery.

"What a grandly dressed lady!" said Rachel, taking it and examining the costume with some interest. "Where did she come from?"

"From France," Katie replied proudly. "Cousin Archie brought her."

"Who?" asked Rachel quickly, rousing up instantly to thorough attention. "Who is Cousin Archie?"

"Oh! don't you know?" cried Katie, delighted with the effect of her words. "He's our cousin, and he's awfully nice; and is a soldier, too."

"Does she mean Archie Douglas of the Seaforths?" Rachel said wonderingly, turning to her aunt.

"But Archie Douglas isn't your cousin, child," said the old lady sharply, just as Ruth was entering the room.

"Do you know Archie Douglas, Ruth?" her sister cried, in a tone of surprise. "You never told me."

And so his name had been mentioned at last; Ruth had been expecting it for some time. What would they say about him? Would her doubts be dispelled or confirmed? But she turned to answer Rachel's remark.

"I never thought of mentioning him," she said; "you didn't, either."

"And he never told us he knew you," Rachel went on, as if unable to recover from her surprise.

"People generally do know their cousins," said Ruth, somewhat coldly. "It seems to me that our family is exceptional in that respect."

"But he isn't your cousin," declared Miss Douglas, with energy; "not even a second or third one. He is only distantly related. So he is 'Cousin Archie' here, and I suppose you admire him immensely?"

"Now, auntie, of course she does," struck in Rachel laughingly. "If you were a young girl, you would too. Every girl does; he is so handsome."

"H'm!" grunted the old lady, "if he is only handsome—"

"Oh, but he is so attractive, too," interrupted Rachel, leaning her pretty face saucily against the top of her aunt's chair. "You don't suppose a girl cares if he is a little wild or has a few debts?—Now, don't speak, auntie: you know you're ever so fond of him yourself. And how well he does everything: how he rides, and plays tennis, and flirts!—and she gave a little laugh: "but, oh, Ruth, you should hear him sing! You can imagine nothing more delightful."

Did not Ruth know how delightful it was? As her sister spoke, the parlour at Lakeside, and her own emotions as Archie's voice thrilled through her, rose up in her memory. But now the recollection was robbed of all charm. Every girl admired him—everybody liked his singing. Should she hear next that "Maid of Athens" was his favourite song? The result of this eulogium on his gifts and graces was to rouse up a sort of unreasonable irritation against Archie in her mind.

"He looks really splendid in his uniform!" Rachel was going on. "You remember how vexed he was, auntie, that day when——"

"Of course I remember such an unpleasant scene," Miss Douglas said, with severity; "and I wonder you are not ashamed to talk of it."

Rachel had begun to laugh; and as Miss Douglas still looked severe, she threw her arms round the old lady's neck.

"Now, auntie dear," she said, "you needn't look at me as if I had done something to be ashamed of. How could I help it?"

"There, there, away with you!" and she pushed aside the coaxing arms; but the tone sounded more indulgent than the words.

Rachel jumped up, still laughing, and flitted over to the window, gaily humming a tune. Ruth regarded her with a sort of wonderment. What a bright sparkling creature she seemed—like a butterfly in the sunshine. Her laugh was as joyous as if sorrow could never come near her. Somehow this gaiety jarred on Ruth, whose own heart was so heavy. Of course the loss could not be the same to Rachel, but surely she might feel it a little—she who had so narrowly escaped the same fate.

"One thing is sure," declared the young lady, tripping back from the window: "Archie Douglas must marry a rich wife; and his mother thinks a princess would be hardly good enough for him."

"His mother is a very foolish woman," Miss Douglas asserted, with asperity; "but I know someone whom she would be quite content to have for a daughter-in-law, and she is by no means a princess."

Rachel laughed again.

"Ah! but she would think it a great honour for that 'someone,'" she said. "She thinks there never was anyone like her dear boy Archie."

Ruth, who had thought her cup of suffering too full to contain another drop, found that this conversation gave her an extra pang. But she could stand no more of it. She rose up, and said to Mrs. Lennox that she would go down to the village for anything that was required, and call at the post-office for letters. It was the first time she had thought of going since Lance's death; but to-day the air of the house had become too uncongenial, and any movement seemed preferable to the silent endurance of listening to such talk.

## CHAPTER XV.

### IN THE CHURCHYARD.

RUTH made her way slowly down the hill, feeling like a different person from the girl who had so gaily and thoughtlessly traversed the same road only a few days ago. The conversation to which she had just listened made her feel sadder than ever. "What were Archie's good looks to her?" she thought wearily. Miss Douglas was evidently astonished to learn that the young man had been here, and she would not even allow Ruth to call him her cousin; Rachel had made no secret of her admiration for him; and her aunt's reference to the "someone" his mother wished him to marry left no room for doubt as to whom she meant. Well, had she not been warned about Rachel



"Did you wonder why I never came?"— p. 853.

and Archie from the beginning? Why should she have imagined that this universally admired young man could ever be anything to her? As she put this question to herself, she listlessly raised her eyes from the ground, and saw him. Yes, it was Archie; there was no mistaking that erect, easy carriage. He was a long way off, but even at that distance she knew him.

A sudden wave of colour swept over her face; and all at once, by the quick flutter of her heart, which she had thought broken, Ruth knew her own secret. It came upon her with the suddenness of a shock; but there was no denying it. She knew now why Mr. Matthew had appeared so distasteful to her, and why Rachel's words had carried such a sting in them. Instinctively she tried to fight against the conviction;

but deep down in her heart she knew that she loved Archie.

All this time, as they were gradually approaching, he had never noticed her. Ruth's blush had subsided, leaving her quite pale again, when he looked up to the top of the steep inclination he was ascending, and saw her.

A quick smile of pleasure lit up his face on the instant, and, lifting his hat, he hurried forward.

"Ruth!" and he had clasped both her hands in his and was looking down at her. But the smile faded from his face at the sight of her sad expression. "Oh, Ruth! I am so sorry;" and at the tone of sympathy in Archie's expressive voice the tears came into her eyes.



"Thank you," she said, half turning away; but no more words would come.

"You were going down to the village," Archie said. "May I go with you?"

"Oh, won't you go on to the house?" Ruth asked. "Rachel and Miss Douglas are there now."

"I know," he said; "but if I may, I should rather turn back with you. My time is so short—I have only one day's leave; and I must take the boat back to catch the London night express. I thought I must see you, Ruth, and I came as soon as I heard. You never sent me any word." he added, in a slightly reproachful tone, "or I should have come to the funeral."

"None of us had time to think of anything," Ruth said sadly; "it was so dreadfully sudden. I don't seem able to realise it yet."

"Poor Ruth!" he said gently; "I can understand. It doesn't seem true to me, either; but I thought of you all the time."

"How did you hear?" she asked.

"Aunt Douglas wrote to my mother, and she sent on the letter to me."

Then for a while they walked on in silence.

"You are going this way?" Archie asked, indicating the path to the churchyard, when they reached the foot of the hill.

Ruth bent her head in assent, but did not speak. She was grateful to him for divining. It was sweet to have a little sympathy after Miss Douglas's comfortable admonitions about resignation and Rachel's light-hearted gaiety. Archie was sorry, too; he had been fond of Lance, and the boy had returned the feeling. It made it seem less lonely, standing by the grave, to know that someone who felt for her was by her side.

He held open the gate of the little churchyard, which was the only cemetery, and she passed in first. She moved round to the familiar spot where her grandmother lay, and which she and Lance had been in the habit of visiting on fine Sundays. The freshly moved turf indicated where the ground had been disturbed, and a faint scent of lilies reached her as she drew near. A beautiful wreath of fresh white flowers lying on the mound showed from where the perfume came. She turned an enquiring look on Archie, who was behind her.

"Yes," he said, in answer to the unspoken question, "I put it, Ruth. Poor Lance! I wish I could have done something more for him."

He stood by her side, while the tears slowly dropped down her cheeks, but they were less bitter than many she had shed. Whatever faults might be imputed to poor Archie, he could not be accused of the lack of a kind and feeling heart.

He said nothing at all by way of consolation at first, but let her cry on silently. Then he took her arm gently, and spoke in a subdued tone.

"Let us sit down here, Ruth dear," he said, drawing her towards an ancient flat tomb-stone, from which the letters were almost worn away. "We can stay as long as you like."

Ruth allowed herself to be led, and left the hand which he had taken in his clasp. It seemed less

desolate to have something to take hold of—something warm and comforting. It assured her that everything had not vanished away; the world was not so cold as she had fancied. After a time her tears ceased to flow as she dried her eyes.

"Ruth, did you wonder why I never came or took any notice all this time?" Archie asked her, breaking the silence.

"I don't think I did," she returned, shaking her head. "I couldn't think of anything but my own sorrow; and," she added, with a dreary sigh, "I feel as if it would always be the same. I am afraid I have become very selfish, for I find I can't bear anyone to laugh, or seem happy, or talk about other things."

The young man looked at her with an indescribable expression in his eyes for a moment, but if he had been about to speak, he checked the words on his lips, and remained silent. After a pause, he spoke again.

"I am glad," he said, in a somewhat low tone, "that you did not think it was want of feeling which kept me away. I was afraid you must be thinking very badly of me."

How could Ruth tell him that she had felt the less she had depended on him the better it would be? She reproached herself now that he had come, and proved himself more sympathetic than anyone else. He was grave and serious, and not the slightest trace appeared of his usual gay spirits, which would have grated on Ruth's present feelings. She had misjudged him, evidently, and thought less of him than he deserved.

"I knew you were fond of Lance," she said, turning to him with some compunction; "but don't think me unkind if I tell you that when he was gone nothing else in the whole world seemed of any consequence."

"I understand, dear Ruth," he said softly, pressing her hand. "It was selfish of me to expect you to think of me at all;" and as he spoke, it occurred to Ruth that she had never known how soft his blue eyes could look.

No wonder Rachel had called him handsome. Each time Ruth saw him she was struck afresh by the fact. To-day, however, it was not his good looks so much as the tender kindness of his expression which she noticed. Something in the glance vaguely disturbed her, and recalled her sister to her mind, which made her remark, almost suddenly—

"You know that Rachel and Miss Douglas are still here. Had we not better go back now?"

"I haven't time, Ruth," said Archie, looking at his watch. "Won't you stay here a little, and talk? You know I came a long way to see you, and you haven't yet told me all about the accident. I should like to hear, if it isn't painful for you to tell."

But it was a relief to Ruth to be able to speak of it to sympathetic ears, and she needed no persuasion to remain. It was sweet to be in his presence; already a feeling of solace seemed stealing over her heart.

It was a mild afternoon for the beginning of April, and the softness of the air mingling with the faint perfume from the flowers gradually lulled Ruth into a dreamy feeling more in accordance with the peacefulness of the scene. The sky was a soft grey, and among the bare branches of the trees a few tender green buds were beginning to appear. The influence

of spring, hopeful and soothing, made itself felt, and for a long time the two young people sat silent in this quiet deserted spot, which seemed removed from all the world. Archie idly drew patterns on the path with his stick, and now and then glanced at his companion. She was leaning forward, her chin supported by her hand and her elbow resting on her knee, while her eyes were dreamily fixed in front of her.

"Ruth," Archie said at last, "I wish I could have helped you a little. I can only say over again how sorry I am, and that doesn't do you any good."

"Oh yes, indeed," Ruth returned quickly. "I am glad you don't tell me to be resigned, as Miss Douglas does. It is so easy to say that when one doesn't feel any loss; but I cannot see why Lance was allowed to drown when all the others were saved. It doesn't seem fair, somehow."

"Poor Ruth!" Archie murmured again softly.

"I know I ought not to say so," she added; "but at first it is hard to see why it is all for the best, as Miss Douglas says."

"That is so like Aunt Douglas," Archie remarked drily; "she is so fond of giving advice, as I ought to know very well;" and his tone was slightly grim, as if the recollection of past admonitions was by no means agreeable. "Yet I'm bound to admit her advice is all first-class. Pity one can't always think and act according to orders."

Of what was he thinking? Ruth wondered; and it

flashed across her mind that no doubt his conduct must often have laid him open to the strictures of Miss Douglas. She cast a swift glance at him, but his face bore no traces of shame or regret; it was only grave.

"I should like," he went on, "to hear the old lady hold forth at our mess. Wouldn't she just surprise some of the fellows! She'd tackle a whole regiment with pleasure, and give them a fine lecture on their duties. Mark my words, Ruth"—and here a slight gleam of fun sparkled momentarily in his eyes—"you will have some special advice before long."

"About what?" Ruth asked, in some surprise.

"You'll soon see," he returned, smiling; "but I hope you won't follow it."

Was it anything to do with himself? she wondered, and looked half-doubtfully at him; but his air did not in the least express consciousness. He was looking down, with a shade of amusement about the corners of his mouth; but then, Archie never did look confused or embarrassed. Ruth wondered if he ever looked ashamed, or did he always hold up his head as if he must be in the right? But she would not judge him.

What if others spoke hardly of him?—what, indeed, if he had many faults? After to-day she would always feel grateful to him for his sympathy in her trouble. She rose, with something like a sigh.

"I'm afraid I must go now," she said. "Isn't it getting late?"



"If she had thrown a bomb-shell into the room, it could hardly have created more sensation than did this quiet announcement."—p. 856.

Archie looked at his watch.

"I have still an hour," he said, rising up, "which I can spend with you, Ruth. Shall we go to the village first?—I suppose you are going to the post-office?—and then I could walk back part of the way with you."

They walked slowly out of the quiet little churchyard, and made their way towards the village. They passed the cottage to which Lance had been taken, and at the sight of it Ruth felt a lump rise in her throat. But she was not alone, and the sense of companionship was sustaining.

They went into the shop together, and when Ruth had done her business there they proceeded towards the post-office. Archie said he would go in and ask for the letters, and in a few minutes he came out with quite a packet of them, which he handed to her.

"I had no idea that you knew Webster," he said, in a surprised tone. "The woman made me read the addresses to see if they were right, and I recognised the writing," he explained.

"I don't know him," Ruth declared, with equal surprise, as she looked at the letters. "Oh, I see, 'Miss R. Douglas'; that must be Rachel. They are all for her and Miss Douglas."

"Oh, that's it, of course. I might have known," said Archie. "It seems as if I had been taking a private peep at her correspondence; but I really couldn't help myself."

Ruth glanced at him, and fancied that his expression was slightly displeased. Perhaps Webster might be a rival, she thought. No doubt Rachel had many admirers, and probably Archie did not know that he himself was the favoured one, of which fact Ruth was instinctively aware, her own feelings enabling her to divine more clearly those of her sister.

"I will go past the school with you, Ruth," Archie said, as they turned their steps towards the glen; "and then I am afraid I must turn back to catch my boat."

So there were only a few minutes left of his society, and perhaps this would be the last time she should enjoy it all to herself. Ah, well! had she not been sufficiently warned? Everyone had told her, plainly enough, that Archie could never be more than a friend to her, and yet this did not, any the less, prevent his voice from sounding like music in her ears or make his presence less pleasing to her. A profound melancholy seemed to enfold her as they reached the school. It appeared like years since she had run in there while Lance went to turn back the Misses Lewis. Mr. Wilson, who had now more time on his hands, was standing at his door as they approached; but Ruth merely bowed to him, and passed on. The sight of him standing there was so familiar, it seemed as if Lance would rush out from behind, as he had so often done when she came to meet him.

"That was where I saw him last," Archie said gently. "Do you remember? I went down with him the morning I left."

Ruth bent her head in assent, but did not speak. They walked on for about five minutes, and then Archie stopped.

"I am afraid I must go no farther," he said regret-

fully. "Ruth," and he took her hand, "you have been glad to see me, have you not?"

"Yes," she said simply. "It was very good of you to come."

"No, not good," he said quickly; "I wished to come. If I came again, very soon, should you still be pleased to see me? or would it be too often?"

"Oh, do come whenever you can get away," Ruth returned, in a voice which she felt most inadequately expressed her feelings. "We shall all be pleased to see you. Miss Douglas and Rachel will be here for some time, too."

"I'm afraid Aunt Douglas will have some rather unpleasant conversation with me," the young man remarked, with a slight grimace: "something which I shall not enjoy; but"—and his sunny smile broke over his face—"let us hope somebody else will make up for what I go through."

Ruth did not look at him. Her eyes were fixed sadly on the ground, and it was not till he spoke again that she lifted them.

"And now it must be good-bye," he said. "I hope you will look better when I see you again, Ruth dear. I wish I could have comforted you a little."

"You have been very kind," she murmured. "Good-bye, Archie."

"Good-bye, Ruth," and for a moment he pressed her hand in both of his; and then she found herself walking on alone, with her eyes full of tears.

Surely she had managed to keep them back until he could not see them? She did not know; but now they would not be suppressed, and as she hurried on one or two fell on her cheeks. At the turning in the road she could not resist taking one last look back. There stood Archie, a tall figure on the lonely road. He took off his hat when he saw her look round, and waved it until she disappeared round the corner.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### IN QUEST OF ADVENTURES.

WHEN she reached home, Rachel came running to the door, and kissed her as she came in.

"We thought you were lost, Ruth," she said, drawing her into the room, where the lamps were being lit, as it was now quite dusk. "I have been wearying for you dreadfully."

To Ruth, who was unused to demonstration, the caressing touch and words seemed very sweet, and she smiled as they entered the room together.

"Well, your walk has improved you, anyhow," said Miss Douglas, looking up as Ruth appeared. "You look like a different girl already, now that you have a little colour in your cheeks. It is quite wonderful," she added, looking from one to the other of the sisters, who still stood together, "how like Rachel you look."

Before Ruth could make any reply to this remark, which was clearly considered a great compliment, Mrs. Lennox, who cared nothing at all about people's looks, interrupted by asking—

"But what kept you all this time? Did you go to see Miss Lewis?"

"No," returned Ruth calmly; "I met Cousin Archie."

If she had thrown a bomb-shell into the room, it could hardly have created more sensation than did this quiet announcement.

"What!" exclaimed both Rachel and her aunt simultaneously. "Archie Douglas here?" and then Miss Douglas added, somewhat sharply—"Why didn't he come up to see us? I suppose he knew we were here?"

"Yes, he knew," Ruth replied; "but he said he had not time, as he had to catch the boat back."

"And you mean to say he has *gone away* without seeing us?" the old lady demanded, with rising indignation.

"He must have known about my accident, too," said Rachel naïvely.

Her accident! Ruth stared at her in dumb amazement.

"How long has he been here, might I ask?" inquired Miss Douglas, pursuing her investigations as if Ruth had been in the witness-box.

"He didn't say by which boat he came," Ruth replied indifferently. "It was some time to-day."

"And you mean to say that he arrived to-day, and has gone already? What on earth did he come for?" and the old lady fixed her eyes on Ruth as if she were responsible in some manner for this extraordinary proceeding.

"He came to say low sorry he was about Lance," Ruth answered coldly; "and," she added steadily, "I think it would have been very strange if he had taken no notice."

"Oh yes, I daresay," said Miss Douglas shortly; "but since he was here, he might have had the politeness to come to see us—considering how much he is indebted to me, too."

To this, Ruth had no remark to offer. She kept silent, feeling annoyed with Miss Douglas's tone; not so much for its implied appropriation of Archie as for the apparent disposition to blame her for the young man's omission. Rachel had unmistakably expressed her conviction that he must be affected by what had happened to her especially. Perhaps she had reason for thinking so; but at least Archie had been kind enough to make this one visit of sympathy without obtruding any other subjects on her notice. When he came again, and she saw him with Rachel, then all doubts would be at an end.

"I suppose he asked for us?" Rachel inquired presently.

Ruth remembered that he had not; but she feared that a blunt "No," would elicit another burst of surprise, which she dreaded to encounter; so she tried to temporise by saying hastily—

"Oh, I told him, of course, that you had both recovered."

"Fancy his coming so far for one day," Rachel went on; "and I'll be bound he travelled in a Pullman, too; he's such an extravagant fellow."

"Indeed he is," agreed Miss Douglas. "I wonder whom he expects to pay for all his follies?"

"It is a pity he isn't rich," Rachel said regretfully. "Poor fellow! he really ought to have the best of everything; and I'm sure he would be miserable if he ever had to do without his horse, or—"

But Ruth did not wait to hear the end of the list of Archie's possible privations. As she was not being directly addressed, she took the opportunity of leaving the room in order to remove her hat and jacket.

The same evening, as Ruth was accompanying Katie up-stairs at the latter's bed-time, they passed Rachel's door, which stood wide open, and displayed a fire burning brightly within. Rachel was flitting about inside, and, seeing them, called them in.

"I have just been looking at my jewel-case," she said, pointing to a leather box on a little table. "I have all my jewellery with me; so it really was a mercy we hadn't our luggage in that little boat, or it would all have been lost. I didn't care about the valise—there wasn't anything important in it. See, I got ever so many of these when I came of age;" and she opened the lid and displayed a glittering array of trinkets. "Oh, we did have such a day!—a garden-party, and a dinner in the evening; it was on the fifteenth of June, and a glorious day," she added, with unnecessary explanation, as Ruth naturally was aware of the date of her own birthday; although, to be sure, it had passed quite unnoticed. "I don't think I ever had a more exciting time," Rachel went on, her eyes sparkling at the recollection. "I had heaps of presents; and really I had hardly time to eat for listening to all the compliments and pretty speeches—not that I believed half of them," and she gave a well-pleased laugh. "Those were auntie's presents," and she picked up a diamond brooch and a pearl necklace; "and this was from Archie Douglas," and she pointed to a bracelet with pearls and diamonds. "He was the handsomest man in the room," she added, somewhat pensively. "But, dear Ruth," and she threw her arms round her sister and kissed her, "I did really mean to write to you that day. I had a present too, all ready for you; but somehow I couldn't get a moment to myself for writing; then we had Archie Douglas and some other men staying, and they took up all my time afterwards. Auntie had been telling me that I ought to write to you, and although I hate writing, I meant to do it; but it got put off and put off, until it was too late. Then auntie said she would take me to see you, and I was so glad. You'll have the present now, Ruth dear, although it was a shame of me to be so long;" and with another hug, she pressed a morocco case into her sister's hands.

It was with very mixed feelings that Ruth thus heard the reason of her twin-sister's remaining so long a stranger to her. Latterly, at least, it had not been the fault of Miss Douglas, but merely the carelessness of Rachel herself that kept them apart. Still, with Rachel's caressing arms around her, and her present (a pair of gold bangles, on which a large R in pearls formed the only ornament) in her hand, Ruth found it impossible to be vexed. These affectionate ways (even now, when she knew it was merely a "way") always touched her, so she returned the kiss, and said—

"Well, I am glad you have come at last, Rachel. We must try and make up for lost time now."

The next afternoon, as the two girls sat by the window, Rachel remarked briskly—



"I think I must go out to-day, and see if I shall not be as lucky as you, Ruth. I feel quite ready for some adventures now."

"Adventures?" repeated Ruth, in surprise. "I'm afraid you won't have any here."

"Why? didn't you have one yesterday?" said

"I can't," and Ruth pointed to the black frock she was making for her little sister. "I must finish that to-day; but I am sure Katie would be delighted to go, and she would do quite as well."

Rachel looked doubtful for a moment.

"Does Katie know them all?" she asked; but on



"He excused himself."—p. 858.

Rachel. "When is the best time to meet them? and where?"

"Them—whom?"

"The men, of course!" and Rachel laughed frankly. "I'm dying to talk to some again."

"I am afraid there isn't any fashionable hour," said Ruth, with a slight smile. "I should say just now would be as good a time as any to meet Mr. Wilson or Mr. Matthew, and they are the only unmarried men of the place."

"And is it far to the school?"

"About two miles." Then, as Rachel shook her head hopelessly, she added—"But Mr. Wilson often walks up the glen."

"Oh, then, let's go at once," Rachel cried brightly, jumping up.

being reassured on that point, she smiled again, and gaily made for the door.

"But, Rachel, it is so cold to-day," Ruth observed.

"Do you think it wise of you to venture out until you are better?"

Rachel stopped with her hand on the door-handle, and looked back archly, her pretty face dimpling over with smiles.

"Oh, I am always well enough to enjoy myself," she declared unblushingly. "To-morrow, if auntie suggests any horrid sewing, I shall feel quite ill again, I daresay; but just now I know a walk is the best thing for me;" and her laugh echoed merrily through the passage as she danced off to her own room.

"I hope you won't be disappointed," Ruth remarked,

some ten minutes later, as she stood at the door to see the other two depart. "I am sure if poor Mr. Wilson knew he was wanted," she added, with a smile of half-contemptuous amusement, "he would walk miles to oblige you."

"We'll let him know for the next time," Rachel called back lightly, as she tripped away.

Ruth returned to the room and picked up her work, with a slight smile still hovering about the corners of her lips as she thought of Rachel's frankness.

Meanwhile, the others set out in quest of adventures. The day was more chilly than the preceding one, and the afternoon was already far advanced before they started, so at first they were glad to walk pretty smartly. Rachel, however, was not much of a pedestrian, and soon began to slacken speed.

"Are there no houses at all, Katie?" she asked of her little sister, looking round at the silent hills in some dismay. "I don't see a living creature but ourselves."

"Oh, often we don't meet anyone till we reach the village," Katie responded easily; "but we can see a farm round the next turn," she added cheerfully, by way of encouraging her sister, who, she feared, might be tempted to return too soon.

This information did not appear very inspiring; still, Rachel was determined not to be too easily daunted.

"Let us walk slowly, then, Katie," she said, "so that we won't have so long a road to go back again."

But although they walked slowly, pausing now and again, and looking up and down the road, not a creature was to be seen.

"Perhaps we might rest for a while," Rachel suggested, as they approached a low wall which looked invitingly like a seat.

They sat down accordingly, but it was rather cold, and everything remained as quiet as before. The sky began to cloud over, and showed symptoms of drawing to rain. Katie chattered away briskly, quite pleased to sit on the wall and have Rachel all to herself. Rachel, however, paid little attention, while her eyes wandered over the chill-looking landscape.

She was just about giving up her expedition as hopeless, when a step, which had not been audible through Katie's chatter, sounded at her side, and a figure appeared round the bend of the road where they were sitting.

"How do you do, Miss Douglas?" said a man's voice.

Katie looked up quickly, and seeing Gordon, expected to hear her sister make a disclaimer; but Rachel did nothing of the kind.

"Very well, thank you," she responded at once, with a charming little smile, putting her hand into the outstretched one before her.

Gordon had only given one glance at her, and then shaken hands with Katie, so he did not perceive his mistake.

"The last time we met, Miss Douglas," he began, with some hesitation, "I was the bearer of bad news" — and then he paused.

"When was that? I don't remember," said Rachel, with a soft little laugh.

Gordon looked quickly at her, and an expression of astonishment crossed his countenance. He had not known of Rachel's arrival, and for a moment he was completely at a loss. Surely this was Ruth? and yet the voice was different, and now that he looked thoroughly the face was quite different, too. Then the truth flashed across him, and he knew who she was before Katie had exclaimed—

"But this isn't Ruth: it's Rachel!"

"Then have we not met before?" Rachel asked, smiling. "As I'm not Ruth, Katie, you ought to introduce us."

"It's Mr. Gordon," Katie explained, concluding she had complied with all formalities, as he was already aware of her sister's name.

Rachel's eyes sparkled with amusement as she looked, in the frankest manner possible, at the gentleman thus presented, and burst into a rippling laugh of enjoyment.

The look and laugh were irresistible, and carried Gordon away at once. His lips relaxed into a smile, and he laughed in a manner not at all habitual to him.

"I ought to apologise," he said, with more animation than usual, "for thrusting myself upon you like this; but for the moment I mistook you for Miss Douglas."

"Well, so I am Miss Douglas," Rachel declared smilingly—"so you weren't far wrong. But weren't you going our way?" and she rose from her hard seat. "I am afraid we must move on, as it looks rather like rain."

It not only looked like rain, it felt like it also. The drops began to patter quite heavily as she spoke, and the sky became blacker and blacker.

"I have an umbrella," Gordon said promptly. "May I shelter you as far as your own gate?"

Rachel had one too, but she did not mention it.

"Oh, thank you," she said; "but are you sure it isn't taking you too far?"

"Not at all," he responded, almost eagerly. "I was only taking a walk, and have plenty of time."

"Katie, dear, you may have this umbrella," Rachel said; but after that there was no more notice taken of the little girl. The other two seemed to find plenty to say for a first meeting, and although it was raining they did not walk very quickly. Rachel's laugh rang out gaily every now and then; but poor Katie, who was struggling along by herself, and who was unable to hear the conversation, owing to Gordon's intervening umbrella, did not find the walk at all amusing.

When they reached the house, Rachel invited Gordon to come in to see the others, but he excused himself, saying that it was rather late, and that he hoped to call very soon.

As the two girls entered the door, Ruth was descending the stairs.

"Well, did you have any adventure?" she asked.

"Indeed we did," Rachel responded, with animation; "we met Mr. Gordon. Why didn't you tell me about him, Ruth? I like him very much, and I believe there are ever so many more whom you're

keeping private. Now, I'll tell you that I am expecting a visitor shortly; so there will be another man for us;" and with that she ran laughingly into the parlour.

Up-stairs in their bed-room, Katie gave a graphic account of all the proceedings to Ruth, adding, with some indignation, in conclusion—

"And Mr. Gordon even forgot to shake hands with me when he went away. I don't think he wanted me to hear what they were saying, either. I don't like him; and I don't think I like going walks with Rachel," she finished, in an aggrieved tone.

(To be concluded.)

## HOW TO BRIGHTEN LIFE.

### II.—HINTS TO VICTIMS OF THE HUMDRUM.



THE sub-title of this little paper may possibly put certain readers in mind of that famous chapter on snakes, which is so often quoted: "*Chapter X.—On Snakes.* There are no snakes in Iceland." For to many folk—and they by no means the most favoured by circumstance amongst us—there is no such thing as humdrum. What! they exclaim, life dull, monotonous, with a deadly sameness about it, do you say? To us this exquisite world teems with happiness and vitality; every person we meet is of the keenest interest to us; every day we live brings sorrows and vexations, of course; but also it brings its joys. The earth seems to us one vast storehouse of the beautiful gifts of God, and if we but go the right way to work there is not a human want or aspiration for the fulfilment of which He has not provided. Why! cry they, when there is so much to see and do and learn and enjoy, whether our lot be cast in a tiny village or in the heart of a great city, how is it possible to be the victim of a fancied bogey, which, we assure you does not exist?

But such receptive and contented natures might as well talk in Sanskrit for all that they are understood by their more despondent brethren, who, if they had an answer ready (other than the lack-lustre stare of non-comprehending eyes, which is apt to distinguish them), might perhaps couch it somewhat like this—

How much alike is every day!  
One meal's the same as any other;  
Each man I meet upon my way,  
Is really very like his brother.

In fact, whate'er the poets say  
Of sunny sky and verdant sward,  
To me the whole of life is grey:  
'I'm deeply and profoundly bored!'

It is for the possible consolation of these unhappy folk that the following suggestions are offered; and

since, in striving to cover too vast a space, the point is often missed, they confine themselves solely to women. Well, to go at once to the root of the matter. The difficulty to contend against in the previously discussed case of the tired workers was having too much to do: in the case of the victims of the humdrum it is decidedly the fault of having too little. Now absolute employment, whether salaried or voluntary, must of necessity be put out of the question, because (logically, or there would be no boredom) either the will and the energy to undertake it are lacking, or else the powers that be, and which are represented probably in this instance by a mistaken father, have vetoed the idea. But beyond and outside this tremendous power of remedying dulness, there remains an infinitude of things to do which are delightful in the doing if we only have the wit to think of them, and which would assuredly make us brighter, happier, and consequently more useful members of the community, than at present.

Education, for instance. That sounds a dry word to certain minds, but it gains immensely in attractiveness when construed into meaning pleasant hours passed in picture galleries. The National Gallery, for example, was not wholly built to afford Londoners the patronising opportunity of pointing it out to country cousins when passing through Trafalgar Square, though I believe that to be the most general use to which it is put. Nor were its contents placed therein solely for the purpose of providing a studio for art-students, though the art-students themselves sometimes behave as if they thought so.

No; amongst its wider uses is that of affording free instruction and delight to the nation at large, and it is for you—you who are strumming with idle fingers on the window-pane, and vainly longing for something to do—to avail yourself of both. It may require an effort at first. Most sick folk do require to make an effort before they begin the regimen which is to cure them; and inertia is a symptom exhibited by most victims of the humdrum. But when once in the galleries the taste will grow—*l'appétit vient en mangeant*—and a weekly visit will be eagerly looked forward to. The chief traits of the various schools will be learnt: the names and dates of their disciples ineradicably fixed; the methods of the painting will be compared; and gradually—a delicious sensation—one's own *Why?* will be answered by one's own explanatory *Because*.

And then the results of these weekly visits will make themselves felt in a way which is threefold:— (1) in an increased self-respect which invariably follows upon the use of the senses and powers with which God has endowed us: (2) since knowledge is power, in a pleasing reputation amongst a small home circle as some sort of an authority on art: (3) in a widening of interests, and consequently of enjoyments.

Substituting for the name of the National Gallery that of others equally well known, these remarks apply to other cities quite as potently as to London, and more especially when situated in the north, where many of our finest pictures find temporary or permanent homes. But education can be carried on, and, accordingly, the dulness of existence can be lightened, every whit as easily in the country as in town.

With botany, for example, one can make great headway, and after a certain amount of knowledge has been accumulated, a delightful interest to the pursuit can be added by the exchanging of specimens with other collectors. There will be no difficulty in this. Advertisements are plentiful in the right quarters, and I know of more than one pleasant friendship which has grown into a hardy plant from a similar slender stem.

Then, again, there is the archaeological fever, with which anyone with a fair show of enthusiasm can be inoculated, and which undoubtedly grows by what it feeds on. One lives, perhaps, in a country village for years, and though tolerably content upon the whole with the jog-trot routine and narrowed interests of the people, would be mightily surprised if told of the wider interests of the actual ground, and that one was living in a perfect fairyland of wonders.

Yet such is the case. That your quaint old parish church is built in three distinct styles of architecture has probably never been noticed by the rustics of the congregation, but surely *you* might find out the reason why. Away to the left stands an old village cross, one of the very few now left in England; over the fields to the right can be seen the stocks, these latter redolent of Shakespeare's days, and the former—well, one loses oneself in the mists of bygone ages, and the sermons delivered at its foot, preached possibly by some wild fanatic who was arousing enthusiasm for yet another crusade; the peasant parliaments which have made it their meeting-place under the leadership of some inglorious Hampden; the crowds of motley-clad children whose sole knowledge of written characters consisted in the half-effaced time-worn legend—these are but a few of the people and scenes it conjures up. And what of the wars of olden days? That stretch of meadowland at which you glance every day of your life, was it once a battle-field?

In short, take haphazard any given few miles of English land, and take a man well posted in his subject, and the result will be an account which, whatever its style, is so interesting as to matter, that outsiders will yearn to explore that particular spot. The book may not be written, and the man may not be there, but you are, and unless you work up the subject thoroughly by the aid of previous notes and

the evidence of your own senses, you are in the position of tantalising to the verge of frenzy other women who vainly envy you both your leisure, and your opportunity.

Another most admirable plan is to take up a hobby; and, indeed, this is of such grave importance that it has frequently been urged in regard to the upbringing of children as a thing to be inculcated as much as industry, or any other virtue. And in point of fact, does it not make us ashamed of ourselves if for one moment we reflect upon the much that is being done to beautify and ennoble God's world, and then realise that we are but the drones in a hive? That other men should have laboured, and that we should enter into the fruits of their labours, is part of the Divine scheme for the working of the universe, and we do so to the full in this wonderful nineteenth century, with all its wealth of preserved treasure, and all its marvellous new creations. But it certainly was never intended that we should merely take, and never give. We have entered into the fruits of others' labours, but where are our labours into which others again are to enter in their turn?

It seems on the first blush of it rather a downfall to be thinking so seriously, and then to propose some self-made humble employment; but there is unflinching comfort in the commendation, "She hath done what she could." For we can all of us do something, if not with our heads, then with our hands. Of course, it would be ridiculous to include the fine arts, where mechanical skill plays but a secondary part to head-work of an advanced order; but for purely manual production of some kind or another, where no greater amount of brains is required than that furnished by an average intelligence, I firmly believe everyone to be fitted.

It should be borne in mind that the necessary implements, and (in cases when it is also necessary) the tuition, can just as easily be acquired in the country as in towns. I bought a swinging lamp and candlesticks of hammered iron in Venice, but they were not more beautiful (and the cost was about the same) than those I subsequently procured in a Dorsetshire hamlet; and while I have eaten many a dinner in Parisian hotels, I have never had food more daintily served nor better cooked than in a Hampshire village, to which a teacher from the South Kensington School of Cookery had recently been sent. The education grant is not intended solely for the capital, but for the good of the nation at large; while educational enterprise, such as the extension of university teaching, is willing to send lecturers to any place where a sufficient number of students is guaranteed.

It is entirely a question of effort and will whether one wants to learn or whether one doesn't; and, if not in one way then in another, each can find the groove to which she is more especially suited.

Perhaps it is book-binding, which I have seen schoolroom children of twelve and fourteen carry out most creditably. Of necessity, this hobby engenders neatness and accuracy, and, unless the person who takes it up be a very hopeless individual indeed, it will lead her on to the study of book-binding in



general, with all its fascinating detail of special editions, and so forth.

Brass-work is another attractive and cleanly occupation. So is iron-work; and with both these hobbies, ambition may run riot, since, if perfection be attained—no; let us be courageous, and say *when* perfection is attained—they are suitable offerings to dedicate to God's service in churches and mission-halls. While long before that wished-for consummation, the trays and lamps, and so on, will be eagerly welcomed alike by those for whom they bear a personal message of love, and by those to whom an artistic nature allied to a scanty purse, renders a beautiful gift as something to be viewed literally in the light of a god-send.

Some women are heaven-born cooks, and have only to descend into the kitchen to find this out, and to double their value and halve the boredom from that time forth. Others, again, cordially detest the very sight of a saucepan, but may positively shine as modellers if they but give their skill the chance.

Another point is amusement, and it is an invigorating and delightful fact that the best amusements are the cheapest. That very few of us have found this out is due, I fancy, to two causes, one being that, as Ruskin contends, we set but slight value on that which is easily obtainable; and the other is that, according to the dictionaries, the word *humdrum*, when used as a noun, means, "a silly or a stupid fellow." And many people are exceedingly stupid in this particular, victims of the humdrum above all.

For instance, Londoners. If we were told when abroad that one of the finest botanical collections in the world could be viewed by bringing a certain amount of pressure to bear in the proper quarters, many of us would go to endless trouble and expense to see it. But since, it happens to be at Kew, and can be seen for nothing at all, how many ever go there? Again, no person of average intelligence would stay in Paris or Brussels without paying a visit to their museums, yet many people live and die without once visiting our own, which are on a far more magnificent scale.

Away from ready-made amusements, and forced to create one's own, I really think that, upon the whole, we are better off, precisely on the same principle that the child who has an empty box and a few buttons to play with, is generally a jollier little mortal than the child surrounded by costly toys. For the latter has usually lost the power of amusing himself; and dwellers in town are often in much the same predicament.

Golfing and skating have earned nothing but favourable reports from their devotees; while everybody knows that concerts of home manufacture yield a vaster quantity of enjoyment than the finest by paid artists, and that Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks to an audience of humble friends is preferable, in point of fun, to the best rehearsed *tableaux-vivants* to a more critical audience.

But best of all country amusements is the exercise of that grand old virtue, which St. Paul himself recommends, of hospitality. Dinner-parties may be outside the scope of many, but the other end of the

scale of expenditure is every whit as enjoyable, and "people dropping in in the evenings" cost nothing but the warm welcome which is unpurchasable.

Oh, poor victims that you are, would that I had the power to alleviate your misery, not by influence, for I have none, but just by coaxing you not to stand in the radiant beauty of the sunlight, and, veiling your eyes, cry aloud that you stand in the darkness. If no profusion of wealth or beauty appertaining to things can touch you, you "the heir of all the ages," then turn from things to people, and see if they will not quicken your fainting soul.

Don't pass your maid upon the staircase with the thought that so thoroughly are the times out of joint that the wryness of the world even extends to Betsy's face, but go after the girl, and ask her what is the matter. A great amount of nonsense is talked about non-interference in another's trouble, and about each heart having a right to its own secrets, and so forth; but, however sensitive your Betsy may be, she will be able to read the interest and sympathy in your eyes, and will not only forgive the "interference," but love you for it. In return you will hear perhaps that Joe has not written, and so be permitted a glimpse of a humble romance which is being enacted under your very roof.

Give the postman a cup of hot coffee those wintry mornings, when the knocker, slipping from half-frozen fingers, disturbs you at your breakfast. Those two minutes spent daily in his company, as he stands dripping upon the mat, and gulping down the hot beverage, will gradually lead you into an intimate knowledge of Mrs. Postman, and of the baby who came last month, and of how Martha is getting on finely in her new place. That cup of coffee means a whole shoal of new interests for you, and will add intensity to the after-breakfast blessing.

Prove to your friends that not only is your sympathy like the goodness of God, from which it takes its spring, of unfailing supply, but also that you possess that rare gift of holding your tongue. Then you may be far from rich, and equally far from clever, but gradually you will be honoured by the confidences of those in your little world who are either very happy or else very sad. And then? Well, then your present trouble will have vanished. It will mean many prayers and much self-sacrifice before you are fitted to hold so high a post, but some such dear women there are, and why should you not add to their number? It will mean, too, absolute heart-ache at times, although at brighter seasons it will bring you pure happiness; and instead of feeling there are too many hours to be lived through somehow, you will have hands, and heart, and head, completely occupied. You will talk probably somewhat less, and will not complain of effort as you used to complain of boredom, but your face will be more eloquent. For whether it hold a little touch of pathos in it, and hint of tears unshed, or whether it be bright with the reflected sunshine of others' confidences and love, it will, in either case, bear upon it the impress of content. You will look what you are—a woman who has found her niche, and for whom, consequently, life holds neither boredom nor humdrum.

MABEL E. WOTTON.

## SWEET CONTENT: A STUDY.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER, AUTHOR OF "RICHARD JENKINS, MASTER," ETC.



HER real name was Gloriana Weston, but everyone who knew her well called her Sweet Content. It was to her father that she owed both the actual and the pet name. When she was born, he was in the middle of writing his monumental commentary on the "Faërie Queen," and wanted to name his daughter Britomart, but compromised matters with his horrified wife by consenting to the scarcely less remarkable title of Gloriana. And again, when she was about seven, and the ludicrous inappropriateness of the stately name for the rosy chubby child became every day more manifest, he came out into the garden one afternoon,

fresh from his critical survey of seventeenth-century poetry, and humming the refrain of a song which haunted his memory. "O sweet content! O sweet content!" he sang over and over again, and then laughed as his eye fell upon the little girl sitting soberly on the grass at her mother's feet, making daisy-chains.

"Why, here is a name for the little one!" he cried. "Wife, you must never scold me again for calling her Gloriana. From henceforth she is Sweet Content."

The name was so absurdly appropriate that Mrs. Weston only laughed mildly, and forbore to scold her husband for his ridiculous fancies. She thought that the new title would quickly die out; but it did not. One friend of the family after another adopted

it, and its use remained when its owner had left childhood behind her, and had grown up into a slim little creature, with fluffy yellow hair and a round sensible face.

"It is such an old-fashioned, Puritan sort of name," her friend Edith Barnard, the doctor's daughter, said to her one day, when a strange visitor had been exclaiming at its oddness; "and it suits you capitally. You are such a dear, soft, contented, happy thing. I have never heard you grumble in my life."

"Well, you see, there is a silver lining to every cloud," laughed Content.

"Ah! but some people can always see it, and some can't. I am one of those who can't."

"Look for it, then," said Content.

"That's an unkind thing to say, when I have just told you I can't see it. I suppose I am too much occupied in lamenting over the blackness of the cloud itself to notice it. But tell me, Sweet Content, do you really believe that everything that happens to you is for the best?"

"I don't see how we can help believing it if we love God," said Content softly. "But I haven't had any real troubles, Edith, so I can't tell what it is to be really tried."

"But you have your little trials and disappointments, as we all do," sighed Edith, "and



"Now, Sweet Content, tell me truly: are you contented with Fred?"—p. 861.

yet you never seem to mind—or, at any rate, not for long."

"I try to think that the disappointments are best for us, too," said Content. "There is a text," she added hesitatingly, "which is a help to me sometimes: 'God having provided some better thing for us.'"

"Oh, Content! but that has really nothing to do with it," cried Edith.

"No, I know it hasn't really," said Content; "but it seems to put into words what I feel, don't you see?"

"But if you could always feel like that, you would never have any troubles at all," said Edith.

"No, I suppose not," said Content simply. "But one doesn't always live up to one's belief, Edith; and I am often dreadfully discontented."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Edith. "I don't believe that. No; you must remember that I am watching you, Sweet Content, to see whether your theory will work. I don't want it to fail, you know, but I am curious about it. Now I must hurry home. I was in the blues when I came, but it always does me good to have a talk with you."

Mr. Weston felt much the same with regard to his little daughter. They were very much alike in mind: ready to be pleased with their surroundings of the time, whatever these might be, and unwilling to change them. But of late Mr. Weston had begun to see that his quiet, inoffensive life, passed in pursuing studies which benefited no one but himself, and in writing books which no one but his wife and daughter ever read, was not what the world calls successful, and he was also beginning to doubt whether he had done well to sink in the production of these books such a large proportion of the small property which was all he had to leave his family. These moods of doubt and remorse seized upon him at times, and it was then that a talk with Sweet Content was wont to bring him comfort. She thought him the best and wisest man in the whole world, and would not permit him to blame himself; and she had faith that all would be well for the future. Her mother was not like her. Mrs. Weston longed that her husband's talents should be displayed in a wider sphere: that her daughter should see more society, and that of a more select type than the village afforded: and that the family income should be permanently increased. Sometimes the sight of Sweet Content's faith and trust was almost an irritation to her. She felt that her husband and daughter were a pair of unpractical dreamers, who would neither rise nor let themselves be raised by their own good-will, and that she was the only sensible person in the family. But the time came when she looked back with mournful pleasure on the quiet days which seemed to her to pass so uselessly, and when she thanked God for the trust and happiness which had brightened her husband's last hours. For Mr. Weston died suddenly—a peaceful, painless death—and his widow forgot all the little clouds which his tastes had raised between them in life, and scarcely murmured even when she discovered the extent to which his ignorance and generosity had involved the little property which was all on which she and her daughter could depend. They were

obliged to move from the large rambling old house in which Content had been born, into a much smaller one: a change which was like an uprooting to the girl. But no one heard a murmur from her lips, and her tears on leaving the old home were kept for times when her mother would not be saddened by the sight of them. It was she who took the lead in rendering the new house as home-like as possible, and her persistent cheerfulness went far to reconcile her mother to the change.

"After all, it is really a very nice little place," said Mrs. Weston, when they were finally settled, trying to imitate her daughter's cheerful tone.

"And we have each other still, mother, whatever we have lost," said Content.

"And Fred," said Mrs. Weston, jealously.

"And Fred," echoed Content obediently, but without enthusiasm.

People had wondered long and vainly what had induced Sweet Content to engage herself to Fred Pargiter, for they did not seem to have a single taste in common. He was a lawyer in the county town—a rising man, but one who was considered by his professional brethren as pushing rather than plodding. His motive for wooing Content was an open secret all over the village, thanks to the tongues of the gossips. It was Edith Barnard who first hit upon it, and she did not hesitate to communicate it to others, for she had no liking for Fred Pargiter. Poor as the Westons were, Sweet Content had "expectations." An old uncle of Mr. Weston's, who maintained an implacable enmity against his nephew, had, nevertheless, declared his intention of leaving his money "in the family"; "and this," said Edith, "Fred had heard through a cousin of his, who was Uncle Antony's legal adviser." Be this as it may, Fred had proposed to Content, causing thereby a commotion in the Weston household. Mrs. Weston was feverishly anxious that she should accept him. All through her own married life she had felt the pinch of poverty, and it had chafed and fretted her. Never, if she could help it, should Content suffer as she had done. And here was Fred Pargiter, a good-looking man, with a tolerable income and excellent prospects, who would make her a splendid husband, and she chose to shilly-shally, and say that she did not want to marry. It would be a sin and a shame to refuse such an offer. Good husbands were not so easy to find in these days that penniless girls could afford to be fastidious. Fred's affection was most disinterested (for Mrs. Weston fondly believed that Uncle Antony's testamentary intentions were known to herself and her husband alone), and ought to be rewarded. These views she instilled into Mr. Weston's mind in season and out of season, until he became firmly convinced that earth could offer no greater happiness for him than to know that Content would be Fred Pargiter's wife. As for Content herself, she wished, as usual, to do what would please everyone else best. Fred Pargiter did not in the least resemble the heroes of her girlish dreams, but he was kind and pleasant, and she believed him to be good. She did not think that she loved him: at least, not in what she had always imagined to be the right way; but she liked him very

much, and shrank from hurting his feelings by refusing him. She shrank also from disappointing her parents. The material advantages which occupied her mother's mind did not appeal to her; but when she saw her father looking anxious and troubled, and found his eyes following her appealingly, she could not hesitate any longer.

"Would it make you happier, father, if I said 'Yes'?" she asked.

"Indeed it would, my child," he answered, so earnestly that Content stifled her misgivings, and wrote off an affirmative answer to Fred Pargiter at once, determining only that she would not hear of a speedy marriage. To this, however, he made no attempt to compel her (because he wanted to wait and see whether she was really Uncle Antony's heiress, Edith declared afterwards), and they settled down into a long engagement. Content did not belie her name, though she found that the roseate view she had entertained of the delights of an engagement was as much mistaken as her youthful idea of love had proved to be. She was not of an exacting disposition, but she felt that she had some reason to expect Fred to conform to her wishes in matters in which she overcame her shyness sufficiently to appeal to him to do what she asked. When he laughed at her, calling her a little Puritan, and went his own way all the same, she was saddened, but not embittered, and never thought of uttering a complaint. Edith, who was vehemently desirous to see her released from a man who was not half good enough for her, did not, however, consider herself bound to silence on the subject.

"Now, Sweet Content, tell me truly: are you contented with Fred?"

"No one ever finds anyone else all they would like," was Content's vague and ungrammatical reply.

"But do you think that it will make you happy to marry him?" persisted Edith.

"I hope it will make him happy—and my mother," said Content reluctantly.

"It is possible to be too content," said Edith oracularly. "If you don't take care, Content, you will find that you have made trouble for yourself instead of avoiding it."

"But it can't be wrong to be contented."

"It's wrong to be content with what is wrong," said Edith. "Be brave, Content. You ought not to marry him if you don't love him."

"I do love him—in a way," said Content. "I mean, of course, not like people in books, but if he is satisfied, you know—"

"He is only satisfied because he doesn't care for you a bit himself," was on the tip of Edith's tongue, but she did not say it, and Content went on hurriedly—

"It would break mother's heart, Edith, and it would hurt him so dreadfully, too. I can't do it. And besides, it might not be right. I don't know that I don't love him in the right way."

"If you loved him in the right way, you would know it fast enough," said Edith, as she departed. "Oh, Content, I never thought you were such a coward!"

But although Content could not summon up courage

enough to break off her engagement, Edith's wish was destined to be fulfilled, if not quite in the way she would have desired. If Content had been the only person concerned, she might have gone on her way and married Fred Pargiter to please her mother and himself, as she thought, and have repented her timidity when too late, but there was a factor in the case of which she had not dreamt. Uncle Antony died less than three months after his nephew, and left all his money to a Home for Crippled Dogs. Content had only heard mysterious hints about the fortune which was supposed to be coming to her, and it had never seemed sufficiently real to her for its loss to affect her much; but it was a heavy blow to Mrs. Weston, who had counted largely upon it.

"You see, mother," said Content, "we are no worse off than we were before. To lose what we never expected is not very dreadful."

But Mrs. Weston could not accept this philosophical view of the case. She knew Fred Pargiter's character a little better now than she had done before the engagement took place, and she could not avoid asking herself how this would affect him. The answer to this question was soon supplied. Fred took an unexpected holiday, and his letters were few and far between. Then there came rumours from the other side of the county to the effect that he was occupied in courting a rich heiress there, and finally there came a letter from Fred himself. He found that he had misunderstood his feelings, he said. The sentiments which he entertained for Miss Weston were not those of a lover, but of a friend, and he had felt for some time that they were not suited to one another. He had no doubt that Mrs. and Miss Weston had also observed this, but he hoped that he should always be permitted to remain their sincere friend. To obviate any possibility of this most elegant epistle's failing in its purpose, the news of his engagement to the heiress followed almost immediately. There was no pretence even of a decent interval between the two events, and no possibility of concealing the fact that Sweet Content had most undeniably been jilted. All the villagers—even those who had disapproved most emphatically of the engagement—united in heaping execrations upon Fred; but this was no balm to Mrs. Weston's soul.

"This is my punishment," she said. "I urged Content into the engagement, and now he has thrown her over. Come what may, I will never interfere in her love affairs again. She shall settle them for herself."

"And a good thing too!" muttered Edith, to whom she spoke. "If poor Content is only let alone, instead of being persuaded to marry for her mother's sake, perhaps she will be able to develop a little courage at last. Oh! how could she wait until that wretch jilted her?"

Edith actually stamped, in her exasperation at the thought, and she could not resist letting Content know what she thought on the subject.

"My brother Tom says that Fred Pargiter ought to be kicked," she told her; not adding that it was only with difficulty that she had prevented Tom from undertaking the duty of chastisement himself.



"But I thought you wanted the engagement to be broken off!" objected Content.

"Not in that way!" cried Edith. "Why, you ought to have done it yourself, and not left him the chance. Oh, Content, you do make me so angry! I believe you are so glad to be free that you don't mind how it came about."

"It is a relief," confessed Content. "Isn't it wonderful, Edith, that the loss of the money, which seemed such a disappointment, should have done this?"

"Oh, Sweet Content, don't!" cried Edith. "Your arguments are too deep for me. Only remember what I say, and don't get wrong another time."

In spite of Content's satisfaction in her broken engagement, she had a good deal to bear for some time. Happiness seemed impossible, and even improper, to Mrs. Weston, after their various misfortunes. The change in their social status, the loss of the expected fortune, and above all, Fred Pargiter's treatment of Content, ought to be enough, she felt, to



"'Brave? no!' cried Content, turning an indignant face upon him."—p. 867.

"An illustration of your favourite theory, I suppose," said Edith. "Well," she added ungraciously, "I hope you will learn a lesson for another time. You can't expect always to lose a fortune just in time to save you from an engagement you had no business to run into. Tom says——"

"What?" asked Content, as she paused.

"Well, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but it wasn't very complimentary. He said it was a curious thing to see how far a good woman would go in doing wrong with the best motives."

Content flushed crimson.

"Yes, I see it now, Edith," she said. "It was wrong, but I was afraid to break it off. It was want of faith, you see. I ought to have thought that if dear father could only be made happy by my doing wrong, it was evident that he wasn't meant to be happy in that way."

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bow them both to the earth. But Content refused to be bowed to the earth either with shame or grief, and this seemed to Mrs. Weston both unkind and unbecoming. She was not so clear-sighted as the village gossips, who had at first declared that the girl bore it beautifully, but were soon compelled to relinquish their hypothesis of a bleeding heart masked by a smiling face, and to admit that to be jilted was possibly the best thing that could have happened to her. It was Mrs. Weston's frequent, but secret, lamentation that a girl who had been jilted so openly need never expect to find another suitor; but when the village had had ample time to become established in its conclusion as to Content's happiness, it gained a new sensation through someone's observing that "young Dr. Barnard" was a somewhat frequent visitor at the Westons'.

Tom Barnard was a quiet, rather slow young man—

as unlike as possible to the brilliant Fred; and even his sister had never guessed that he adored Content in secret. His outburst with respect to the breaking-off of the engagement had caused Edith some astonishment, but as he never again alluded to the subject, she did not suspect that his desire to punish Fred sprang from any deeper cause than a brotherly interest in the girl he had known from babyhood. He had settled down now as his father's assistant, but Edith could not guess that during his long rounds the frequent subject of his thoughts was Sweet Content. Still less was it possible she could know the reason of his holding back so long after Content was free, but the truth was that her acceptance of Fred had disappointed him extremely, and had been a great shock to his faith in her. It took long for this faith to be re-established, but Tom was convinced at last; and when this was once the case, he lost no time in making it evident. To all the interested observers something else became evident too, for Content bloomed like a rose in these days. Her mother watched with fear and trembling. Was it possible that the long chain of misfortunes should have such an ending as this? But Content herself had no fear. Her dreams had found their fulfilment at last, and she knew now—as Edith had prophesied she would know—the difference between the right and the wrong way of loving. That such a joy should have come into her life after her past lack of faith was an additional wonder and delight, and she was quite persuaded that there was no girl in the world so fully and undeservedly happy as she was.

But even while she was still lingering fondly over these thoughts, there was a cloud gathering which was to overshadow her happiness, and it broke upon her one morning. Tom had been in the evening before, and had lingered later than usual, trying hard to say something which he could not manage to put into words. When he was alone with Content, he could not succeed in saying what he wanted, and whenever he was just going to speak, Mrs. Weston always happened to come into the room. He went home dispirited at last, but remarking that he would look in the next night to bring the *Times*, which his father always passed on to Mrs. Weston, and Content bade him good-night with a little quiet amusement in her heart. How could she foresee that the early post would bring news which was to separate them? She ran out to meet the postman in the morning, and danced gaily up the garden-path with the letters.

"Two letters for you, mother," she said, coming in, "and a great big one for me. I don't know the writing. I daresay it's patterns of stuffs, or an appeal for something."

She tore it open, and presently Mrs. Weston, absorbed in her own letters, was roused by an exclamation of dismay. She looked up to see Content staring at the letter with a face of absolute horror.

"My dear child, what is it?" she cried. "Some bill of your father's, which has never been paid yet? Never mind; we will manage it somehow."

"Oh no, no!" said Content, shivering. "Read it."

"From James and Jennings?" said Mrs. Weston, taking the letter. "Is it really Uncle Antony's

lawyers, Content? Why, is it possible? A later will discovered—the property to be divided between you and the Dogs' Home. My child, what is this?"

"I suppose it's just that," came in a muffled voice from Content. She was crying bitterly, with her face buried in the sofa-cushion. "Oh, mother! must I have it? Can't we write and say that the Dogs' Home may keep it?"

"Content, are you mad? What do you mean? What reason can there be why you should not have the money?"

"It's Tom," moaned Content. "I am sure he was going to say something to me last night, but somehow he could never manage it, and he will never speak now."

"And a good thing too. You can do much better," Mrs. Weston was just going to say; but she remembered the declaration she had made to Edith, and heroically refrained. "Why should this affect Tom?" she asked cheerfully. "It is no fault of yours."

"No; but—oh, mother! you don't know him as I do. He would be afraid people would say he came after my money. And I don't know—but I think he would be too proud to live on his wife's fortune."

"My dear, if he is so foolish, I don't quite see what you can do for him."

"Mother, would it be very wicked not to tell anybody about the money at present? I know he wanted to speak last night, but he was too shy, and perhaps he will do it to-night. Surely it wouldn't be difficult to keep it a secret about this new will for a time?"

"And deceive Tom? My dear Content! And what about the explanation and confessing the truth? Would he respect you, or could you respect yourself? Dear child, don't be so ready to conjure up misfortunes. If Tom really loves you, he won't let your money keep you and him apart."

"Another man might not, but Tom will," persisted Content. "You will see, mother."

And Mrs. Weston, did see, though at first she could scarcely credit the possibility of Tom's possessing such a strained sense of honour. But Edith came in after breakfast, and, after learning the news, carried it home, and Tom came no more. There were plenty of other visitors at the cottage during the next few days. Lawyers and lawyers' clerks, and representatives of the managers of the Dogs' Home came down from London, and everyone in the village who had the smallest pretensions to being on calling terms with the Westons, came to see how they bore their good fortune. The result was rather a disappointment. Content, they said, looked like a ghost, and her mother was quite miserable about her. Edith Barnard was out of patience.

"I shall change your name, Content," she said. "You are not in the least contented; you look as unhappy as you can be."

"Sometimes it is easier to be contented with our troubles than with our blessings," said Content, with a gleam of her old fun. "We get resigned to trouble, I suppose, but one blessing makes us think we have a right to more."

Edith shook her head gravely, and went away to rouse Mrs. Weston into alarm about her daughter.

The result of their interview was seen the next day, when Mrs. Weston said, almost timidly, as they rose from lunch—

"I don't want to hurry you, dear, but don't you feel that we ought to be thinking of leaving this place? There is Uncle Antony's house standing empty and waiting for us, and your presence is really needed in London while they make these final arrangements."

"Yes, I suppose we must go," said Content, moving abruptly to the window.

She stood for some minutes looking out, and then turned, and said, in a tone of strong resolution, "Give me this one afternoon, mother. I am going to do something dreadful!"

"My dear child!" remonstrated her mother.

"No, I am not going to propose to Tom, mother, though it does sound rather like it, doesn't it? I think that privilege ought to be granted to heiresses as well as to queens, don't you? You see, Fred wouldn't marry me because I was poor, and now Tom won't marry me because I am rich, so I must do something myself."

"Do be careful, dear."

"Yes, mother, I will. I have thought it all over, and I don't think it would be right to leave things like this. I love Tom, and I am sure he loves me. If it was some misfortune which parted us, I could bear it: but this wretched money! I want to give Tom a last chance, and if he still holds back I shall think, as you said, that he does not love me well enough to disregard what people may say about him. So wish me success, mother—no, wish that what is right may happen: what is best for us all."

"Ah, Sweet Content! love has taught you courage now," said the mother, watching her as she went out, and resigning herself to a long anxious afternoon of waiting. "If Tom holds back after this, he deserves to lose you: that is all I can say."

Later in the afternoon, Tom Barnard, coming back through the fields from a long round, caught sight of someone on the wooden bridge that crossed the stream. The slight figure leaning over the hand-rail and the fluffy golden curls were unmistakable, and Tom's heart began to beat tumultuously. He had carefully kept out of Content's way since the news of her fortune had come, and he had hoped desperately that she might depart without his having to bid her farewell. His first impulse now was to retreat by the way he had come, trusting that she had not seen him; but he felt that this would be cowardly, and he walked on as calmly as he could. After all, to see her once more! to speak to her again! He made a desperate effort to appear cool and unconcerned, but his voice shook when he began to speak.

"How do you do, Miss Weston? It's a—nice day for a walk, isn't it?"

It was a damp, dismal afternoon, and the observation was therefore scarcely appropriate. Content, who had been dropping stones into the water, turned round suddenly, with a wildly beating heart and a very white face.

"It rained this morning," was the only thing she could find to say; but the sight of her face had changed the current of Tom's thoughts.

"I say, I do hope you haven't been ill," he said hurriedly. "Edith or the governor ought to have told me. I should have come round, you know; at least, I mean I should have called to enquire. You ought to have a change. But you are going away, aren't you?"

"Yes, we are going away," said Content. "I don't care much for the village now. Everything is so different."

"You mean that you find the people behave differently to you because of your money?" he asked.

"Yes, horribly differently!" said Content energetically, throwing a stone down the stream as far as it would go.

"Edith will be awfully lonely without you," he said. "It has always been a joke in our house that she cared less for any of us than for Sweet Content."

"Oh, please don't use that name any more!" cried Content. "I am going to change, and be called Gloriana. The other is not applicable. I'm not contented at all."

"But you have every—advantage," pursued Tom awkwardly, his hungry eyes fixed upon her averted face.

"I haven't!" she flashed out. "I wish I was living in the old times, when men were brave and things were nice."

"And men are not brave now?" he asked, as cheerfully as he could.

"Brave? no!" cried Content, turning an indignant face upon him. "They are afraid of what people will say, and they let the thought of that ruin a girl's life."

"I—I don't think you are quite fair to me, Content," he said, with difficulty. "I gave you up because of your money, and it was very hard."

"Did I ever ask you to give me up?" cried Content. "Was it my fault that the money came? Why should you punish me for it? Isn't it bad enough to have a lot of money thrust upon you that you don't want, without your treating me as if it was some crime of my own?"

"Content, don't!"

He took a step forward, but she held up her hand.

"You know you were afraid of what people would say. You leave me to be alone all my life, with no one to help me, and all that property to manage, when I don't know anything about it, because you are afraid."

"On my word of honour, Content, it isn't that. I knew that with that property you might marry anyone you liked, and I wasn't going to ask you to bind yourself to me."

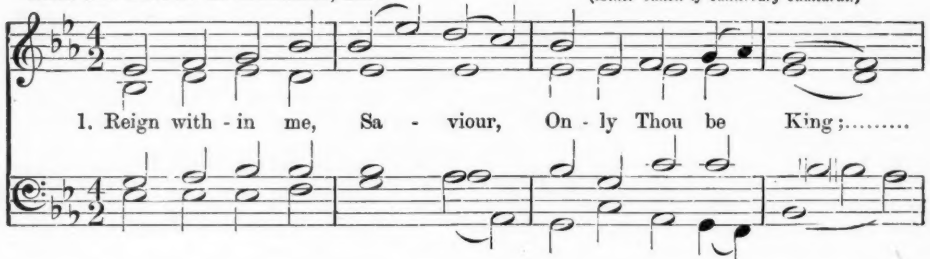
"Then if you weren't a coward, you were distrustful and unkind. Did it never strike you that I had a right to be consulted on the subject?"

"Mrs. Weston," said Tom, when he brought Content back to the cottage some time later, "I understand that you have been thinking of changing this young lady's Christian name. It isn't necessary. She assures me that she is, and I hope she always will be, Sweet Content."

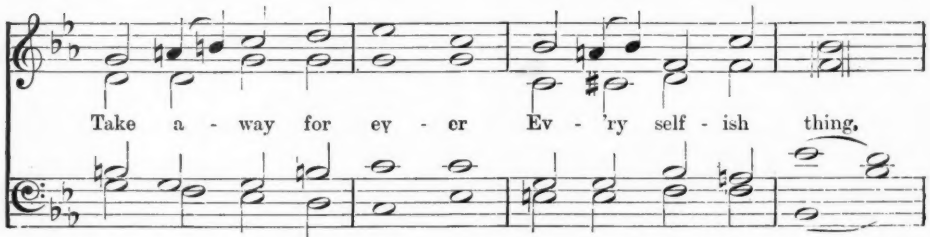
# Reign within Me, Saviour.

Words by the  
HON. and REV. R. E. ADDERLEY, M.A.

Music by  
REV. W. J. FOXELL M.A., B.Mus., Lond.  
(Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral.)



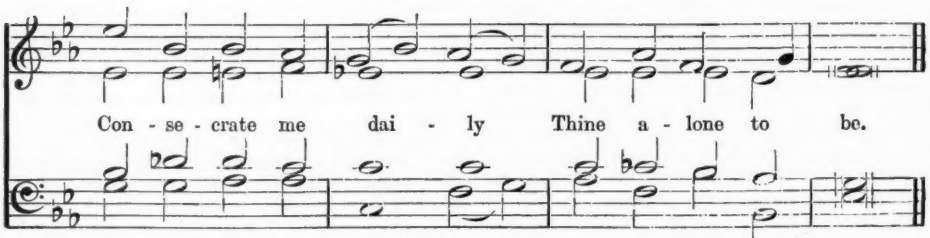
1. Reign with - in me, Sa - viour, On - ly Thou be King :.....



Take a - way for ev - er Ev - 'ry self - ish thing,



By Thy sweet in - dwell - - ing, King of Power, in me,.....



Con - se - crate me dai - ly Thine a - lone to be.

2. Reign within me, Saviour,  
Rule the words I say,  
Sanctify my labour,  
Guide my thoughts to-day.  
All I have to suffer  
Living Christ in me,  
Suffer with me, making  
Trouble light with me.

3. Reign within me, Saviour,  
Till the day shall come,  
When the hearts that know Thee  
Will be welcomed home;  
And, Thou King of Glory,  
Thy redeemed shall own  
Blessed rule for ever  
Round the holy throne.



## NEW LIGHT ON OLD TEXTS.

BY THE REV. TRYON EDWARDS, D.D.

(Ecclesiastes xii.)



TWO mistakes as to this chapter have been made by almost if not quite every one of our best commentators : (1) In understanding the imagery of the sixth verse, as well as that of the preceding five verses, to refer to old age ; and (2) in treating the remaining verses of the chapter as if each was a distinct and independent apothegm, as in the Book of Proverbs, and not as consecutive and closely connected parts of a discourse or sermon which is marked by a manifest unity of argument and appeal from beginning to end.

The figures of the first five verses, as all agree, plainly do refer to old age—to its feebleness and decay, and so to its unfitness for attending for the first time to the things which make for our peace. But in the sixth verse the imagery is suddenly and entirely changed, and the emblems are no longer those of weakness and lassitude and decay, but of youth in all its vitality and vigour and earnestness, seeking as the first and great thing the enjoyments and pleasures of the world, and ignoring and neglecting the claims of God and duty, when, as in a moment, life is suddenly ended, and then is seen and felt to have been spent in vain, and worse than in vain, as to all the great and designed ends for which life was Divinely given ! And the whole chapter has a oneness of thought and appeal and motive, admirably fitted to impress its earnest lesson on the young, to whom it is so particularly and pointedly addressed.

The paraphrase that follows may illustrate both the great object of the chapter and the fitness of its striking and varied imagery to set forth and impress the aim of the sacred writer or preacher.

"Remember," he would say, "remember your Creator *now*, in the days of your youth, for (1) old age, even if you live to it, is no fit season for attending, for the first time, to the one great subject, when feebleness and pain and decay are weakening thought and unfitting for decision ; but (2) do not count on

living to old age, for the silver cord may be loosed in the midst of its strength and brightness, and the golden bowl be broken, and the pitcher broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern just as you are drawing up and quaffing the draughts of worldly pleasure—that is, you may be cut off suddenly by death in the very heyday of youth and health—in the very midst of your thoughtlessness of all but worldly enjoyments ; and then, alas ! you will find that your life has been but vanity of vanities—worse than utter vanity, as to all the great ends for which life was given, and for which you will, but too late, see and feel that you ought to have faithfully improved it !"

And then the preacher goes on to say that, as a wise and experienced counsellor, he would press his exhortation with the strong words of soberness and truth. These he would drive home and fasten on the mind as nails driven in a sure place, saying to the young, that though they might make books without end, and study till the flesh might be utterly weary, they could find no more or stronger motives for seeking God's favour now than the two he has presented : viz., that old age, even if they live to it, is no fit time for first remembering the great Creator ; and that it is daring presumption to count on living to old age, for at any moment death may suddenly come, and then, if God's favour has not been found, it may be for ever too late, and life will have been in vain, and worse than in vain—utter loss and eternal ruin !

"Hear, then," the inspired preacher would say, "the one great lesson—the conclusion of the whole matter : 'Fear God, and keep His commandments' *now*, for this is (not merely the whole duty of man—for the word *duty* is not in the original Hebrew) the whole of man—all he was made for—and all that he ought supremely to desire and seek as consistent with his high nature, and as the only way of duty and happiness, as will soon be seen at the great and final day, when God shall bring every work into judgment, and character and conduct and destiny shall be decided for ever !"



## BELINDA'S BABY.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY E. S. CURRY, AUTHOR OF "MISS GATLE OF LESCOUGH," ETC.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE "STORY-MAN."

THE philosopher found himself returning home the next morning, with a sense of expectation and pleasure that he had not been conscious of feeling for some time. If he had been told that it was because a baby was beneath his roof, he would have smiled at the impossibility of such a reason.

But it was, nevertheless with a keen sense of relief, and even delight, that as he crossed the tree-shaded lawn which lay before his house he beheld a little white-bonneted figure seated on a heap of freshly-mown grass in a barrow, which Thomas was wheeling.

She held up her hand, and waved a welcome after her own fashion, as he emerged from the shrubs and advanced towards her.

"So, missy," he said pleasantly, "you are still here?—No one been about her, Thomas?" he asked.

"No one, sir; not as I've heard tell of."

"She seems quite happy, eh, Thomas?" the philosopher asked, regarding the bright little face benevolently through his spectacles.

"Happy ain't the word for it, sir. I've never seen such a baby afore; so good to be so little. Not but

whether she did not prefer the barrow and Thomas. When she found her eyes on a level with the philosopher's spectacles, she lowered her eyebrows in a surprising manner, and scowled at the keen eyes which the spectacles shaded.

Apparently, however, she recollected the wonderful and fascinating gift which had proceeded from behind the grey moustache. A smile trembled on



"Eyed them suspiciously."—p. 871.

what she could be naughty, if she tried," he added reminiscently, recalling a little battle with Peggy at the chicken-house. For Peggy, in pursuit of a fluttering young fowl, had essayed to climb the ladder, and to squeeze her little round body into the aperture which the fowls found large enough. Thomas had removed her with difficulty, much to her wrath. He went on—

"There ain't no screamin' for her mar, and no frettin's. And Mary said she just laid her little head down on her pillow after she'd said her prayers so pretty, it a'most made us cry—me an' cook was a sittin' lookin' on—and off she went, and slep' all night. An' when she woke, Mary says she was a cooin' to herself as good as gold, makin' believe to be telling her nurse and her mar all about everything. It do seem a pity, sir, as she can't stay."

The philosopher stooped and lifted Peggy up into his arms.

At first, for a moment, she seemed to be undecided

her lips, the scowl vanished. With her little fat palm she softly patted the grey beard, and advanced her mouth for a kiss.

"Story-man," she whispered softly to herself—and the words were like the soft breath of wafted flowers in June across the old man's face—"Peggy yikes you, Story-man," she reiterated.

And she entered the house on the philosopher's arm.

Indoors, Mary was loud in her praises of the "goodness" which had distinguished her little charge; and whilst Peggy sat in calm contemplation, listening to her own praises, Mary produced a paper parcel, which she proceeded to unfold.

"I just ran out, sir," she explained apologetically, "and bought a thing or two she wanted. I couldn't abear to see her little socks. And her frock with no pinafore—not fitting for such as her. And her things is all marked, sir; you'll have no difficulty in finding her home: 'Peggy Cardyne,' as plain as plain."

But the philosopher pretended not to hear.

He leant forward, and lifted up the little white things Mary had unfolded.

"And what are these?" he asked, with interest, laying his large hand softly on the frilled daintinesses.

"This is a little frock, sir. And this is a pinafore, and these are some socks. You see, sir," said Mary explanatorily, "a baby like that is used to clean things every day, and oftener. And cook said I was not to stint. She said you'd wish her to have of the best. And these little silk socks was so taking."

At this moment Peggy's feelings and the sight of familiar garments prompted speech.

"Them's Peggy's," she remarked appropriatingly, showing her white teeth and dimples as she smiled at Mary. "Take Peggy's dirty fock off, please. It are full of grass."

"Shall we come up-stairs, then, darling?" said Mary coaxingly, holding out persuasive hands.

"No," said Peggy sturdily, from the philosopher's knee. "Peggy are here. Untie my fock, please." She turned with an appealing look into the philosopher's face.

It was a comic sight. Peggy sat her ground determinedly, whilst the mystic strings which fastened her garments were slowly and with difficulty fumbled with and untied—Mary standing by, directing the proceedings with a beaming face.

When her socks were removed, Peggy gave a scream of delight, and lifting up her little pink feet, laid them across the philosopher's arm.

"She ain't afraid of no one," commented Mary, looking on admiringly.

"Faver tickles Peggy's toes wiv kessin'," said Peggy, screwing herself up in a delighted anticipatory wriggle. Then, after waiting expectantly for a moment, for the game she was accustomed to, and the philosopher not proving equal to the occasion, Peggy raised one foot yet further, and pressed her pink toes on his mouth.

With the touch of the moustache on her sensitive skin, she uttered a shriek of delight, gave herself a shake, wriggled up on to her knees, and laid her soft little head against the old man's face.

"Story-man," she said, clasping her arms round his neck, whilst her rings of hair got under the spectacles into his eyes, and made him wink—"Story-man, has you dot a little girl?"

Peggy paused for a reply—but none came. Only the arms which encircled her drew her into a closer pressure, and a little softly breathed sigh issued from under the fierce moustache.

"Cos muvver can't give you Peggy," Peggy reasoned, in the soft whispers which often formed her means of communication with her friends. "Faver can't spare Peggy."

And then, for the first time, the happy little face grew clouded. It was as if her own words had brought recollection, and desire for the loving faces to which she was accustomed.

She looked round the room anxiously, and out of the window across the lawn to the trees beyond.

"Muvver!" she called, a little unsteadily. And then for a moment she waited, listening, her luminous

eyes dilating, as a sudden conviction of loneliness passed across her mind.

And then she returned to her caresses.

"Take Peggy out walkin'," she entreated softly, after a minute, again looking anxiously, with a little pucker on her face, round the room. "Peggy would like to go to muvver and little Paul," she confided appealingly, rubbing her soft cheek against the hard and bony one; and a suspicious little quiver came into her voice.

In an instant Mary was down on her knees beside her.

"Peggy shall go a walkin', darling," she promised hurriedly. And she explained to the philosopher that Peggy was waking up to her lost condition, and beginning to fret for her mother.

And the philosopher roused himself at Mary's words.

"Poor soul!" he said absently. And he gathered himself up, and braced himself to what he recognised as a duty.

He was walking off into the world outside, with Peggy's soft curls pressed against his face, when Mary ran after the pair with a clean soft bonnet—one of her purchases—in her hands.

Peggy struck out with her fists, half in play, half in earnest, and signified her determination to go bonnetless. It soon became evident that, unless she were speedily returned to her proper guardians, she would be spoilt, for no reasonings of Mary's could induce her to have the bonnet tied.

She allowed it to be tilted on her head, asserting that that was the "popper way," and that "Nurse did it so," and thus sat triumphant, the philosopher quietly sympathising.

And the two crossed the common—the man carrying the child, taking the same route which they had traversed the day before—until the pond where Peggy had disported herself came into view.

The sight of the water brought the recollection of boats and boys; and with a cry of exulting reminiscence, Peggy wriggled out of the philosopher's arms, and steadied herself on her own little legs. Then, after a preliminary shake, she trotted off to the pond.

Now, the philosopher's awakening conscience had impelled him to go in search of a police-station, and he was making his way thither, with the intention of giving notice of Peggy's whereabouts, with a view to her restoration to her proper owners, when this diversion occurred.

When he beheld her heading straight into the pond, his alarm was great, and he wished Mary had accompanied them. He strode after Peggy, and put out a detaining hand just as she was about to prance into the water; and he was not a moment too soon. As it was, Peggy suffered herself to be stopped, and merely glancing up into his face with an engaging smile, slipped her fingers into his, and stood delightedly watching on the edge of the pond.

There was nothing in the attitude of either of them to invite suspicion, and yet a policeman, hovering near, eyed them at first suspiciously, and, after reference to a paper he brought out of his pocket, with

apparent certainty, and drew up behind the two, so as to bar their retreat.

Presently he drew nearer, and gently touched the philosopher on the arm.

"I'm afraid I must trouble you to come with me, sir," he said, coughing slightly.

"Yes?" said the philosopher absently, allowing Peggy to pull him a step or two nearer to the point where a little white-sailed boat was sailing gallantly in to shore.

"I was on my way," he said simply, turning.

The man stared. Here was a rummy cove, he thought; but as he remembered the reward, his mouth watered.

He eyed Peggy all over her little round body. How was he to know that the minutely detailed description of her dress which he held in his hand was in almost every respect wrong?—that the soft white frock was trimmed with lace, and not with embroidery?—that it was covered with an overall of the same soft material, and that her little socks were silk, and not cotton? Such details were not in his line; but he felt sure of his prize.

"Would you like a cab, sir?" he asked respectfully, seeing that the philosopher, drawn by Peggy's insistent pulls, seemed inclined to edge round the pond; which might be a *ruse* in order to effect an escape.

"A cab? Why?" the philosopher asked, again intervening to prevent Peggy's daring little feet being planted in the water. "Oh no, thank you. It isn't far."

"Me boat!" shouted Peggy ecstatically at this juncture, with extended hands, and her feet dancing up and down in delighted expectation, as a dashing little cutter sailed perilously near the bank. But a judiciously managed string took the little vessel into the middle again, with a course to the opposite shore, and Peggy wrung her hands and danced in impotent wrath. She flung some unintelligible objurgations after the receding boat, and then again looked up into the philosopher's face with the engaging and cherubic smile which was her master-key to all society—a thing no beholder could withstand.

"Naughty boat!" she murmured confidentially. And then she became aware of the hovering figure of the big policeman close in her rear.

Peggy knew no fear. Her mother sometimes trembled at the daring little spirit, and wondered what the adversity would be that would avail to break it. If she had but known! She need have feared no trouble for Peggy. The beautiful daring spirit was never to be broken in this world!

"Man," said Peggy solemnly, giving the philosopher a tug to engage his attention, and pointing with her white finger straight up into the policeman's face.

"Now, sir," said the man encouragingly—"now little missy ain't lookin' at them boats. Now's your time. I think you had better come."

The philosopher stooped and took Peggy again into his arms. It never entered his head that he was under suspicion of stealing her, and that he was now, in fact, under compulsion, being taken to the police-station.

The trio turned away from the pond, Peggy with

solemn eyes, in which lurked a curiously examining cynical expression, fixed steadfastly upon the policeman—until, as he told his wife later, he felt "all creepy-crawly down his back."

"Never did I see such an observin' baby as that 'n," he repeated over and over again. "No wonder they priced her so high."

The confidential terms on which Peggy and the philosopher seemed to be, somewhat staggered their guardian in his opinion of his own shrewdness. Here was no unwilling victim of a theft. Instead, Peggy's little fingers caressed with soft movements the philosopher's face as it lay within reach of their touch.

But she kept her eyes wide open in a persistent stare, on the burly man who walked so close beside them. He was a new study for Peggy: someone who had as yet taken not the least notice of her. She found him very interesting. Peggy was wonderfully cosmopolitan in her tastes.

Just as they reached the edge of the common, and were about to emerge on to the high road, an advancing procession of two began to cross it towards them.

Suddenly a piercing shriek rang through the air, a cloud of dust arose in the road, a girl rushed forward and flung herself violently on the philosopher, snatching the baby from his arms. At the same moment, the ragged boy, her companion, becoming aware of one of the stern presences it was his aim in life to elude, started off at a rapid run down the road. Without a moment's hesitation the policeman involuntarily followed, whistling shrilly and striding after the departing *gamin* like a giant in seven-leagued boots.

Meanwhile, the philosopher was left planted on the grass, staring blankly at a dirty-faced dishevelled girl who had sunk down on to the turf before him with Peggy, submerged by caresses, in her arms.

When Peggy came to the surface, crumpled and bonnetless—for it could not be expected of an untied bonnet to remain in place under so violent an attack,—she first planted herself steadily on her two legs, then tossed back the waving brightness from her face, and proceeded to effect an introduction between her two companions.

After her usual fashion, and with her usual smile, she held out her hand, and solemnly pointed a finger at the crouching Belinda.

"Lin," she said, with an amused chuckle. "Ain't she dot a dirty face?"

The philosopher peered at Belinda.

"Do you know this little girl?" he asked politely.

Belinda sprang up and confronted him, flashing wrath.

"Know her? Me? My own baby!—Oh! Peggy, ducky darling, did they steal you away from your own Lin?" she vociferated.

Peggy gazed at her solemnly, not comprehending the emotion, but, according to her custom, equal to any occasion.

"Lin," she said, with reproachful severity, "you's a dirty face!"

"What do it matter, so long as you're found?" said Belinda joyfully, recklessly undoing the education





"'Ducky darling, did they steal you away?'"—p. 872.

which throughout her short life had been impressed on Peggy, that cleanliness was next to godliness.

And just then appeared the breathless policeman, with Sparks held tightly by the collar of his ragged little jacket. Peggy, standing bonnetless, flanked on one side by the philosopher, on the other by Belinda, exchanging suspicious and distrustful glances, surveyed the new-comers with the air of one to whom nothing comes as a surprise; and further astonished the philosopher by greeting this ragged and grimy waif with her own pretty little gesture of welcome.

"Boy!" she ejaculated in beaming delight, advancing a step or two nearer to him; and then she directed a scowl at the policeman, as she detected his detaining grip. But the man, watchfully observant, suspecting the whole scene to be a *ruse* on the part of the philosopher, held the ragged jacket tight.

When he saw Peggy, the clouded face of the captive became wreathed in smiles; eyes and teeth shone and sparkled, in eloquent delight.

"You've come back?" he said, by way of greeting. "Where 'ave yer been?"

But it was not Peggy's way to be bothered by questions, and she only surveyed him silently.

And now arose a complication. What was the policeman to do? It was rather a retired spot, and no help seemed to be forthcoming. How was he to get the whole of this party—evidently in league together—to the station? The philosopher tried to solve the difficulty.

"This girl," he said, turning to Belinda, "asserts that the baby is hers. And she seems to be speaking the truth," he added dubiously. "Eh! what do you say?"

"Gammon!" said the policeman derisively; "don't think to come over me that way. This 'ere baby," he went on, gazing down at the serene face of Peggy standing in the midst, "ain't no more hers than she's yours. You'll all have to come with me."

"Peggy hungry," volunteered Peggy at this juncture.

"Peggy wants her dinner," she went on insistently, turning to the philosopher and lifting her arms. "Take Peggy home to her dinner."

"Upon my word, that will be the best thing to do first," the philosopher assented gladly.

And as Peggy again declared herself to be in immediate need of food, the policeman, into whose brain some inkling of the philosopher's real position in the affair was beginning to pierce, accepted the offer of lunch for the whole party.

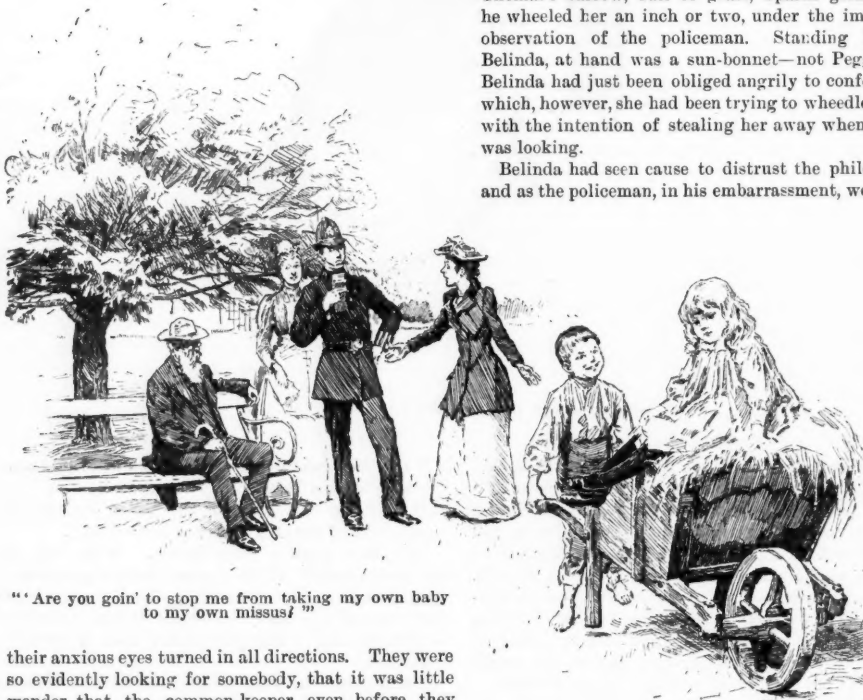
"So as I don't lose sight of any of you, I ain't particular to half an hour or so," he said graciously; "seein' as the young lady seems in a hurry for her dinner," he added, winking at Peggy.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### FOUND.

ABOUT an hour later, Mr. and Mrs. Cardyne gained the common to which Belinda's telegram had allured them, and paused on its margin to consider their next movements.

As they walked slowly over the much-trodden grass,



"Are you goin' to stop me from taking my own baby to my own missus?"

their anxious eyes turned in all directions. They were so evidently looking for somebody, that it was little wonder that the common-keeper, even before they spoke to him, had observed their anxious movements.

"Have you noticed a young girl, dressed like a nursemaid, with a ragged boy?" Mr. Cardyne asked, as they approached him.

"I can't say that I've so to say noticed her, sir," the man answered; "but if it's a party as was hereabouts an hour or so ago, they've all been took up by the police."

"What party was that?" was the quick question.

"The gentleman as lives in that house behind them gates," pointing across the common to the gates in question, "has picked up a little girl. Is it yours, mem?" he broke off in quick sympathy, at the sight of Esther's face. "An' the policeman had his hands full. Yes, now I come to think of it, there was a girl as well as the boy. But if it's about the baby, she's safe and sound, and I was to say you was to go there."

Esther put out her hand hurriedly and shook the man's hand, and Mr. Cardyne, having gratified equally his own feelings and the man's, by a gift for the good news, followed his wife's hasty steps.

Tremblingly, both father and mother walked up the avenue; but even before they reached the lawn, the sound of Belinda's voice, uplifted in agitated wrath, left them in no doubt as to her presence.

"Are you goin' to stop me from taking my own baby to my own missus?" they heard her demand; whilst their first glance through the trees sent a quick thrill of rapture through their hearts.

There was no mistaking the little figure sitting on Thomas's barrow, full of grass, Sparks grinning as he wheeled her an inch or two, under the immediate observation of the policeman. Standing by was Belinda, at hand was a sun-bonnet—not Peggy's—as Belinda had just been obliged angrily to confess, into which, however, she had been trying to wheedle Peggy, with the intention of stealing her away when no one was looking.

Belinda had seen cause to distrust the philosopher, and as the policeman, in his embarrassment, would not

allow any one of the party out of his sight, this had seemed to Belinda the best plan of action. She had engaged Sparks to provide sufficient diversion to allow of this plan being carried out.

But Peggy spoils it. She would not have her bonnet on. And not even to restore her to a heart-

broken mother, could Belinda bring herself to consider it seemly to take her through the streets without it.

The policeman held his notebook in his hand, and was bewildered in trying to make his instructions as to Peggy's clothing agree with facts.

"They do bully a chap so if he takes the wrong cove," he confided to Mary, who was enjoying her part in his perplexity. "Are you quite sure of what you tell me, miss? Because if so, that ain't the little 'un at all. She couldn't have gone and changed all her clothing; now, could she?"

"She's very clever," said Mary archly. "She's posed my master once or twice; and he's not a fool." To herself she said: "I'm not going to have that precious baby taken up by the police—not if I can prevent it."

The policeman turned to look at the philosopher, who, sitting on a garden-seat near, was gravely watching Peggy through his spectacles. She had forsaken his knee, under the superior attraction of Sparks and the wheelbarrow, and he was meditating on the instability of feminine favours.

Suddenly the air was rent by a scream from Belinda; and whilst the whole party on the lawn, with the exception of Peggy, anxiously regarded her, Peggy scrambled hastily over the side of the wheelbarrow. The philosopher, whose attention was the first to return to her, heard her muttering hurriedly to herself, "Muvver and faver!" And then the little legs toddled at their extremest speed across the lawn.

There was then a blank as regarded Peggy: she became absorbed into a large and enveloping embrace.

When she emerged, she was breathless and dishevelled, but sparkling; in delighted possession of her father's shoulder, whence she surveyed the assembly like a queen. For it was quite an assembly by this time: what with Belinda and Mary, the policeman and Sparks, to say nothing of the sympathetic Thomas, pausing in his work to watch the tremblingly radiant mother greet the bewildered philosopher.

It took the whole afternoon to recount, and hear, and adjust, Peggy's adventures. Mr. Cardyne accompanied the policeman for a time, and returned to find Mary regaling the whole party, including Sparks and

Belinda, with tea on the lawn. The philosopher was looking very grave, as he witnessed Esther's joy and gratitude, and the soft little murmuring caresses which passed between mother and child.

"I am much ashamed of myself, madam," he found himself saying once: "I ought to have guessed yesterday what you would suffer, from my own pleasure in my little guest, and I ought to have sent at once to the police."

And after he had said it, he looked so funny about the eyes, that Peggy, with some idea of sympathy probably in her mind, had paused in her occupation of stroking her mother's cheek, and had slid down out of her arms. Steadying herself by the philosopher's knees, she had looked solemnly up into his face.

"Story-man," she said, to engage his attention, and bring his wonderful gift to remembrance.

And when he stooped with a gratified smile, and lifted her to the resting-place she had found when there were no mother's arms available, with her fair hair straying across his beard, he began again to weave before his hearers the beautiful imaginations of his mind. Sparks and Belinda drew near and listened too, one sitting on the grass open-mouthed and open-eyed, the other in uncomfortable respectfulness on the edge of her chair, very conscious of a morning frock at the wrong time of day. So Mary had found them when she brought out the tea.

And after that, Mrs. Cardyne had gone indoors to hear Mary's tale of all Peggy's goodnesses, and had bestowed a warm kiss on the gratified girl for her kindness, besides arranging for a more substantial recognition later.

By this episode in her life, Peggy added to her large circle of friends. Sparks, who had never cause to repent his part in her abduction, the household of the philosopher, and the philosopher himself, all became her slaves.

Her belief and trust in the "Story-man" caused a unique friendship between them, which has never ended; although one lies under the daisies in a little hillside churchyard, and the other still looks forward in hope.

"A child's kiss,

Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad."



## SHORT ARROWS.

### NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

#### THEY KNEW NOT WHAT THEY DID.

**S**OCRATES said that all vice is ignorance, and certainly ignorance was the cause of many of the crimes that blacken the pages of history. This was forced upon our attention on a recent occasion when we visited a place in Strasburg, where in the middle of the fourteenth century two thousand Jews were burned, accused of having poisoned the fountains and wells, and thus giving rise to the plague which at the time desolated the city. Of course it was disobedience to sanitary laws, and not the Jews, that caused the

plague. Ignorance was anything but "bliss" to these poor Jews and to the people who were stricken with plague.

#### WE HAVE GIVEN OUR WORD.

When Blücher, with his gallant Prussians, whose timely arrival at Waterloo prevented Napoleon from employing his reserves against Wellington's troops, had been for hours toiling across wet and spongy valleys towards the scene of action, the patient and weary troops became nearly exhausted. "We can go no farther," they frequently exclaimed. "We must," was Blücher's reply. "I have given

Wellington my word, and you won't make me break it!" All of us who have been baptised have given our word. We have promised and vowed to fight under Christ's Cross and banner against the world, the flesh, and the devil; and surely there ought to be a little more of Blücher's spirit in us. Let us say to ourselves, when we are in the face of temptation, "I have given my word, and must not break it."

#### NOTHING TO THE PASSERS-BY.

When staying at Frankfort-on-Main lately we went to see the house where Goethe was born and lived several years. As we stood looking up for a long time at the old-fashioned five-storey house, the people in the street seemed astonished at our interest. They were so accustomed to the place that it did not call to their minds scenes in the boyhood and youth of the great writer as it did to ours. So it is that custom can render stale the most memorable places and events. It is this which makes us Gospel-hardened and indifferent to the most wonderful miracle of love that can be imagined. We have heard and read so much of the Cross of Christ that now too many can, as it were, pass it by as if it were nothing.

#### WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN CHINA.

A pleasant feature of Chinese domestic life among Christian converts (writes a correspondent from a mission-station in China) is their increased appreciation of their girl-children; in such homes they are welcomed and loved, and as they are almost sure, in due time, to be sent to mission-, day-, or boarding-, schools, they grow up respected and useful members of society. "It is our aim," a missionary of great experience and marked success in school-work said to me yesterday, "that all our girls should leave us equipped for the earning of an independent livelihood, and thus be saved the necessity of marriage for their support: a necessity which so often plunges a Christian girl back into heathenism." We give the likenesses of three young women from among this lady's pupils. One of the three, very happily married to a native Christian schoolmaster, is teaching Chinese to a lady in our mission: another is just betrothed to a highly respected Korean Christian; while the third, now living under her mother's roof, is in charge of our girls' day-school, and giving us great satisfaction.

#### MORE "QUIVER" HEROES.

On the night of the 16th of May last, a fire broke out at a warehouse in Portland Street, Manchester, and a man was seen upon the gutter below the roof of the burning building. The gallant rescue of the unfortunate man is best described by Mr. J. Lacey Savage, the superintendent of the Corporation Fire Brigade, who was an eye-witness of the occurrence:—"The gutter, which is six or eight inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick, at the bottom of an almost perpendicular roof, is 67 feet 6 inches from the ground. The escape was placed against the building, but the angle at which it was pitched, together with the weight of Firemen William Lawrence and John Clayton, who ascended, caused the top of the ladder (the upper part of which was perpendicular) to come about three feet short of the gutter. Lawrence got as near the top as he could, while Clayton, who was behind him, placed his arm for Lawrence to stand on while he reached the gutter with his hands, when he pulled himself up on the roof assisted by Clayton. Lawrence passed the man over the gutter towards where Clayton was standing on the ladder. At this moment the crowd commenced to clap, when I turned round, stepped forward, and requested the people to keep quiet, which they did. This occupied some seconds, and when I turned round again and looked upward, I noticed that Clayton had descended a few feet with the man in front of him, and that he was steadying him on the ladder, while Lawrence was on



CHINESE GIRL-CONVERTS.



the top of the ladder, commencing to descend. . . . During the few moments that my attention was drawn from the ladder to quieten the crowd, my assistant (Mr. Muir) saw Lawrence lower the man over the gutter towards Clayton on the ladder, and the next moment Lawrence hung down from the gutter and got on to the ladder." In the name of the readers of *THE QUIVER* we decided to recognise this signal act of bravery by the award of the silver medal of *THE QUIVER* Heroes Fund to each of the two firemen, and the medals were publicly presented by the Lord Mayor of Manchester, Sir Anthony Marshall, at the Albert Street police parade-ground.

#### THE POWER OF LOVE.

Near the foot of the tower of Antwerp Cathedral there is a splendid iron canopy. It is the work of Quentin Matsys, a blacksmith of Antwerp, who fell in love with a painter's daughter, but was refused by her father, who would bestow her hand only on a painter. He abandoned the anvil and took to the easel, and eventually far surpassed her father in his own art, as paintings in the museum at Antwerp testify. So it is that love is the great inspirer of all excellence; and if love for an earthly being can do so much, what work may not be expected from those who really, and not only in name, give their hearts to Christ?

#### ONLY CORNS!

A friend of the writer when staying at Baden-Baden thought that he ought to drink of the waters and take baths. He observed, however, that most of the people who did this were sufferers from some ailment or another. Being in good health, my friend could not find an excuse, so to speak, for drinking all these glasses of hot water. Happy or unhappy thought! He had corns, and would drink for this reason. People ought to be very content when they have no worse ailment than this. Corns of all kinds in life are disagreeable enough, but before grumbling about them look out of your window, and you may see some poor cripple who has no feet at all, or perhaps only one foot, to have corns upon.

#### "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

On the ceiling of many Greek churches may be seen painted an enormous eye. This is intended to represent the Eye of God. It is well to be reminded that this Eye is upon us in church, but we must not think that we are more seen there than elsewhere. Perhaps the difference between a truly religious person and one who is not consists in this: that the first feels he is always being watched over. He looks to the Eye of God for guidance, reproof, correction, encouragement, in all times and places.

#### A DOG'S LIFE.

To those who think of dogs as only the friends and playmates of men, it is very painful to see how

very seriously they are made to take life in Belgium, Germany, and parts of Switzerland, where they are beasts of burden, and have to draw carts. It is very pathetic to observe their efforts to play, though in a cart, when they meet a brother-dog who is free. And how patient and good-humoured they are! Their masters seem never to pet them or address a civil word to them, and yet the dogs are always faithful and most willing to work. In another respect, too, they are patterns to human workers, and that is in their knowledge of the times and places when they ought to take rest. When the milk which they have brought is being distributed, they lie down and wait until it is time to continue their round of calls. Has the life led by dogs who have been made beasts of burden given rise to the phrase that "So-and-so leads a dog's life" when we mean a miserable one?

#### A LIONESSE WITHOUT A TONGUE.

The overthrow of the tyranny of the *Pisistratidæ* was concerted at the house of a woman called *Leena*. When put to torture, that she might disclose the secrets of the conspirators, fearing that weakness might overpower her, she bit off her tongue, that she might be unable to betray the trust placed in her. The Athenians raised in her honour the statue of a lioness without a tongue, in allusion to her name, which signifies a lioness. People will tell lies and talk scandal to gratify vanity or for some other petty miserable reason. They will not suffer the smallest inconvenience, much less pain, in order not to offend in word. How the example of *Leena* should shame them!

#### LADY JEUNE'S PHILANTHROPIC WORK.

"I have had some money given me that I do not quite know what to do with."—"Indeed; that must be an unusual experience."—"Well, the money is to send out poor children into the country, and the arrangement of that sort of thing is somewhat out of my line—I have not time for it, in fact."—"Give it to me: I will superintend the proper use of it. You know I am in touch with a number of poor children in the East End."—"Not a bad idea. I think I will entrust you with it."—"Yes; a lady with some leisure, and knowing a number of poor children, would have better opportunities than a busy editor and member of Parliament. You are so busy instructing other people and making laws for us all—"Ha! ha!" he interrupted, with a chuckle, "that is the trouble of it—they do not allow me to make the laws. If I had my will—"—"England would be a much pleasanter place to live in than now," she said, laughing. "Well, well, you do your best, you know; and a man cannot do more."—"In any case, you shall have the money," he answered. And so it was arranged, and Lady Jeune's Fresh Air Fund for Poor Children came into existence. This conversation, imaginary though it be, embodies a solid fact. We understand that a



LADY JEUNE.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.)

certain London editor and member of Parliament (Mr. Henry Labouchere), having some money given him, Lady Jeune said she would superintend the work. She began with about £500, which has increased to upwards of £1,800 per season for this object. Sir Francis and Lady Jeune's country residence is at Arlington Manor, near Newbury, Berks; and these children are boarded out in Berkshire, and Oxfordshire, and Essex; while, as Lady Jeune is one of the managers for schools in Bethnal Green and Shoreditch, and also a member of the General Purposes Committee of the People's Palace, she is able to select really deserving cases for the benefit of the fund. Last summer she sent

the celebrated judge Sir Francis Jeune. Her philanthropic efforts afford an apt illustration of the altruistic work which can be conducted by ladies of leisure and of social position on behalf of their poorer brethren and sisters.

## CHARITY AT HOME.

"Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." That woman must have obeyed these words of her Saviour upon whose tombstone was placed the beautiful epitaph which may be read in a certain Yorkshire churchyard—"She always made home happy."

about 1,200 children into the country. The benefits of such work are obvious; but not the least may be a genuine love for a country life fostered in the hearts of some children by a few days' sojourn; and they may in after-days return to the scene of these pleasant holidays to carry on their life-work in rural districts, thus counterbalancing to some extent the rush of labourers from the country to the great towns, which is so marked a feature of our time. This Fresh-Air Fund, however, does not exhaust Lady Jeune's philanthropic efforts. She has a Rescue Home in North London, having a big laundry, while her ladyship has also work in hand on behalf of factory girls and wearied mothers; and a visitor to Arlington Manor might find there, not a party of distinguished guests, whose names would bulk large in the public eye, but a company of work-girls from East London. Lady Jeune has been twice married, her first husband being Mr. John Stanley, brother to Lord Stanley of Alderley, and her present husband

## SPIRITUAL APPETITE.

It is not only for the food of our bodies that we ought to be thankful, but for that of our minds and souls. Why should we not say grace after receiving mental food, as, for instance, when we have read a good book, or after spiritual sustenance, as when we have attended a hearty service, or conversed with an improving friend? Healthy souls hunger for spiritual food, as healthy bodies do for that which is material. How thankful, then, should we be "that our Heavenly Father hath given His Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, not only to die for us, but also to be our spiritual food and sustenance"! God has given many means of grace, many kinds of soul-food. We in England are so much favoured in this respect, that the very abundance of our privileges tends to make us indifferent and thankful. In countries where there are few places of worship, people go long journeys to attend them, while we who live at home pick and choose and run from one preacher to another. There are many people who do not go to church to worship, but to sit in the seat of the scornful and criticise the clergyman and the choir. One sometimes thinks that if all places of worship were shut up for a year, we should return to them when opened more thankful for the spiritual food they supply, and in a more devotional spirit.

## WHENCE OR WHITHER?

Professor Huxley relates that, attending a meeting of the British Association in Belfast nearly forty years ago, he had promised to breakfast with the eminent scholar, Dr. Hincks. "Having" (he says) "been up very late the previous night, I was behind time, so, hailing an outside car, I said to the driver as I jumped on, 'Now drive fast, as I am in a hurry.' Whereupon he whipped up his horse, and set off at a hand-gallop. Nearly jerked off my seat, I shouted, 'My good friend, do you know where I want to go?'—'No, yer honner,' said the driver, 'but, anyway, I am driving fast.'" Like this Irish Jehu, too many rush through the business of life without ever stopping to ask themselves Whence, or Whither? Being without moral thoughtfulness, they are flighty and flippant, and have no decided opinions nor any steady purpose in life.

## SOME NEW BOOKS.

Dr. Maclaren of Manchester has already earned the gratitude of thousands of preachers and teachers by the publication of his "Bible Class Expositions," and the volume on "The Acts of the Apostles," just issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, can only strengthen and add to the debt. We believe we are right in saying that for the selection of the lessons themselves Dr. Maclaren was not responsible, but for his clear-sighted and suggestive expositions of them the credit is his, and will be gladly given by anyone with practical experience.—We cannot all agree with Count Tolstoi's views on all subjects; but there is much to admire in his character, and

the cheap edition of "Tolstoi's Boyhood: Written by Himself," translated by Constantine Popoff and published by Mr. Elliot Stock, deserves a large circle of readers.—Messrs. Morgan and Scott send us a memorial volume of sermons by our old friend and contributor the late Prebendary Gordon Calthrop. "The Future Life, and Other Sermons," is the title of the work, which will need no word from us to ensure for it a warm welcome from all readers of THE QUIVER.—From the Baptist Book and Tract Society we have received a copy of "The History of the English Bible," a popular work that has already met with considerable success in the United States. It deals not only with the history of each version, but with its influence upon the spiritual life of the nation and of the world.—Mr. Elliot Stock publishes a practical little work which he calls "Notes for Boys (and their Fathers)" on Morals, Mind, and Matter, in which is enshrined a good deal of "sanctified common-sense." And an earnest "Devotional Companion to the Pulpit," from the same publisher, appeals specially to preachers.—Uniform with their well-known series of half-crown books for girls, Messrs. Longmans have just issued new and cheap editions of three capital stories—Mrs. Deland's "Sidney," to which we referred in these pages when it was first published, Mrs. Molesworth's "Neighbours," and "Keith Deramore," by the author of "Miss Molly." With these three comes a fourth work in the same dress (though it is not a story), Mrs. Grey's "Last Words to Girls," a book that should be in the library of every household wherein girls have a place.

## THREE MEMORABLE SAYINGS

the Duke of Wellington has left behind him. He said "that education without religion would surround us with clever devils." He said to one who pushed aside a poor man who was going up before him to the communion-table, and bade him "make way for his Grace the Duke of Wellington," "Not so; we are all equal here." And when a young clergyman was speaking in disparagement of foreign missions, he rebuked him with, "Sir, you forget your marching orders: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'"

## A GOOD RESOLUTION.

A friend of Dr. Whewell tells us that a few years after Whewell had taken his Bachelor's degree at Cambridge, he said, "I have determined to leave the world a little better than I found it." Most people begin Christian work with a similar resolution, but many of them have not the gift of continuance. If they had this, and God's blessing went with them, the world would be very different from what it is. None of us singly can do much for its improvement; but how would it be if everyone did what is in the power of each, according to the state of life in which God has placed him?

## THE DISTINGUISHING MARK.

On the night of the 30th June, 1849, the French advanced upon Rome, which was defended by some 15,000 Garibaldians. Having made a breach in the walls, they entered the city and stormed the barricades successfully. The Italian patriot, himself wounded, recognised the uselessness of further prolonging the struggle, and said to his devoted followers, "Soldiers! I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, heat, no pay, no food; whoever loves Italy follow me." Cutting their way through the enemy they made their escape to the mountains. But the struggle for freedom, though it had for a time failed, was persevered in, and later on led to a triumphant issue, and the unity of a free Italy under Victor Emmanuel. This law of sacrifice runs through the world's history. The good that humanity has gained is by the blood of martyrs and heroes. Sacrifice is the distinguishing mark of the Christian. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me."

## "THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

List of contributions received from June 28th, 1894, up to and including July 26th, 1894. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

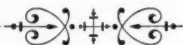
For "The Quiver" Waifs Fund: M. B., 5s.; A Glasgow Mother (51st donation), 1s.; J. J. E., Govan (81st donation), 5s.; A Reader of *The Quiver*, Notting Hill, 10s.

For The Children's Country Holiday Fund: Anon., Camelford, 10s.; M. Kelland, 5s.; T. and E., £1; and E. E. W., 10s., sent direct; Cora, Galway, 10s.

For the School Board Children's Free Dinner Fund: L. G. P., 5s.

For Children's Nursing Home, Barnet: L. G. P., 5s.; R. S., 5s.

\* \* The Editor will be glad to receive, and to forward to the institutions concerned, the contributions of any of his readers who desire to help external movements referred to in the pages of this magazine. Amounts of 5s. and upwards will be acknowledged in THE QUIVER when desired.



## "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

(A NEW SERIES OF QUESTIONS BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

## QUESTIONS.

121. It is said that Jesus sat on the well at Sychar. What is known of that place?

122. In what way was it true, as the woman of Samaria said, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain"?

123. In what words did our Lord reveal Himself as God to the woman of Samaria?

124. By what illustration does the prophet Isaiah set forth the peace which should come into the world through the preaching of the Gospel?

125. St. Paul, in writing to the Galatians, says, "When the fulness of time was come God sent forth His Son." What words of our blessed Lord refer to this same fulness of time?

126. What lesson do we learn from our Lord's words, "The time is fulfilled"?

127. What do we know of our Lord's first return journey to Galilee after the commencement of His ministry?

128. What remarkable event occurred at Nazareth when our Lord revisited it after His baptism?

129. What saying of St. John concerning Christ was literally fulfilled at Nazareth?

130. What lesson do we learn from our Lord's conduct while living at His home in Nazareth?

131. What was the effect of our Lord's first miracle on the Lake of Gennesaret?

132. It is generally considered that St. Peter was one of the oldest of the twelve Apostles. What reason have we for this opinion?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 800.

109. By the descent of the Holy Ghost at our Lord's

baptism, which sign had been given by God to St. John the Baptist. (St. John i. 33.)

110. They were already disciples of St. John the Baptist, and he pointed out Jesus to them as the Messiah. (St. John i. 29, 35, 36.)

111. Jesus meant that He had seen Nathanael at prayer, it being a practice of the Jews to choose a shady tree under which to offer their noonday prayer. (St. John i. 48, 50; Ps. lv. 17.)

112. St. Andrew, Peter, Philip, Nathanael, and probably St. John. (St. John i. 35, 40—49, and ii. 2.)

113. The governor of the feast pronounced the wine to be the best they had had. (St. John ii. 10.)

114. She told the servants to do whatever Jesus commanded them. (St. John ii. 5.)

115. The Feast of the Passover, which feast our Lord afterwards attended three times. (St. John ii. 13; St. Luke vi. 1; St. John vi. 4, and xi. 55.)

116. From the outer court, or "Court of the Gentiles," which many of the Jews did not consider sacred. (St. John ii. 14—16.)

117. Because it was customary for a prophet to give some proof of his divine mission, as Moses had done. (Ex. iv. 1—9; St. John ii. 18.)

118. Because he was one of the seventy members of the Sanhedrim, or great ruling council of the Jews. (St. John iii. 1.)

119. Nicodemus had said that he knew Jesus had come from God, and our Lord tells him that He not only had come from heaven, but that He was then in heaven, thereby declaring His Godhead. (St. John iii. 2, 13.)

120. God's great love towards the human race. (St. John iii. 16.)







[From a Drawing by PERCY TARRANT.]

"THE WAY THAT FATHER COMES."

(See p. 923.)

## APOSTLES TO YOUNG MEN.

BY THE REV. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A., MORNING PREACHER AT THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

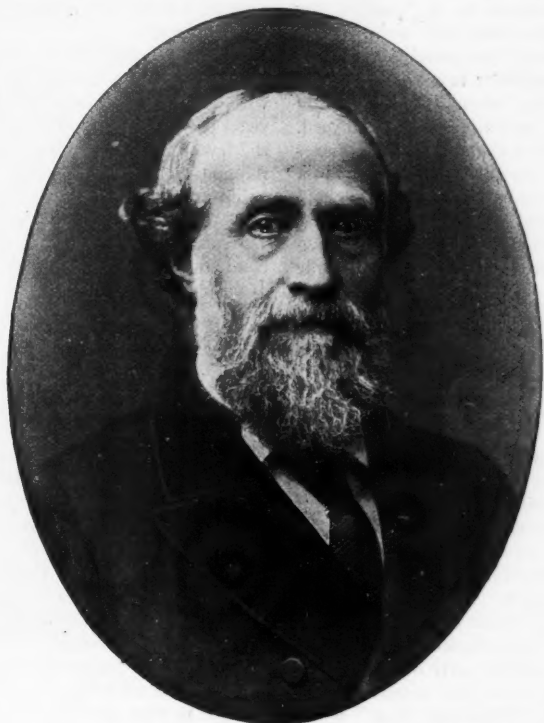


Photo: Elliott and Fry,  
Baker Street, W.

*George Williams*

**T**HE jubilee proceedings of the Y.M.C.A. have revived discussion of the old problem which has perplexed and interested active Christian people for some generations—how successfully to deal with our young men. How far they have suggested the right answer, it is no part of this article to consider. But, whether they have or have not satisfied every mind upon this point, they have assuredly reminded us of one element which, humanly speaking, seems essential to success. They have shown us the value of personal influence—the power of a single personality. The world-wide organisation of the Y.M.C.A. owes its existence and efficiency—not solely indeed, but very largely—to the warm-hearted philanthropist whom we are now come to know as Sir George Williams. And in pondering the vast influence which one devoted life has had upon and through that Association, the thoughts of every Londoner will instinctively turn

to another organisation and to another worker—to the Polytechnic in Regent Street and to Mr. Quintin Hogg. The two men have had much in common. Each has lived to see a great enterprise spring from a small beginning; each has watched his enterprise with an affectionate solicitude which has something almost pathetic about it; each has gladly spent with almost regal munificence, in order that the enterprise might not be stunted in its growth; and each, too, has cared most of all that the work done should be distinctively Christian; “as well,” indeed, “for the body as the soul,” but decisively and peculiarly for the soul.

Sir George Williams was born at Dulverton, Somersetshire, on October 11th, 1821. It was at Bridgwater that he began business, and at Bridgwater, too, that he definitely ranged himself upon the side of God. In the year 1841 he came up to London, and entered as an assistant the house of Messrs. Hitchcock and Rogers, in

St. Paul's Churchyard. In that establishment he found a few other young men like-minded with himself, amongst whom his influence was at once felt. His desire, thus early, to help others has been justly described as a "passion for souls;" but even those who have only known the transparent sincerity, the geniality, and the persuasiveness of his manner in a green old age, can well understand the influence he as a young man rapidly obtained in St. Paul's Churchyard. Those were days in which the assistants in houses of business worked longer, fared worse, and in all respects were treated with much less consideration than is justly looked for now. It was proportionately difficult to lead what was emphatically a consecrated life. But the young assistant from Somersetshire lacked nothing of the moral courage which the circumstances demanded. He and his friends were not afraid to read and pray together, and the little circle presently developed a formal organisation. In 1842 they constituted the body which, as the St. Paul's Missionary Society, kept its jubilee in December, 1892. They met in those days in one of the bedrooms; but if there were difficulties, there were also, quite early in the movement, some remarkable encouragements. For Mr. George Hitchcock, the head of the firm, owed, as he himself put it, his "own spiritual birth, under God," to this very agency. There was a worthy recruit, whose influence whilst he lived—and even since, where his memory is cherished—was wholly on the side of God. Other early recruits whose accession created more or less sensation were the chairman of the "Free and Easy" which then met at the "Goose and Gridiron" hard by, and a notorious infidel, a Mr. J. T. Brown, who afterwards became the trusted Superintendent of a Sunday-school.

The first meetings of the young society were held in Mr. Williams's own bedroom; then in the room where now he often gathers friends for a meal in the City—a small panelled room on the second storey in Paternoster Row, now bearing upon its walls many photographs of Y.M.C.A. conference groups, with portraits of such men as the great Lord Shaftesbury, Dean Alford, and Henry Venn. Under that roof was gathered the little meeting which set on foot the now world-wide organisation, the Y.M.C.A.—an organisation at present represented at over 5,200 centres—an organisation claiming a total membership in all lands of more than 467,000. Of its growth or of its activities it is needless here to speak, save in so far as to say that at every step of the way the influence of Sir George Williams has been felt. Many others have worked for and loved the organisation, but to Sir George it has been as a child of his own. The outside public were im-

pressed when they learned that, together with Mr. J. D. Allcroft, Mr. Samuel Morley, and Mr. R. C. L. Bevan, he had put down £5,000 to secure Exeter Hall for the Association; but that act was only an incident in a life of devotion to its interests.

The development of the work for all young men has not lessened his interest in that connected with the great house of which he has for many years been the head. The establishment is one of the few in which the day regularly begins with a religious service, attendance at which is purely voluntary. There are two chaplains to the house, and the passer-by in Paternoster Row about 7.40 a.m. may always hear the sound of a hymn coming from its second floor. But the religious atmosphere of the place is neither official nor artificial; it is personal and real. The spirit in which Sir George deals with the helpers in his own house of business is well illustrated by a few words he said at the Jubilee gathering of the St. Paul's Missionary Society: "Changes are constantly occurring, as is only natural, in a house like this; but I make it a point usually to ask those who leave such questions as these: 'Have you found the Lord since you have been in the house? Have you become a Christian?'" And those who know Sir George are aware that in any such question from him there is nothing unreal or perfunctory, but rather the tenderness of a father. He has never held that business must be divorced from religion, or religion from business. In the little room off the counting-house in Paternoster Row, where so many have interviewed him, he has put to men questions—plain, straightforward, yet full of sincere and unaffected concern—such as too few have the courage to speak.

Nowhere perhaps is this almost paternal interest more clearly illustrated than at the annual meetings of the organisation already described as the St. Paul's Missionary Society. The late Mr. George Hitchcock used to say, "I have two families, one in the City and one at Norfolk Crescent." He did his best to make the members of the one family interested in the affairs of the other. That tradition Sir George Williams has fully sustained. To have seen him preside at one of these meetings, with Lady Williams, his sons, and his daughters-in-law around him; to have heard there the almost patriarchal way in which he would talk of a son's marriage or the birth of a grandchild, is at once to have grasped how fully he has sought to carry out this family ideal in his own commercial life. It was at such a gathering that one of the oldest of the staff bore this remarkable testimony to the principles on which Sir George and his sons, as well as Mr. Hitchcock before them, have worked:—"The theory on which this house is constituted is, that it is a



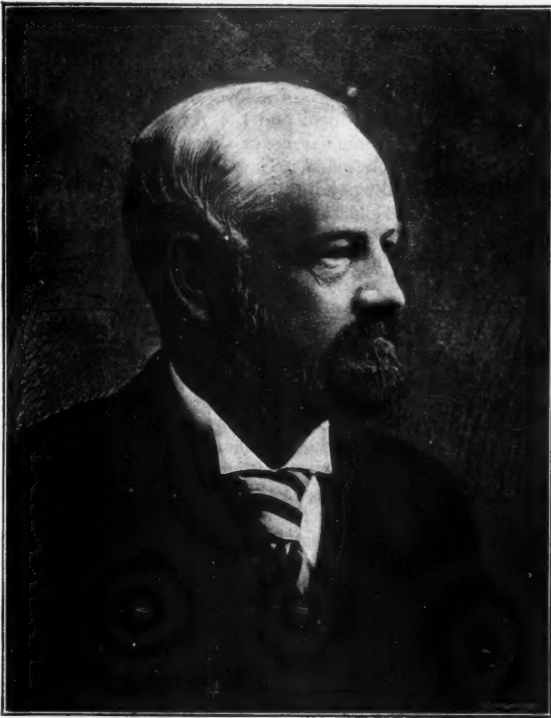


Photo: Henry T. Reed,  
Tottenham Court Road, W.C.

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business household or family, having what may be called a corporate personality and character, with duties and responsibilities; and the heads of the house have determined, be the staff what it may at any particular periods, that the character of the house shall be a religious character, and that there shall be religious institutions in it."

It is this character which gives a peculiar happiness to the results of the spiritual work done amidst the great household in St. Paul's Churchyard. It is scarcely too much to say that there is hardly a corner of the world in which men may not be found who owe the turning-point in their spiritual life to the influences exercised there. Not a few missionaries in the foreign field have come from the ranks of the St. Paul's Missionary Society. Nor is the home ministry without its recruits. Going to a town in the North, Sir George found in the vicar of an important parish there one who, to use Sir George's own words, "Lived in this house, and through the morning services gave his heart to God." As for the world of commerce, there are business men up and down the land who look up to him with a regard which is almost filial.

In personal habits, whether seen at St. Paul's Churchyard or at his home in Russell Square, Sir George is simple and unaffected. In religious opinions, though himself a Churchman, with a son in holy orders, he has always shown an unaffected interest in all sound evangelistic enterprise. The City Mission knows him as the warmest of friends; the Bible Society finds in him an advocate who believes heartily in the power of the press, and most of all when the book is the Bible; Nonconformist missionary agencies bring him to their platform. But whilst "ready to every good work" he remains, in a sense that is almost unique, a friend of young men.

Mr. Quintin Hogg was still unborn when the presence of George Williams was first felt in St. Paul's Churchyard. A public-school boy, reared at home in the midst of the strongest religious convictions, with the prospect of enjoying the amplest means, he early formed the resolution to live for others. He left Eton in 1863, and, as a young man of eighteen, very soon began to work for the neglected boys of London. The origin of the institution housed under the roof of the old Polytechnic in Regent Street may be found in a gathering of shoeblacks, mudlarks,

and others in the Adelphi arches. The evolution was gradual. It is traced from those arches through some very unattractive premises in York Place, Strand, and a more attractive home in Long Acre, to the Polytechnic itself; or, to describe the development in another way, from a Ragged School to an Institute so comprehensive as to defy description in a sentence. For thirty years Mr. Quintin Hogg has given himself to this task; and yet he is still in middle-life. The Regent Street Polytechnic is a monument of which any man might be proud; but a better one is found in the lives of the 100,000 young men who have been more or less influenced by his means.

It is not my purpose to describe the Polytechnic, its manifold attractions for young people, its spiritual agencies, its very complete educational work, its social side, and its recreative or athletic side. The facts are more or less well known, and the Polytechnic has been freely taken as the model for like institutions all over the country. My purpose is to deal with the personality which, as in the case of the Y.M.C.A., has fostered and guided the growth of so great an organisation. It

is impossible to think at all of the Polytechnic without thinking of Mr. Quintin Hogg; the union is everywhere too close. He lives in Cavendish Square: but the window of his library looks out on to the back of the Polytechnic, and from the adjoining room, in which his secretary works, he can step at once into an outlying classroom, which, if in reality a part of his own house, is used for Polytechnic classes of his own. He often begins the day with young men. Breakfasting with Mr. Quintin Hogg one morning, he told me that he had just returned from a bicycle ride with some of the members. He knows them by name, and believes in personal intercourse as the only way of understanding and working such an institution. That belief is not in him a theory, it is an experience. He goes amongst the members at their classes and their recreations; he takes parties with him to Brighton; he has camped out with them; he has gone abroad with them. To them he is not so much a philanthropist of princely munificence as a personal friend of wonderful charm.

Some critics may possibly venture a guess that the "personal influence" policy, whilst most delightful in theory, must in practice prove unworkable. They hazard the conjecture that it must end in anarchy. The issue hangs, no doubt, upon the character of the "person"; but in Mr. Quintin Hogg's case the policy is completely successful. It was so in the old days of the original Ragged School, when his own presence would instantly quell a tumult that suggested immediate disruption. It is so now; only the tumults never arise. They have, to use his own words, "no chucker-out" at the Polytechnic; nor have they ever had to expel a member for disorder, insubordination, or rowdiness in any form. So far from anarchy resulting, the system has succeeded beyond all expectation in fusing together the various classes resorting to the Polytechnic. The son of well-to-do parents will stand at his lathe in the engineering school next door to the son of the poor man. It is good training for both, but not many can bring this about.

One thing, however, may be taken for granted. The personal influence of Mr. Quintin Hogg and

his helpers would never have wrought what it has save for one fact—it is penetrated with the spirit of Christ. The intense love for his fellow-men which members see in the founder of the Polytechnic is born of a love for God. That is why the educational and the recreative work of the Polytechnic has never thrust religious work into the background. The Christian influence is true and all-pervading. Mr. Hogg's own Bible-class is such a sight as few clergy are ever allowed to see in connection with their own work. The services taken by Dr. Lunn have such congregations as would satisfy the most exacting incumbent. That the results are widespread and lasting no one who has examined the facts can venture for a moment to doubt. There are some who, having seen Polytechnic members appearing by the score at an athletic meeting, have wondered whether the gymnasium, the cinder-path, the cricket and football field, and the rowing-club have not hindered spiritual enterprise. Mr. Quintin Hogg emphatically says that it is not so. Upon what may be called the social side of all such work he lays the strongest possible stress. It is in supposing that this social side can be left to take care of itself that he believes the greatest peril of the new Polytechnics lies.

Experience has already shown that this forecast is true; but, alas! the Church of Christ does not give us a George Williams or a Quintin Hogg at every step of the way, and good intentions are not in themselves a sufficient qualification for work so exacting though so happy. To them the nation owes one debt of gratitude, and the Christian Church another. For, apart from the primary influences of the great enterprises they have fathered, there are others scarcely less valuable. In an age of exaggerated self-seeking, the cynic finds it easy to write up the dispraise of faith. But lives such as these in turn laugh the cynic to scorn. Their motive and their power are of God. To the angel each might say, with Abou Ben Adhem, "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men;" for the motto of their lives must have been the too little followed warning of St. John:—

"This commandment have we from Him, That he who loveth God love his brother also."



## A PRINCE'S PART.

BY ELIZA TURPIN.

"It is a prince's part to pardon."—Bacon.

## PART IV.—THE LIGHT REVEALED.

## CHAPTER X.

**X** MIGHT have gone on hugging Mona for a century and not have remembered how I came to be there, only she, having more presence of mind, must have dispelled all thoughts that I had dropped from above or come alone.

"How did you get here?" she asked. I told her as well as I could, mentioning no names. Leaving Miss Stayne to prepare a couch and other necessities, Mona called a servant—a clean middle-aged person—to accompany us to the beach. Amélie carried an old door, to serve as a stretcher. Mona had cushions and blankets.

"Mona," I said, as an embarrassing possibility dawned on me, "don't tell this girl—or anyone else—who you are."

"Why not?" she asked.

"I will tell you afterwards," I gasped, as we hurried along. "But promise."

"Very well," she agreed. "I promise."

Lucine Darrel was still unconscious when we reached her. It was each minute growing a more difficult task for Mr. Warwick to hold her from the deepening water.

As she lay on the improvised stretcher she looked

fearfully pale. Her fair hair hung in heavy masses: her eyes were closed. I felt strangely like another person—an outsider watching myself: it was all so weird, so dream-like.

Lucine's leg was broken. There was a severe cut on her white forehead, and a red stream had mingled with her golden tresses and flowed to the pillow on which her head lay.

"Amélie must fetch the doctor," Mona said. Lucine Darrel lay on her bed, and she was bathing the gash.

"There is Mr. Warwick," I said.

"We haven't a change of clothing for him," Miss Stayne announced. "He must go to bed until his own are dry."

"I will fetch the others," I said. "Mona, you must tell Miss Stayne not to say anything to anyone about our relationship. And I will tell aunty."

When I found the rest of our party and had heard



"You are so good, . . . I wish you would kiss me."—p. 889.

Mrs. Frith's bemoanings, Mr. Darrel's growls, and aunty's anxious exclamations, and we were on the way back to the cottage, I drew aunty aside.

"Aunty dear," I began nervously, "I have discovered someone." She looked at me curiously.

"A long time since we lost someone—we have been wearied with longing for her ever since. We shall weary no more—she is here."

She hung heavily on my arm.

"Nora, this is not one of your jokes?"

"Mona is here," I answered simply.

She spoke no word for several minutes. Then I told her of our plan to say nothing of our knowing her. She agreed as to its expediency.

But when we arrived at the cottage, the first thing she did was to faint right off—a not inconvenient mode of concealing her feelings.

But it became evident that something must be done with old Mr. Darrel and Mrs. Frith: there was also Mr. Warwick to dispose of. Whilst the doctor was setting Lucine's broken limb I racked my brain for some means of persuading them to return.

They were seeking to diminish the inconvenience of the unfortunate accident in a truly English fashion—in other words, they were having a cup of tea somewhere. The doctor had speedily found out who was of the most use to him, and was being assisted by Mona. Miss Stayne also remained in the room.

I resolved on my plan. When the operation was over I sought Mona.

"Mona," I asked her quietly, "can you bear to hear some startling news?"

"Yes." She crimsoned all over her lovely face, and then paled to an almost deathly whiteness. My poor darling! she had not forgotten.

"The girl who lies in that room—the girl to whom you have been attending so carefully—is she who brought you here," I said, in a quick utterance.

"What do you mean, Nora?" she asked, surprised.

"It is Lucine Darrel," I replied. I shall never forget her wild startled eyes as she realised what I meant. I explained to her in a few words how it was we were together. She rested her head on the frame of the window, and looked out into the fair skies and across the earth's loveliness with the sign of a great struggle in her deep dark eyes. She was not quite perfect enough to caress the serpent which had stung her without pausing to shudder as she recalled the sharpness of the sting.

"Her leg is badly fractured," Mona said at length, in clear tones. "Her head is severely bruised. The doctor says she is not to be moved. He says she is in danger. Nora, she will stay here."

"You are an angel!" I cried, with hot tears in my eyes.

"I am *not*," she said slowly. "But for *his* sake—oh! I am no angel—I cannot even do an ordinary act of charity—nay, courtesy—without feeling a motive."

I remember Lucine once saying that motiveless kindness existed nowhere on earth. Was her cynical view of human nature wholly wrong?

The next day we were alone—that is, aunty and I stayed behind, and Mr. Darrel, Mrs. Frith, and Mr. Warwick returned to St. Helier. They took a great

deal of persuading—especially the last-named, who wanted to find apartments at St. Edyns or sleep in a coal-shed—but the end was all I cared for: they went.

"I shall come over every day to see if I can assist you in any way," Mr. Warwick said before he went.

"I hope you won't," I thought. "And if you bring the other two, I shall annihilate you."

It was a strange, miserable, happy time that followed. There was Mona once more—strong, gentle, and sympathetic (as aunty had remarked).

There was the safe peaceful feeling of having her once more to lean on and confide in. There was a sweet happiness in trying to atone for all the love she had missed in the months of her absence and for that mighty love she had cast aside.

Then there was the anxiety of watching by Lucine's bed of pain—days and nights so long and weary, when her life seemed to hang on a thread as frail as one of her own golden hairs. The bruise on her head had caused concussion, and the pain of her broken limb added to the agony. During weeks of unconsciousness, more or less, with short lucid intervals, Mona nursed this girl as carefully as if she were a loved and loving friend.

She told us all the circumstances which led to her being at St. Edyn's. She had arranged to meet Miss Stayne in London, and they had stayed there for a few days. Miss Stayne had been to Jersey with the family she had lately left, and was quite enthusiastic over its charms. So Mona decided to go to the little island for a visit.

Once there, it seemed useless to leave it. So long as she was away from the temptation she longed to withstand, it mattered little where she was. They had seen an agent at St. Helier, and he had given them a list of houses to choose from. This one was fixed upon on account of the beauty of the surroundings; its seclusion and repose.

It was then already partly furnished, and it was altered by Mona to add to its comfort. When I consoled with her on spending the winter alone and in such an out-of-the-way spot, she laughed.

"I made everything very comfortable," she said, in the old way of turning her disadvantages to a jest. "Of course," she added, "I missed you, dear. If I had dared to send for you we might have been quite happy here."

It was almost ludicrous to notice aunty's concern for Mona. She followed her about with anxious eyes; she made her consume an alarming quantity of fresh eggs and drink quarts of new milk. She even went to the length of compounding some dish herself (which attempt at cookery was a distinct failure) out of eggs and milk for Mona's consumption. I believe it *did* resemble custard, but it was a piteous mockery of anything with a name. I am afraid aunty's knowledge of the culinary art had lain too long dormant to be aroused with any success.

Mr. Warwick came over to see us on most days. I could not imagine why he stayed so long in Jersey. Mr. Darrel was ill at the hotel, and Mrs. Frith was kept there in attendance on him. In my heart I felt a wicked desire that he should not inconveniently



hurry to recover. For I saw that it would be long before Miss Darrel could be removed with safety. In one of her lucid minutes she asked where she was.

"You are in a cottage at St. Edyn's, near where your accident happened," Mona explained.

"But *you*: you are no cottage-girl," she said, in a feeble voice. "You are a lady, and no cottager."

Mona hesitated for a minute.

"I am not a native of this place," she said.

"I am only living here for a time."

Lucine wandered a great deal in her delirious ravings. She spoke of her past life—she alluded several times to the gaming saloon in the Rue St. Honoré.

"*Mon père*, play no more to-night. You will lose—we shall be ruined. No, I will not ask St. Alvers to come here. If he sells his soul, it shall not be at my bidding—I will not." Then would follow long ramblings in French, much of which I did not understand. One day I went and bent over her, and asked her if she knew me.

"*Vous*," she said in low tones, which rose as she proceeded; "you are watching him, you guard him, but I will have him yet, Clifford Callan. Love him! why should I love him? I hate him! But he has wealth and an honourable name—I lack both. But I am no silly *Anglaise*—"

Then her speech was drowned in long moans. I could imagine how more than painful it must have been for Mona to listen to these ravings. To hear the name of him for whom her love was still a living flame issuing from those unconscious lips must have been the very exquisiteness of misery. For absence had not stifled her memory—time could not weaken her love.

We sent for Sarah from St. Helier. That sensible person only remarked—"Well I never!" when she beheld Miss Stayne, and "Blez thy pretty face!" when she saw Mona. As usual, she was silent: that is, with regard to our business. For she had not been in the house an hour before I heard mysterious shouting in the kitchen, and discovered Sarah and Amélie quarrelling like Turk and Jew.

The one anathematised the other as a "furriner" and "chattering upstart." The other railed in the particular branch of the French language extant in the Channel Islands against Sarah, and called down all

the departed saints, hermits, and martyrs to bring confusion on her devoted head.

"Whatever is the matter?" I questioned.

"T'ould idiot!" Sarah cried. "En doan't know a respectable person from a snarlin' ould 'ooman like herself."



"Then I wrote a long letter to—Mr. Callan."—p. 893.

"What is it all about?" It was "all about" the preparation of some invalid recipe, and I left them still quarrelling, and neither of them understanding the other.

The days formed weeks, and capricious tear-stained April was weeping and smiling itself away, weaving from its tears a flowery crown for Queen May, and preparing garlands of hawthorn and roses for her bride-like head. Lucine's danger was over, but she lay weak and helpless, with her blue eyes following Mona's every movement, and learning to love the sweetness which was all to her comfort.

"You are so good," she said one day, in her low tones. "I wish you would—kiss me."

When Mona raised her head her eyes were dewy with emotion.

"I know you not," Lucine went on. "But I know your goodness—it is greater than that of anyone I know or have ever known."

"You forget me!" I cried, laughing, hoping to give the conversation a lighter turn.

"You are good, but quite different. This one," indicating Mona, "is *heroic*; I feel it."

"Indeed I am not," Mona declared, walking to the window. "But, Nora," in changed tones, "come here. There is something wrong."

There was. In the middle of the lawn stood Amélie. A little way off was Sarah, with a long broom.

"They are *fighting*!" I ejaculated, in great delight. "No, we aren't," Sarah cried from below. "But *en cums nigh* me I'll limb en."

"I'll go down," I said.

"Sarah, do give me that broom," I urged, when I stood on the lawn. "What is it now?"

Before she had time to reply the gate opened and Mr. Warwick came in. Sarah retired rather quietly from the field of glory.

"They are always at daggers drawn," I laughed, explaining matters.

"You should give them some Dr. Watts," he advised.

"One would take no notice and the other would not understand. It might lead from bad to worse."

"If you can leave the 'birds in their little nest,'" he said, "will you come down to the sea?"

"Oh yes," I said. The staunch old ocean, shimmering in the gleam of sunshine, was rushing between the rocks with hoarse roars of triumph. It gloried in its eternal existence, mocking time, as having no scythe sharp enough to cut it off.

"I have something to say to you," the man at my side began. "May I say it?"

"Freedom of speech is perfectly legal," I replied lightly, ignoring his seriousness.

"Don't jest," he said. "Nora, I have learned to love you."

"Bad taste," I thought. But I said nothing. I was at a loss.

"You have mistaken your feelings," I said, after a pause.

"I wish I had," bitterly. I looked around. To run away would be so undignified. Tears—well, I really could not produce any.

"I like you immensely," I assured him. "I value your friendship. But I could never—love you."

"Not in time?" eagerly.

"Not in a million centuries," I asserted, thinking it as well to let him know at once.

"You are candid."

"I like you too well to be otherwise. If I liked you less I would turn away without a word."

"Then it's all up," he said hopelessly.

"Believe me, I am doing what I believe to be *right*. I am doing as my heart and conscience bid me."

"You have little need for the latter," he said.

"You are so true and good that its services must be seldom required."

After that distinctly mistaken compliment I subsided into silence, wondering if, after all, I might be a little better than I thought I was.

"I am going back to Stanton," he told me, as we walked to the cottage. "After that I shall trouble you no more."

"Oh! you haven't troubled me," I assured him, in doubtful solace.

"I believe you," he said bitterly.

"Good-bye," he said, as we reached the gate. And we bade each other adieu—for ever. A year afterwards he was killed in a Hindustani revolt, while fighting for his country. Some kind friend sent me, at his request, a lock of his fair hair and his dying love—which gifts I value as I value few others.

"Where is Mr. Warwick?" Mona enquired, as I went in alone.

"Oh! gone," I replied, with such supernatural indifference that she smiled. "He has spoilt himself by *proposing* to me," I added, rather crossly.

"Well, 'need a body froon?'" she asked, with another smile. "He is young, good-looking, agreeable, and—rich."

"I fail to appreciate the combination of virtues."

"That means—you appreciate them in someone else," she returned. "Has anyone else ever disgraced himself so utterly to you as poor Mr. Warwick?"

"Yes, one has. I am disgusted with men. But this last did not *deceive* me. He is the better one."

"Shall I fetch him back?"

"Mona, don't be foolish. Of course not!" I exclaimed pettishly.

"We don't always like 'the better one,'" was the very peculiar statement she made as she left me.

## CHAPTER XI.

WITH the favourable influence of the June-tide warmth and brightness, Lucine's convalescence was free from relapse or drawback. Extreme weakness rendered her unable to do anything but lie and listen to Mona's soft cooing accents as she read to her, or sometimes conversed.

"I love to hear you speak," Miss Darrel said to her one day; "there is something so soothingly monotonous in your tone. It appeals to me and rests me."

As soon as Lucine was pronounced out of danger Mr. Darrel had taken himself off to London. He said urgent business called him away; and Mrs. Frith went too, at Lucine's bidding. Mrs. Frith was too weak to resist Miss Darrel's will—in fact, she acted on everyone's advice but her own.

When our invalid was well enough to come downstairs and lounge outside in a great easy-chair, aunt would sit and gaze at her as if she were some peculiar species of animated dynamite cartridge, and might "go off" at any minute. Poor girl! she looked quite harmless now—thin and pale as she had grown.

So far as being thin goes, I felt quite guilty when I perceived my own unreduced plumpness. For Mona was like a Maypole, Lucine emaciated and worn, and Miss Stayne had got to a stage of fleshlessness when the next step suggested that she might "rattle" when she walked.

"It's of no use trying to pose as a love-lorn maiden," I thought one day, as I viewed myself in the largest glass the cottage boasted—about twelve inches square—"with all this tiresome *embonpoint* taking the sentiment out of it all."

I had not strength of mind to live on dry toast and water for three months, so I tried to persuade myself that "becoming plumpness" was not a grievance, as Miss Stayne said.

"Nora," Lucine said one day to me, "you always call this girl by her Christian name—this beautiful *Anglaise*. Would she consider it out of place if I did so?"

"Of course not," I affirmed.

"One day," she continued, "I heard her address Mrs. Venner as 'Auntie.' It is curious."

"It is," I said idiotically.

"I would not pry into their affairs—I owe them too much already," she said, with a new-born delicacy even in the broad hint.

"Can you keep a secret?" I asked.

"Can I not?" with a bitter laugh.

"Then I will tell you. It will do you good. Mona is my cousin. A year ago she left home to avoid a man who loves her, and whom she loves. The day we came here I found her."

"It is like a tale!" she exclaimed. "Truly, it is miraculous!"

Ah! it was a marvellous hand which had brought us all together there.

"But why leave him," she asked, "if she loves and is loved?"

"To save his oath—to leave him free to marry the girl he is betrothed to."

"Ah! she is a saint."

"She gave up everything," I went on. "She, for the sake of a woman who scorned her, gave up love and happiness."

Lucine sighed. "And she has bestowed on me care unlimited. She is so truly noble, and I—ah! the contrast. It is horrible. If I could undo the guilty past and live again, I would live differently."

"It is not too late," I said, going over to her side. "Lucine, you can always amend your life, if you will. Oh! if you have been hard or cruel, give up your harshness. Think of that girl who has renounced all, and count mercy and honour before *self*."

She looked at me wonderingly.

"Why, Nora, who could have thought you could speak like that? You might know—Bah! impossible!"

I trembled with fear and hope.

"Ah!" she resumed, "I *have* been hard and cruel. That is nothing. But I have been wicked, vile, and worthy of no regard. I have lied and helped a dying man to lie, and so to go from the world to work out his misery beyond the grave. And it was all to ruin a man's peace—it will spoil his life."

My mind was whirling. What could she mean?

"I should like to tell you, for you are a good child." Her tones were alternately excited and dragging wearily. "But you are so sweet and fresh—unsullied by the world. Why should I tell you a tale like mine?"

"Perhaps it might ease you," I suggested, fearing to lose it.

"That cousin of yours—she is a saint. All the blackness of earth might wash at her feet and leave them without stain. Oh that I were as good, as soilless! But all this is only shocking to your ears—you, who know no falsehood and treachery."

I had told a few—just a few—little white lies at different periods; but I let that pass. I had also on my conscience several small deceptions I had practised, but I resolved never to slip again. For if *this* was what it brought one to—why, it was not worth doing.

"Tell me anything which will relieve your mind," I said, knowing how grief lightens itself when shared.

She hesitated, and then continued. The birds were singing contentedly. The scent of summer rested on the warm air. How can sin and shame have a place in so fair a world?

"It was like this," she said: "I was young—fresh from the convent; and I suppose my wickedness had lain that long time dormant. But my father, he led me, and I did not withstand. All that led to my falsehood I need not tell. I saw *him*, St. Alvers, at Florence first, and *mon père* says that I must wed him. But he did not advance himself to me in the least—*mariage de convenance* was not in his disposition to contract.

"We waited and waited. He hung round us, as you English say, and my father became poorer still. At last we took an apartment in the Rue St. Honoré, in that city of hell—Paris. Ah! fair, smiling, merry Paris! Dead Sea fruit are its pleasures to so many. St. Alvers had nothing to do—he was rich. He was as well to be there as elsewhere. I know my father borrowed money from him—it was his gold which paved that ruinous road, the *salon* of ours. I will not tell of the miserable men who came there and gambled away the food from their children's mouths. One night a man more desperate than any before lost heavily. He turned to my father, and the room rang with curses. I went in and stood amongst the excited men, and tried to calm them. 'What is the matter?' I was saying to a man at a table, when a shot rang out through the room. My father was the injured one.

"I can scarcely speak of the wretched time that followed. *Mon père*, he said I should be left to my uncle's mercy when he was gone. And then he unfolded to me his devilish scheme. 'I knew old St. Alvers,' he said; 'can nothing be made of that?' Well, there was a poor *Anglaise* who lived with us as servant—her name was Miriam Stone. She is called now Frith, and she was weak and foolish. I forced her to be our accomplice. I threatened her with all horrors if ever she betrayed us. This was our plan: Miriam took down in her writing a statement to say to St. Alvers that his father had sent to *mon père* once when he thought himself to be dying abroad. It said he was too ill to write himself, but he dictated it to another who was attending on him. It was addressed to his old friend Darrel.

"It said in its wicked lines that the *dictateur* could not die with an unconfessed sin—that he must tell it at last. He left it to his old friend's mercy to disclose or withhold the knowledge of the crime he would

confess. It read something like this: 'I once sinned deeply, but I was driven to it. Darrel, I wronged the innocent. I have suffered a stained name to rest on those who deserve it not.'

"Well, we had said that *mon père*, who long before had been imprisoned for forging a cheque of an old

consent to my arrangement. I am soon to be a dead man—to return to the dust from whence I came. Lucine is now but an orphan; marry her, and she burns this condemning evidence. You save the honour of your name.' But he would not consent—at first. I bore this humiliation in silence. I hated St. Alvers



"'It is too late to draw back now, Nora,' Clifford said."—p. 895.

friend of both old Lord St. Alvers and my father, was innocent. We wrote as if St. Alvers (the old lord) was confessing all this. He said he had been the guilty one himself.

"We provided for everything. 'I had overstepped the allowance from my father,' the letter ran—'I was in need of money. I forged the cheque, and—double crime—I shifted the crime to the shoulders of an innocent man. My friend, you were imprisoned. It is years ago, but I cannot die with the wrong I did you on my soul.' Young St. Alvers was mad when he read this. 'My father,' he said—'whom I thought the soul of honour!' Then my father sat up in bed.

"'Guy,' he said, 'no one need know this if you will

then, and for spite I would keep him in my power—under my foot. 'What was the amount of the cheque?' he asked. 'Two thousand pounds,' he was told. He sat down and wrote another cheque for three times that sum. 'There it is, with interest,' he said; 'and I will see that Miss Darrel never lacks anything.' But *mon père*, he was determined. He would publish this disgrace all the world over. England should jeer at the baseness of one of its most noble houses—robbery, and worse than that. He had let another suffer for himself, as his son was led to believe.

"At last he swore a solemn oath that only by my hand should his promise to marry me be broken. Then my father gave me the confession—the mock



confession—to burn on the day I was made his wife. And I hated him so that I could not bring him to love me—I hated him so that I resolved to keep him to his unwilling bond. Since then he has been to me to ask for his bond to be broken, and I would not. And yet he told me he loved with his whole soul.

"I do not mind that," I said, "only, if you love her so well, be careful not to drag her name, as well as your own, in the dust. Forget her before we marry."

"And he went from me. Now, can you again watch me with your cousin, whose life is stainless?"

She ceased with a weary wail.

"Lucine," I said, in the silence that followed, "the one he loves is Mona."

"Mona!"

I took her hands.

"Now you can give her the reward of her mercy."

She sat up in her chair.

"Before Heaven I vow it!" she said; "she shall have all I can give her."

I went away and left her. Then I wrote a long letter to—Mr. Callan.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later, as I stood just in the road near the cottage, Miss Stayne came out and asked me to order some chickens for the next day's dinner. As I was setting out on the errand a trap drove up, and seeing a gentleman alight, I naturally stood to watch him. It was Mr. Callan. Instead of sending a message, he had come.

"I am so pleased to see you again, Nora," he said, as he greeted me.

"You are far too kind," I replied. "I hope you have not suffered any inconvenience in coming."

He smiled.

"Were you going for a walk?"

"Yes, I was. Will you not come in?"

"I will send my luggage in and come with you—if I may," he announced coolly.

"But you are tired," I began feebly.

"Not now," he assured me, and we went along the white road together.

I had so much to tell him—the narration took quite a long time. I could tell all my fears, and, above all, my hopes for Mona to him, knowing full well how ready his sympathy was.

"You do not look so well as you did—are you quite well?" he remarked.

"I think so. But am I thinner?" eagerly.

"Yes," he said reassuringly.

I sighed: I was sceptical.

"We will wire for Guy. A hint to the effect that Miss Talbot's arms are waiting will bring him here like—er—a shooting-star."

"What a dreadful simile!—he's nothing like a star," I retorted.

"It doesn't matter. Wings of love would do."

"Worse and worse," I returned, deeply disgusted. "Your mind is unhinged."

"It is—you are right," he answered; but I detest sickly sentimentality and languishing looks. I wished he would be sensible.

Miss Stayne, Aunt, and Mona were on the lawn when we returned.

"If there is a man within ten miles, Nora will scent him out," Mona cried, with a laugh—which remark was distinctly malicious.

"What a blessing! we shall have those chickens," Miss Stayne whispered to me. "Why, Nora, don't look so vacant—you have surely been to Mère Finette's! Child, have you?"

My silence was eloquent.

## CHAPTER XII.

"NORA, I have an idea."

Mr. Callan was the speaker.

"Such a novelty deserves publicity"—cruelly.

"What is it?"

"You and I—in fact, *we* (delicious little pronoun!)—will go to meet St. Alvers."

"Perfectly brilliant! He is coming to-day?"

"Yes," was his reply. "What a general surprise it will be!—a sort of young Vesuvius in our midst."

"Do you mean that for anything clever? Shall I laugh or look wise?" I asked.

"The latter course is impossible. Nora, do you remember the night you left St. Alvers?"

"Quite well. We had a Charlotte Russe for dinner—favourite dish of mine."

"But after dinner?" he protested.

"Oh yes. I believe we had pine-apple; I forget what else—aunt might remember. Aunt"—in a loud voice—"can you recollect what we had for dessert the night before we came to Jersey?"

"My dear, no!" aunt replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Mr. Callan would like to know," in perfect solemnity.

"I assure you it's of no consequence, Mrs. Venner," Mr. Callan said, looking daggers at me.

"It was a strange thing to ask," I said, looking quite coolly at him.

"You little vixen!" he breathed softly.

"I dare not go to St. Helier with you if you use bad language."

"I think," Miss Stayne began, as if anyone wished to know her thoughts, "that Mr. Warwick should have written to us before now."

"Very kind and well-bred young man," aunt commented. "Nora, has he written to you?"

"Not yet," with a stolen glance at Mr. Callan.

"And so attentive as he was to you!" Miss Stayne continued. "Really, I thought—"

"What a pity you did not mention it to me!" I interrupted. "Something might have been done."

An hour later Mr. Callan and I were driving to St. Helier.

"Nora," he remarked, quite casually, "they all seem very fond of that—Worcester—Warwick."

"They do show a disgraceful fondness for young men."

"Did you like him?"

"Oh!"—with a long sigh—"I did."

"He came to see you often?"

"Every day. Once he missed a day, and I grew so

thin—quite emaciated, in fact—that they all feared galloping consumption.”

“It’s no use a man throwing his love away on a heartless flirt,” Mr. Callan growled, whipping the horse.

“Not the least. If you are doing so, take my advice and draw up in time.”

“A man of my age ought to have more sense,” he savagely.

“Width and wisdom do *not* always grow together,” I returned, quite sweetly.

“Nora, are you heartless?”

“Well, no—I think not. I have a perfectly whole heart at present.”

“Did that man—suffer at your hands as I am doing?” he went on, getting dangerously earnest and rather disagreeable.

“Far worse,” I replied revengefully.

“Nora, will you listen to me?”

“I think I am doing—very patiently,” I replied, in a much aggrieved tone.

“And may I tell you again what I told you on the evening before you left St. Alvers,” he questioned, eagerly scanning my face.

“You need not trouble”—dead silence—“because,” I added slowly, “I can remember it quite well. I shall never forget it.”

“Do you mean—”

“Yes, I do mean that,” I returned; and then we ended by being ridiculously happy.

St. Alvers was at the hotel at St. Helier, having landed in the morning. Owing to the hint Mr. Callan had given him, he had acquired, as he foresaw, the speed attributed to anything which flies on Cupid’s wings. But we told him nothing.

Lucine was prepared for his coming, but she to whom he came was in ignorance of our plot.

“Nora, shall I see—*her*?” he asked me as we drove rapidly along the park-like way.

There was only one “*her*” in his world. I glanced at his dark eager eyes, and the desire to tell him “Yes” almost overcame me.

“Be patient,” I advised.

When we entered the garden Lucine Darrel and Mona sat together on the lawn. But St. Alvers had eyes which were blinded to all save one; he walked slowly to her.

Lucine broke the silence.

“Lord St. Alvers, it is you. Well, all explanations can now be given, and then you can—kick me out.”

He disregarded her pleasant suggestion.

“Mona!” he cried, half-incredulously; but she waved him back.

“Since you are here, it is to Miss Darrel you are come,” she said quietly.

“Indeed it is not, and she knows it!” he declared, with a supreme carelessness of Lucine’s feelings.

“Listen!” Lucine cried, imperiously. “I have a little tale—a romance—to tell you. You will find it highly interesting. If St. Alvers can take his eyes and mind from Mademoiselle Talbot for one minute, I will retire, after my story, and leave him to contemplate her face at his will.”

St. Alvers looked at Lucine in much the way

he might have regarded a lion ready to spring at him.

Then she told in full the tale she had before told to me. When she finished there was no sound except the music of the summer, the rustle of leaves, the hum of insects. Away in the sky, a lark, winging its flight to realms between heaven and earth, was sending forth its throbbing melody to wondering man.

“Do you mean to say,” St. Alvers exclaimed, breaking the spell, “that you shamelessly avow yourself a *criminal* of the most despicable character?”

“Your unflinching accuracy is not at fault. Yet, stay. Shamelessly—*no*. Not for you—whom I despise—do I confess. She—who is ten thousand times too good for you—is the one who has won your freedom.—Nora, if you will give me your arm, I will go in.”

Mona stepped forward. “Wait,” she commanded. “Lucine, you have acknowledged your sin. It is almost equal to repentance. Before you go, tell us you repent.”

“I do. I repent because my conscience has given me no peace—because the fear of detection was ever on my mind. But as for all else—I am indeed hard—wicked.”

“No; you misjudge yourself,” Mona went on entreatingly. “Oh! commence now a life worth living, and strive for atonement—and peace.”

Lucine looked at her glorious eyes and imploring face.

“Some time,” she said slowly, “perhaps I may—may be at rest. But go. Be happy and forget me.”

“Never!” taking her hand. “We will forget and forgive all the past, but not forget *you*.”

And so Lucine was forgiven.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Abbey—the dear old home once more. We sat again under the old beech, whose leaves were mellowing to brown and gold, and deserting their home at the invitation of every zephyr which sighs sadly past. As I thought that ere the branches were clothed again with green I should have left the old home for ever, I sighed with the winds.

“What is it, Nora?” Mona enquired.

“Oh! leaving it all seems so dreadful. Yours is not such a bad case as mine. I go to London, and you will be only at Castle St. Alvers.”

She flushed all over her lovely face as I alluded to her happy future.

“Mona, you must come for a minute,” called aunty’s voice; and Mona, with a distracted glance at me, went. Soon after, Guy came across the lawn.

“Where is she?”

“Aunty and Miss Stayne are both within.”

“You envious, malicious child!” he laughed. “Where is Mona?”

“Oh! you’ll soon have her altogether,” I said, smiling, “so give her a little peace now. You will probably attain a great age—so may she. If you have fifty years of three hundred and sixty-five days of each other you may be wearied.”

“Impossible! Eternity would be resolved into limited time, and fly as time flies, if she were by my side.”

“You are extravagant in your conversation. I

must find Mona. She may reason you into common-sense," I said loftily.

Mona, listening, or pretending to listen, to aunty's discussion as to the relative merits of brown and blue for a travelling-dress, and with an expression of Cranmer at the stake in her sweet face, was shamelessly relieved to be freed.

"The wedding cannot take place unless Mona decides necessary arrangements," aunty declared, in a tone which was intended to dismay St. Alvers, but was a decided failure.

"We'll have it without arrangements," he announced calmly.

"If, Guy would not be for ever *here*—" I began inhospitably. But he reduced me to silence.

"You are jealous," he said, laughing.

"Of *you*?" I asked contemptuously. "I should not like a vehement creature like you to deal with."

He went across to Mona at the window.

"Come along outside, my darling," he said softly.

"I really ought to decide—"

"Rubbish! leave it to the others. I do not care one bit *how* you come to me. Only come, and I will be more than satisfied."

"As Nora says," Mona told him in low tones, "it will be for a long time."

"I pray that it may be, dear love—for ever."

Aunty and Miss Stayne had left the room. I felt

that "two are company," and followed. In the hall there was a stir as of an arrival.

"Nora!"

And in another moment I was in his arms.

"That is not consistent with Nora's views, Clifford," said a deep voice at the back. "She says she does not like vehemence, and that married life is a failure, the time spent together being too long. So beware!"

"You are taking a mean and paltry revenge," I returned, laughing. "I was not speaking of *myself*."

"It's too late to draw back now, Nora," Clifford said, in a low voice.

"I do not wish to," I replied.

"Nora," Mona said to me that night, as we sat talking in her room, "I had a letter from Lucine Darrel to-day. I am sure her repentance is lasting and sincere. Now that her uncle is dead, she is going to live in some little village in Surrey with Mrs. Frith. I hope she will find true happiness at last."

And among Mona's wedding-gifts was a tiny diamond star. Only those nearest and dearest to her ever knew that this emblem, which she wears even now, is from a woman whose treachery nearly ruined her life.

But among the visitors who are proud to go to Castle St. Alvers, Miss Darrel is one of the most frequent and the most welcome.

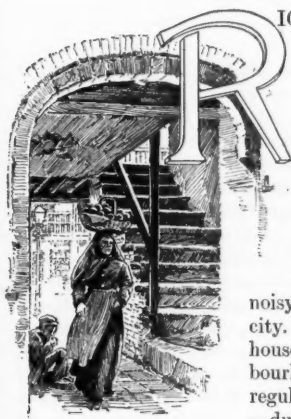
THE END



## AN UNFASHIONABLE SLUM IN LIVERPOOL.

RICHMOND FAIR.

BY ARTHUR G. SYMONDS, M.A.



ENTRANCE AND STAIRCASE,  
RICHMOND FAIR.

RIGHT in the heart of the poorest and most populous district in Liverpool lies one of the quaintest relics of bygone days that may be seen in a long day's march. Round it streams the busy, noisy life of the crowded city. The streets and houses in the neighbourhood are all of the regulation modern type—dull, prosaic, monotonous, ugly, like the lives of most of their inhabitants.

In the worst slums of our great cities there is generally a something which redeems them from

this characteristic. Their irregularity of construction, their dilapidation, their gloom, and that sense of the mystery of crime and sorrow which pervades them, lend some picturesqueness to their outward appearance. The courts and alleys are crooked and winding; the angles of the houses are broken and rounded; and the darkness of the shadows themselves suggests unseen possibilities which possess the attraction and the terror of the unknown. But these long straight lines of bricks and mortar, small-sashed windows, and narrow doors, which we call "houses"—all of one pattern, all of one size, all of one colour, distinguishable one from the other only by their numbers, like convicts in a prison yard—oppress the eye and the mind with a dreary sense of uniformity and sameness which is both physically painful and morally enervating. I have always had a strong sympathy with the man in one of Disraeli's earlier novels who expressed his detestation of "the agony of precise conceptions." Life to me would be unendurable without variety, for which I would always willingly sacrifice symmetry. If I could be made

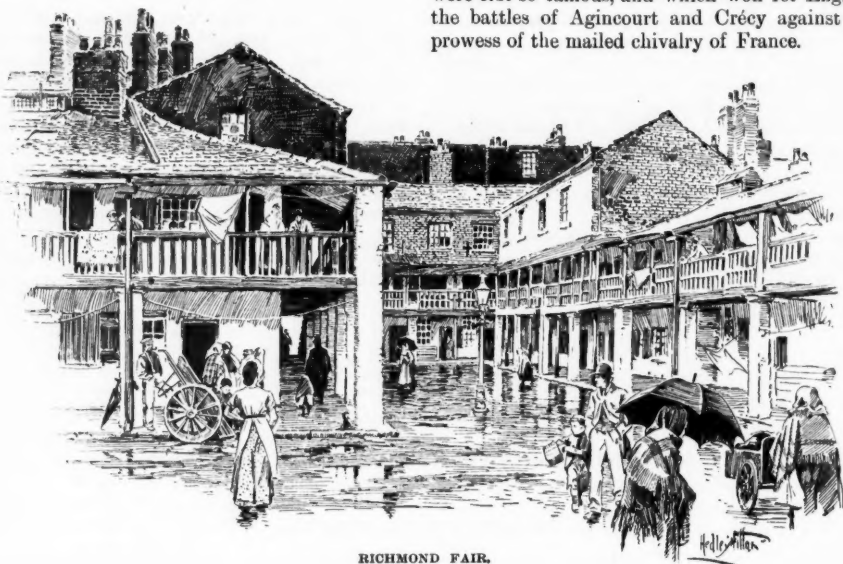
Ædile of Great Britain, and endowed with such plenipotentiary powers as were granted to Baron Haussmann in Paris during the late Empire, my first and chief work would be to break up these regular rows, and introduce colour, light, and variety into their dreary monotony.

To a man holding these views the pleasure afforded by such a spot as that which I am going to describe can well be understood.

Not far from Scotland Road—the great thoroughfare constructed in the early years of this century

his horse's flanks, he rode over the hounds or headed the hare.

The old gateway of the Kennels, still bearing its emblem of two hounds and a horn, may yet be seen; but no other trace is left either of the kennels or of the archery ground which occupied an adjacent field. Here the "Mersey Bowmen" used to meet, in a garb not unlike that in which the Free Foresters of to-day disport themselves—a green coat with white lappels, and a cocked hat surmounted by a cockade of feathers—and practise the ancient art for which Englishmen were erst so famous, and which won for England the battles of Agincourt and Crécy against the prowess of the mailed chivalry of France.



RICHMOND FAIR.

to connect the northern with the southern parts of Liverpool—lies a street called Richmond Row. Formerly this was a country lane leading from Liverpool to the village of Everton. On one side of it was a lake or reservoir, through which a brook flowed; and in the adjacent field stood the Kennels in which the "Corporation Hounds" were kept, and from which the pack was brought out to hunt the hares which seem to have been then as plentiful in the district as they now are at Altcar, where the great coursing meetings are annually held. Thither rode the sober City merchants and the gay young sparks from Liverpool, the squires and the farmers from Everton and the adjacent villages, and the proud lords and ladies of Knowsley and Sefton; while occasionally some jolly tar, who was spending his holiday ashore, enlivened the hunt and vexed the huntsman's soul with his whooping and hallooing, as with pig-tail streaming in the wind and white-trousered legs stuck out wide from

It was somewhere about 1785 when buildings were first erected in this locality, and the rustic lanes and green fields began to be covered with houses; but for many years after that date it was still "a far cry" from the centre of Liverpool. All the more strange, therefore, was it that two brothers, Thomas and William Dobb, should select this place for the erection of a market for the sale of Yorkshire woollen goods. Perhaps their reason for so doing was that the merchants from Yorkshire travelled by this road into Liverpool, and thus their commodities would be intercepted before they reached the central city market. But whatever their reason may have been, we learn from the City Records that the venture was so successful that in 1788 a resolution was passed to the following effect:—"That the Records be searched, and a case be stated for the opinion of counsel, respecting the proper mode to be pursued to suppress the attempt now making to hold a market or fair for the purpose of vending different



manufactures, at a place erected by Messrs. Dobb and others, near St. Anne's Church, called the Woollen Hall."\*

From this it is evident that no small measure of success attended the scheme, in spite of the apparent unsuitability of the position of the market, so far away from the business centre of the town. Not only were markets and fairs held there periodically, but several permanent shops and "emporiums"—as they were then called—were established in the building for the sale of woollen goods and carpets. The prosperity of Richmond Woollen Hall, or Richmond Fair, as it was generally called—the latter being the only name by which it is now known—lasted for some years. But the exigencies of modern trade, which tends to concentration in a locality easily accessible by all engaged therein, gradually drew away the tenants, and the Yorkshire merchants rode past its doors and took their wares straight down to Liverpool, where their customers could find them most readily.

It was quite by chance that I lighted upon this interesting place as the subject for this paper. My artist friend, Mr. Fitton, and I had been wandering about Liverpool in search of an "unfashionable slum," and under the guidance of a resident friend, who knows the city well, we had visited many localities which are both unfashionable and "slummy," without finding one that we thought either sufficiently interesting or sufficiently picturesque for our purpose. Before starting on our peregrination we had consulted other residents, and on our way we interrogated several intelligent postmen and obliging policemen; but not one of them suggested or even named Richmond Fair. Since our visit I have spoken to many Liverpool people about it, and have found only one—a leading Corporation official—who even knows of its existence. In his "Memorials of Liverpool" Mr. Picton gives a short historical sketch of the place, from which I have borrowed some details; and in the passage in which he compares it to "a dilapidated Eastern caravanserai or one of the Russian bazaars" he shows that he fully appreciated its weird charm.

As we walked along Richmond Row, we noticed a low archway leading by a narrow passage into an open court. Into this we turned, and presently found ourselves in a large open area, of about 1,200 square yards, in the shape of a carpenter's "straight-edge," like this 7. All around this area is a building of two storeys in height, except at one end, where there are three storeys; and both on the ground floor and on the first floor covered wooden galleries, opening into the area, run continuously; that on the upper floor being supported by wooden pillars and protected by

wooden railings. The building is divided into a number of small chambers or tenements, mostly single, but some few, especially at the higher end, consisting of two or even three rooms. Access to the upper storey is gained by a winding staircase let into the side of the archway through which we entered, and there is another similar entrance and stairway at one of the further angles of the area. Against the walls, at irregular intervals, are large wooden chests, which probably served originally as shelves and counters for the goods of the woollen merchants at the fairs. The wood-work is all of rough, unpainted timber, grey with age and exposure, and polished in parts by the friction of the arms and backs of the inhabitants, who seem to spend a good deal of their time leaning against it. Over the railings, and on ropes stretching across the area in different directions, hang garments of many shapes and hues, telling plainly of the occupation of the washerwomen, who live here in considerable numbers. The area



A GALLERY, RICHMOND FAIR.

\* See Picton's "Memorials of Liverpool," vol. ii., p. 324.



THE SHOP IN RICHMOND FAIR.

is unpaved, and is lighted at night by a single gas-lamp standing near the centre.

Robinson Crusoe was not more astonished when he saw the print of a naked foot on the shore of his desert island than we were when this picturesque scene met our eyes. "Eureka!" said I, appropriately expressing my pleasure in classical language. "It will do fine!" rejoined my companion, with an artist's enthusiasm. And we both set to work at once to extract all the artistic beauty and the human interest that we could get out of the place.

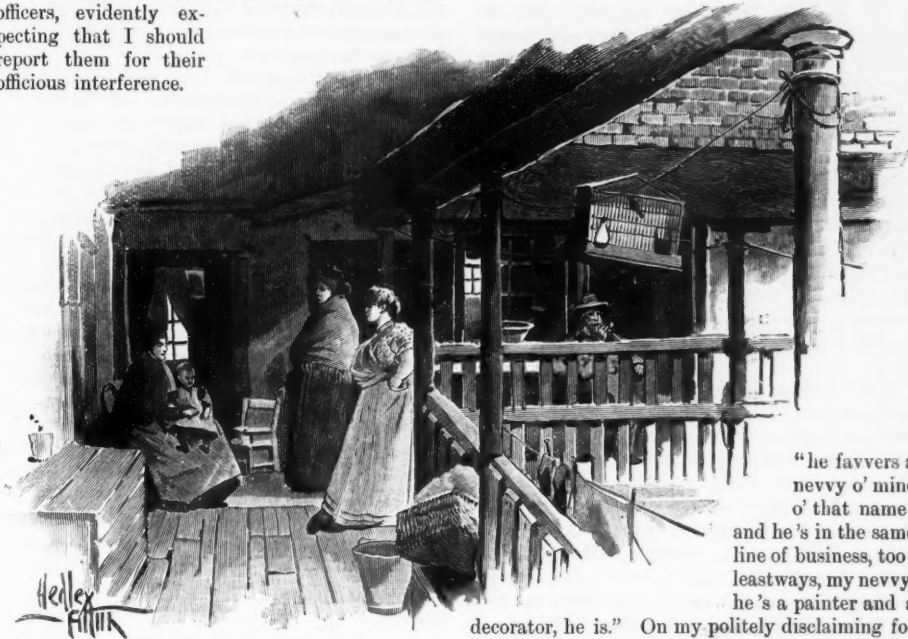
Pulling out his sketch-book and pencil, Mr. Fitton leant against one of the wooden chests I have mentioned, and proceeded to make a drawing of the area; while I went to interview some of the inhabitants. Seeing an open door on the ground floor, and a tidy-looking woman inside the room, I entered into conversation with her, and soon learnt not only her own personal and family history, but that of many of her neighbours. She was the widow of an ex-official of the Corporation, who had been engaged in the scavenging department, and since his death many years ago, and that of her only son, who had been a sailor and was drowned at sea, she had supported herself by going out "cleaning." The single room she occupied was clean and tidy, and comfortably though very humbly furnished; while the prints pinned on the walls, and the photographs of her

late husband and son placed over the fireplace on either side of a memorial card of the former, in which she evidently took a melancholy pride, showed that she was one of the better class of tenants.

From her I gathered that the inmates of Richmond Fair are as a rule quiet, respectable people. Many of the men, she told me, are employed by the Corporation in various capacities, and while we were talking I noticed a policeman coming off duty enter one of the tenements on the opposite side of the area. Of the women who work for their living several are laundresses; some are charwomen, like herself; and a few are hawkers of flowers and fruit. One girl she pointed out to me earns a livelihood by hawking sham jewellery and trinkets, and though this young lady had a somewhat jauntily and even saucy look, my informant said she was "a good girl," and very kind to the old mother whom she supported out of her earnings. Not quite so satisfactory was the character she gave of the orange-girl who appears in the initial sketch, and who deliberately posed herself with conscious vanity against the outer wall when she saw Mr. Fitton making his drawing of the archway. She was, however, evidently a favourite in the neighbourhood; for the crowd which gathered round us on the opposite side of the street addressed her in affectionate language, exhorting her to "smile and look pleasant," and

encouraging her by assurances that "He's got you!" "He won't be so long!" and "It's a real good 'un!" (meaning the likeness) when she appeared tired. So interested were they that they strongly resented the attempts of two policemen to make us all "move on" because we were causing an obstruction; and one of the bystanders came up to me and whispered behind his hand, in a confidential tone, the numbers of the two officers, evidently expecting that I should report them for their officious interference.

demanding the shilling she had sent him to borrow. Dexterously slipping under her arm, he dodged behind me, and from the safe distance of two or three yards on the other side, he bluntly told her of the refusal of her request, which she took far more good-humouredly than I had expected. Then turning to me, she asked me if my friend's name was "Benson"; "because," said she,



A COSY CORNER FOR GOSSIP.

While I was conversing with the old charwoman my attention was attracted by a noise and hubbub in that part of the area where my friend was sketching; and just at that moment up ran a ragged little urchin, saying that he had been sent by Mrs. Wiggins to ask my good dame to lend her a shilling. The request was promptly and firmly refused, and anticipating that the result might prove physically painful to the little chap, I walked back with him to the scene of the noise. There I found my friend surrounded by a crowd of little urchins of both sexes, while on either side of him stood two sturdy old dames, vociferating loudly, and threatening the children with dire pains and penalties if they went on "bothering the jintleman." These threats were greeted with loud cries of contempt and challenge; but the crowd rapidly dispersed in all directions when one of the old women rushed forward with outstretched fist. On seeing us she raised a shrill cry of "Jo-ee," and clutched at the boy at my side,

"he favvers a nevy o' mine o' that name; and he's in the same line of business, too: leastways, my nevy, he's a painter and a decorator, he is." On my politely disclaiming for Mr. Fitton the compliment she had paid him, she explained that their anxiety and vigorous efforts to protect him from "them childer" had made her and her friend very thirsty, and perhaps I would not mind *lending* her the shilling which Joey had failed to borrow. As the sketch was finished, and we were anxious to pursue our investigations unmolested, I consented to oblige her, while we secured immunity from the children by entrusting a small coin to Joey to be laid out in the purchase and distribution of sweets.

These he bought at the shop—the one and only shop in the Fair—to which we were escorted by the whole regiment of youngsters. It stands on the ground floor in one corner of the area, and consists of a single room like most of the other tenements, but adapted by very simple arrangements for its commercial purposes. An old orange-box covered with paper serves for cupboard and shelves, and a table drawn diagonally across the doorway inside the room acts as counter. In one corner stands the tenant's bed, in another her round table and chair. Bottles of "pop" and of

sweets seemed to constitute the chief part of her stock-in-trade, but she told us that she sold many other things as well. She greeted us very cordially, and with a quiet dignity invited us to come inside the counter and sit down till she had served Joey. "If I had known you were coming," she said, "I would have made the place more tidy; but you're welcome to draw what you like, and to come again if you can't finish now." During the day, she told us, she goes out "cleaning," and only opens her shop in the afternoon and evening; and though most of her customers are "very poor folk," they pay very honestly for what they buy, and she seldom makes a bad debt. Her opinion of the tenants generally was a favourable one, though she admitted that a few on the upper storey are occasionally inclined to be noisy, which is very trying to those below them, and disturbs their sleep. The landlady, however, who has the letting of the tenements, makes very particular inquiries into the characters and antecedents of all applicants, with the result that most of the tenants are respectable people, whose tenure usually lasts as long as they can pay their rents.

After we had finished with the shop, we went up-stairs and walked round the upper gallery, stopping by the way for a sketch and a talk with two women who were leaning over the railings. They had been washing clothes, and had just finished hanging them on a line that crossed the corner of the area. They were evidently honest, hard-working women, and afforded a strong and pleasant contrast to a heavy-faced, sodden-looking man, who came slouching up, with his hands in his pockets and a short black pipe in his mouth, and tried to join in our conversation. Not wishing to lose the pleasant impressions we had so far gained of the Fair and its inmates, we cut short his complaints about the hard times and the difficulty of getting work by giving him a small *douceur*, which I was ashamed of myself for giving him, and proceeded to the opposite angle of the gallery.

Here we found a veritable "cosy corner." In one doorway sat a nice cheery-looking very old man, contentedly sucking at a pipe held with difficulty between his toothless gums. Leaning against the railing hard by were two women, one middle-aged, the other young, with their sleeves and skirts tucked up, evidently come out for a breath of fresh air from the room opposite, where a washing-tub was steaming. The younger woman, as we came up, put down a pail which she had filled with fresh water from the tap in the gallery, in order to "have just a look" at a tiny baby—her own, we guessed at once—which was sleeping quietly on the lap of an old woman seated on a stool in the next doorway. From the roof

overhead hung a large wicker cage, in which a thrush hopped restlessly from perch to perch. It was a picture full of human interest and charm, and at the same time of a beauty which appealed irresistibly to my friend's artistic instincts, and made him pull out his sketch-book at once. A difficulty, however, presented itself in the refusal of the old woman to let herself be sketched. In reply to the entreaties of the young mother, who was evidently proud to have her first baby drawn, the grandmother expressed profound contempt for "folk as let 'emselves be made pictures of," so that *he*—nodding her old head towards the artist—could "put 'em in shop winders and make fools of 'em, or else put 'em in the *Porkypine* [the *Liverpool Punch*] for other folk to laugh at and poke fun at 'em." However, at last she was persuaded to give my friend a sitting, and we were much amused to see her straighten her white cap and smooth its strings under her chin and generally prune herself for the ordeal. While Mr. Fitton was busy with his pencil, I kept the old lady in good humour by listening to a detailed account of her family history, which began with her own childhood some seventy years ago, and ended with a minute description of the parentage, birth, and ailments of the babe on her knee—her daughter's first baby, the very proximity of which to her old bosom seemed to awaken memories of her own childhood, wifehood, and motherhood that had long lain dormant there.

The shadows of evening were closing round us, and lights glimmered feebly from the windows of one dark little tenement after another, when the sketch was finished. Through the dusky galleries walked weary men and women who had "gone forth to their labour until the evening," and were now returning to home and rest. Older children joined the younger ones in play in the area below, and mothers' voices were heard calling the little ones to come in to tea and to bed. The thrush over our heads piped its vesper hymn—the same sweet God-taught hymn that thousands of its free and happy fellows were piping at the same hour in leafy woods far away. As the babe stirred on her knee, the old grandam crooned to it in quavering voice a soft lullaby, with which perhaps she herself had been soothed to sleep by her own mother when she was a little baby seventy odd years ago.

The tramp of the tired feet in the galleries, the voices of the children at play, the thrush's sweet carol, the old grandmother's crooning lullaby, the happy housewife's song, mingled in pleasant harmony, through which, like a sad undertone,

"The hum of the busy city  
Came up to my ears from afar,  
Like the sound of the murmuring ocean  
As it dashes across the bar."



## FAITH AMID THE UNKNOWN.

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

"But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."—DANIEL iii. 18.



UT if not"! These three short words—almost as short as they can be—are easily said with the lip, but hard indeed are they to be said from the heart. The man who can say them as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego said them is a great man in the Kingdom of God. When one thinks of the poverty of one's faith—of how little we, passing on from the faith which says "God is able to deliver us: God deliver us," can go on to say, "But if not"—alas! we are ashamed even to take these words into our lips; still here they are, and here for our instruction; and now let us contemplate them with great humility, and pray God that they may have an effect upon our spiritual life.

These three grand words, involving more than we can express—involving everything to these three men—come from a deep source: they are an outcrop of character; they are a culmination of spiritual attainment; and we are let into the secret of how they are able to be spoken from something else which was said a few moments before: "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter."

With us, then, would probably be the clouded brow, the anxious deliberation, the halting speech, even if, by any means, we have been able to say that "If not" at the last. But the moment Nebuchadnezzar's threat was uttered, these three men answered it out of minds already made up—yea, rather, out of a fixed condition of mind, which required no making up at all. To hesitate is—oh, how often!—to be lost; but there is no place for hesitation here. The threat of Nebuchadnezzar was hardly out of his lips before the answer to it was ready: "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter. Even if our God does not choose to deliver us when we know He can, we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up. The God who appears to desert us we will cleave to still, and if He leave us to our fate, we will not, at the cost of displeasing and denying our God, who will not help us, desert His service or deny our faith."

Now see what, on a little consideration, comes out of these three wonderful words.

And to see this, first return for a moment to what I have already incidentally mentioned.

The determination of these three men not to obey the king in whose hands was their life and death is the outcome of a principle which to them is law. Obedience to a human Sovereign commanding sin

was pitted against obedience to a Divine Sovereign forbidding it; and the determination to obey God and not man, no circumstance—the most desperate, the most inexplicable, the most trying to faith—could even for the moment shake.

I want you to dwell for an instant on these three words as presenting the inexplicable to the minds of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. It would be utterly inexplicable why God should desert them. To *them* there could be no reason for this; they were brought face to face with a terrible possibility—anyhow, with a dreadful supposition; and upon that supposition they had instantly to make up their minds. And now, what was their mind? that even should God act as they expected Him to do, as they knew He *could* do, then amid the darkness—and shall I say the disappointment?—the bewilderment of this apparent desertion, they would still hold on to Him in the revelation which He had already given to them of Himself as their God. They would do *their* part to Him, and leave it to Him, even amid this thick darkness, to do *His* part (how, they knew not, but how He would) to them. "But if not" (ah! how much is to be understood, as quickly following these words in their minds), they would do the right, and leave all else to Him.

Now, brethren, with what humility and shame must we put our mind and our experience by the side of theirs. We, too, expect God to act in such and such a way—we have great faith about it—about His power and His will; but can we hold on to Him, if He will not honour our faith *in the way we expect*: if, instead, there be presented to us only the dark and the unknown (but God in it, nevertheless)? Can we trust God Himself apart from His actings: that was what Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego did—they were prepared to hold on to Him in the old given revelation of Himself, and to rest in what He was, and not in how He would act.

In this case God did act as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego believed He would, but they were prepared even for His not doing so. And give us grace to have a like mind, for there are passes in the spiritual life—ay, and in the temporal life too—when He will not act as we expect; and after the "if not" will be darkness to us—only a darkness in which we must believe there will be God, and God for us.

Then let us do our part to Him, leaving it to Him to do His part to us. Our concern is with ourselves. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego concerned themselves only about themselves: what God would do they left to Him.

There was no speculation about God's action at

all; there were no grounds on which speculation could be founded. If God does not interfere for them in the visible way of which they knew, they do not know how He could interfere or what He would do. One thing only they knew: that *their* duty was clear; there was light upon that, though there was not upon anything else. These three confessors were ready to do their duty, casting themselves wholly, ignorantly, upon God. They could not see even one step before them. The terrors of the unknown are almost, if not entirely, the worst which can come upon us. The stopping short of those words "But if not," where they do stop, shows us that these terrors were before those confessors of their God. They were sure of Him amid the unknown.

Brethren, it is comparatively easy to cast ourselves upon God when we can see what His course of action will be—when we can see what is the exact amount of sacrifice that is involved; but that is a very different thing from having to do with the measureless unknown. There is such a thing as *Consecrated Ignorance*. You see it in part in Abraham when he went forth not knowing whither he went; you see it in Job when he said, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him"; you see it in Paul going up to Jerusalem, though he knew not what should befall him; and it may be seen now and again in some (often the poorest) of God's saints; but oh! how few can say—

"Peace, perfect peace—the future all unknown,  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne."

"Consecrated Ignorance!" with its grand fearlessness of consequences: it will carry a man through anything; for consecrated ignorance is the sublimest faith.

And there was far more in this declared ignorance of those confessors than at first sight appears. They had just spoken of what they knew and believed; they knew that God could deliver them, they believed that He would; but their ignorance, consecrated and hallowed by faith, lifted them higher than any present development of that knowledge and that faith—when they said those words, "But if not," they out-topped both their knowledge and their faith.

Oh! it is a grand thing to soar away beyond our own faith—simply to be with God, whether He is in darkness or in light, and whether we be blinded by that darkness or that light. This is almost too high for us: we cannot attain to it; but these three men had attained to it, and it comes out in these words: "But if not." Let us try, brethren, in our measure, to do this when we are troubled amid life's manifold trials, and amid the trials of the soul, too. Perhaps we also, like these three men of God, have great faith, but it is not equal to the strain on it of the unknown. Oh, that we might be able to pass beyond our faith to our God!—in the unknown *my* unknown is with God; and in God, and not in my faith, must be my peace.

The three confessors knew that God would do the best. There might, for all they knew, be a *better* in their case than an escape from the burning fiery furnace, and by these words, "But if not," they left that to Him. The "We are not careful" held good not only as regards Nebuchadnezzar, but also as regards God.

"Can there be anything better than what I have lost, or that which I cannot get?" is only too often the speech of our faithless hearts. There may be a better, but it is known only to God.

The one concern of the three confessors was with the revealed, and that they had in God's law—they should bow down to and worship no other god but Him. Their countrymen were exiles in Babylon for this very thing: because they had bowed down to idols. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego did not go beyond the revealed, or want any other influence to operate on them but that—they apparently did not give the furnace a thought. Let the worst come to the worst, they would obey God, and God alone.

And now, brethren, let me gather up very shortly the substance of what has been said into some plain and daily life practical teachings for ourselves.

We have unquestionably brought before us in these three little words such high truth in the Divine life that but few of us can attain to it—many, perhaps, cannot even understand it; but there it is, and to be able to go into it even a little will greatly lift us up. But the height of this teaching lends itself to every man who in common life wishes to avail himself of it.

These words can help you in your thoughts—the habit of thought out of which action comes.

Standing, as it were, by the side of the burning fiery furnace, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego preach to us to-day, and say: "Trust when you cannot explain—trust when you cannot see—trust when circumstances are desperate, provided it be indeed in God you trust. We do it; try and do it too. Leave God to work out His goodness to you how He will. It may come to you through great loss, even as it would have done to us, had He pleased that our flesh should have been shrivelled and our bones calcined in the fire. When you are put into circumstances in which you can neither know nor see, be content not to do either—your one, and only, and all-sufficient comfort and security being that you are in His hands.

"Go behind *things*; go behind circumstances, be they good or bad; and leave yourselves with God, who is behind them all.

"Suppose the worst comes to the worst, do what God orders, if you have a clear revelation of His will. Leave the consequences of carrying it out with Him.

"To escape loss and hurt even by His protection might not be the *highest* gain; behind this may be richer, though at present unknown, higher gain."

And who carried out all these things to the full but the Great Confessor and Martyr too—the

Captain of our salvation—Jesus Christ Himself? How can I end this Old Testament teaching without glorifying Him—the Great Teacher of the New? He worked out the great “But if not” to the bitter—or shall I not say to the glorious?—end. He uttered it in Gethsemane when He said: “Not My will, but Thine, be done.” He acted it when He said, “Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit,” and gave up the ghost. He left it all with His Father, and the great “But if not” was carried out. The worst had come to the worst with Him indeed.

From the furnace of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego—from the cross of Christ—from the Old Testament and the New—there comes the one testimony of *unlimited* obedience—*unlimited* trust. God help us poor creatures to learn from them both. Our whole life might be changed, ennobled, almost glorified, if the spirit of Christ be in us, in obedience and faith committing all to God—the spirit of the three confessors, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who said these three memorable words: “BUT IF NOT.”

## O Most Merciful.

Words by BISHOP REGINALD HEBER, 1827.

Music by W. H. LONGHURST, Mus. D.  
(Organist of Canterbury Cathedral.)

1. O most mer - ci - ful, O most boun - ti - ful, God the

Fa - ther Al - migh - - ty! By the Re - deem - er's

Sweet in - ter - ces - sion, Hear us, help us, when we cry!

## FRIENDS.



"They had a merry meal."—p. 906.

THEY were an oddly matched pair of friends—this dainty little lady who knelt upon the cushioned window-seat of her nursery, and the ragged shock-headed boy who turned catherine-wheels for her benefit on the pavement outside. Nobody would have thought they had anything in common—not even the Professor, whose big hollow-set eyes saw more than most people's; but when his little daughter confided this new interest to him, he saw it at once, and quite shared her pleasure.

"You see, Dad, it was like this," the little maid explained: "I was looking out of the window, an' pretending it was six o'clock instead of only four, an' that you were coming round the corner very soon. Then the boy came, an' we looked solemn at each other, an' solemn, until we both cared."

The Professor quite understood. He knew that upon a sudden exchange of smiles a friendship could be built up, and so why not upon the bond of melancholy between two lonely children?

"He was all alone, my pet, of course?"

"Of course," echoed Clemency, feeling that Dad always understood. "I wanted to see you very badly, and he wanted something very badly too, only I don't know what it was. An' then he tumbled over in that funny way, an' he looked at me, an' I laughed. Every day when he goes by now he tumbles, an' that's how it is."

"Ex—actly," said the Professor thoughtfully. "It is always pleasant, isn't it, dear, when the first gift comes from the one who has least to give? You must find out something about him."

"I will," said the child promptly, replying to that part of his sentence of which she grasped the meaning. "I will talk to him to-morrow, out of the window."

This would not be difficult, for as there was no one in the big house besides Clemency and the Professor—there were also the servants, of course, but, except nurse, they all lived either at the very top or else at



the very bottom, and so they need not be counted—the nursery was what would have been the drawing-room in any other home, and was only a little above the road.

So next day when the boy came into sight, Clemency opened the window, and pushed aside the clustering daffodils which grew in the green box on the sill.

"Boy," she called softly, "can you hear me?"

The boy nodded.

"I am very much obliged to you, boy, for being funny. I am a bit lonesome sometimes—that is what my nurse says, 'a bit lonesome'—an' it's nice of you to make me laugh. What is your name?"

"Dick."

"Where do you live?"

"Up at Granny's: Smith's Court."

"Are you ever lonesome, Dick?"

The boy stared dumbly at the yellow head surrounded by the yellower daffodils, and at the big serious eyes. Then he glanced down at his own rags, through which the skin gleamed whitely, and up to the gloriously shining sun overhead. Yes, he had never put it into words before, but he supposed he was lonesome.

"Whiles," he said laconically.

"Will you come and have tea with me to-morrow?"

"Eh?" cried the boy, with another mighty stare.

"In the house? Me with you?"

"Why, yes," returned Clemency: "that is what I mean. Come to-morrow at five, Dick, an' we'll have plum cake."

Here she closed their talk abruptly by shutting the window, and Dick departed in a wonderful state of amazement and delight.

He was a little Norfolk lad, and had only been in London for half a year, so instead of bursting out with a full account of his invitation to the first acquaintance he met, he held his tongue wisely, as Norfolk folk do; and on reaching his home, he sat down to ponder how he could best fit himself for so unusual an event.

The result of his meditations was that as a distant clock tolled the hour of five upon the following day, it was a very shining and clean little person who knocked humbly at the area door, and one whose shirt, in spite of various slits, was as immaculately white as that of any visitor who boldly mounted the front steps.

"The young lady: she told me to come," he faltered.

The maid smiled encouragingly.

"Yer t' come this way," she answered in pure cockney, and led him into the presence of a very grand gentleman indeed, Dick thought.

In point of fact, he was much better dressed than the Professor, and did not do half so much work. He was the butler.

This functionary explained at some length that it was not with his approval that Dick was there at all. He didn't hold with such mixing of gentlefolks' children with brats from the streets, but he supposed it was all right. He had been sent to spend an hour in Smith's Court last night, finding out who "Granny" was, and could not lodge any objection against the hard-working charwoman, of whom her neighbours

spoke with respect. Neither could he find a trace of fever or illness of any kind, so again he supposed it was all right. Dick wasn't to dare sit down in Miss Clemency's presence; he wasn't to stay long, nor expect to come again; and he wasn't to handle anything. Also he wasn't to tell her about himself in the hope of getting money.

Thus the butler, who, just because he was a butler by nature as well as by trade, could not read the honesty in the frank blue eyes, nor realise that there are noblemen in rags as well as in broadcloth.

The effect upon Dick was depressing in the extreme. He wished he had not come; and when at last he was taken up to the nursery, he felt horribly shy and uncomfortable, and was red to the roots of his hair.

But no one could long be shy with Clemency.

"Thank you, Griffiths. An' please ask nurse for tea at once," she said to the butler, and then held out her hand to Dick with the dearest little smile imaginable.

Dick gaped with wonder. He had never heard a child give an order in his life, had never been in so large a room, nor touched such a piece of daintiness as its small owner. He stood before her as erect as a ramrod, and quite a head and shoulders taller than this white-robed fairy, and told himself that the warning had been quite unnecessary, for never, never could he summon courage to sit in her presence. Yet the next minute there they were, the pair of them, tucked up cosily, feet and all, on the broad window-seat, Clemency's soft fingers still lying in his strong horny young hand.

"Tell about yourself, please," she began, in clear crisp tones; and in the low sing-song drawl of his native county, Dick obediently "told."

It was a commonplace little history: a four-roomed labourer's cottage for the first eleven years of his motherless life, and there helping to earn his own living, with but brief spells of schooling, at the multifarious odd jobs which spring ready to the hand of a country child; then tramping to London with father when times grew bad and man after man was dismissed his work; father's death, and the staying on with granny.

"She is proper good to me, she is," reiterated Dick gratefully, "for I am naught to her. I got to earn a shillin' a-day, and for that she lets me bide, an' feeds me."

"Is it hard?" questioned Clemency, in an awe-struck whisper.

She was hanging on his words, which sounded to her those of a fairy tale. How lovely it must be to tramp the country like that, and have no German and French governesses to tease an idle brain! She wondered if she could persuade Dad to let her lead a life like Dick's.

"No, 'tisn't hard," the boy said; and was in the midst of a detailed account of the errands he had run that day, the babies he had "minded," and the horses he had held, when nurse brought in the tea-tray, and called to both children to come to the table.

It was fortunate for Dick that Clemency, who had a good memory for names, instantly remarked that he knew Cossey, for nurse had a cousin whose friend's

sister had once lived there, and so she liked the boy at once, which was a silly reason when she might easily have found a better, but no sillier than one-half the reasons for knowing people which sway far cleverer women than nurse.

So they had a merry meal, and when it was over Clemency "told" in her turn, and related how she did lessons all the mornings with Fräulein or with Ma'm'selle, and played in the afternoons in the dull Bloomsbury Square, the gate of which fronted the house, and how she gave Dad his breakfast and half his dinner, but only half, for in the middle of it she went to bed.

"Is it hard?" Dick asked. He did not mean to mimic her, but such a life compared to his own struck him as terrible.

Clemency shook her head.

"It is lonesome," she said. "I told you so."

The two children looked at each other. The same longing, tempered in the boy's case by a humility which amounted to reverence, shone in the eyes of both. It was Clemency who put it into words.

"We will be friends," she said solemnly. "We'll put each other into our prayers, an' have secrets. An' we'll be sorry for each other when people are nasty."

"Yes, miss."

There was so much Dick wanted to say, that his throat seemed to close at those two words.

"An' you 'll come again soon?"

"Yes, miss."

"Nurse wants you to go now. Good-bye, dear Dick,"

"Good-bye, miss, and thank you kindly."

It seemed strangely fortunate to Clemency that a few days after she first took to chattering about her friend, Dad suddenly bethought him that the household urgently needed a boot-boy. He had a long talk with Dick upon his own account, and subsequently begged the disgusted Griffiths to get the boy some suitable clothes, with such a cheerful confidence in his willingness to assist, that the butler was forced to take the newcomer under his especial charge.

"Master is that simple, he might be a babby in long-closes; and I don't 'old with such doings," he grumbled below stairs. "But when he sez, 'Griffiths, I'm sure your own kind 'eart will indooce you to 'elp this 'ere poor waif,' wot's a man to do?"

What, indeed? So, against his will, Mr. Griffiths began to be interested in the boot-boy, and though he bullied him a little, he would not let anybody else do so; and he even endured patiently when messages came from Miss Clemency that she wanted Dick in the nursery.

Truth to tell, his patience in this particular was taxed tolerably often, for as the Professor had taken the boy into his house to oblige his little daughter, he felt that after that it would be absurd to put a limit to their intercourse. So at least twice a week, and sometimes oftener, the friends saw each other, and had grand talks.

"You have two governesses, you see, darling, so we will try a tutor as well," the Professor explained to Clemency. "He will teach you quite as much as they."

"Out of books, Dad, in lesson way?" Clemency enquired, with big wondering eyes.

"No; out of human nature—God's way," the Professor answered slowly; and though he was never at home to overhear these same talks, he knew they prospered, and that Clemency learnt apace.

What it meant to go hungry: how some people handed coppers, and some threw them at you, and which sort you liked better: and how the whole earth, when one's father was a farm-hand, seemed to sing "Cake and milk, cake and milk," during the harvesting: but how the winter's wind moaned always "Bread and water."

All this she learned, and more besides, and she taught in return, though the teachings were very often without words at all. For she let Dick hold her best doll, Lady Rosabella; she ran to greet him at the nursery door with a smiling face; and she never let him go without a little sigh, which meant "I'm sorry."

This was veritably an education for Dick, for it taught him that somebody loved him, and, as the Professor would say, that, too, is "God's way."

So the weeks grew into months, and September came, and with it Clemency's birthday.

Everyone in the house gave her presents, and the aunts in Northumberland—"birthdayaunts," Clemency called them, because she never heard of them at any other time—sent her some as well; so she had twenty in all, which nurse said was eleven too many for a little girl of nine.

Dick gave her a rag doll, and this she liked so much that she took it to bed with her, and played with it for two whole afternoons. Then she sickened suddenly. Dick, who had counted on going up to her as usual, was kept below, and a great hush fell upon the house. Doctors came and went, until, like a blow they had been trying to ward off, the nameless horror became a surety, and fell upon the saddened hearts of those who loved her: *scarlet fever*.

Dick never forgot the day when the cause was traced, and he was sent for to the Professor's study. The rag doll which had been given him on the birthday itself, when he had run home to see granny: the rag doll which had been rescued by the charwoman from a heap of condemned playthings which had belonged to a little fever-stricken child: the rag doll, the medium of ignorance, carelessness, and love, was the means of Miss Clemency's illness.

"Will she die, sir?" Dick asked the question with chattering teeth.

"They think so," said the Professor drearily. "But you mustn't blame yourself, my lad. It was a pitiable mistake, an accident. You could not tell."

Not blame himself? Dick crept away. His brain whirled, and his heart beat painfully. Not blame himself? "She is my friend," he said huskily, "and I have killed her!"

The other servants found vent for their sorrow in leading him a hard life.

"If it hadn't been for you, our Miss Clemency u'd been well," quoth the cook reproachfully; and the rest followed her lead.

But Dick scarcely heeded them. The beautiful little life, wrapped round with every luxury and charm which love and wealth could devise, the life on

which such high ambitions and fond hopes had been set, was failing fast. Dick understood this but dimly. All he realised was that his little friend was going away, and the remorse which was shaking him culminated in a cry, which sprang from the very bottom of his heart: "God, take me instead!"

As time passed on—was it days or weeks? Dick

Clemency's bedroom, and it may have been some undefined feeling that he would like to get as near her as he could.

It was late twilight, and darkness was coming on apace, but he steered his way past table and chair, and knelt down upon the rug where the children had often stood together.



did not know—this idea possessed him. He was so densely ignorant as barely to be able to sign his own name, and the sum of his Christian knowledge was very much on a par with his general education; but still, he knew the great outlines, and the awful tragedy of the voluntary death of the Christ was a very real thing to him.

*"Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends."*

Little Clemency learnt a text every Sunday morning, which, with infinite pains, she taught to Dick during the week, and this had been the latest.

"For his friend," Dick had been crouching down in the back kitchen, forlorn and forgotten, but with the sudden remembrance of the words he lifted his head, a new-born joy illumining his pallid face. It was more than a hope: it was the ecstasy of faith. He would save Miss Clemency, for the power to do so was given to the one who loved her most. "For Christ's sake," he added humbly, as if the unspoken thought had been a prayer, and then he crept from his hiding-place, and ran lightly up-stairs.

Probably he could not have said why he went straight to the Professor's study. It faced little

"Dick gave her a rag doll."—p. 906.

"For his friend," said Dick again; and with that, he started his petition.

It was a strange prayer. How he loved her, and how good she had been to him; how he had harmed her, and she was dying; and how he begged he might die instead!

"I ain't pretty, like her, but I'm strong," sobbed Dick. "Whatever you want her for in heaven, oh, God! I'll do it as well, for I am rarely strong. Let me lay down my life for my friend, like He did. Let me die. Kill me right away, oh, God! an' let the master keep Miss Clemency instead."

Strung to the utmost of his powers, he staggered to his feet, and flung his little lean arms above his head.

"Kill me! kill me!" he cried wildly, and stood trembling at the silence.

Then a sob answered him, and strong arms encircled the swaying figure. For the moment it seemed to the bewildered boy that it was God Himself who

had gripped him, but it was a familiar voice that stammered the blessed words: "She will live, my lad. She is better;" and he slowly realised that it was the Professor to whom he was clinging.

Is it not often so? Do we not often mistake the two? But a short half-hour before, the Professor had been trembling at the near approach of the angel of Death. Since then Dick had been imploring its dread presence. And now he, too, learned, as the Professor had learned before being arrested on the threshold of his study by the piercing quavering voice, that the

name of that nearing angel was not Death, but Love. The crisis was over, and Clemency was to live.

"Go on believing, boy," said the Professor solemnly. "The God of unselfishness heard you. The doctors had given up all hope. It is very wonderful."

"Yes, sir," said Dick mechanically, as he closed the door after him; but in his heart he did not think it at all wonderful, for hadn't God promised to listen? And weren't he and Clemency friends?

"It is not at all wonderful," he repeated stoutly; and he was right.

MABEL E. WOTTON.



## GEHAZI: A STUDY.

BY THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON G. R. WYNNE, D.D.

AMONG the less prominent characters of the Scriptures, not the least striking is the servant of Elisha, Gehazi. We meet with him first when Elisha commissioned him to find out what was the dearest desire of the Shunammite's heart, to whom Elisha wished to make some return for her large hospitality. Gehazi, evidently fairly skilled in knowledge of character, discharged the commission satisfactorily. Later on, we find him charged by Elisha to place the prophetic staff on the face of the Shunammite's dead child, and so to revive him by this symbolic act. The attempt unexpectedly failed. It is possible that the disappointment on this occasion may, for the first time, have led Elisha to suspect his servant's singleness of heart; though, doubtless, we all look on the test as one of tremendous severity. Hard as some may possibly find it to believe in the miracles of Elisha, we can scarcely conceive of a delegation of his powers. Time passed on, and a severer test was in store for Gehazi. This time it was not a test inflicted by the prophet's will, but by circumstances. The Syrian leper, Naaman, had just come, with his glittering retinue and his freely offered gifts, to the lonely tower where Elisha dwelt. The miracle had been done which was begged for at the suggestion of the little captive maid, herself one of the obscure characters I have referred to. Humbled, but healed, the Syrian general, like the eunuch of Queen Candace, was going on his way rejoicing, and full of resolution to own none but Israel's God, when out of the depth of Gehazi's heart sprang the thought that Naaman had been unnecessarily spared by the

noble unselfishness of Elisha. Gehazi hastily resolved to take somewhat of him. He cannot have taken long to deliberate. He followed Naaman fast, and concocting a false story as he ran, imposed on his generosity, and obtained a handsome gift.

Brief was his enjoyment of his ill-gotten valuables. Swiftly, as on Adam and Eve, as on Ananias and Sapphira, the judgment of God fell upon him. The noble indignation of Elisha followed fast on his spiritual perception of the wrong that was done. The impression he had just made on Naaman of the pure disinterestedness of a prophet of God was marred by the covetousness of Gehazi. Naaman was regretfully turning in his mind the idea that, on second thoughts, this stern prophet was not quite unlike other men, as he had imagined. And, doubtless, while he gladly made his present, he was saying to himself that men are all alike: that no one in the world is proof against the offer of a fee. He little thought of the tragedy which was even then being enacted in the tower of Carmel. There Elisha, his eye terrible with holy indignation, was scathing the unmasked hypocrite with blazing words. "Is it a time," he cried, "to take gifts of material value, when God is seeking by my hand to impress the lesson of free grace?" And Gehazi bowed under the storm, and, now too late discovering how poor is the gain which is purchased at the price of honour, felt already the rising of the withering disease to his guilty face; and the next moment the curse had grasped him, and he went out from Elisha's presence a leper as white as snow.

There are plain lessons which every moralist must gather from the story—the exceeding shortness of the time during which ill-gotten gains may be enjoyed; the mournful sequence of sowing to the flesh, and of the flesh reaping corruption. These lessons he who runs may read. But there



is another less obvious lesson which presents itself—that is, the strange power possessed by the human heart to resist holy influences; the power granted to us in inscrutable wisdom to turn a deaf ear and a blind eye to the words and example of the best men we know; above all, man's fatal power of refusing to yield his heart to the clearest evidence of the presence and the holiness of God. The Lord Himself, in a remarkable parable, puts into the mouth of Abraham the words, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." And the fourth Evangelist, in one of the most despairing sayings of the New Testament, tells us that "though Christ had done so many miracles before them, yet they believed not on Him."

In Gehazi's sin and dreadful doom we have an eloquent lesson for modern times, and for members of the Church of Christ in this land where the Gospel is so widely known. Gehazi had lived for years in contact with the deep personal piety and with the repeated miracles of Elisha. No one could possibly have had in those days more spiritual advantages. If the priestly office were corrupt, the prophetic light burnt clear. He was in daily fellowship with a man of complete devotion, in daily union with a self-sacrificing man of God—a teacher of righteousness, whose prayers he doubtless often heard and joined in, whose miracles he beheld, whose teaching he knew by heart. Nevertheless, he was capable of resisting it all. How clearly it demonstrates that contact with holy things can never make a man holy; that being a member of a Christian family is not enough to make a man a true Christian.

May we speculate a little on the probable past course of thought in this servant of the prophet? There had been a time when, as a young man of promise, bright with intelligence, open to impressions, perhaps attractive in person and active in physical powers, he had arrested the attention of Elisha. Then did the heart of each go out to the other. The youth was full of reverence for the grave and holy servant of God, whom God had so honoured by transferring to him the gifts of Elijah. And the older man would lean on the younger when active youthful energy was demanded, or quick intelligence was required. For some years all had gone well; but by degrees the absence of growth and advance in religious character, the necessary marks of its reality, must have made anxious the soul of the prophet. By that time he, too, should have been full of faith, possibly even a worker of miracles; and when, on the one occasion named, Elisha ventured to put this to the test, how disappointed he must have been! How is it that one so long associated with the service of God makes no progress in the life of godliness?

Meanwhile, unseen by Elisha, the heaven of the world was working in Gehazi's heart. It is impossible to believe that all at once, under the pressure of a single temptation, the whole evil work could have been wrought. He must have yielded long before in spirit to a restless discontent with his lot. The action of those few minutes in the glow of that summer afternoon was but the fruit of a long-continued growth of worldly and covetous desires, and of an increasing hardening of heart against thoughts of God's requirements.

Did Gehazi himself suspect what he was all this time becoming? How long did he consider himself religious? When did the truth first with a shiver present itself to his mind—"I am a hypocrite. The trust of my master I repay with a life of pretence, and I know it"? We cannot tell. But this we know, that for a long time one who is surrounded with religious things may fail to discover his own lack of religion. You are a member of a Christian family, and there is daily family prayer, and daily good example. You are a member of a church choir, of the staff of a Sunday school. You are perhaps a communicant of long standing. These outward links to Christian things may long leave you in ignorance that you are no real Christian. Your childhood's faith may have become feebler and feebler, till it is but like the outward skin of the fruit, all the substance of which is decayed.

But there is a testing-time in the life of every one of us. One day will dawn like every other for us, and before its close a trial of faith or virtue may have passed our way too severe for us to survive, if we had not the soul's real hold on the sacred hand of Christ. The sceptical novel which we lightly carried home from the circulating library will find a joint in our harness through which the dart of unbelief will pierce, if we are not guarded by God's own shield of faith. Conventional goodness, such as is nourished and expected by society, will stand to us up to a certain degree. But each of us has his weak point. In every life the testing hour arrives and the truth is revealed. Well if it be not in the horror of a deathbed conviction of falseness!

Is there any way by which one may try beforehand whether he is likely to succumb at the crisis? There is. You may try yourself by observing your behaviour under slight and secret temptations. If, now and then, in money matters you swerve just a little (when no one can test you) from the absolutely straight line of honour, you may justly fear that circumstances may arise which would lead to gross dishonesty. And so of other temptations. Do you yield a little, when a little pressed, in matters of truth, of justice, of purity? Then I say with all solemnity, suspect

your danger in time, and throw yourself on Christ, as a sinner whom He is permitting thus to be gently warned by slight temptations. Give up any hope you may have that close connection with sacred things or good people will keep you always safe. Do not think, because you are trusted and looked up to by the good, that your heart's religion must be sound or they would not repose in you this confidence. Blessed is the man who suspects

himself in time; and still more blessed he who, thus suspecting himself, gives up all the self-confidence based upon the past, on his association with sacred things and persons, on the good opinion of the religious world, and throws himself with absolute humility and self-surrender on the almighty arm of Christ—the ever-accessible Refuge of penitents, the ever-present Helper of the helpless.

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### THE GLEANER: A HARVEST TEXT.

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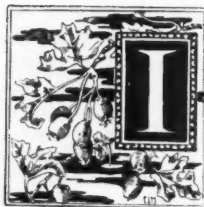


"When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleanings of thy harvest: thou shalt leave them unto the poor, and to the stranger."—LEVITICUS xxiii. 22.

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### EARTHLY PARADISES.—III.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED," ETC. ETC.



IN the correspondence of Daniel O'Connell, lately published, we find letter after letter of the most exquisite tenderness addressed through thirty-three years (1802—1835) to his wife. Here is a specimen:—

"My own and only love, it was Kate [his daughter] wrote the letter I got this morning, and I do most tenderly, tenderly love Kate. Yet, sweetest Mary, I could have wished to see one line also in that handwriting which gives me recollections of the happiest hours of my life, and still blesses

one with inexpressible sweetness and comfort when we, darling, are separate. All the romance of my life envelopes you, and I am as romantic in my love this day as I was twenty-three years ago, when you dropped your not unwilling hand into mine. Darling, will you smile at the *love-letters* of your *old* husband? Oh no—my Mary—my own Mary will remember that she has had the fond and faithful affections of my youth, and that if years have rolled over they have given us no cause to respect or love each other less than we did in early life."

The great agitator had hard fighting out-of-doors, but there was no agitation in his home. It was a Paradise of rest and peace.

William Cowper, the first earl of his line, was

reclaimed from dissipation and a disreputable connection by an early marriage, which he contracted a year before his call to the bar. Having lived happily with his good wife for twenty years, he married, in 1706—the year after her death, which occurred just before his elevation to the Woolsack—the beautiful Mary Clavering, lady of the bed-chamber to the Princess of Wales. Her diary and their published letters show the loving terms on which they lived. Here is one entry in the diary:—"After dinner we went to Sir Godfrey Kneller's to see a picture of my lord, which he is drawing, and is the best that ever was done for him; it is for my drawing-room, and in the same posture that he watched me so many weeks in my great illness."

On the 22nd of August, 1620, Oliver Cromwell married Elizabeth Bouchier, daughter of a knight and wealthy London merchant. He was twenty-one years and four months old on his wedding-day. She was a quiet, affectionate, sensible woman. She may not have had much character, but her husband never ceased to love her, and thirty years after their marriage he writes to her (the day after Dunbar):—"Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice." And she writes to him:—"Truly, my life is but half a life in your absence." They had nine children. Robert, the eldest son, died in his eighteenth year. Nineteen years afterwards, fresh from his daughter's death-bed, almost on his own death-bed, the broken-hearted father recurred again to this his first great loss. He had read to him those verses in St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians which end, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me"; and then he said, "This Scripture did once save my life, when my eldest son died, which went as a dagger to my heart; indeed it did." For the thirty-eight years of his married life Cromwell was all that a loving husband and father could be: overflowing with affection, even on the battle-field and in the stress of affairs; indulgent, but not weak; considerate, provident, just, counselling, reproving, exhorting; yearning to lead his children to feel his own intense sense of God's presence.

A lady friend once ventured to ask General Gordon why he never married. For some seconds the general remained in silence, and then speaking slowly, answered, "I never yet have met a woman who, for my sake, and perhaps at a moment's notice, would be prepared to sacrifice the comforts of home and the sweet society of loved ones, and accompany me whithersoever the demand of duty might lead—accompany me to the ends of the earth, perhaps: who would stand by me in times of danger and difficulty, and sustain me in times of hardship and perplexity. Such a woman I have never met, and such an one alone could be my wife!" This ideal of what a soldier's wife should be was realised by the wife of Sir Henry Lawrence. Soon after his marriage he had to survey a dense

jungle at the foot of the Nepaul Mountains. The dews and fogs were so heavy that no tent could keep them out. Fires had to be lighted constantly to keep off tigers and wild elephants. It was in such a tract that the assistant of Sir Henry Lawrence found Mrs. Lawrence. "She was seated on the bank of a nullah, her feet overhanging the den of some wild animal. While she, with a portfolio in her lap, was writing overland letters, her husband, at no great distance, was laying his theodolite. A woman of a highly gifted mind, as well as of a most cheerful disposition, she helped her husband in his reports and other literary compositions even when undergoing roughings like those described. While easily falling into her husband's ways of unbounded liberality and hospitality, she cared nothing herself for luxury. She would be quite content with a tent some ten feet square, a suspended shawl separating her bed-room and dressing-room from the hospitable breakfast-table. Even in accommodation like this the well-matched couple found an earthly Paradise. The luxury of helping her husband to do good was the only one for which Lady Lawrence cared. It was one day when Sir Henry was on leave for the benefit of his health, that these two, in happy communion, were reclining on the side of the Sunawar Mountain, opposite Kussowlee, when the thought which occurred to one was responded to by the other, and taken up by both, that they would erect a sanatorium for children of European soldiers on that very spot. The result is well known, and the noble institution, now under the direction of Government, bears his honoured name.

That the scarcely less celebrated Lord John Lawrence also enjoyed an earthly Paradise in his home may be seen from the following anecdote. His lordship was sitting in his drawing-room at Southgate, with his sister and others of the family; all were engaged in reading. Looking up from his book, in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room.

"Where's mother?" said he to one of the daughters.

"She's up-stairs," replied the girl.

He returned to his book, and looking up again, a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter, and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading; once more he looked up, with the same question on his lips. His sister broke in—

"Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on five minutes without your wife."

"That's why I married her," he replied.

It was to this admirable woman that Lawrence whispered, with his dying breath, "To the last gasp, my darling!"

In his domestic relations Lord Clive was singularly happy. He married a lady of great beauty and accomplishments. To her constant care much of the comfort of his life was due. He might have called her "my conscience, my memory, and my common

sense," if he had thought of this description which another great, but very different, man applied to his wife after thirty years of married life.

Love at first sight is easy enough; what a girl wants is a man who can love her when he sees her every day. This sort of man the wife of Garibaldi did find. The great liberator fell in love with his future wife at first sight, and, what is more, at sight of her only through a telescope. The story is told in his 'Autobiography': "I had need of some human being who would love me. Without such an one near me, existence was becoming insupportable. Although not old, I knew men well enough to know how difficult it is to find a real friend. But a woman! Yes, a woman; for I had always considered them the most perfect of beings; and whatever men may say, it is infinitely easier to find a really loving heart among them. I was walking on the quarter-deck of the *Itaparica*, wrapped in my sad thoughts, and having reasoned the matter in all ways, I finally concluded to seek a wife for myself, who would draw me out of this depressing and insupportable state of things. My glance fell by chance upon the houses of the Barra, a little hill thus called at the entrance of the Laguna (of St. Catherine, in Brazil), on which are some simple but picturesque dwellings. With the aid of my glass, which I habitually held in my hand when on the quarter-deck, I saw a young girl. I ordered the men to row me ashore in that direction, and disembarked, and made for the house which contained the object of my voyage, but could not find it, when I encountered a person of the place whom I had known on my first arrival. He invited me to take coffee at his house. We entered, and the first person on whom my gaze fell was the one who had caused my coming on shore. It was Anita, the mother of my children: the companion of my life in good and evil fortune: the woman whose courage I have so often desired! We both remained in an ecstatic silence, gazing at each other, like two persons who do not meet for the first time, and who seek in each other's lineaments something which shall revive remembrance. At last I saluted her, and I said, 'You must be mine!' I spoke but little Portuguese, and I spoke these audacious words in Italian. However, I seemed to have some magnetic power in my insolence. I had tied a knot which death alone could break."

Anita was the ideal wife for a soldier such as General Gordon spoke of in the words already quoted. She loved adventure as much as her husband, though it often exposed her to great danger. At the time of the birth of their first child, Garibaldi says:—

"The poverty of our army was at that time so great that I could contribute nothing for my dear wife and the baby but one pocket-handkerchief. . . Twelve days afterwards she had to fly from the enemy with her baby before her on the saddle."

"Out of the strong came forth sweetness." It is

pleasant to see this illustrated in the domestic lives of many soldiers besides those who have been mentioned. The letters of the great American general, Stonewall Jackson, run over with affection. He addresses his wife as his "pet," his "darling," his "sunshine," and his "little somebody," as if he would wrap her in a veil of mystery.

In 1842, Count Von Moltke married Miss Burt, an English lady. He lived in an earthly Paradise with her until her death, which took place on Christmas Eve, 1868. Very touching was his devotion to her memory. Upon his estate at Kreisau he built a mausoleum, situated on an eminence, embowered in foliage. In front of the altar of this little chapel was placed the simple oak coffin, always covered with leaves, in which the remains of his wife reposed. Sculptured in the apse was a finely carved figure of our Lord in an attitude of blessing. Above were inscribed the words: "Love is the fulfilment of the law." At the time of the general's bereavement, Mr. George Bancroft, the distinguished historian, then United States Ambassador at Berlin, met, when riding, Moltke also on horseback.

"My first impulse," said Mr. Bancroft, "was to trot into another lane. On second thoughts, however, I turned my horse alongside his, remembering that it was for him to talk or be silent. To my surprise, he forthwith began a lively conversation, describing the happiness with which Miss Burt had blessed her husband, and expatiating upon her manifold virtues. Then of a sudden he grew silent, as if a new current of thought had carried him away. 'Do you know,' he said, when his lips were again opened, 'it has just been brought home to me that, after all, perhaps it was better that this happened now than at another time? You see, I am convinced that a French invasion is impending; it will burst upon us sooner or later, whatever the plea may eventually be. Now think, if the fortune of war was to be adverse to our arms! Why, her grief over the country's adversities must have cut her life short. No, no; that would have been worse!'"

The way Moltke enjoyed the companionship of his wife when alive, and the way he mourned for her when dead, recalls the words of another great man, but of a very different kind. When a certain Mr. Edwards asked Dr. Johnson if he had ever known what it was to have a wife, Johnson replied:—"Sir, I have known what it was to have a wife, and" (in a solemn, tender, faltering tone) "I have known what it was to *lose a wife*. I had almost broken my heart." Let us appreciate the earthly Paradise in which some of us are living before we know what it is to lose a good wife or a good husband.

"Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
They who improve his golden hours  
By sweet experience know  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good  
A Paradise below."



## BOTH SIDES OF A STORY.

BY MARY E. BELLARS.

## I.—MRS. PIERSON'S SIDE.

**H**AVE been a happy wife and mother now for many years, and sometimes, especially when I realise how tall Edgar is and what a pretty girl Madge has grown, I feel quite old—pleasantly old, you know, not uncomfortably so—for my husband is as devoted to me as ever he was, and declares (though that, surely, cannot be true) that I am better-looking now than I was in the days when he made love to me first. I know I am more companionable than I was then; for though I tried very hard to interest myself in Harry's business, his studies, and, indeed, in all his pursuits, I blush to think what a little goose I was, and how often he must have laughed in his sleeve at my truly awful remarks. I have learnt so many things since then, and we have gone through so much together—joy and sorrow, sunshine and storm—that it would be strange indeed if we did not know one another thoroughly, and if we had not a fund of memories in common which makes us the best of

friends and comrades as well as husband and wife. There was one time, long ago, when I was supremely interested in myself, and when I made up my mind that I was going to leave Harry all alone, with a little wailing baby in his charge. I prepared my last words; I arranged for the disposal of all my trinkets; I knew exactly what kind of a wreath my poor darling would place upon my coffin. I pictured him pale and wild as the earth fell with a dull thud: I heard the solemn words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Harry would have to go home—only it would be home no longer—and he would shut himself up in his room, rest his dear head upon his hands, and he would sob—poor boy, how he would sob! I had never heard a man relieve his feelings after this particular fashion, but when I arrived at that point, I used to sob myself in sympathy with the broken-hearted widower. One day I confided my sorrows to my sister-in-law, who, by-the-bye, was not at all the conventional sister-in-law, always trying to make mischief between her brother and his wife, but a very kind, very jolly little woman, the mother of a large family, and quite a good genius, as far as I



"A group of her intimates around her."—p. 914.



"She introduced us to each other."—p. 916.

was concerned. She listened to me with great patience, but with an odd twinkle in her merry brown eyes. Then she said to me—

"Don't you think that probably Harry would marry again?"

"Marry again!" I gasped. This was quite a new idea to me. I had pictured him going mourning all his days.

"Yes," she replied. "Men are like that, you know; and it is of no use grumbling at their little peculiarities. As George Meredith's Mrs. Berry says, 'We must take 'em somethin' like Providence—as they come.' Besides, it would be the most sensible thing he could do if he cared for his child. A child wants sunshine, not mourning."

I thought all this frightfully unkind at first; but when I began to reflect, I found a germ of truth in it. It did not seem worth while to die, if I could help it. I felt this especially after I had implored Harry, in case of my untimely decease, to marry my dearest friend, Edith Heron. She was such a splendid girl, and we loved one another so much, that I felt I could bear to think of her as Harry's wife and my poor baby's mother. But, to my surprise, he did not receive my request in a kindly spirit. And no tears sprang into his eyes, his voice did not falter in the least, and he made no protestations of everlasting constancy. He turned rather red, and he said quite emphatically—

"Please God, my darling, you won't die at all—there is no reason why you should. But if I am ever called upon to bear the pain of losing you, Miss Heron is the very last person in the world that I should marry."

I was immensely surprised, because I knew he thought most highly of Edith—it was through

Edith I had first met him, and it pleased me to believe that she had given us to each other. However, thanks first to Mrs. Armitage and then to my husband, I pulled myself together, and began to think of living, not dying. My trouble rolled away like a cloud, and I was—oh! such a happy little mother. I could think of nothing and no one but baby Madge. What a darling she was—so rosy, so dimpled, with such delightful little fingers and toes, and such lovely eyes! When she smiled at me—her *mother*—my heart almost stood still with awe and joy. After a time, it dawned upon me that I was rather neglecting Harry in this new and absorbing interest. I did not ask now about his daily doings; I forgot to practise the songs he liked best, and I never opened the books he was reading. Indeed, I used to wonder how he could even wish to glance at his newspaper when baby was in presence, and I felt quite aggrieved if he started any other subject but that never-failing one of our child's perfections. I was horribly ashamed of myself when I realised all this, and though I found it a difficult task—baby was so *very* fascinating—I tried to reform at once. I had my reward. Of course, in

time I gained insight and experience, and gave up making such outrageous blunders. I kept my eyes and ears open, and I asked intelligent questions, so that at last, Harry not only liked to tell me things, but even to discuss doubtful points with me. I can't tell anyone how proud I was when one day he took my advice on a very important matter. There were two ways open to him, and one was quite the ordinary method of proceeding, so that it did not occur to him to act differently from what he knew others would do in his place. It was quite a matter of course in business, but I, who had not been brought up to business, and had only my woman's notions of right and wrong, felt that it was not quite straight and fair. I told him so, and, do you know, he came round to my way of thinking! For Harry is like that. If you put a thing before him and he sees there is something in it, he reasons it out, and finally adopts it, if he considers it the right thing to do. Now, I jump to a conclusion at once, and no amount of talking makes me alter my opinion. Is that one difference, I wonder, between a man and a woman, or only between Harry and me? I am not clever enough to answer the question.

Well, as I was saying, I sometimes feel quite old. The darling baby, whose sweet little toes it seems to me that I was counting and admiring only the other day, is now a tall, slim maiden—much more of a woman than I was at her age, though it was then I first met her dear father. She is so pretty and so sweet, that she might take any man's fancy, yet I don't think Madge will marry for a long time yet. I suppose her day will come—I hope so. I have been so happy myself that I should like my child to have a husband and children of her own. But she seems quite satisfied with her old home and with her father and mother; and her studies take up so much of her time, that there is no leisure for lovers and love-making. I think girls are rather different now from what they were when I was young. I don't mean that they are less attractive, but they seem more able to stand alone, and to be much more critical. Boys are just the same as ever—dear, noisy, blundering, careless creatures! I should like boys much better than girls if it were not for Madge. But she was my first child, and she is still my only girl—I could not even *seem* to put Madge in a second place.

Edgar—great tall fellow—is at Rugby, and doing very well; Lance is on the *Britannia*; Harold and Will go to a school close at hand. They are all bonnie boys, as bright as a sunshiny morning, and all like their dear father. Their characters are simple; there are no mysteries, no concealments there.

Harry sighed and looked rather queer when I told him that one day, but I am sure I am right. Who can read her own children so well as a mother?

But here I am, as usual, chattering about Madge and the boys when I meant to tell you something quite different. They are on my brain, Harry always says; I know they are in my heart.

I want to go back years and years ago, to my old schoolfellow, Edith Heron. I was a little girl of ten and she was sixteen when we first met, but from the very beginning of our acquaintance she took me

under her wing. It was such a soft, ample, sheltering wing, too, and I was such a timid little creature. My mother was dead. What a sad thing that is to say about a girl! It means so much—such a loss, not only of tender caresses and sympathetic understanding, but of wise restraining and controlling influences, the value of which we realise when we see a character forming without them. My father was a student, who lived for Science. But at Miss Sumner's school I was under the care of a good woman, who knew what my home was; and I see now what I owe to her judicious training. It was she who commended me to Edith's love, and who made me Edith's special charge. When my friend left school, she did not forget me. She was one of three sisters, all beautiful and all rich, and she lived with the eldest, Mrs. Arundel. It was a childless house—not like this, full of merry voices and the sound of swift young feet. Edith was practically the mistress of it, for her sister was a very elegant and, I am bound to say, a rather selfish invalid, who left her housekeeping duties to others, and who was only civil to the pleasant persons of her acquaintance. Anyone who was in the least difficult to entertain or who was ever so little of a bore made her ill, she said. She never came down until luncheon-time, and then she was very listless and quiet; but I have seen her extremely lively in the evening, with a group of her intimates around her. They were always clever, amusing people—generally men, but sometimes women—and they spared neither friend nor foe in their brilliant war of words. I liked to listen to them when I was allowed to do so, which was not very often; and it was marvellous how the languid invalid of the morning would distinguish herself in these witty encounters.

Mr. Arundel was very quiet, not to say dull. I cannot imagine what brought those two together. They used to treat one another with ceremonious politeness, but they seemed to have nothing in common. Harry teases me when I speculate upon such matters, and asks me if I really suppose that every marriage implies such love as ours was, is, and always will be. I am afraid not. But surely that is wrong. Marriage is such a close union: it means so much. It seems to me that only love can justify it. And Edith, who is so much cleverer than I, and who looks at life so differently from me, agrees with me in this at least.

She has never married, and I cannot help regretting it. What a helpmeet she would have made for a clever man! When I tell her this, she laughs, and says that most probably, if she had had a husband at all, it would have been a rather stupid person, who had no ideas beyond his business and his dinner. She says people generally mate with their opposites, and that clever men carefully avoid clever girls when they are in search of a wife. Did Harry choose me on those principles, I wonder? He says he did not choose me at all, but that I took possession of his heart at once.

But Edith would have made a perfect mother. Perhaps she takes her own line too decidedly to be an ideal wife, but anyone who has once been gathered into her tender arms—as I was when I thought Harry

did not care for me, and I trembled to find what I felt for him—well, I know at least what Edith would have been to children who had the good-fortune to call her by that sweetest name in the world. Now, that is all wasted. It seems a shame and a sin.

And hers is such a lonely life. The Arundels are both dead; and besides, there is nothing like having a home of your very own. I know she is liked and admired wherever she goes, but I don't believe that satisfies any woman's heart. It takes a man's love and the kisses of little children to do that. Edith says I argue from my own point of view, but that as for *her*, she wants some measure of freedom and a wider sphere than the four walls of a home. Then I reply that to make a man's happiness, and to bring up his children to be good citizens and God-fearing people, is a wide enough sphere for anybody; and that as for freedom, what a woman really wants is to be bound by the will of the man she loves, not to go her own way. And she laughs, and tells me that all I say and all she feels convinces her more than ever that things are very wisely ordered—that, in fact,

"There is a Providence which shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will."

I confess I don't quite know what she means.

We do not see one another very often—my friend and I. It was a long time before she came to me at all after I was married, though we had been together so much, and though she was a friend of Harry's as well as mine. I don't know how it happened, but it was so. She went abroad directly after our wedding, and somehow or another, we were separated in a way. We have never been quite the same since; but of course that is because I married. It is not because we love each other the less. When I had a bad illness, I called for her perpetually, and she came to me like the good angel she has always been. She nursed me

and tended me—humanly speaking, I owe my life to her. And it is to her that I owe Harry, for she introduced us to each other.

How well I remember that evening! Edith was looking more beautiful than I had ever seen her. Something—I have often wondered what—had lent softness to her bright eyes, and made the colour come

and go upon her cheeks. I had not seen her for two or three months, and at the first glance I was conscious of some change in her. She was as tender to me as ever, but she was slightly preoccupied. She was not so witty or so amusing as usual, yet she looked so quietly, so thoroughly happy. What could have happened? I wondered. As far as I know now, nothing *had* happened. At the time, I imagined a very good reason for this change in my friend; but it was quite a mistake. You will understand that, when I tell you I positively supposed that she was engaged to my Harry—who was not my Harry then, for we met for the first time that evening—and, unreasonable as it was, I did not rejoice in her happiness, but felt chilled and disappointed. I was disgusted with myself for such selfishness; but it was a fact, nevertheless. Perhaps coming events did indeed cast their shadows before.

Harry says he loved

me from the first moment he saw me sitting in a quiet corner, in a white dress, and with a look of almost babyish wonder in my big eyes. I *cannot* understand it. He had known Edith Heron for a long time, though I had not seen him before; and for three months, while I had been visiting at a distance, he had met her nearly every day. She was beautiful, she was clever, she was fascinating. And he passed her by to fall in love with a childish, unformed creature like myself, hardly able to say "bo" to a goose! Love is indeed a wonderful thing. Edith seemed most anxious that Harry and I should take to one



"Am I lonely? I suppose I am."—p. 917.



another. She took the trouble to explain to him that we had been schoolfellows, and that Miss Sumner had asked her to be kind to the little motherless girl placed under her care. And she told me that Harry was a great friend of hers, and that she wanted him to be a friend of mine too. And while she spoke to us, her beautiful eyes shone and her colour deepened. To me, everything seemed quite plain. Edith was engaged to this clever-looking Mr. Pierson; she was no longer my own exclusive possession, but had given herself—beautiful face, clear head, and warm heart—to another. What mistakes people make, to be sure!

For as time went on, and Mr. Pierson and I met very often, I began to think it was curious if he cared for Edith, and yet looked at me in the way he did. I was staying with the Arundels, and it happened that Mrs. Arundel was taken ill, and needed a good deal of Edith's attention. After all her elegant make-believe, the poor woman was *really* ill at last, and we were soon wrapped in the gloom of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I stayed on, for my father had gone on an exploring expedition to some remote part of the earth, and there was nowhere for me to go. Harry and I saw a great deal of one another during that sad time, and—it is impossible to say how it all came about: how *do* such things come about?—I found out that I loved him, and it certainly seemed as if he loved me. Yet there was Edith.

Then came the dreadful night when Mrs. Arundel died. Oh, how frightened I felt as I sat alone in the drawing-room, where I had often seen the poor lady entertain her brilliant circle! Mr. Arundel, of whom I had thought so little, turned out to be the tenderest and most unselfish of nurses, and in her last illness his wife would scarcely permit him to leave her. They were much more to one another than I had ever dreamed. And on that night of nights he was with her, and Edith was with her, and I was alone—I, who knew nothing of death except as a vague and shadowy terror. When Harry came into the room, I almost screamed. I held out my hands to him, and he took them into his warm grasp. There was love in his eyes, and I saw it and suddenly rejoiced in it—I could not help it—though in the room above us a poor soul was slowly and painfully breaking through its earthly prison.

But he said nothing—then.

After that night I did not see him for some time. I know he came once to the house, and that he saw Edith; but he did not ask for me. I began to think I was mistaken, and that, after all, what I had read in his face was compassion, not love. I shall never forget the shame, the wretchedness of it all. What made things worse, Edith and I had very little conversation together. She was so busy, and for a few days she, too, was ill. But at last she held out her arms to me, and I sobbed upon her tender bosom. I could tell her nothing, of course—what had I to tell? But somehow, she strengthened and consoled me. She seemed to understand without a word.

Harry came the very next morning, and we were married three months after, when my father returned. How delighted he was to give me away, and to be

able to devote himself to Science without a single distraction!

You do not wonder now that I look upon Edith Heron as my greatest friend, and that I cannot bear the idea of such a life being wasted.

#### II.—MISS HERON'S SIDE.

TO-DAY is my birthday. Little Nellie Pierson, who never forgets it, has set me thinking of times long gone by. Of course she has written to me; of course she has filled three large sheets with loving wishes, with grateful memories, with tender regrets. She cannot bear, so she says, to think of my lonely life. Am I lonely? I suppose I am. I suppose every thinking human being is lonely, so that mine is only the common lot, after all. I should have been a great deal more lonely, if— But then, that is just the point.

I always loved little Nellie. The maternal instinct must have been pretty strong in me, I fancy, for when dear old Miss Sumner—the wisest of teachers and the best of friends—brought the child to me, and asked me to be good to her, because she had no mother and no sisters, my heart leaped within me, and I felt a sudden rush of tenderness and affection that was almost overpowering in its intensity, and which has never yet exhausted itself. Yet little Nellie, with her fluffy hair and her great appealing eyes, has caused me keener suffering than any other creature—man or woman—on the face of this earth. There is no accounting for these things. I suppose the fluffy hair, the big, tearful eyes, and the trembling mouth, just shaped for kisses, had something to do with it in my case as well as Harold Pierson's. To me, she looked so like a baby; to him—well, I imagine she looked so like a woman! And to-day is my forty-second birthday, while she has been married just eighteen years. And she is so concerned that I am a spinster and that mine must be “such a lonely life!” In her secret heart, little Nellie thinks it is also a selfish life. She would not say so for worlds. Theoretically, she puts me on a pedestal and bows down before me. But practically, she thinks everything that I do—all that I am—is simple waste of good material.

Do I take an interest in politics? Do I appreciate books, pictures, music? Have I a keen sense of humour and some conversational powers? If I had married, my natural endowments and my acquired accomplishments would have been of use; I should have been “such a companion, such a help.” These things appear to give a little pleasure even now, but it is only to outsiders—to men who ought to have wives of their own, or, having them, ought to be contented with the attractions of the domestic circle. Friendship between men and women does not enter into Nellie's calculations. If she had her way, we should all be paired, like the animals in Noah's Ark.

I love children with almost passionate tenderness, and I can enter quickly into the feelings of the young. But what is the good of that? Nellie says I have no children of my own. The little ones belong to their mothers, and she does not understand

that a girl or boy may be all the better occasionally for a little help or counsel from another woman. Nellie took away from me the only man I ever loved. She does not know it, I am thankful to say, and so my attitude towards matrimony is inexplicable to her.

Mr. Pierson was never handsome, but he is better-looking now than ever he was—time and experience have been kind to him. He was always clever and intellectual, but he has learnt—very much to his advantage—that there are other things in the world besides literature, besides science, besides knowledge. He has known what *love* is, and that is an education for any man or any woman, because I mean love in the real sense of the term—not fancy, not passion. He has not lived with such a good Christian as Nellie without being influenced by her faith and by her life: he stands now on a much higher spiritual level than he did eighteen years ago. He is a good husband, a tender father, a staunch friend. He is not devoted to me personally, because I remind him of one very humiliating passage in his life. But he is magnanimous. I was the one injured, and by *him*; and yet he forgives me. I think that is considerably more difficult than pardoning one who has merely wronged one's self. I acknowledge all this cheerfully, and yet I wonder now what I could possibly have seen in Mr. Pierson to make me care for him as I did. I suppose I loved him, for I meditated spending my life with him; and when he forsook me, that life for a time lost all savour. I would willingly have died then, yet I have lived to be thankful I escaped what would have been bondage to me, and what is happiness to little Nellie, who took him from me.

Don't mistake me. I don't undervalue married life. I still think it the more complete—the happier—if it is truly happy. But I don't think it is necessarily bliss, any more than I think spinsterhood is necessarily a pining misery. I think it tends to make people more unselfish; but not always. A selfish heart sometimes opens to admit her own husband and her own children, but closes most obstinately to the claims of others. I see nothing very ennobling in that.

There is one other thing that I wanted to say about this life of mine on which Mrs. Pierson wastes so much of her sweet compassion. I wonder whether it is purposeless. That, I acknowledge, cannot be right, and should be amended. It is a sacred trust committed to my keeping, and I ought to make the most of it. Truly the nome is the woman's kingdom, and if she supports one man in his passage along the thorny path of life, helps to keep him in the narrow way, and brings up children to respect their obligations to the good God, their parents, and their country, she is doing a great work. But it is one that is clearly marked out for her. She cannot mistake her duty. Now, *my* duties are much more indefinite. A single woman is supposed to have some Mission, I believe. If she does not make herself a slave to her nephews and nieces—I have none to slave for—if she has no parrot or poodle—I detest them both—she works for a Society. I have no Mission and I advocate the claims of no Society. I am not obliged to work for my living, and, so far as I can tell, I have no call to sell my goods and give them to the poor. I might,

of course, go out to Africa, or to India, or to Japan, to teach the heathen. But I have not done so, and I cannot see my way to doing so. I have many friends, and somebody is always wanting me. I suppose I give some pleasure or some help, or I should be left to my own devices. And I fail so miserably in availing myself of what opportunities I have, that I hardly like ostentatiously to take up Work (with a capital W). There are already kindly words which I do not always speak, there are letters to lonely people far away that I do not always write, there are ways of brightening dull depressed lives which I pass by. Perhaps when at last I do all that lies close at hand, some other more lofty mission may present itself to me, and I may obey the call.

Long, long ago, I anticipated something very different. That was when I saw so much of Harold Pierson. We had known each other as children, and had had a profound contempt for one another. I despised the shy, awkward boy, who recognised the shallowness of my knowledge and the pertness of my speech though he was quite unable to retaliate in kind. But when we met again, all was changed. I see now that he was by no means remarkable—I have met a dozen men since then who were his superiors in every respect. At that time, however, he produced a great impression upon me. I was surprised to find him so much altered, to begin with. Of course, it was very stupid of me to expect the grown, experienced man to be like the raw, unformed boy, but I had lost count of time. Then he was thoroughly in earnest, and that appealed to me; for I was, too. My sister's friends did not suit me at all. Their brilliant talk palled upon me, though I enjoyed it at first. They had seen so much and done so much, and the end of it all was vanity. Life furnished material for a cynical jest or for an epigram, but it was not to be taken seriously. They played with everything—joy, sorrow, love, humanity—even God Himself. Harold had neither outgrown his faith nor lost his hope. He believed that it was possible to do some good in the world even yet, and that it was our duty to make strenuous efforts for the improvement of mankind. I agreed with him most enthusiastically, and we became close friends.

We were rather daring in our choice of subjects, for we both professed to despise conventionality. And so it came to pass that at last we talked about love and marriage, and found that there also we were in accord. Harold said that the ideal marriage was intellectual companionship, and when he made this profound remark, he gazed earnestly at *me*. I replied that I was sure of it; and I spoke in good faith, though my face flamed and my heart gave a great leap as I spoke. I have no doubt that when he went home, he slept the sleep of a quiet conscience and an untroubled breast, while I lay awake all night recalling his image, and murmuring anew the words he had spoken. For I loved him. I am quite sure that he thought he loved *me*, for he was absolutely sincere and truthful, and he told me so. Poor fellow! He soon found out his mistake.

I cannot remember now why I was so anxious that our engagement should not be made public at that



"Harold had the courage to tell me the truth."—p. 920.

particular time. I know I had a reason which seemed sufficiently good then, whatever it might do now. And Nellie Stansfield was coming to stay with me. She was such a sensitive little creature, and loved me with such jealous affection, that I wanted her to know and to like Harold before she was told he was to be my husband. I was only six years older than Nellie, but I felt as if I were her mother, poor little dear, and I always tried to spare her. It did not occur to me that I was placing her in an unfair position by keeping her in ignorance of my engagement. I made a false move, but it was in good faith.

How pretty little Nellie looked that night! She had been listening to the talk of some of Julia's friends, and their airy trifling with great subjects had given her blue eyes a childish, questioning look, which was almost piteous in its bewilderment. Harold was talking to me with his usual eagerness, when he suddenly caught sight of the white-robed figure in the corner. He forgot what he was going to say, and seemed struck dumb.

"That argument is quite unanswerable," I said, going on with our talk.

"Yes, yes," he replied absently. "Who is that pretty little girl in the corner?"

"Is she not a darling?" I asked enthusiastically.

"It is Nellie Stansfield—you know I told you all about her. You must be very fond of her for my sake, and you must be very careful. She is so tender, so sensitive."

Harold promised to be very fond of her and very careful, and I introduced him to her. I don't think they spoke two words to one another. Nellie seldom talked to strangers, and Harold's conversational powers seemed to have deserted him.

I have since thought that he fell in love after the manner of Shakespeare's heroes—headlong, at once. But at the time I suspected nothing: I was so single-hearted and so confident of his affection for me. Had he not told me that I was the one woman in the world for him, that my companionship was perfect and soul-satisfying, that he *loved* me? He had told me all that, and I am sure he thought he was speaking the truth. Yet the first time that he saw Nellie Stansfield and met the appealing gaze of her blue eyes, he knew with fatal certainty that he had made a mistake, and that he had deceived himself and deceived me.

Julia began to be ill the very next day, and claimed all my attention. It was scarcely possible for Harold to keep away from the house, even if he had wished to do so. I begged him to come as much as he could, and to take Nellie out. Poor little thing! It was so dull for her to be alone; and we could not send her home, with that stupid father of hers hunting insects in South America when he ought to have been looking after his daughter. Why did the man marry, I wonder? I am sure he troubled more about the loss of a case of rare beetles than ever he did about the death of his wife, and I know he would willingly

have exchanged Nellie for some coveted specimens of Lepidoptera. People like that have no business to entangle other lives with their own.

Julia's illness was a dreadful time. Poor creature! She had lived in such an atmosphere of airy trifling, that one could scarcely bear to see her confronted by so awful a reality as death. Whenever I am tempted now to think that life has no meaning, I remember Julia, lying back upon her pillows, with solemn eyes fixed upon her husband's face. If life is a vain show, then what is death?

When at last all was over, I gave way for the first time. I was utterly wearied out both in mind and body; I thought I could bear no more. I longed unutterably to see Harold once again; I hungered for the touch of his hand, for the sound of his voice. Perhaps in that warm human companionship I should forget the chill of death; and so, when they told me that Mr. Pierson wished to see me, I was ready to meet my lover.

The first glance told me something was wrong, but I was not kept in suspense very long. Harold had found out that not only had Nellie Stansfield stolen his heart away, but that he had won hers in return. It was characteristic of the man that when he had once realised those facts he felt impelled to acknowledge them to me. He was so honest, that he simply could not have pretended to continue our old relations for a single hour. He was very cruel, yet I know now he did me the greatest kindness in his power, and that in doing it he gauged my character truly. He told me that he had never loved me, and that he had only just found out what love was. He knew now, and could not, he said, insult a noble woman by marrying her without it. He dared not postpone his avowal, both on my account and Nellie's. *Nellie!* Yes, that was an added sting. She was mine own familiar friend: she had been to me as a daughter.

Thank God, Harold Pierson had the courage to tell me the truth! I have seen a good deal of married

life since then, and I tremble to think what might have become of us, if he had imagined himself in honour bound to fulfil his engagement. And how glad I am that he did not allow me to remain in a fool's paradise any longer than he could help! The old Adam is still rampant within me, and I have had many an unpleasant quarter of an hour since, when I have recalled the fact of my engagement to a man who did not love me. But, at all events, he spared me unnecessary humiliation—he did not accept words and tokens of affection from me, when his heart belonged to another woman.

Everything has turned out entirely for the best. Not only are the Piersons thoroughly happy—as human creatures go—but I am afraid I should have been woefully disappointed in Harold if I had married him. It may be the old business of "sour grapes," but I really don't think it is. He is so very different from what I once imagined him to be, that I can't think how I contrived to get up so much feeling about him. It seems incredible now.

Perhaps I am not so much to be pitied as Nellie thinks. I get a great deal of love, after all. To my shame and grief, I don't do all the good I might do—I am not even sure that I do any—but I *care*. I am not wrapped up in myself and my own concerns. There are many little vacant corners which I try to fill, though not always with success. I almost think I was able to help Nellie's own Madge on one occasion, though she has such a devoted mother. But Madge is a modern maiden, and life is not such a simple affair to her as it is to that mother. The doubts, the questionings of this *fin de siècle* look out of the girl's eyes.

Nellie has never known that old story of mine. Mr. Pierson and I agreed that she must not be told. The poor child would have fretted herself into a fever if she had found out that she had innocently supplanted me.

She loved Harold well, but she loved me too. I knew that, and I made him promise to be silent. He has kept his word.



## YOUNG AT EIGHTY-FIVE.

BY THE REV. MICHAEL EASTWOOD, BRIGHTON.

"Lo, I am this day fourscore and five years old. As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me [forty-five years before] . . . for war . . . to go out, and to come in."—JOSHUA xiv. 10, 11.

**A** BIRTHDAY speech from a hale octogenarian, who is not ashamed to own his age! And it is noticeable, by the way, how that Holy Scripture, while often telling us the age of a man, only once tells us the age of a woman. "Who?" No, no; you must search for this; and you will find many other good things *en route*.

The youthful orator has often declared that "the world's noblest work has been done by young men"—not, however, to the exclusion of octogenarians in days gone by, but more especially to-day, when longevity is on the increase, and when, indeed, under

the régime of King JESUS, the oldest may keep a young heart, even should their years be as those of Methuselah.

At the outset, however, we do well to remember that life is not to be measured by years only:

"He liveth long who liveth well:  
All other life is short and vain."

Still, one thinks of the words, "With long life will I satisfy him"; and we feel that usually a goodly life, full as to its years and ripe as a shock of corn, is eminently desirable. Was it not so at the beginning? Adam, fresh from the Creator's hand, lived



930 years; and many of the antediluvians attained as much, and even more. After the time of the Flood longevity decreased; and by the time of Abraham the duration of human life was again reduced; while, again, by the time of Moses man's lifetime was diminished by half, so that we find him lamenting, "The days of *our* life are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow" (Psalm xc.).

Yet Moses himself lived to 120 years, his eye undimmed, his natural vigour unimpaired. Thus he who is credited with the well-known Psalm fixing the limit of man's age, is a conspicuous exception; so that some have thought he was lamenting the short lives of the Israelites in the wilderness ("*our* lives") rather than the brevity of human life in general.

The subject of our meditation is another conspicuous exception; Caleb is young at eighty-five: as young as he was at forty. He and one other, Joshua, were the only two out of all the throng that left Egypt who entered the Promised Land. Hardness of heart, disobedience, querulous unthankfulness—these things cut down the hosts that came out of Egypt, and occasioned the mournful Psalm of Moses, "the man of God"; and the "*our*" derives sad emphasis as Moses looks round upon the camp of Israel, and knows that all are doomed.

Yet, even then, Caleb was an exception. And if he could be young at eighty-five, under Moses, what ought we to be to-day, under Christ? An American divine said not long ago that a man ought to be ashamed of himself nowadays to die under one hundred! And although he himself died soon after, at the age of seventy-five, there was much truth in his whimsical dictum; and never since the days of the patriarchs has there been such a chance of longevity—youthful, useful, happy longevity—as to-day, under the dispensation of the Lord Jesus, when the young man may be older than Methuselah, and the octogenarian younger than Abel.

#### I.

One cannot but be struck, on reading the paragraph (vv. 1—15) that the circumstance described really depends on another that happened long before. See Numb. xiii. 30, xiv. 6—10, 24, 30, 38, which we may epitomise thus: By God's command, Moses sent twelve spies to search the Land of Promise. These, after forty days' search, returned with grapes of Eshcol, pomegranates, and I know not what, together with the report that the land was flowing with milk and honey. So spake the two. Ten, however, interposed one of those "buts" that mar history: The people are to us like giants to grasshoppers; it is no use attempting their walled cities. Then they all cried, and wanted a captain to lead them back to Egypt and its bondage.

Caleb stilled the people for a time at least, and said, "We can do it, God helping us." But in vain, "for all the congregation bade them stone them with

stones; though the glory of the Lord appeared in the Tabernacle, before all the children of Israel." Then came the Lord's word that none but Joshua and Caleb should live to enter the Promised Land. Every grumbler should perish.

It is this enables Caleb to cry, forty-five years later, ". . . My brethren that went up with me made the heart of the people melt: but I wholly followed the Lord my God; . . . and now, behold, the Lord hath kept me alive, as He said. . . . As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me . . . for war . . . to go out, and to come in . . . now, therefore, give me this mountain."

No wonder Joshua blessed him, and gave him Hebron, "because he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel."

So God thought him. And the past comes up again. As he sowed at forty, he is reaping at eighty-five. Thus Caleb is confronted with what happened nearly half a century before; and his story, indeed, lives to this day. So, perhaps, your attitude to-day, your praises and prayers, your gifts upon the altar, your perusal of this magazine, may meet you again: it may be after many years, it may be in another world.

Caleb's great joy is that he followed God wholly, and especially that he was not a murmurer, murmuring having slain more than the giant Canaanites ever could—having, indeed, slain all but two of those who left Egypt. Terrible thing, that perennial grumbling! It makes us think about the child expressing its wish not to go to heaven lest grandpapa should be there, always grumbling about "those boys." He had not a young heart, poor man!

Fretting is equally bad. Two gardeners, who were neighbours, had their crops of early peas killed by frost. One of them came to condole with the other on his misfortune.

"Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbour! Do you know, I have done nothing but fret ever since. But you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up already. What are these?"

"These!" replied the gardener—"why, these are what I sowed immediately after my loss."

"What, coming up already?"

"Yes; while you were fretting I was working."

"What, don't you fret when you have a loss?"

"Yes; but I always put off the fretting until I have repaired the mischief."

"Why, then you have no need to fret at all."

"True," replied the industrious and cheerful gardener; "and that's the very reason why I put it off altogether."

He must have had something of the Caleb spirit: whence we learn that murmuring does no good; that it will "age" us, writing crooked wrinkles on the heart as well as the face. Caleb kept a young heart, a thoughtful heart, a willing heart; knowing

that Satan has a bait for every age, and that a querulous old man (or a young one, either) is Satan's joy, Israel's danger, and a source of ruin and death. And at the last he is ready for work, knowing that complaining and unthankfulness would kill him sooner than work for God.

What a magnificent example! When the old man drew himself up like this, many a young man who had been contemplating rest and "resignation" would pull himself together, and follow the glorious example.

## II.

It is instructive to note that Caleb was probably a Gentile—a foreigner. His name means "a dog," the designation given by Jews to Gentiles. The striking faith of the adopted children many times puts to shame the cowardice and inconstancy of the peculiar people. In fact, the first Hebrew and the father of the faithful was a Gentile. And to-day, could we bring in many an alien and tell him the ways of God, his heart would melt while often we are Gospel-hardened, and he would show forth a sublime and childlike faith. Caleb's trust in God's arm, forty-five years before, when all the multitudes of Israel would have turned their backs on the Promised Land and marched ignominiously to Egypt again, bids us to-day believe with heart and soul.

## III.

Here, then, is the secret of perpetual youth: God keeps His people young; "The Lord hath kept me alive"—"young," we might well say. "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."

This was the secret of Caleb's prolonged youth: more than a good constitution; more than happy circumstances—these had not always been so (Numb. xiv. 10); more than a cheerful disposition, though that is a good thing; more than animal vitality. He followed God closely—"wholly"—with a heart undivided and undisturbed. Some people are blest with a wonderful development of the faculty of recuperativeness; their flesh heals quickly; they soon recover from illness; they attain to a "good old age." Yet we want something more than that—true godliness, full of faith and hope and love. The possession of vital force may give tenacity of life, conferring hardness in one case and pliability in another; but it cannot keep the heart young and childlike, and give that sweet sunshine that makes one young at eighty-five.

We ask again, If Caleb could attain this prolonged youth under the old dispensation, what ought we to attain? Christ is our Master. Whether Caleb derived any inspiration from his friend and leader Joshua, one can hardly say; but we have our Joshua—Jesus (the names are the same)—and He

is a "Saviour" in every sense of the word. And He is a young Man. *You cannot conceive of Him otherwise.* True, He is represented in Revelation as the Ancient of Days, and His hair white as wool; still, even then, He is "venerable with eternal youth," and Christianity is to make us young; for the essence of Christianity is that Christ imparts Himself to us. We must therefore be like Him.

But how often it seems otherwise. What a wailing cry for rest and retirement we hear from the young and middle-aged; men who seem prematurely old and battered. It is not work, but worry; poverty alike of blood and spirit; a self-inflicted woe on him who hasteth to be rich (Prov. xxviii. 22). Would it be so if men followed Christ wholly? He is the Lord of life. He would give life "more abundantly," so that we should present the wondrous spectacle of men growing younger as they become older. Under Christ, indeed, we have no business to grow old; for the very entrance into His Kingdom means that we are "born again," and that we become "as little children," retaining the sparkle and exhilaration of children, in spite of advancing years and increasing cares.

It makes one think of octogenarian statesmen knocked down by passing cabs rising at once and running to take the number, but appearing in court in the spirit of Christian youthfulness and amiability to ask that offending cabbies may not be convicted.

It makes one think of John Wesley, consumptive when a young man, yet at eighty-six years of age rising at four in the morning, preaching two or three times a day, writing books, travelling on horseback thousands of miles over bad roads, and calling his fellow-labourers milksops.

It makes one think of "Paul the aged," yet in labours more abundant and in spirits more youthful than Timothy: buoyant, heroic, sunny, and genial to the last. "For me to live is Christ," said he; and this "life" means a great deal more than existence.

## IV.

Thus the aged may claim the mountain, like Caleb. He wanted the highest last, the best last. In fact, he felt that he was only just beginning his career, that the past had been his apprenticeship, and that now he finds his place. So he seeks his true allotment in the Promised Land.

The mountain! It is high; it is difficult. Frowning Anakim keep guard, and will dispute your right. But it can be taken. You may conquer; you may claim your right. Did not Moltke begin a military career at sixty? Then, what should not the Christian soldier attempt? Think of his royal master retaining the full responsibilities of state till ninety-one; of Ranke, the German historian, labouring till the same age. Think of General Grant, laid aside at sixty-two, and beset with difficulties, but successfully climbing the literary mountain; of Mrs.

Trollope, with no book at fifty, and then writing 115 volumes, if not more; of Sir Moses Montefiore writing a book at ninety-two and living till one hundred. Think of Socrates learning music in extreme old age; Cato learning Greek at eighty; Plutarch learning Latin; Dr. Johnson learning Dutch; Sir Henry Spelman becoming an antiquarian and lawyer in the sixties; Ludovico Monaldesco writing history at one hundred and fifteen; Franklin beginning philosophy at fifty; and the pathetic picture of Robert Hall, at seventy, lying on the floor of his study, racked with pain, but clutching his Italian grammar, that he might learn to read Dante in the original.

Never let us, then, dare to say it is too late to mend, too late to conquer some difficulty, too late to climb higher, so long as the mountain confronts us with its solemn grandeur, and breathes "*Excelsior!*"

What is *your* allotment in the Promised Land, and which is your mountain? Let your claim be that of holy ambition; let your prayer be a large one. Then yours shall be those magnificent sixties that blend the *forties* and the *twenties* (so Emerson says the Indians say); or if you are an octogenarian, then those same splendid sixties shall but have added the *twenties*.

It depends on the *now*.

Morning and noon are no presage of the weather of evening. But it is so with you. And at evening time it shall be light; sweet and prolonged as our northern twilight. Then, when you pass away, whatever your age, we still may say, "Whom the gods love die *young*." And in eternity itself you will grow younger for ever.

I daresay you can find fault with Southey's poem. But it is worth reading, if you have never read it; and it has at least the merit of clinging to the memory. I quote the last verse only:

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied:  
"Let the cause thy attention engage:  
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,  
And He hath not forgotten my age."

Then, no more like Roman Pagan, whose old age was a burden more grievous than Aetna; but like Caleb, young at eighty-five, entering the Promised Land, and claiming the mountain height: old age, even at the last, will be as a shock of corn, fully ripe, fragrant with concentrated sunshine, unlimited in its possibilities: a beginning, not an ending: every grain the promise of endless and beautiful repetition in a better country, and whose full fruition God alone can tell.



"THE WAY THAT FATHER COMES."

THE way that father comes each night,  
Home-faring from the city,  
Is scanned with eager glances bright  
By Marjory and Kitty.  
Twin sentries by the garden gate,  
In spotless white, the sisters wait;  
Two tiny maids with faces fair,  
With deep blue eyes and soft brown hair.

The way that father comes they know  
Must always be the right way,  
Trodden a thousand times, and so  
It always seems a bright way.  
The quiet lane their eyes discern  
Is known at every grassy turn,  
And, hung with blossoms, arched with green,  
It is the sweetest ever seen!

The way that father comes they deem  
Awaits his coming only;  
Though crowds went by, the way would seem  
Without him sad and lonely!  
It is his voice they long to hear,  
His quick firm footsteps drawing near;  
It is for him alone they wait  
In loving patience at the gate!

The way that father comes we guess  
Is where new joys will find him;  
An Eden for the wilderness  
Of toil and care behind him!  
The troubles of the day forgot,  
He hastens to a blissful spot,  
Where, rosy twilight growing dim,  
The children soon shall welcome him!

J. R. EASTWOOD.

## LOST CHURCH BELLS.



THE SQUARE TOWER OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, LIMERICK.



NUMEROUS stories, founded in many cases on fact, and in some instances belonging to the region of illusion or romance, relate to the mysterious disappearance of certain church bells. Leland, it may be remembered, in his poem of "The Lost Church"—supposed to have been based on an ancient tradition of the Sinaitic peninsula—refers to this subject—

" Oft in the forest far one hears  
A passing sound of distant bells,  
Nor legends old, nor human wit,  
Can tell us whence the music swells.  
From the Lost Church 'tis thought that soft  
Faint ringing cometh on the wind.  
Once many pilgrims trod the way,  
But no one now the way can find."

And legendary lore, in most countries, has similar tales of exiles or pilgrims being occasionally cheered by the well-remembered sound of some church bell, with its thousand memories of the past, but whence that familiar music of the chime has come no one can ever tell, for the "time-worn tower" has long since vanished, and its bells, they "are perished and lost."

A pretty story is told of the cathedral bells of Limerick—originally cast, it is said, by an Italian founder for a monastery near his home, which was destroyed when his three sons fell together on the fatal field of Pavia. But years after—when those bells were supposed to have been lost—he came an exile to Ireland, and reaching the Shannon as the

shades of evening were closing in, there suddenly burst forth from the square tower of St. Mary a rich peal of melody. One note was enough for him; for like the long-silent voices of the lost he recognised the sweet sound of his own dear bells to welcome him, a lonely exile.

But all lost bells cannot boast of the same romance, for occasionally their absence from the church-tower is attributed to their having been stolen. Thus, some years ago it was one day discovered that the second bell of Worcester Cathedral—weighing about 5 cwt.—was missing from the belfry, and in the year 1844 a bell was stolen from the church-steeple of the parish church of Glossop, Derbyshire. An occurrence, however, which created some excitement in the neighbourhood was the mysterious robbery of the fifth bell at Church Brampton, Derbyshire, which happened at the time to be unhung, and resting on the tower floor. It appears that the sacrilegious hands broke open the door, and rolled the bell down the churchyard into a cart, and from that day nothing has ever been heard of this bell. For a considerable time every effort was made to trace it, but without success.

Thefts of this kind, happily, have not always escaped detection; and tradition tells how, in several instances, such offenders have paid heavily for their acts of sacrilege. A curious case of theft occurred about the year 1830, when the treble bell at Cherington, Gloucestershire, disappeared; but some surprise was caused when it was discovered that the missing bell had actually been set up in Avening tower to make a ring of six. It seems that there had prevailed in the neighbourhood a popular idea that if a bell could be taken from one



tower and put up in another without the offender being caught, there was no redress. This, of course, was a vulgar error based on ignorance, and the persons guilty of this wanton act, being discovered, were convicted and punished. But the event was long proverbial in the village of Cherington and its locality, and gave rise to a ballad which for many years preserved the memory of what was known as the "Adventure of Cherington Church Bell," the first stanza of which runs thus :

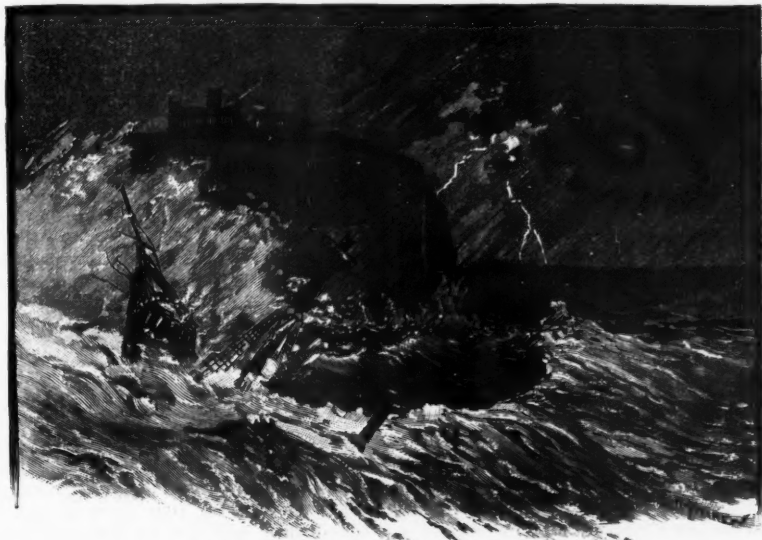
"Those Cherington bells, those Cherington bells,  
What a sad tale their jingling tells!  
Alas! their now imperfect chime  
Proclaims our folly and our crime."

The stillatory at Canterbury is called Bell Jesus, from a legend that it was erected in memory of a bell of that size cast abroad and lost at sea. Henry VIII. gambled away the famous Jesus Campanile bell of St. Paul's, with the great folk-note bell which summoned the assemblies of the citizens, with a throw of the dice at hazard, to Sir Miles Partridge, who pulled it down. But, adds Spelman, in his "History of Sacrilege," "in the fifth year of King Edward VI. this gamester had worse fortune, when he lost his life, being executed on Tower Hill for matters concerning the Duke of Somerset." There is, too, an old tradition that one of the bells at Sturminster Marshall came originally from the chapel at Knolton, and that the shoes of the horses that brought it to Sturminster were reversed, that the track taken might not be followed in the snow; hence the rhyme current in the locality—

"Knolton bell is stole  
And thrown into White Mill Hole.

Occasionally, it would seem, bells were sold to

defray expenses, and thus lost to the parish. Strange stories are still told of the romantic adventures which happened to certain bells on their removal from the belfry. According to a local tradition, many years ago the twelve parish churches of Jersey possessed each a valuable peal of bells; but during a long civil war the bells were sold to provide for the wants of the troops. The bells accordingly were sent to France, but on the passage the ships foundered, and everything was lost. Since that hour, during a storm, these bells, they say, always ring at sea; and to this day the fishermen of St. Ouen's Bay before embarking on any journey go to the edge of the water to listen if they can hear the bells chiming from the deep; for if so, nothing will induce them to leave the shore. A sinister story is told of the bells of Whitby Abbey, which was suppressed in the year 1539. The bells, it is commonly said, were sold and placed on board to be conveyed to London. But as soon as the vessel had moved out into the bay with its sacred freight, it sank; and at times from beneath the waters "the mellow music peals," and, untired by flying years, "the bells no human fingers touch have sung their hidden chime." There are numerous legendary romances of this kind, showing, as it has been observed, how, when once bells have been consecrated to religious uses, they resent any profane act. But in the course of time many an old church bell has disappeared, and belfries now are silent which once, it is said, were noted for their melodious peals. In some instances certain parishes are reproached in local rhymes for having sold in past times their church bells; but, curious to say, the same reason is generally assigned for this act—to obtain money to build or repair a steeple. Thus



LOSS OF THE BELLS OF WHITBY ABBEY IN 1539.



BERWICK CHURCH, SUSSEX.

of Rivington, Middlesex, it is recorded in a well-known couplet—

"Pious parson, pious people,  
Sold their bells to build the steeple."

With which may be compared a similar rhyme connected with the parish of Owersby, Lincolnshire—

"Owersby parish, wicked people,  
Sold their bells to Kelsey to build the steeple."

At Berwick, Sussex, out of four bells existing in the year 1724, only one remains, for in 1811 three were sold: one to Alfriston, and two as old metal; and the same fate has no doubt befallen many other bells which have disappeared. Spelman tells us how, "in the year of our Lord 1541, Arthur Bulkley, Bishop of Bangor, sacrilegiously sold the first five bells belonging to the cathedral, and went to the seaside to see them shipped away, but at that instant he was stricken blind, and so continued to the day of his death." He further adds how "my lord of Canterbury" when he was in Scotland visited certain churches, but found the bells had disappeared from them. In Edinburgh, he remarked, "there was no bell in that city save only in the Church of St. Andrew, and inquiring what had become of the rest, it was told him that they were shipped to be carried into the Low Countries, but were drowned in Leith Haven."

Traditionary lore generally represents those guilty of desecrating church bells as punished for their sin. A pretty little legend is told of St. Goven's bell, in Pembrokeshire. It appears that the saint lived in a cell in the rock near the coast, a chapel being afterwards built near the spot, with a bell in its open belfry. But one night a pirate crew stole this bell, and they had no sooner put out to sea than a storm arose and wrecked their boat. In some unaccountable manner, the bell, it is said, was conveyed into the centre of a stone, at the brink of a well near the chapel, and is fabled to ring when the stone is struck. It may be noted also that there is an abundance of similar stories all over Europe. In the village of Moringen, near Göttingen, there is the "bell-pond," from whence the chimes of bells are heard at midnight. The story goes that the knights of the Temple once had a new bell cast and hung in the church tower, but they forgot before using it to have it consecrated to Divine Service; and on account of their negligence they forfeited their bell, which in a mysterious way disappeared, and sank into what has since been known as the bell-pond. A set of bells was stolen from Newkirk, but directly the robbers placed them on board, the vessel sank; and in a village in Southern Italy there is still current a legend which tells how the Saracens once pillaged the town and carried off a bell. But the impious act

caused them to lose their boat, and the bell sank, being said to ring on the anniversary of that day. And after Port Royal, in the West Indies, was submerged, at the close of the seventeenth century, sailors in those parts had for many years stories of church bells ringing beneath the waters, agitated by the waves, or, as some supposed, by the spirits of the deep.

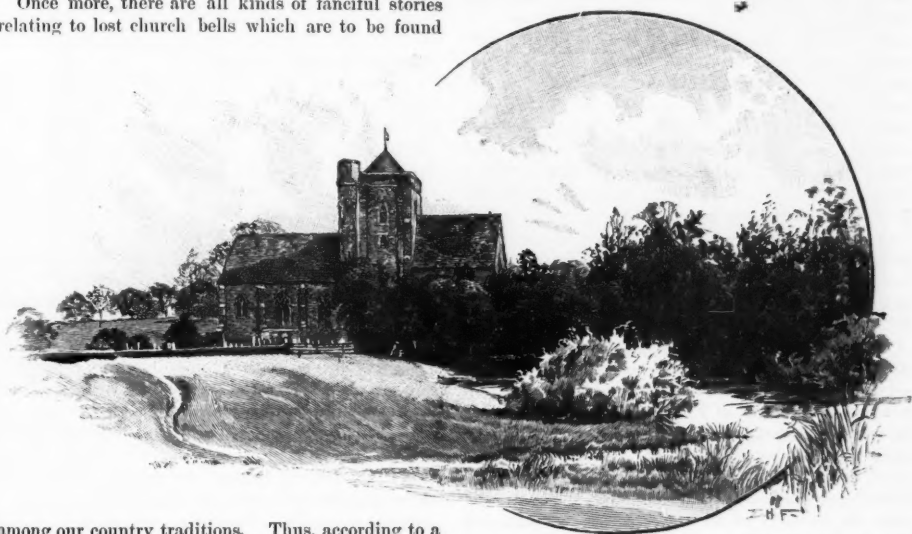
But returning to our own country: to this day the tower of Fowabury Church, Cornwall—or, as it has been called by Mr. Hawker, “the silent tower of Bottreaux”—remains without bells. The bells, it seems, were cast and duly shipped for Fowabury, but as the ship neared the shore the captain swore and used profane language, whereupon the vessel sank beneath a sudden swell of the ocean. But as it went down, the lost bells were distinctly heard tolling with a muffled peal; and ever since, when storms are at hand, their phantom sound is generally supposed to be still audible from beneath the waves.

“Still when the storm of Bottreaux’s waves  
Is walking in his weedy caves,  
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,  
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide.  
‘Come to thy God in time,’  
Thus saith the ocean chime;  
‘Storm, whirlpool, billow past,  
Come to thy God at last.’”

Once more, there are all kinds of fanciful stories relating to lost church bells which are to be found

were swallowed up, and on a Sunday morning the bells may be heard ringing a phantom peal by anyone who happens to put his ear to the ground. The Journal of the Sussex Archaeological Society (xiv. 227) quotes a singular tradition relating to the village of Etchingham, in Sussex. Originally, it is said, the church was enclosed by a moat—“a remarkable appendage to a sanctuary,” but reminding us of “the rude old times, when in seasons of war and civil commotion men turned the house of God into a fortress.” The tradition further adds that at the bottom of this moat there is a huge bell, but as to how it came there evidence has never been forthcoming. Nor will it ever be seen by mortal eyes till six yoke of oxen shall be brought to the spot to bring it again to daylight. Another piece of legendary lore current in the neighbourhood of Romford, Essex, affirms that the old Church of St. Andrew—pulled down nearly four centuries and a half ago—stood about half a mile from the town, on a site popularly known as “Old Church.” But every year, on St. Andrew’s Day, the bells were long said to be heard pealing merrily from beneath the ground.

Instances of similar stories might easily be multiplied, being scattered over the country; not to mention the tales told in different localities of



ETCHINGHAM CHURCH, WITH REMAINS OF MOAT.

among our country traditions. Thus, according to a story at Tunstall, in Norfolk, the parsons and churchwardens on one occasion disputed for the possession of some bells which had become useless because the tower had been burnt. But during their altercation the bells were suddenly marched away, and disappeared into a boggy pool of water, and even now-a-days are said to favour their native place with a ghostly peal. Similarly at Fisherty Brow, near Consdale, there is a sort of hollow where, as the legend runs, a church, parson, and congregation

churches having in times past been overwhelmed and obliterated by the inroads of the sea, as is reported to have happened to the church of Kilgrimoe, near Blackpool, about two miles out at sea, long ago submerged. And even now the seafaring community inform us how in rough and tempestuous weather the melancholy chimes of those lost bells may be heard floating on the waters.

## AT FIRST SIGHT.

BY KATHLEEN WATSON.



HE lodged for one swiftly flying month in the police-station of the little Highland village where she chose to make a brief sojourn from the turmoil of the city to which her duty chained her. She wondered, in the great fascination that possessed her, if any future life could hold more charm than the one she lived alone

in those peaceful ever-to-be-remembered weeks. When her random thoughts strayed—as random thoughts sometimes will—to dreams of love, she checked them; having through all the romance of her nature a strong vein of common sense, which taught her to grasp the fact that many girls must shut their eyes to the things that come to crown the lives of many more: that they must look lifelong loneliness bravely, even sweetly, in the face, and never grow little because the largest falls not to their share.

In the city, she was wont to think of herself as a machine wound up in the early morning, and warranted to go on more or less regularly till bed-time; but in the country she felt that she lived of her own accord. Her days there were very simple, very gentle, very wholesome ones. To begin with, when she opened her happy, puzzled, waking eyes, she opened them on to a little shadowy room where the sunlight flickered in through the soft white blind and curtains, on which were traced the branches and wandering stems of the great white and the little crimson rose-trees planted on either side of the window. She was quite content to lie for hours and watch them slowly waving to and fro in the early morning breeze that swept down from the mountain—she used to say to herself, with the sober little smile that was peculiar to her, that she would ask nothing better than to be allowed to do so to the end of time.

In front of the window was the table at which she sometimes used to sit and write—only sometimes, not all day: and then only for sheer delight, not from weariest compulsion, as in the city. When the kind sympathetic woman who waited on her came in to draw the blind and open wide the window to the roses, and the sunshine, and the gentle wind that floated westwards from the mountains, she used to lie back on her pillows in a measureless content, and watch—for the police-station was a little, low, one-storey house—the village children pass up and down the street, the sunshine flashing on their milk-cans; the small, fat, ruddy-cheeked post-boy, his horn slung across his shoulder, on his way through the yellow broom and across the brown moor to the outlying cottages and farms; the turf- or peat-laden carts rumbling slowly down the brae, as often as not a bunch of crimson heather at the horses' heads. Very surely and sweetly she learnt how much pleasure may be found in the contemplation of simple things.

To her it was a rest beyond expression even to lie still, and quietly try to grasp the charm of the shadowy little room that looked on to the roses and the old brown road. On the wall were old line-engravings of Canadian views—a wedding-gift from her father to the policeman's wife. Over the bed was a Christ calling the little children to Him, and telling those about Him to forbid them not. On the mantelpiece were the medals that the husband had won at the village shows by his garden produce, also his certificate showing that he was qualified to render First Aid to the Injured by having attended so many ambulance lectures at the Dundee Institute; while in the space above the door there hung a vivid picture of Jephthah about to offer up his daughter—Jephthah wearing a kilt with the Colquhoun tartan, while his daughter resigned herself to the sacrifice in a rough short skirt of crimson wool, and a bright plaid shawl of undeniable Paisley manufacture. On the table in the window was always set a bowl of sweet firm roses, each rose resting primly on a little green leaf-spray, while the centre rose, which was rather larger than the surrounding ones, was quite embedded in a shower of leaves. The arrangement never varied. Not for worlds would she have touched it. Beside it, the studiously careless art of her own room in the city seemed almost a sham.

One evening, while she sat in the window-seat, watching the shadows grow long across the hills, and that tender faint light creep up into the evening sky—the light which speaks of peace unutterable—a man passed up the little road outside. He was walking very slowly, and his face was turned towards the hills. He seemed to be breathing the inspiring air with a great content, or else the light of some choice reflection was shining through his face and stamping it with a rare happiness. He was dressed in the ordinary sombre garb of the Church, with the exception of a broad-brimmed sailor-hat, which gave a certain boyishness to his otherwise matured appearance. As he passed the cottage his eyes chanced to fall on hers, where she sat at the open lattice with the roses all about it, and something in her face, its sadness, its gentleness, its strength, made him look at it a moment longer than etiquette allows. Under that steady look of interest, though her own did not falter, a slight flush crept up and stained the whiteness of her cheeks. Years of contact with all that is of necessity hard, literal, and not too reverent, in city life and work had not been able to rub the bloom off her nature, sensitive and delicate beyond the average.

When he had passed on, still with that faint flush lingering in her face she fell to thinking of him. There was about him that air of braveness and directness which is mostly quick to find its way to a woman's heart. From the glimpse she had of his face, she perceived in it that confidence which is born of thought and work: that sympathy which comes from a wide comprehension.





"That same dear face coming towards him."—p. 930.

It was, perhaps, rather much to have arrived at in so short a time; but a strange and happy instinct supplied what actual knowledge failed to tell.

That evening, when she went out for her usual twilight stroll, she did not take, according to her custom, the way that led towards the hills—the tender way whose pleasantnesses and graces she knew by heart. Instead, she went by the sober little road, across the village square, and over the railway bridge to the river, where it flows swiftly by from the forest-land which is its birthplace.

By the black swirling water she stood for a long time, lost in the mystery of the quiet world of paling after-glow and peeping star.

She did not know that she was at the ferry till the plash of oars burst on the silence, and the

brown boat moved laboriously, slowly, across the swift deep stream, landing its freight of a heavily laden old woman and two privates dressed in the white spats, kilt, and tartan of the regiment of the brave Black Watch.

In a minute or two ten o'clock chimed faintly from an old tower in the distance.

"Last time across and back," sang out the old ferryman—"last time for the night! Coming, miss!"

She stood alone on the bank. She looked around, but saw no other passenger. The land was wrapped in gloom, the face of the water shone: it seemed to have absorbed all the light left in the world.

The delicious suddenness and newness of the idea pleased her—to row out from the shadows into the midst of that silent silver glory—yes, she would go;

always supposing that the old boatman was not going solely on her account, as she did not wish to land, but would only go, well—with a little smile—for the sake of going.

"Then step in," he told her cheerily; for indeed he must be crossing once again for the last time, as he had said.

They struck out gently over the gleaming water. The current carried them along, the landing-place on the other side being some small way down the stream. The old brown oar-blades sparkled in the moonlight; the river mist, like a thin luminous veil, had risen, and hung opaquely before them, hiding the opposite bank from view.

So from the shadows into the strange white glory, gliding, as it were, down a stream of light into some unknown world of mystery and wordless song, then once more, for a little spell, through the shadows to the shore.

And on the shore waiting, alone, a man.

One who, in all that long moorland walk, under the brows of the mighty hills, by the road which crosses the river some three miles lower down its course, and back by the pine-woods on its bank, had seen constantly, hauntingly before him one little rose-encircled window and a face looking out of it—a face at once proud and gentle, high with resolve, patient with work: a little sad, perhaps, at thought of the sternness, the loneliness of life: a face instinct with infinite possibilities of tenderness and strength: a face that you might search the cities and the world in vain for, and only know in dreams to the end of days.

So that as he stood on the dusky moonlit bank, hot and tired from intensity of both physical and mental exertion, waiting for the ferry-boat to reach him, listening to the slow regular dip of the oars, and saw at last that same dear face coming towards him, up-turned through the mists and shadows to the beauty of the night: it was with no start or shock that he saw it, but rather as the consummation of some happy sequence, the warm and bright interpretation of something too delicate for analysis, too fine for utterance.

For a moment their eyes met and were lost in each other's: his radiantly, reverently, with a touch of questioning in them; hers startled, vaguely troubled, yet without faltering.

Into the silver mists they moved, then out to the span of great white light beyond, pulling slowly against the current; the night delicate, tremulous with inspiration, a subtle wordless affinity hovering like angels' wings about them.

As they landed she passed swiftly before him up the little path, so soft to the tread, with its carpet of pine-needles, and in the thickness of the gloom was soon lost to his sight.

Love sometimes shows itself a strange child indeed, growing great on little, thriving often gloriously on poorest fare. Not many are the things which can be written of those two who were rowed across the ferry alone, yet all unlonely, in the silence of the misty silver way. An introduction, one or two meetings, one or two clasps of hand, a rush of sympathy from

one heart to the other, a mutual swift responsiveness—and in the unfolding of it their tale is told.

How it all precisely happened I can only guess, and you who love will be able, too, to guess with me. But there came a Sunday evening, a time of perfect peace and sweetness, when the cool air from the hills was surging in through the open door, the music of the larks and heather-linnets was blent with the sound of chant and psalm, the organ had just ceased from some soft voluntary, and as the chords were dying away he mounted the pulpit steps in the little hillside church where he was taking the service, and met again across the crowd of faces the eyes that had kept their own sweet counsel through the shadows and the silver gloom. He saw the swift rose-colour shoot up under her fair clear skin, and a sense of deep humility came over him, such as one would think must come over every true-hearted man when he has reason to believe that a woman's happiness lies in his keeping. With it, too, there came a sense of strong and blessed manfulness, of the responsibility that builds up character and makes men brave to do as they have not done before; and while they listened eagerly to his direct impassioned words that evening, many wondered at the light on his grave proud face.

When the service was over and the people gone away, he stood at the lych-gate for a few minutes, looking towards the hills. He watched her slim dark figure, standing out in sharp relief against the paling azure of the evening sky—he knew that she was climbing to a cairn from where it is a goodly sight indeed to watch the night fall slowly on the glorious world around. Then he turned suddenly away, for he remembered that an old dying villager had asked for him that day.

Half an hour later, when, with the blessing of the dying on his head, he turned to seek the living dearest one, he saw with consternation that the aspect of the land had changed. Often it is, in those northern latitudes, when the flush of the after-glow has faded from the sky, that great banks of cloud rise up with startling swiftness and shroud the hills in thick mist-mantles, so that, where the radiance and the gold have been, one only sees a stately cloud-procession hiding the high places of the world from view as it moves along. The thought of her alone on those heights in certain discomfort and possible danger filled him with dismay. Step by step he fought his way by the path which she had taken. It got very cold, very dark, and his clothes were saturated with the damp. He went on by a narrow sheep-track, which was the only path of any sort around, and on either side of which great boulders of rock rose at intervals. It was by means of these boulders that he felt his way. She herself had been listening to the dull thud of his stick against the stones, without knowing how to account for the sound. No fear had touched her, though she recognised the gravity of the situation, and remembered that she had heard how the mists sometimes stay for hours—even days—on the high hill-tops, and how perilous it then is to try to find one's way across them, because of the gulleys and chasms at their feet. The only thing was to wait patiently till the danger was over-past. For the rest,

the joy of a new and not unhappy experience was hers. There was something not of the earth, as she had ever known or felt it, to sit there absolutely alone while that white shroud silently wove itself around her. She never knew how long it was till the sound of footsteps labouring through the heather made its way to her ears. Then, indeed, for a moment her eyes grew wide with alarm. She did not move, but her breath came and went with audible distinctness. This agony of suspense went on for about two minutes: within a dozen yards of her the stranger halted: she could see absolutely nothing of him nor he of her, yet suddenly she knew that he was aware of her presence—her quick short breathing had betrayed her.

Oh! that eloquent little pause on the mountain-side, when neither spoke nor saw the other, yet each asked voicelessly, half fearful, half afraid—

"Is it—you?"

In a moment he was beside her in the cloud, the outline of his figure all blurred and indistinct, like the letters of a word on which a tear has fallen, and he was saying—

"I have come, you see. You are not frightened, are you?"

"Oh no, thank you. But just a little—a little overwhelmed to think of your coming all this way for me—a stranger."

He thought her voice, with that nervous little quiver in it, was the dearest he had heard.

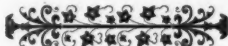
"Are we strangers?" he asked very comfortably, smilingly. "Are we? Even if we were, in any danger or distress the word is not allowed to stand: by which it sometimes happens that out of little pains come great pleasantries."

"In this case I'm afraid the pains were yours entirely."

"I was thinking it was just the other way. But if you will own to sharing ever so slightly in the pleasantness, you shall have it as you will. Are you very cold? Wet I see you are. Let me think what can be done."

Even whilst he spoke a long line of soft primrose light broke through the cloud which wrapped them round: it was only the slanting rays of the rising moon which had pierced through, and lay like a ladder of light between heaven and earth, but to those two standing alone together in that world of mist and moonlight it seemed the bravest sight their eyes had seen. Then slowly the great cloud swept away: they felt its soft cold breath like a farewell blessing passing over them: they did not speak, though he thought he heard the beating of her heart so near his own; but when the last bright edges of that glory-skirted gloom had moved across the mountain, they turned to one another, and when he saw the wistful sweetness of those blue eyes smiling through the shadows, his hands went out to hers, and he took heart of grace and held them fast, and called her "Dear!" and told her of his love.

Told her also of his life, whose lines were cast in the dark dull places of a teeming city, far away from the stars, the silences, the nameless graces of the mountain-world where they had met, among those whose daily drudgery was so heavy that it crowded out all sense of the divinity of work, asked her not to count the cost, but nevertheless, and none the less, to "Come!" and read his answer in the love-lit eyes which could not lie.



## MEN OF SPLENDID ENDEAVOUR.



IT is a mistaken idea that the world crowns only success with the garland of fame. Beyond question, the worship of triumph, however temporary, has always been much in vogue. But there is an instinct in the human heart that recognises something that may easily be as true a patent of nobility as the loudest-resounding victory of them all. This competitor, downcast perhaps because of defeat, is the genius of splendid endeavour.

The Hungarians have this year celebrated the literary jubilee of their veteran novelist, M. Maurus Jókai. But the national affection has not merely acclaimed with a wonderful consent of enthusiasm a brilliant writer; it has also paid its tumultuous homage to a foiled patriot. When tides of conquest swept over a hapless land there were found heroes of hope and effort who saved a people's self-respect, though they failed to thwart Austria. These men

were indomitable in their purpose. In freedom's name they bore arms, in freedom's name they penned appeals and delivered orations. The widest known are Louis Kossuth and Maurus Jókai, and one of them is happily watching still over the interests of the Magyar race. One passed from the battle-field to the study, to toil there in the sacred cause; the other roamed two hemispheres on a pilgrimage of passion, seeking active help for Hungary. Kossuth fired the listening crowds to shame and pity and vicarious anger; but he moved no Government to interfere. It seemed so much wasted work.

But it is a chapter in the great romance of splendid endeavour, and long ago the friends and foes of strict Hungarian independence have joined in praising the discomfited adventurers. They were unselfish, whole-hearted, full of faith in an idea: and these qualities glow and shine even in the darkness of abortive toil. Better fail with such a band of Quixotes than drift with the careless current into some harbour of ignoble ease.

On a June day twelve years ago, the weary veteran

Giuseppe Garibaldi died at Caprera. He, too, loved his native land passing well, if not always wisely in the jealous eye of statecraft. His story, first and last, is another witness to the deserved renown of forlorn but magnificent enterprise. Italy's great liberator had often to accept disappointment and chagrin as the personal payment of his devotion. He tasted again and again the bitterness of hope deferred. Diplomacy blunted his sword, or snatched from his volunteers the victory they had held as sure. His reverses were dramatic. Less than two years after entering Naples side by side with Victor Emmanuel he was shot down at Aspromonte as a rebel.

But when the end came to that life of vicissitude, it was not of Garibaldi's partial successes and half-fulfilled dreams that his countrymen thought. If the unification of Italy had not happened, she would still have mourned her foremost hero—her soldier-lover, who had spent himself in her service. The whole civilised world honoured the finished career of splendid endeavour. It was this that draped the public buildings of Rome in black, caused the legislative bodies to adjourn, and drew a sympathetic message of reverence and love from King Humbert.

Fame gloriously won belongs to the men who have pushed into icy seas in pursuit of a chimera in a workable North-west Passage or to reach the North Pole. It is a record largely of vain expenditure and repulse. But the defeat of these explorers is rightly held more honourable than the success of many with easier problems. The English passion for grappling with difficulties that seem insuperable, and the trait of never knowing when disaster is final, appear on every leaf of this golden book of endeavour. The hearts of Anglo-Saxons at least warm to the men whose thirst for knowledge cannot willingly leave a single secret of the world's surface unfathomed, and who cheerily seek a path to their goal through storm, and Arctic night, and the battering of ice-rams.

They are a large and still increasing company. Burly Martin Frobisher is one of the earliest rash ones. And Sir Humphrey Gilbert, of whose gallant figure sitting abaft on his derelict frigate, the records give us a moving glimpse: a man and a Christian at the moment of failure, for his last stimulating words to his dismayed sailors echo yet: "Courage, my lads! we are as near to heaven by sea as by land." And Henry Hudson, who suffered disaster from mutiny; and William Baffin, whose name was given to the great northern bay; and Sir Edward Parry, of four perilous and persevering ventures; and Sir John Ross; and Sir John Franklin and his companions, whose mysterious fate deeply impressed the popular mind, and made Polar adventure the subject even of cottage talk; and Sir Leopold McClintock, and the other leaders of Franklin search expeditions.

It reads like a catalogue, bare and incomplete. But to it must be added Dr. Kane, who sailed from New York; and Dr. Hayes, also an American; and Lieutenant Long, of the *Jeannette*, Mr. James Gordon Bennett's unfortunate venture; and Mr. Leigh Smith; and Sir George Nares and his colleagues, sent out by the British Government; and Professor Nordenskjöld, who managed in the *Vega* to

navigate the North-east Passage, and to return to tell the tale.

Success has here and there been attained, and especially in aims aside of the one great lure that has led so many brave voyagers into the northern darkness. But the close-cherished riddle of those bleak seas is unread yet, and assuredly it is not because their hopes were translated into accomplished facts that this endless line of heroes is extolled. The narrative of their deeds is read and re-read for its inspiring influence on sluggish lives, for its help in the kindling of young manhood, for its romance of splendid endeavour.

The blood runs faster through the veins as the intrepid conduct of a Lieutenant Greely is reviewed, and as imagination brings up the scene. On a far-off desert of ice, face to face with starvation, all avenues of either escape or relief blocked, there yet remained patient endurance and the daily effort to hold despair down. All the men were story-tellers by turn, and marvellous yarns they spun. The leader lectured, his subjects taken from a varied programme, scientific to-day, historical to-morrow, then political or religious. There was a perpetual discussion class, and bits of curious lore were pieced together in each man's memory like a mosaic. Sometimes, for lighter fare, they wrote out tasty dishes, to be ordered when home was reached. It was beautiful, brave, pathetic; it brings a mist before the eyes.

There is always pathos as well as conspicuous courage and the sway of character in these vignettes of strenuous effort. The element comes, perhaps, more fully out when the activity of the worker is displayed in a different arena. The honour gained is as real and as large.

Reformers of their age have not invariably succeeded in the task to which they put their hands, though now a halo of reverence surrounds their name. Fra Girolamo Savonarola is an outstanding case in point. The Florentine monk was intensely in earnest, and would have purified State and commonalty. But he practically failed. Not only was his life a sacrifice in the cause of righteousness as he saw it—many martyrs have triumphed by the stake or the cord—but when Savonarola was burnt on a May morning in the Great Piazza, his mastery of his neighbours' actions was already a thing of the past; and soon it would have been hard to trace his influence anywhere amongst the gay crowds of Florence. His spell was broken. Where he had once ruled the daily lives of thousands he seemed forgotten.

But Savonarola's name rests securely on his prodigious attempt, and not on his dubious achievement. Splendid endeavour has made him one of the greatest of the later medieval figures. His preaching was a portent; and not less his stern strife with powers in the long run too strong for him. The hero of those stirring days secures notice and admiration; the failing, discomfited reformer, drawn in "Romola" by George Eliot's pen, asks for pity not unmixed with affection.

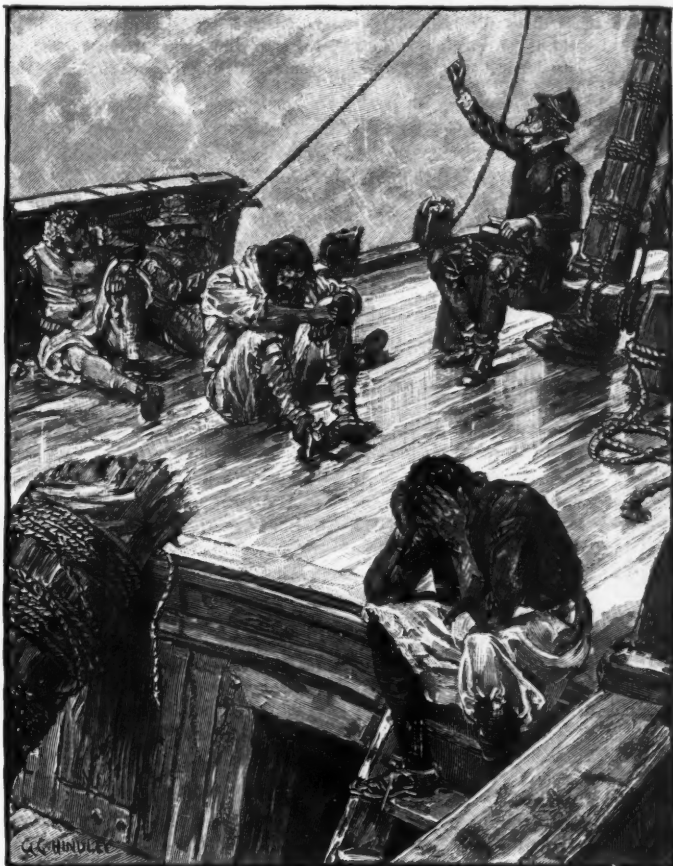
The same distinguishing sign is upon many modern careers in art, in literature, and in the whirl of nineteenth-century industry and commerce. It does



not follow because praise waits at last upon a sturdy toiler that he has done what he intended with his energies, or that he has always escaped a final and overwhelming discouragement.

The extraordinary life-project of Henry Thomas Buckle was a monumental "History of Civilization in

Very fine are the words used in this connection by Dr. J. G. Holland. Writing of Mr. Bowles, an American journalist, after his friend's death, he said: "As I think of my old associate, and the earnest exhausting work he was doing when I was with him, he seems to me like a great golden vessel, rich in colour and



"Courage, my lads! we are as near to heaven by sea as by land."—p. 932.

Europe." But he got no further than the introduction: in itself a sensation for the world of readers, by reason of its novel speculation and wonderful learning. The historian died of fever at Damascus, and the sharp pang at his heart was that of failure. His work was unfinished—fragmentary. "My book! My book!" he wailed. Yet, if Buckle sought renown, he reached it. The proof of his skill, his insight, and his passion for knowledge, had been given; and the observer and the student saw more beyond. They realised the cost of such a beginning. The tribute of fame was paid to the magic of stupendous effort.

Such endeavour is the pouring out of the best wine of manhood without stint, without considering the gift.

roughly embossed, filled with the elixir of life, which he poured out for the consumption of this people." The career of Bowles was one of costly and unflagging effort, and his work, terrible in its drain upon him, was, nevertheless, his one satisfying joy.

Many names occur of recent illustrations of honour's recompense falling less to a clearly defined triumph than to splendid endeavour. John Ericsson succeeded with the *Monitor* and with similar inventions in America; but perhaps not the least of his claims to remembrance is the long and weary struggle that went before—a struggle to obtain recognition and practical assistance for his schemes in England. He ran George Stephenson close for the fame of the

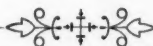
first successful steam locomotive. He was a man of boundless effort, undismayed by defeat. The same words can be used of Robert Browning, a poet who slowly came to his own; of Thorwaldsen, the sculptor; and of Michelet, the historian. The story of their gallant effort is precious to the world.

Only a year or two ago Christian missions lost a leader of this high and constraining type. James Gilmour, of Mongolia, may have dreamed of ripe sheaves gathered in. He did not survive to see them. When he laid his stewardship down it may be doubted

if he had half a dozen native converts, after many years of devoted toil. But his life was one of magnificent Christian endeavour, and the fruit of that hard sowing and sparse reaping is still to be seen. It may come in new workers kindled in love and purpose at the fire of his example. The sacrifice is not lost.

Good work may fail of its first end, but not of result. It is much to have attempted well; defeat may be borne with the equanimity, not of the Stoic, but of the man who knows that true endeavour is an educational, uplifting force. Triumph is not the only reward.

W. J. LACEY.



## SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

### INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

OCTOBER 21ST. A SABBATH IN CAPERNAUM.

To read—*St. Mark i. 21—34. Golden Text—verse 22.*



**INTRODUCTION.** Christ is still in Galilee. On the Sabbath day He always attended the Jewish synagogues. On other days He went about teaching and healing, and training His disciples. To-day's lesson finds Him at Capernaum.

**I. A SABBATH SERVICE.** (21—28.) Where?

At Capernaum, on west side of the Sea of Galilee. Called Christ's "own city," because He stayed long there, probably at St. Peter's house.

Was much favoured—the scene of many miracles. Received much teaching—parables and discourses. Afterwards condemned because it did not repent. Now Christ is present at a service in the synagogue. Psalms recited or sung—Law and Prophets read.

(Acts xiii. 15.)

Christ invited to teach (as at Nazareth). (St. Luke iv. 17.)

Expounds with authority as a Jewish Rabbi.

Service suddenly interrupted—man in a fit.

Possessed of an evil (unclean) spirit—screams out.

Believes in Christ's power; trembles. (James ii. 19.)

Has Jesus come to destroy them? No! only their works, being works of the devil. (1 John iii. 8.)

So Christ bade evil spirit leave this man in peace.

No wonder all amazed. A new and strange power.

Evil spirits have found their Master, and obey Him.

**LESSON.** Jesus Christ still the same in power.

Other evil spirits abound—envy, pride, self-will.

He can cast them out. Will we not seek His help?

**II. A SABBATH EVENING.** (29—34.) Service over.

Christ and four apostles enter St. Peter's house.

They went to seek needed rest and refreshment.

What do they find? The mistress of the house ill.

She is down with fever—common then as now.

Christ told of her illness—at once goes to her room.

He has cured evil spirit—can cure evil disease.

All sickness and suffering the result of man's sin.

But all power is given Him in earth and heaven.

How does He heal her? Is not afraid of infection.

He touches her, takes her by the hand, lifts her up.

The fever immediately departs—she is cured.

At once resumes her place as head of the house.

Shows gratitude by ministering to Christ's needs.

The news spreads. Many sick are brought to Him.

Those diseased in body, mind, and soul.

Christ heals all alike, but does not allow the devils to say that they know Him. He bids them be still.

**LESSONS.** 1. For this cause was the Son of God manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil.

2. "What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits unto me?"

OCTOBER 28TH. A PARALYTIC HEALED.

To read—*St. Mark ii. 1—12. Golden Text—verse 10.*

**INTRODUCTION.** To make this lesson clear, a model, or at least a picture, of an Eastern house should be shown. Point out how the house was built in a square, with a courtyard inside. The front to the street a blank wall, with a low door of entrance. The roof flat, and formed by layers of branches, twigs, matting and earth laid over the flat rafters and trodden down. An outer staircase connects the roof with the ground.

Christ was still travelling through Galilee, visiting numerous towns and villages. Now visits Capernaum again.

**I. THE PARALYTIC BROUGHT.** (1—4.) Notice: The place—Capernaum. The house—i.e. St. Peter's. The crowd. What had brought them together?

Perhaps the fame of Christ's great miracles.

Perhaps a longing to hear His "gracious words."

He seized the opportunity to preach "the word."  
What word? Perhaps "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

Perhaps "God so loved the world." (St. John iii. 16.)  
Now a litter is seen approaching. What is it?  
A paralytic, carried on mattress by four friends.  
Crowd too great to get in. What can they do?

Pass up outer staircase, take off part of roof, let the man down by ropes to the room where Christ is.  
Notice:

1. Their *faith* in Christ's power and willingness to heal.
2. Their *earnestness*—in overcoming all difficulties.
3. Their *reward*—their friend shall be healed.

II. THE PARALYTIC HEALED. (5—12.) *The man.*  
Had two parts diseased: his soul and his body.  
The soul by sin—the body by paralysis.

Which was healed first? Soul—most important.  
Christ knew his state, his sorrow, his desire for pardon. Therefore cheered and forgave him at once.  
*The Scribes.* What did they think in their hearts?  
Christ knew their thoughts as much as paralytic's.  
Answered by a question—"Which is easier to say, Thy sins forgiven, or Arise and walk?"

The former—because not see if result followed.  
But He showed He had right to say and do both.  
He healed the man by the Divine power of God.  
Therefore had power also to forgive his sins.  
All could see at once that the man was cured.  
He took up his bed, walked, returned to his home.  
*The crowd.* Amazed, rejoiced, and glorified God.

LESSONS. 1. *The friends.* Teach care for sick.  
2. *The man.* Earnestness in seeking salvation.  
What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

3. *Christ.* Shows His nature as God and man.  
As God—knew thoughts, healed disease, forgave sin.

As man—gave sympathy, love, and help.  
4. *The crowd.* Praised God, from whom all blessings flow.

#### NOVEMBER 4. JESUS LORD OF THE SABBATH.

To read—*St. Mark ii. 23—iii. 5.* Golden Text—*ii. 28.*

INTRODUCTION. After healing the paralytic, Christ taught by the sea-shore. Found Matthew the publican, and called him to be a disciple. Then sat at meat in his house, with many publicans and sinners. The Pharisees were surprised at His mixing with ungodly persons, but Christ told how He came to call sinners to repentance. In to-day's lesson shall see another lesson Christ taught the Pharisees as to the keeping of the Sabbath day.

I. WORKS OF NECESSITY. (23—28.) *The story.*  
*The time.* The morning of the Sabbath day.

Christ and His disciples walk through corn-fields. They, being hungry, gather and eat some corn.  
This allowed by Law of Moses. (Deut. xxiii. 24, 25.)

Now condemned by Pharisees as breaking the Sabbath, did work on that day.

Christ shows from Scriptures how necessity overrides law.

David, pressed by hunger, ate hallowed shewbread. Only allowed to be eaten by priests. (1 Sam. xxi. 6; Ex. xxix. 32.)

Also priests do needful work in the Temple. (St. Matt. xii. 5.)

Therefore works of necessity may be done.  
Sabbath made for man's use, rest, and refreshment. Also for regular weekly time for worship of God. Meant as a privilege and blessing, not as a burden. Son of Man, who ordained it, may relax its rules. Man's good is to be preferred to slavish obedience to outward ordinances.

LESSON. "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice."

II. WORKS OF MERCY. (iii. 1—5.) Another Sabbath.

Christ's enemies watched Him in cornfields. Now they watch Him again in synagogue. Christ notices a man with a withered hand. Bids him stand forth in the midst before all. Has silenced Pharisees as to works of necessity. Questions them as to works of mercy on Sabbath. To heal is to do good—not to do so is to do evil. They are silent. Christ looks round in anger. Why? He is angry at their sin—showing unholy temper. He is grieved with them for their hard hearts.

He also (St. Matt. xii. 11) asks what they would do if a sheep fell into a pit. A man is better than a sheep.

Then He bids the man put forth his hand. He believes, tries, finds power to do so come back. His hand is restored whole as the other.

Therefore works of mercy may be done on Sabbath.  
LESSONS. What may be done on the Sabbath?

1. Food prepared and eaten. (Ex. xii. 16.)
2. A quiet walk with friends, as Christ and disciples.

3. Worship in God's house.
4. Works absolutely necessary for ourselves.
5. Works of kindness and love for others.

But, in all, "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

#### NOVEMBER 11. THE TWELVE CHOSEN.

To read—*St. Mark iii. 6—19.* Golden Text—*St. John xv. 16.*

INTRODUCTION. The Pharisees, baffled by Christ's answers about the Sabbath, take counsel with the Herodians—partisans of Herod, the Tetrarch, or Governor, of Galilee—how to destroy Jesus. But His hour was not yet come. He had work still to do—a Church to establish, apostles to train, etc.

I. VARIOUS MIRACLES. (6—12.) What a contrast! Pharisees and Herodians plan how to kill Christ. Multitudes crowd around to hear Him and see Him. Where did they all come from?

Jerusalem, the capital, sent its well-to-do citizens. Idumæa, in the south, its wandering Edomites. Beyond Jordan, on the East, came men of Peræa.

Tyre and Sidon, in the north, sent Gentile Canaanites.

What brought them all together?

Fame of miracles, healing all manner of sickness.

Fame of His gracious words—never man so spake.

They crushed round Christ, preventing His addressing them.

So a boat is chartered that He may preach from it (St. Luke v. 2–3), the people sitting on the shore.

Sickness of body yields to His almighty power.

Unclean spirits own Him as the Son of God.

LESSONS. 1. "No weapon formed against Thee shall prosper."

2. "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden: and I will give you rest."

II. APOSTLES CALLED. (13–19.) Notice:

Christ went up into a mountain. Why?

He continued all night in prayer. (St. Luke vi. 12.)

Thus prepared for the choice of the apostles.

They had already been disciples or learners.

Now to be apostles ("sent out")—missionaries.

They were to preach to all nations the Gospel.

They received new and great power for their work.

Were able to heal the sick and cast out devils.

Notice the names, surnames, and order:—

Simon, called Peter, or "stone," and Andrew his brother.

James and John—"Boanerges," because of fiery nature.

Philip and Bartholomew or Nathanael. (St. John i. 45.)

Matthew, a publican; Thomas, or Didymus ("the twin").

James the Less, and Thaddæus (or Jude) brother of James.

Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot (or "man Kerioth"), the traitor, always placed last.

Three pairs of brothers and one of friends.

All had same calling, training, knowledge of Christ.

All called to do the same work for their Master.

All watched over and prayed for by Christ.

All lived with Him till His crucifixion.

LESSONS. 1. "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel."

2. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"



## DANIEL AND THE DEN OF LIONS.

WHAT MUST IT HAVE BEEN?

BY SURGEON-GENERAL R. F. HUTCHINSON, M.D.



W<sup>R</sup>ITERS, prose and poetic, and artists, have, in all ages, devoted their pens or brushes to this wonderful theme, and it is strange how their imaginations have run riot in describing or depicting the surroundings of this great miracle. Thus, I have before me the photograph of a picture representing Daniel standing on the rugged floor of a stalactitic cave, and surrounded by five lions, one of which, with Daniel, is gazing at an illumined rift in the right-hand top of the cave, through which, presumably, the "lamentable voice" of Darius is passing into this "antre vaste and wilde." It is strange, moreover, that Daniel and the lions make no attempt to walk out at the mouth of the cave into which you are gazing.

Now, it is evident from the alluvial surroundings of Babylon, e.g., "The plain of Dura" (Dan. iii. 1), that a natural cave or den could not have existed in the immediate vicinity of the royal palace, as required by the sacred narrative. Moreover, the word used by the LXX. wholly contraindicates the idea of a natural cavern; they read here "ton lakkon ton leonton"—lakkos meaning any hollow, a hole, pit, cistern, tank, cellar, storehouse. Further, we are told: "so Daniel was taken up out of the den" (vi. 23); this could not have been out of a cavern (from which he would have had only to walk out easily), but "out of the den" in the royal menagerie.

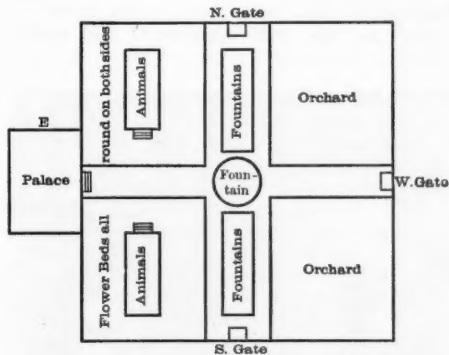
What then may, nay, must have been the true character of this "den of lions"? During a service of thirty-four years in the Bengal Presidency, I have seen a great deal of all parts of India, and these dens by the score, the lion being represented by the royal Bengal tiger. But on the Bombay side the Guzerat lion (*Felis Gonzvattensis*) takes the place of the Bengal feline in the menageries of the nobles; and it has this peculiarity, which distinguishes it from the African species—it possesses a bare, cartilaginous termination to the end of its tail, which I have seen and handled.

The natives declare that the lion can convert this cartilaginous termination into a hook wherewith to scratch itself! This assertion must be taken *cum grano*. When, years ago, Layard published the result of his Assyrian excavations, a cry of incredulity was raised at the so-called claws in the ends of the lions' tails, the existence of which is now fully recognised; and, as just noted, I have seen and handled it, and its difference from the tuft of hair in the African lion is at once apparent.

Return we now to "the den of lions;" every prince, noble, or rich man in India has a paradise (*fāradūs*), more or less pretentious, attached to his palace, which, in addition to its cypress avenue, groves of choice mangoes (*Mangifera Indica*), and litchis (*Nephelium Litchi*), and plantains (*Musa Paradisiaca*)—"the tree of life" of Scripture—has, almost always, a menagerie of some sort in it; the Royal Bengal Tiger (*Tigris regalis*) being generally present, single or in pairs.



Reverting to the history of our own kingdom, it will be remembered that royalty long centred in our venerable Tower of London, which, before the removal of its menagerie to the Zoological Gardens, sheltered as well the British lion. Further, we know that our royal standard exhibits in its left upper and right lower compartments the six lions of England, yellow on a scarlet ground; in its left lower compartment, yellow on a blue ground, the harp of Ireland; and in the right upper corner, the red rampant lion of Scotland, upon a yellow ground, and inside (as it were) a double red-barred cage. On the authority of the late Charlotte Elizabeth, in



GROUND PLAN OF AN INDIAN PALACE COURTYARD.

her charming work "Judah's Lion," this lion is supposed to represent our blessed Lord as "The Lion of the tribe of Judah." (Rev. v. 5.)

Let us revert to our typical paradise as seen in India. Entering the Sublime Porte (S. on the plan), guarded by a rag-tag native guard, who fall in and present arms in curious fashion, you quickly meet the lower end of a long, nozzle-fountain tank, bordered on each side by cypresses; perhaps five hundred yards up, the tank is succeeded by a basin fountain, and that, again, by a nozzle tank running up to the northern gate. The palace stands, say, on the eastern face of the enclosure, with an entrance into it; on each side of the path are the dens. These are all of the same height, and on a three to four feet plinth; their roof is about twenty feet above the ground, and, built of stout masonry, forms a spacious promenade, reached by masonry steps at either end, and adorned with flowering shrubs in large earthen or half-cask pots. The dens are faced with one- to one-and-a-half-inch iron rods, about

three inches apart from one another, and may be fifteen feet high above the plinth, which is often arched for free ventilation below.

The animals, muffled in sacks, are almost invariably lowered through a locked trapdoor in the roof above, three feet square, and flush with the roof, through which the food of the animals is passed.

This trap, being flush with the flat roof, can easily be locked, or, as in the narrative, sealed as well with the signet ring (*daktulios*, LXX.) of the king and his lords (*megistanōn*, nobles, LXX.).

Such was the den into which the faithful Daniel was lowered in the evening, and left to his fate, and the parting words of the heathen king were as full of faith as was the non-resistance of Daniel—

"Thy God whom thou servest continually,  
He will deliver thee."

Reluctantly

"The king went to his palace,  
And passed the night fasting:  
Neither were instruments of music brought before him:  
And his sleep went from him."

Anticipating the dawn,

"The king arose very early in the morning,  
And went in haste unto the den of lions,"

and finds all dark and silent; in an agony of anxiety he cries out with a "lamentable voice" (vi. 20) ("shouted with a strong voice," LXX.)—

"O Daniel, servant of the living God,  
Is thy God, whom thou servest continually,  
Able to deliver thee from the lions?"

Immediately the welcome reply in the affirmative reaches the king's ears through the gloom, and quickly he commands the lifting up of Daniel through the trap by two rope slings, one under each arm, and the miraculous non-interference of the lions continues until Daniel is landed safe on the roof, and then the trap is closed, to be reopened shortly for a more fearful tragedy, involving the two presidents (*taktikos*, LXX., Dan. vi. 2) and the satraps, and their innocent wives and children, and, one by one, all are dropped into the den:—

"And the lions had the mastery of them,  
And brake all their bones in pieces  
Or ever they came at the bottom of the den."

That is, the hungry lions, springing up, would seize and maul each individual, as he or she passed through the fatal trap, and then devour at leisure.

The cries of the victims must have reached the ears of Darius the Mede in his palace. I do not think Daniel was aware of the execution, or he would have interceded at once for the innocent women and children.



## A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING COUSIN.

BY MARGARET S. FAILL.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## RACHEL'S SUCCESSES.

**I**T was Saturday afternoon, and Jack, who had arrived by the boat, was walking up the glen with his two sisters. Rachel was smiling and animated. "It was so nice to have a brother," she remarked; but Ruth, who was suffering from the loss of one, was abstracted and silent. Jack suggested that they should strike through the fields and go home by the river, as Rachel had never been by that way yet.

They had barely reached the tree-covered banks when Ruth started slightly on hearing voices approaching. Instinctively she guessed to whom they belonged, and the next minute Mr. Matthew and Gordon appeared.

The eye of the former fell on Ruth at once, and for one dreadful moment the girl wondered if he really meant to cut her dead before them all. In reality, however, the artist did not hesitate. He lifted his hat, and held out his hand instantly.

"How do you do?" he said, in rather a low tone; but the grasp of his hand was quite like old times. "We were going up to see you."

The sudden relief from her apprehension brought a rush of colour into Ruth's face, but she managed to respond without otherwise betraying her feelings. The greetings of the others and the introduction of Rachel covered any awkwardness which might have been apparent; and then the whole party strolled along the river-bank together.

Rachel's lively chatter made it unnecessary for anyone else to speak much; but when they reached a shallow part of the river, where the trees grew so close to the edge that there was no way of proceeding but by the stones in the stream, the group was obliged to break up. Ruth jumped on to an insecure-looking stone, and from thence to one more steady, with the ease and agility of custom; but Rachel stood on the bank, regarding the water apprehensively.

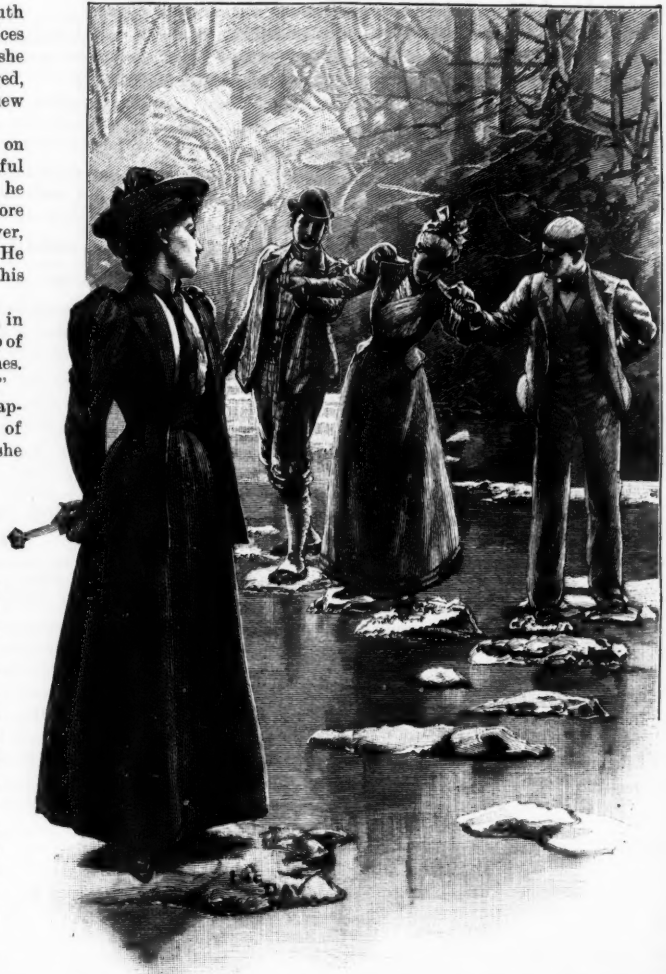
"Oh, Jack, help me!" she cried, as her brother was preparing to stride on. "I never could get out there alone."

Jack turned back, and held out his hand indulgently. "It is quite easy," he said. "See, the stones are perfectly firm."

Still Rachel hesitated. She put one little hand in her brother's, but did not offer to jump.

"Suppose my foot should slip?" she suggested fearfully.

"Let me take your other hand," said Gordon



"Rachel, thus supported, consented to brave the dangers of the stream."—p. 939.

eagerly, offering his; and then Rachel, thus supported, consented to leave the bank and brave the dangers of the stream.

Mr. Matthew, who had already started, turned to point out which were the steadiest stones, so that Ruth, from a good way in advance, glancing over her shoulder to see what had become of everybody, got a full view of the little group. Rachel was clinging to the sustaining hands which were carefully guiding her, while Mr. Matthew indicated the safest route. The three men were all smiling indulgently, and reassuring Rachel, who emitted little frightened exclamations.

It struck Ruth that they all looked rather silly; and surely Rachel was making a ridiculous fuss about crossing shallow water!—which could not have covered more than her ankles, even if she had stepped in.

"Are you quite sure that you tried this stone?" she was calling to the artist: "it looks so slippery.—Oh, Mr. Gordon, hold my hand tightly, or I shall fall."

But it made Ruth feel lonely to see how completely they had forgotten her. More than ever she missed Lance, who might have been counted upon to be at her side although all the others deserted her.

When Rachel and her attendant cavaliers at last reached the bank, the former declared that she was thankful to be on firm ground again, and that nothing would tempt her to repeat the same journey.

They all went up to the house together, and Mrs. Lennox invited the two men to wait for tea—to Rachel's unconcealed satisfaction. It slightly irritated Ruth to see how delighted her sister was at the prospect of their society. The young lady even took more pains with her toilet than usual—if that was possible. She picked up a box of soft white feathers, and knotting it loosely in front, surveyed the effect in the mirror.

"I don't really need it," she explained to Ruth, "but as I'm half an invalid yet, I'll wear it. It relieves this horrid black, you see."

Down-stairs in the evening it was the same as it had been in the afternoon; Rachel made herself the centre of everything. She looked wonderfully pretty, with her sparkling eyes and smiling lips, from which issued such gay laughter and saucy speeches.

"You might play something, Rachel," her aunt said, after some time.

"Oh, not yet, auntie—ask Ruth," returned Rachel, who was talking to Gordon at the moment.

"Nonsense!" declared the old lady energetically. "You know that you are fond of playing. Why don't you do it without needing persuasion?"

"Well, auntie, you don't leave anybody time to persuade me," Rachel said, rising with a little pout, which was, however, clearly put on.

She sat down willingly enough on the piano-stool which the artist pulled out for her, and, running her fingers over the keys, she dashed off a brilliant waltz. She played beautifully: everyone sat still and listened; and when she had finished, Mr. Matthew went over to the piano to ask if she could play something from one of his favourite operas. It appeared that she could, and soon the room was filled with melody. Gradually

the three men gathered round the piano—even Jack, who had never before been known to care for music, asked Rachel to play something which he especially fancied.

It seemed as if she could play anything. She acceded to first one request, and then another, her pretty white fingers, with their sparkling rings, skimming over the notes, to the great wonder and admiration of Katie, who had joined the admiring circle.

Ruth sat apart on the distant sofa, undergoing a new experience. She was not accustomed to be thus left alone. Formerly she had been first with these same people, who now seemed totally to forget her. She could appreciate poor Katie's feeling which had made her remark that she did not like to walk with Rachel. Surely this could not be unworthy jealousy? Hitherto Ruth had never suffered from this tormenting pain.

Just then Rachel, who was preparing to sing a duet with Mr. Matthew—the only musical one among the men—looked over her shoulder at Miss Douglas.

"You know who sings 'Don Giovanni' so well, auntie?" she said, with a smile.

"I suppose he does," Miss Douglas returned; "but then, you think he sings everything well."

"So he does," Rachel declared, beginning to play again.

They meant Archie: Ruth was sure of it—he sang beautifully.

And so he sang duets with Rachel! If he were here, he too would be hanging over the piano; and by the sudden pang which this thought gave her, Ruth could no longer disguise her feeling from herself—it was jealousy. All the others might go, if only Archie could be left. But she was ashamed of this feeling, and tried to fight against it. She could sympathise now with Mr. Matthew's anger, which had made him accuse her of loving someone else. Her own suffering, which was something similar, enabled her to see how much he had been a subject for pity. She bent over her work, with tears not far from her eyes, and did not notice that one of the group had left the piano, and was approaching her. The song was over, but the music kept rippling on, with no meaning now to Ruth's ears.

It was with a sudden start that she looked up as a shadow fell between her and the light, and a voice addressed her.

It was Mr. Matthew who stood in front of her.

"I am afraid we have been very selfish," he was saying, in a low tone. "All this music and noise seems like forgetting poor Lance."

"Oh, it is I who am selfish," Ruth said hurriedly, brushing away a tear. "I can't expect people to mourn for ever." Mr. Matthew sat down on the sofa beside her, but for a minute he said nothing. At last, with apparently an effort, he began—

"Miss Ruth, I wonder if I may ask your pardon?"

"My pardon!" Ruth said hastily. "Oh, Mr. Matthew, I ought to ask yours. I have been so sorry ever since."

"We made a mistake," the artist assented sadly; "but I was too hard and unforgiving—even that

Saturday morning I saw Lance start in the boat, but would not notice him, because of my quarrel with you. When I came to that poor boy's funeral I felt ashamed to think of my conduct, and realised that life is too short to harbour such bitter, unforgiving feelings."

His voice expressed deep contrition; and Ruth, looking at him, seemed to see her old friend again, whom she thought she had lost for ever.

"Mr. Matthew," she said impulsively, holding out her hand, "let us say no more about it. We are friends now, and have forgiven one another."

The artist took the offered hand, and held it for a few minutes in a warm clasp.

"Yes," he said, looking at the girl half sadly—"always friends, after this. Let us forgive and forget."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A FAMILY PARTY.

RACHEL'S expected visitor, who proved to be Major Webster, had come and gone. He had promised to return this afternoon to take the girls for a drive, and Ruth was hurrying home in order to be in time. She had rather liked the little major, who was very clearly in love with her sister. Some words of his, however, which she had accidentally overheard, haunted her memory unpleasantly. She had been passing Miss Douglas and Major Webster, who were deep in conversation, when the latter said quite distinctly, apparently in answer to a question: "Yes, Douglas was staying with me last autumn; but I'm sorry to say the poor fellow didn't behave any better. I'm afraid it will come to—" But Ruth had resolutely shut the door, and heard no more. This was quite sufficient, though. It corroborated too distinctly the former tale she had heard.

She was thinking of this as she hurried home from the farm, and entered by the back door, which was the quickest way. A hum of voices, amongst which a masculine tone was discernible, proceeded from the parlour, and proclaimed to Ruth that the visitor had arrived—not the expected visitor, though, she discovered at once. The figure which she beheld through the half-open door was a tall one. It was Archie Douglas, who stood bending his head, with a smile, to listen to what some unseen occupant of the room was saying. The sun streamed in through the window and shone on his fair curly hair and bright face, while Rachel's voice, in its gayest tones, was distinctly audible. The moment had come at last when Ruth could see those two together; but a strange unwillingness to witness any more took possession of her. But she could not stand at the door looking in. She might be seen; so, after a scarcely perceptible pause, and with a beating heart, she entered the room. Archie looked up at once, and saw her. He came forward quickly, holding out his hand.

"How do you do, Cousin Ruth?" he said. "You see, I am back again, as I told you. Did you expect me so soon?"

Ruth did not know what answer she made, or whether she was blushing, or behaving naturally.

"What!" she heard Miss Douglas's voice exclaim, breaking sharply through her momentary confusion, "did Ruth know you were coming? She never said a word about it to any of us."

"Perhaps she didn't think I should come," said the young man, still looking at the girl. "I'm afraid she doesn't always trust to my word."

"I didn't know when to expect you," Ruth murmured, moving away to a seat.

"And so it is 'Cousin Ruth,' but not 'Cousin Rachel,'" said Miss Douglas, still with the same note of sharpness in her voice. "How does that happen?"

"Well, Aunt Douglas, I think you have informed me that Rachel was *not* my cousin," said the young man gravely. "As for Ruth"—and his lips broke into a smile again—"I introduced myself as a cousin at once, as she had never heard of me. It made me so much more welcome; and since then no one has ever shown any desire to repudiate me."

As he spoke, he looked, with a half-mischievous twinkle in his eyes, into the clouded face of the old lady, who, on her part, showed a momentary embarrassment; and then said hastily—"Ah, I don't doubt that you consider they are honoured by having such a fine young man as yourself for a relation. Perhaps if they knew you as well as I do their opinion might be different. I have a few words to say to you, my young gentleman."

"Is it about any recent offence?" Archie asked, with a shade of anxiety in his tone; "or is it an old story?"

"Your own guilty conscience can tell you," Miss Douglas replied, giving him a sharp look. "If you had been behaving well lately, you wouldn't ask."

"Then it isn't new?" he said, with evident relief. "I was only going to point out," he went on politely, "that unless it was a *very* recent sin, I am sure you must have spoken about it before. I can't remember any you ever omitted. I know you have always done your duty by such a thankless subject as myself"—and his eyes gleamed with suppressed merriment. "But"—and he approached the old lady with a coaxing face, and changed his tone to a persuasive one—"must it be an open court-martial? Won't a private admonition do instead?"

Miss Douglas looked up into the face of this engaging sinner, but evidently found herself unable to resist him, for her lips relaxed into a half-unwilling smile. Rachel jumped up and ran to her aunt, throwing a caressing arm about her neck.

"Now, auntie," she cried, "you mustn't begin to scold him the minute he arrives. I won't allow you to be so cross."

"Ah!" said Archie, "now I am safe, for you never refuse my advocate anything."

Ruth looked quickly at Rachel as she hung over her aunt's chair, looking prettier than she had ever done before. Her whole face shone with a soft radiance, which it certainly had not done for Major Webster. This could have but one meaning. Ruth felt a tightening at her heart as she turned her eyes in Archie's direction, to see if her fears would be confirmed. The young man was seating himself, with the smile still hovering on his lips; but before Ruth



could observe anything farther, the door opened, and Major Webster was shown into the room.

"Hulloa, Webster!" said Archie, when it came to his turn to greet his brother-officer. "What brings you to these regions?"

"Well, Douglas," returned the other, "I didn't expect to find you here;" and they eyed one another for a minute in silence, when Archie burst out laughing.

"I had to run over here on business," Major Webster declared hastily; "but what brings you?"

"Now, Ruth"—and he turned expectantly to her—"haven't you a remark to contribute too?"

"What is the use?" she asked, with a slight smile. "The treat is so obvious."

"I call that very ambiguous," Archie declared, shaking his head. "I shall ask for an explanation later on.—But what's the matter with you, Webster, old fellow? You look as if you had something on your mind. Is it a bouquet outside? Have it in, and don't mind me."



"Even took more pains than usual with her toilet."—p. 339.

"I might say business too," Archie said meaningly; "but we needn't give the same excuse for the same—hem!" and he coughed and interrupted himself. "No; I am here on pleasure," he went on. "I'm used up, and require change of air."

"Ah!" said his friend, regarding him with some suspicion; "you look pretty well."

"Well, the truth is," Archie went on undauntedly, "I came to visit my relatives, and give them a treat." And he looked blandly round, as if for confirmation of his words.

"We are always pleased to see you," Mrs. Lennox murmured.

"Oh, what conceit!" cried Rachel. "What fishing for compliments!"

"You are a nice, modest young man, to be sure!" said Miss Douglas; "and we ought to be grateful to you for your treat;" but she smiled as she spoke, for it was impossible to take offence at Archie's manner.

One would have thought that Archie was the superior officer of the two, from the way in which he patronised the other, and remained master of the situation. Ruth wondered, with slight amusement, if he always managed to carry things before him in this easy fashion. But the major roused up at this chaffing.

"No," he replied; "I have left something larger than a bouquet outside; it is my horse and trap. The young ladies kindly promised to come for a drive—not expecting your arrival, I suppose."

"Hulloa! your horse and trap!" exclaimed Archie. "Then your business is on this side of the loch? I thought you were over at your own place;" and he gave the other man an amused look. "I suppose," he added, "there isn't a seat for me, as nobody invites me?"

"There are four places," began the owner of the dog-cart; but at this, poor Katie, who had been listening anxiously, started up hurriedly.

"Oh, but I was going!" she exclaimed. "Rachel said I might."

"Well, that's settled, then," said Archie, putting out his hand and drawing the little girl to him. "Don't be afraid, Katie; I wouldn't for the world be so selfish as to take your place now;" and with an arm round Katie, he looked over at the sofa where the other girls sat. "Does anyone wish to stay at home with me?"

He asked the question most invitingly, and looked so smiling and handsome that perhaps both girls in their hearts would have liked to wait; yet neither spoke. Which of them did he wish? Ruth wondered. She knew very well that the other man desired Rachel for his companion; but suppose Archie did also? But while she hesitated, Major Webster solved the difficulty.

"We might all go for a walk instead," he suggested good-naturedly. "I could take my horse to the nearest farm, and put him up there."

This proposal seemed to meet with general approval, and was agreed to at once.

"Now, if that isn't like Archie Douglas!" declared Miss Douglas emphatically. "No matter what the arrangements are, they are always changed to suit him. In all his life I don't believe he ever wanted anything without getting it."

"Perhaps I hold my tongue when I don't get my own way," suggested the young man; "and it is only the people who cry out who get any sympathy."

"Sympathy, indeed!" scoffed the old lady. "You are a likely person to require sympathy. In all my experience of you, you either took your own way or wheedled someone else into letting you have it. I'm sure I don't know what you have done to deserve such luck."

"Oh, you frighten me," said Archie, in mock alarm. "If I ever had any luck you'll chase it away by talking like that; and the next thing that will happen will be a crushing disappointment to me at the most important crisis in my life."

"Oh, I don't believe you're afraid," laughed Rachel, as they went out of the room.

It had indeed struck Ruth also that Archie was too confident. The other man seemed doubtful of himself at times, and occasionally regarded his junior with a shade of apprehension in his look; but Archie's ease and tranquillity were complete.

"Suppose you take Katie to the farm with you," he suggested, as Major Webster was unfastening his horse from the gate to which it was tied. "She has been disappointed of her drive; and we can stroll down after you."

So Katie—much to her delight—was lifted up, and the dog-cart drove off. Archie walked between the two sisters; but it was Rachel who had most to say.

"How was it that you didn't see Major Webster at the hotel?" she asked. "He is staying there just now."

"I didn't go to the hotel," Archie replied. "I came straight here from the boat, and sent my things there. May I be allowed to smoke a cigar?"

"Yes, of course," Rachel said pleasantly; "you know I like it."

"Perhaps Ruth doesn't," the young man said, as she did not speak.

"Oh yes, I do," Ruth replied, but feeling aware that her speech did not sound so gracious as Rachel's.

Something seemed to prevent her from saying pleasant things; and the gayer her sister was the more silent she became. They soon encountered Katie and Major Webster returning; and when they all set off on their walk, Ruth found that somehow or other this gentleman was her companion. It was clearly the fault of neither; yet there they were, and had to make the best of the arrangement. If the other pair had desired any private conversation together, they were in no better condition, as Katie elected to take hold of her cousin's hand, and nothing short of a plain dismissal could possibly have dislodged her. When the two men were taking their departure, about six o'clock in the evening, Archie approached Ruth, and spoke a few words in a low tone.

"At what hour do you go for the letters, Ruth?" he asked.

"Oh, at any hour," she replied. "We are very irregular."

"Shall you go to-morrow afternoon?" he suggested hurriedly; for Miss Douglas was looking over in his direction, and waiting to shake hands with him.

"Perhaps, I don't know," was all Ruth could say; and then he had to drop her hand and move on to the others.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### IN DISGRACE.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and although Ruth had received her letters, she seemed inclined to linger about the post-office. She accepted a seat which commanded a view of the village street, right up to the hotel door. She sat looking out for fully ten minutes; but the whole place might have been asleep for any sign of life that was visible.

Uninteresting as her post had been, Ruth rose from it at length, with some reluctance, and moved rather slowly down the street. When she reached the turn where her road branched off, she paused for a moment, and glanced once more behind her, when someone striding rapidly down the hill almost ran into her. She turned hastily, and found herself facing Archie. At the first glance she had time to observe that his face was clouded over, and his lips firmly set, as if in anger; but when he caught sight of her, he smiled and held out his hand.

"I beg your pardon, Ruth," he said, "for nearly knocking you down."

"Was I invisible, then?" Ruth asked, hoping her blush was not too apparent.

"You were round the corner, you know," he said; "but the truth is, I was in a bad temper, and wasn't looking where I was going. Couldn't you walk along the loch a little way with me? I wish to speak to you."

"Not about the bad temper, I hope?" Ruth said, completely recovering her composure as she noted his expression.

"Well, partly"—and a sudden gleam of fun shone momentarily through his clouded countenance. But it was only a flash, and vanished immediately. "Perhaps, though," he went on, "you won't have anything to do with me either, as I'm in disgrace."

"In disgrace?"

A chill feeling of apprehension seized on Ruth at this announcement, but Archie went on speaking.

"Confound Webster and his long tongue!" he burst out vigorously. "Why couldn't the fellow leave my affairs alone? But he must needs go talking about me."

"What did he say?" Ruth asked hurriedly.

"Then you haven't heard?" Archie said, turning round. "I thought Aunt Douglas would have proclaimed my misdemeanours at once."

"I haven't seen her since Major Webster called," Ruth said. "I left the house while he was in."

"Well, I suppose you are wondering what has put me into such a beastly bad temper?" and the young man's cane energetically dashed every unoffending stone out of the way, as if the exercise relieved his angry feelings; "but if you had been shown the door as I was, you might excuse me. To my mind it would put any fellow out."

Even in the midst of her excitement and fears, Ruth was seized with a sudden desire to laugh at these words. That Archie—*Archie*, who was always received with open arms—should be dismissed; the idea seemed too absurd to be true. He looked at her, and catching sight of the irrepressible mirth in her eyes, said reproachfully—

"Oh, Ruth! you are laughing at me. I call that unkind of you. It wasn't at all a pleasant experience, I assure you."

"I couldn't help it, Archie," Ruth said penitently, dropping her eyes, in which still lurked a smile. "I am sorry for you; but when you spoke in such a tone, it was too much for me. Won't you tell me all about it? and then I can sympathise."

"Let us go down here, then," he said; and slipping his hand through Ruth's arm, turned her steps in the direction of a little bay on the shore.

The trees grew down to the water's edge, and formed a sheltered nook, quite hidden from view of the road. The leaves were opening out into the tenderest green, while the grass at their feet was dotted with primroses and white anemones. It was an ideal spring day. Ruth sat down on a fallen tree, while Archie placed himself opposite to her.

"When I went up to your house this afternoon," he began, "I saw at once I was in for something, for Aunt Douglas didn't take the trouble even to be decently civil. I tried to be extra polite; but it was no use. She fell upon me almost immediately; and I knew that Webster had been wagging his tongue. The texts and epithets that were flung at my head ('good-for-nothing' was one of them) were quite wonderful. I couldn't get in a word for myself anyhow; so I thought I would wait until my aunt's breath gave out. However"—and he smiled grimly—"she was too clever for me, and took care to have the last word. When she had fully relieved her mind, she rose up, and said, 'Now, Archie Douglas, I wash

my hands of you'; and with that, she marched out of the room. Naturally, there was nothing left for me to do but to follow her example, so I took my departure—if I may so describe it, after being pretty well kicked out."

"Did you know what Miss Douglas meant?" Ruth asked, not much enlightened by Archie's tale. "What had Major Webster said?"

"That I thought of leaving the army, for one thing."

"Leaving the army!" and Ruth started. "Why?"

"That was what I have been wishing to tell you," Archie replied, in a slightly uncertain tone; "but Aunt Douglas has rather spoilt my story, and made me begin in the wrong place."

He stopped speaking, and vigorously poked a hole in the ground with his cane; and for several minutes there was no sound but the twitter of the birds and the gentle murmur of the water. What had become of Archie's self-confident ease? His eyes were on the ground, and he seemed to find some difficulty in speaking. Was he about to make his confession?

"I have made a bad start," he said at length, lifting his eyes, "and had intended to begin very differently; but I think you know, Ruth, what I am going to say."

Ruth shook her head; but suddenly, as she met the soft gleam of his blue eyes, the colour rushed into her face. It was not shame, but a very different emotion, which shone in the young man's glance. He rose and came over beside her. "Ruth"—and his voice was soft and tender—"I think you do know. You remember when I was here in winter I tried to tell you, but the artist prevented me. When I sang to you I thought you would understand. You knew that I loved you, and I hoped—Ruth," and his voice was very low, "is it Yes or No?"

His voice thrilled through her. He loved her, and had done so all along. Had she not, in truth, known it, as he said? She could not have told what answer she made, or what happened during the next few minutes. She was vaguely conscious of her happiness, and that Archie was holding her hand.

"I had almost despaired of telling you," he was saying. "Everything seemed to conspire against me; and last time I came you were in too much trouble about Lance for me to speak of other things. Even yesterday I had to ask Webster what he meant by walking off with you; and the fellow actually told me that I had walked off with Rachel. It was then that I told him about my hopes."

"Do you know, Archie," said Ruth, "I made the same mistake as Major Webster."

"What!" he exclaimed incredulously, "*you* thought that I came to see Rachel? What could possibly make you think that?"

"Several things," Ruth replied, and then stopped. She was not going to tell that her opinion had been helped by what her sister had said. "One reason was," she began again, "I accidentally heard somebody talking about you, and he said you were engaged—or almost engaged—to Rachel. Then"—and she hesitated slightly—"when you told Aunt Lennox that Rachel was much prettier than I am—"

"I never said so," interrupted Archie, "or thought it either," he declared emphatically. "Your aunt asked me if Rachel was good-looking, and I said somebody considered her the prettiest girl in England. I might have said two people—herself and her aunt."

"Oh, Archie!"

"Well, I shouldn't say so, perhaps; but you know it is true." Then he went on, after a pause: "And I suppose Aunt Douglas helped that opinion of yours, and expatiated on my extravagance at the same time?"

"Yes," Ruth assented; but she was not yet thoroughly reassured on the subject. "But surely," she persisted, "there was something in it!—some flirtation, at least?"

"Now, Ruth," he remonstrated, "you look as grave as if it were a serious affair. I don't say a word about that fellow Gordon, who's always hanging about you."

Ruth thought of Mr. Matthew, and blushed. Archie saw the blush, and smiled. "Oh, I'm not going to complain now," he said; "but if I ever flirted with Rachel—mind, I don't admit it—it was before I knew you. Since then, I give you my word, Ruth, I've thought only of you. Perhaps, though, as I don't know what Aunt Douglas has been saying, I had better explain all about it."

"You've heard of all the money which has been spent on me? No? Then I must begin at the beginning. When I was a youngster Aunt Douglas quarrelled with your father, and announced that I was to be her heir. I spent most of my time with her; and then she sent me to Rugby. It was over the holidays that she quarrelled with my mother, who naturally wished to have me at home occasionally. Aunt Douglas, however, objected, and said she must have the entire disposal of me, or none at all; so in the end I was packed off and Rachel sent for. This time she stipulated that not a creature was to have anything to do with Rachel but herself."

"Some time after, the quarrel was patched up, and Aunt Douglas still went on paying for my education (I certainly owe her that), and she intimated that I was to go into the army, and she would eventually do something for me. No doubt she was fond of me, and has been very kind in her own way—but everything must be exactly *her* way. Afterwards it occurred to her that Rachel and I might marry, and so keep all the money together. My mother agreed to this plan, and I used often to be invited there; and then—" The young man paused reflectively for a moment, and then looked at Ruth with the bright sunny look which she knew so well. "And then, Ruth," he said softly, pressing her hand, "I met you, and you know the rest."

"Ah, Archie!" she said, "I am afraid I have interfered with everybody's plans."

"Not with mine, dearest," he assured her smilingly. "There, I've been lucky again, and got what I wanted. But I must tell you about my prospects," he proceeded, with more gravity. "My father knew about my hopes and wishes, and he advised me either to leave the army and go into his business or exchange into a regiment going to India, and he would give me a

sufficient allowance to live upon. The former plan would make us richer; so what do you say, Ruth?"

"Oh, Archie!" she cried, "I don't care about being rich myself; it is what you would like. I think you are fond of your profession, so I shouldn't like you to give it up for me."

For a long time they sat discussing their plans and other things of less importance, but which seemed of great moment to them, and then they relapsed into silence. To Ruth the whole world seemed glorified by her own happiness. The sky was clear and the air soft and balmy, while the very birds sang more joyously than usual. Suddenly Archie's voice roused her from her dreams.

"Ruth," he said, "I have always wished to know why you were so changed?—that day I arrived in winter."

Ruth started slightly, and felt her face change.

"Was I changed?" she said evasively, as Archie was looking straight at her, awaiting a reply.

"Yes. At first I thought you were vexed because I hadn't come when I promised. Was that the reason?"

Ruth would have given anything to be able to say "Yes"; but she could not tell an untruth. She shook her head and said nothing.

"But you had some reason, Ruth?" he persisted.

"I had just been overhearing that conversation about you and Rachel," she said hurriedly, hoping he would ask no more.

"And what did they say: that I was paying attention to Rachel?" he asked, seeing that she had stopped. "Was that all?" But he saw from her face that there was more, and went on. "Perhaps they gave a summary of my character and faults at the same time?"

"Yes," Ruth admitted reluctantly.

"Well, and what were they? Extravagance? vanity? love of pleasure?—come, let's have the worst at once."

He spoke playfully, and with a smile; but as he saw by Ruth's still averted face and downcast eyes that this was not all, he became grave, and dropped his bantering tone.

"What!" he said, "worse still? What other crime was I accused of?"

"I wish you wouldn't ask me, Archie," she said desperately. "It doesn't matter now."

"Yes, Ruth, I think it does," he declared gravely. "I think you ought to tell me, as you evidently believed it."

How hard, how very hard, it was to put into words. Ruth grew hot, and then cold, but could not bring herself to speak. Archie waited patiently, but with his eyes fixed on her face in a way which did not help her embarrassment.

"Come, Ruth," he said at last: "surely it is very dreadful when you are afraid to tell me?"

There was no help for it now; she must speak. Archie was not to be put off.

"They said," she began hesitatingly, "that you—you—" but she could find no suitable words, and came to a stop.

Then she gathered courage, and rushed desperately at her subject.



"They said you took too much champagne one day, and made a scene over Rachel, and had to leave the place."

Her own words, in spite of her efforts to soften them, sounded so offensive in her ears, that she stopped. For some seconds after there was a dreadful pause. Ruth shivered; but from Archie there came not the slightest sound. At last she ventured to glance at him, and met his eye fixed sternly on her.

"Did you believe it?"

The tone was hard, and sounded unlike Archie's voice.

"I did not know what to think," she said faintly.

"But you believed it?"

Ruth did not speak. She kept her eyes fixed on the ground, but was aware that Archie's steady glance never left her face.

"Then I am answered," he said, in the same hard tone. "Might I ask if you made quite sure that they were speaking of me before you judged?"

"I don't think I judged," she said, casting a look of entreaty at him; "but they certainly spoke of you. They mentioned your name, and said you were a relation of Rachel's, and were in the Seaforths."

"And was that all?"

"Oh, Archie! please don't speak like that," she said imploringly. "I didn't wish to repeat it, but you insisted."

He waited in silence for her to proceed.

"Then," went on Ruth, seeing no sign of softening in his inflexible face, "I heard Miss Douglas and Rachel refer to it; and Major Webster said that when you were staying with him last autumn——"

"I was assisted up-stairs every other night?" Archie finished grimly. "So you collected plenty of evidence, I see;" and he rose up.

"I didn't collect it," declared Ruth indignantly. "Nobody said a word to me, and I couldn't help overhearing."

"No; nor believing. So you have had a fine opinion of me all along—a fellow who makes a row in public, and a fool of himself in his friend's house! I wonder you weren't afraid to have anything to do with me."

Archie's tone was bitter, and he stood looking down at her with an expression of angry sarcasm, which disturbed her greatly. Had she misunderstood what was said? or what was the mistake? But he offered no explanation.

"Then it was all a mistake, I suppose?" she said, looking up at him.

"You suppose!" he cried, and his eyes flashed angrily. "Hadh't you better ask me to swear it isn't true?—it only wants that! How often must I say no? No, I'm not a saint, but I don't behave like that. Hang it! I stood being badgered by Aunt Douglas, but I didn't expect this from you," and with that he turned on his heel and strode away.



"Quite hidden from view of the road."—p. 943

For a few minutes Ruth's predominant feeling was one of dismay. Had Archie really gone in anger? But she was relieved, too. It was impossible to doubt his indignant denial. Whatever the mistake had been, it was clear that Archie was not guilty. Had she ever in her heart quite believed him so? Surely she would not have accepted him so willingly if there had not been always a lingering hope in her mind that the words of the others might be explained away.

Poor Archie! he had had a bad time to-day: it was no wonder he was angry. Ruth hoped that he would return soon, and then she might try to make up for all he had gone through. But Archie did not come back.

The sun got low and it became quite chilly before Ruth finally gave him up, and rose from the spot which had looked so radiant but a short time since, and now was dull and desolate.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE TRUTH.

HALF-WAY up the glen Ruth met Gordon. As they shook hands, it struck her that he looked rather gloomy, which was the more noticeable as lately he had appeared almost bright.

"Have you been up at the house?" she asked, wondering if Miss Douglas could possibly have given him a bad reception also.

He was not a relative, and could hardly, one would think, have been treated to the same freedom of speech as Archie.

"No," Gordon replied, and then added, with an evident effort, "I met your sister and Major Webster on the hill."

A certain hardness in his tone caught Ruth's ear, and instantly she guessed what had taken place. Gordon must have been made to feel *de trop*, or, at all events, received some wound to his self-love. It had not escaped Ruth's notice that her old admirer had deserted her for Rachel—indeed, his devotion to the latter young lady had been obvious to everybody; but Ruth had always suspected that he had been misled by her sister's delightfully gushing manner into thinking himself more favoured than was the case.

Possibly an interview with the object of his admiration and one of her most eligible admirers had opened Gordon's eyes to the truth—he certainly looked as if he had been having a bad quarter of an hour, and when he spoke, the abrupt announcement he made did not tend to lessen the impression.

"I go back to town to-morrow, Miss Douglas," he said solemnly, "so I am glad to have met you, as I find I have not time to call before leaving."

"To-morrow—so soon?" Ruth murmured, and he noticed a lovely blush suffusing her cheeks.

Did she care, then? he wondered, with quickened interest, and a sudden return of his former admiration. How pretty she looked, with her long dark lashes lowered over her brilliant eyes! How much more expressive was her face than that of her little flirt of a sister!

But at the sound of a step he turned from the contemplation of his companion, and his vanity received another shock as he beheld the tall figure of Archie Douglas, which explained the reason of Ruth's blush.

Gordon's brows contracted into a frown, but the younger man did not return his angry look; indeed, he scarcely seemed to see him. He raised his cap, but his eyes travelled on to Ruth.

"I have been hurrying after you, Ruth," he said, in a penitent tone of voice, "and was afraid I should be too late to overtake you."

"I thought you would come, Archie: I waited for you;" and the soft light in her eyes was a revelation to Gordon, who stood and looked at the pair.

He might have been a stick or a stone, for all the notice they took of him. They seemed to have completely forgotten his presence—he was not even in the way.

"I shall walk up with you, Ruth—I wish to speak to you," said Archie; and Gordon thought they were going to move on without another glance at him.

But Ruth remembered his existence.

"Good-bye, Mr. Gordon," she said, holding out her hand; and Archie, again lifting his cap, saluted him quite pleasantly—evidently he had nothing to fear from him now.

Before Gordon had fairly turned away, he saw the young man bend towards Ruth and begin talking eagerly.

"Ruth," he commenced at once, "I beg your pardon for losing my temper, and going off in a rage as I did; but, you see, Aunt Douglas had put me out already."

"I was so sorry, Archie," she interrupted quickly. "I don't know how I ever believed it."

"Well, never mind now, dear," he said, without any reproach in his tone. "I don't see how you could have helped thinking they were all talking about me; but they weren't, really. Of course, you didn't know we had another Douglas in our regiment—Arthur Douglas—and unfortunately we sometimes get mixed up. It's rather rough on me, as what they said about him was quite true. He was gone on Rachel, too, and did make a bit of a row at the sports. I suppose the man you heard talking must have mistaken us, for Douglas is no relation of ours at all."

How simple the explanation was! Ruth wondered that this solution had never occurred to her as possible.

"I never thought of there being another man of the same name," she said; "but at least, Archie, I accepted you without any question, so you can't say I had a bad opinion of you."

"Yes, that's true;" and Archie gave her an answering smile; "and I'll be bound you didn't hear much to my credit from Aunt Douglas. She always talks about me as if I were still a naughty boy;" and the tall young man laughed easily. "By the way," he said, with animation, "did she warn you against me?"

"No," Ruth replied; and added, with a slight blush, "I don't think she ever imagined we cared for one another."

"Oh well, of course I haven't been to see her since last summer, so I daresay she wouldn't know. I quite expected to catch it for presuming to fall in love without permission. It must have been some other misdemeanour that was referred to yesterday—there always is one which my aunt is good enough to correct me for," he finished tranquilly.

When they reached the gate, Archie held it open for Ruth, and remarked, with a smile, as he walked in after her—

"It doesn't seem very dignified to sneak back to the house after having been kicked out, does it? However, Aunt Douglas isn't the mistress of the establishment; so she must just put up with me."

As they entered the room, Miss Douglas, who was its only occupant, looked up at them, and if the young man did not feel dignified, he certainly appeared so, as he marched in with a stately air.

"Oh, so you've come back, Archie Douglas," remarked the old lady grimly, as she surveyed him through her spectacles.

"Yes, I have come back," he responded gravely. "I am sorry to intrude again, but I came to announce my engagement to Ruth to her Aunt Lennox."

Miss Douglas glared at the audacious speaker for some minutes in silence, and then said shortly—

"Well, I hope you won't both live to regret it."

"You don't speak very hopefully, Aunt Douglas," Archie said. "Are you afraid that we shall?"

The old lady tossed her head and made some in-

before Archie said, with a shade of emotion in his tone—

"Well, does anybody wish us joy?"

"I do, my dear fellow," promptly responded Major Webster, grasping his comrade's hand warmly.

After that, Ruth could never clearly remember



"Does anybody wish us joy?"

articulate sound as she clinked her knitting-needles together with unnecessary vigour.

"I can only say that Ruth isn't getting such a prize as she thinks," she declared, with some emphasis, after a few minutes' preoccupation with her work.

"That is quite true," admitted Archie, with unexpected humility; "but"—and he took the girl's hand—"Ruth is willing to risk it, and I'll do my best to make her happy."

Miss Douglas glanced up sharply, but as her eye fell on Ruth's face her gaze remained fixed in astonishment. Never before had she seen the girl look like that. Her face was positively radiant—her eyes shining, and her cheeks glowing, while a half-tremulous smile played about her lips. It was this picture of the two young people standing hand-in-hand that, as the door opened, presented itself to the view of the new-comers. Mrs. Lennox and Katie, followed by Rachel and Major Webster, all stared mutely at the couple; but probably even Katie grasped the truth

what happened. She knew her hand was taken and she was kissed several times, but the whole scene was vague and confused to her mind, even at the time. It must be confessed that Rachel behaved very well. She embraced her sister, and shook hands with Archie very prettily; and if her own hopes had received a disappointment, nothing in her manner betrayed it. If she were quieter than usual, it was not observed in the general commotion over the lovers. Ruth was the one who, in reality, divined her sister's feelings best, and she, naturally, was precluded from offering any sympathy. Possibly, however, she over-rated them or, at least, their durability; for, some time afterwards, Rachel—then Mrs. Webster, and a very fashionable lady indeed—confided to a friend that at one time she had very nearly been foolish enough to throw herself away on a penniless young man, who had only his handsome face to recommend him. But that was some years later.

Perhaps Miss Douglas felt reproved by Rachel's

behaviour, or she may have repented of her extreme anger; at all events, as Archie was taking his departure he approached the old lady, and said in his old persuasive voice—"Won't you even wish me happiness, Aunt Douglas?" She did not repulse him, but said—"Yes, yes: if my wishes will do you any good, you're welcome to them."

Several years later, Gordon, on his way to visit his friend the artist, stepped on board the little steamer on a cold March day. Something in the cutting wind which blew down the loch seemed to bring back to his memory the long-past day of the accident. It was the same season of the year, which perhaps accounted for his thinking of it. Suddenly, as his eye travelled along the deck, he beheld Ruth. It was curious that he should have been thinking of her at this moment, for as the house in the glen had long been shut up, he certainly did not expect to see her here. He had heard from Jack that Captain Douglas and his wife were home from India on leave, but he had not supposed them to be in Scotland. What was Ruth doing there alone? he wondered. Her figure was as slim and graceful as ever; and as Gordon looked at the pretty girl in the sealskin, he thought the intervening five years had left her quite unchanged. She sat with her eyes fixed pensively on the water, and while Gordon studied her he became aware that her expression was sad. Had her marriage with that conceited young puppy turned out unhappy, then? But at that moment, before Gordon could go forward and greet her, Archie Douglas emerged from the cabin with a bundle of rugs, and went up to his wife. As he bent down and carefully wrapped one of the rugs round her, Gordon caught the smile which

she turned upon her husband, and which completely put the theory of unhappiness to flight, so full was it of affection and confidence. Many people besides Gordon looked at the handsome couple, and no doubt the others put them down for a pair on their honeymoon. For a moment Gordon hesitated, and then he stepped forward and accosted them. They were charmed to see him, they said; and when he looked at the two smiling faces, he wondered what could have made him think of sadness in connection with Ruth. Archie was bronzed and a little thin, and his face was perhaps graver in repose than formerly; otherwise he was little changed. They talked of old times and old friends; but it was not until Ruth had gone below, just before they reached the pier, that Gordon learned the reason of their visit.

"To-day is an anniversary," Archie remarked; "so Ruth thought she would like to come back and see the old spot again."

"Oh," said Gordon, "I had been thinking of the accident, but had forgotten the exact day."

"Yes; poor Lance was drowned exactly five years ago," Archie said gravely; "and on the same day last year our little daughter died."

Before Gordon could make any rejoinder, Ruth reappeared, and her husband went over and relieved her of her hand-bag.

"Mr. Gordon," she said brightly, "you don't ask for my little boy. We left him with Miss Douglas and quite a family party. I only hope they won't spoil him;" and her face was lit up by a smile, which was reflected in Archie's as he said, with a twinkle in his eyes—

"I'm afraid Aunt Douglas will do her best, any way."

THE END.

## SHORT ARROWS.

### NOTES OF CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORK IN ALL FIELDS.

#### A CHRISTIAN'S PRIVILEGE



**I**S "to possess God in all things while we have them, and all things in God when they are taken from us." In this way we enjoy the things of the world without being worldly, and resist the temptations of adversity. A lady was asked in the presence of the writer lately who was the happiest person she had ever known. She replied, "A missionary in China who wears the same sort of clothes as the poorest of the natives, and eats the same sort of food. Often he is in a place far from any European, but from his letters to me he would seem never to be lonely, and never sad." "Then," continued the lady, "I know a mother who, without any warning, heard by telegram at different times last year of the death,

in different parts of the world, of two sons and a daughter, but the more she is crushed the sweeter she is. Indeed, she seems to me to be far happier than those who have never had losses of the kind, for she always thinks of her loved ones as being kept safely in a Heavenly Father's arms until the time comes for her to meet them."

#### A BISHOP'S WIFE: MRS. BOYD CARPENTER.

"Work only cannot satisfy the heart, nor irradiate the face." So writes Mrs. Boyd Carpenter in her little volume, "Fragments in Baskets," a work, by-the-bye, largely produced in the sick-room. She explains that "Work only brings satisfaction when we can lose ourselves in it—when in it we can bury our whole heart, wide and warm, so that it throbs in unison with all creation." Mrs. Carpenter herself seems to have plenty of work. As wife of the Bishop of Ripon, she has a large correspondence, while some



time since she took interest in the practical training of young girls. She discovered that many women were ignorant of cookery, and so she instituted cookery classes, and wrote a "cook-book"—as we believe the Americans call it—in which are set forth the principles of that useful art, rather than a number of recipes merely collected together. Mrs. Carpenter holds that when a woman marries she should find scope for her activities within the charmed circle of her home life, but, should a woman not enter the state matrimonial, she should engage in the work most suitable to her capacities; yet she must realise that special training is often necessary, as, for instance, for work on the Press—a view we venture strongly to endorse. After all, does not this question find suggestion of an answer in the old

truth that, whether man or woman, we should do the work that really lies nearest to us as well as we possibly can?

#### FALSE ESTIMATES OF STRENGTH.

We often make very false estimates of strength; and the reason is that we look only at the seen, and measure by the seen. The strong man, in our eyes, is the man who can do something great with his muscles. And yet (poor creatures as we are) we are very weak in comparison with a multitude of God's creatures, who have strength according to their size out of all proportion to ours. God's estimate of strength lies not in the direction of the natural, but of the moral and the spiritual. "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." "Be

strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might." In God's eyes many a weak woman, many a little boy or girl, is stronger than Goliath of Gath. There was a little boy, who was very small for his years, who worked as an errand-boy for four gentlemen. One day they were chaffing him a little about his being so small, and said to him, "You never will amount to much—you never can do much business—you are too small." The little fellow looked at them and said, "Well, small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."—"Ah! what is that?" they said. "I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. The four men got red in the face, and did not pursue their inquiries any further. That boy was in the eyes of God stronger than those four men put together.

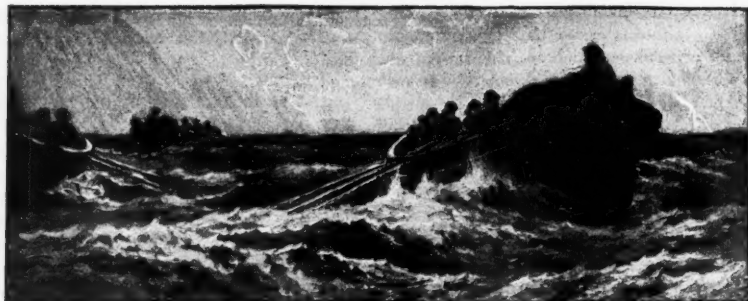
"ALL TOGETHER!"

"All together there, lads! all together! Why, one would think you were a lot of cockneys born and bred!" The cry of the coxswain was quite sufficient, and the oars dipped and rose in the sea as



MRS. BOYD CARPENTER.

(From a Photograph by Davey, Harrogate.)



"All together!"

one blade. The boat felt the united impulse at once, and flew over the water with her companions. "Time now to shoot the seine, isn't it?" cried one of the men; and, the coxswain agreeing, two men desisted from rowing and began to heave over the huge net called the seine. It was shot from the boat in a huge semicircle, and hauled ashore by means of the lines at either end. But even the interest of the "catch" could not divert from the old coxswain's mind the straggling rowing of his crew at first. "Why, what is a crew worth," said he to the writer, "if they don't pull together? I should ha' thought they knew it by heart!"—"Yes," was the reply; "it shows how men sometimes forget or neglect the simplest and most obvious truths."—"Yes, and they have to pay for it, I spex," he said; "just as we should, if I hadn't a' pulled 'em up sharp."

#### GIVE WHAT YOU CAN.

The blacksmith of an Australian village went to his clergyman and said, "Sir, I can't give much money, but I will shoe four of your horses for a year for nothing, if you will send the money to the Missionary Association."

#### SOME NEW BOOKS.

"The Bells of Is" are the subject of Breton legend, but it is of subjects nearer home, and of greater moment, that the Rev. F. B. Meyer writes under this title. He uses the legendary music of the lost bells, only to be heard in the swirl and surge of the great storm-waves, as an illustration of the "voices of human need and sorrow," crying for better things from the depths of the "submerged tenth" in sin and poverty. And in these chapters which Messrs. Morgan and Scott have gathered into a pleasing volume, Mr. Meyer shows how he has endeavoured to point to the one and only sufficient answer to these voices.—There is nothing fresh to be said of a volume of the "Expositor's Bible" when space will not permit of detailed criticism. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have just sent us the volume on the "Book of Numbers," whose commentator is the Rev. R. A. Watson, D.D., who has already contributed two useful volumes to this same ever-helpful series. The homiletical value of

Numbers is much greater than the casual reader would suppose, but perhaps one does not realise its full value until one sees it subject to the critical analysis and arrangement of so skilled a guide as Dr. Watson.—Messrs. Longman send us one of the most recent of their "Elementary Science Manuals," in which the subject of Hygiene, in all its principal developments, is most usefully and practically discussed in such a way as to make the book an invaluable addition to any library, and, above all, a helpful guide to teachers.—From Messrs. Longmans comes also a volume of "Practical Reflections on every verse of the Prophet Isaiah," by an anonymous author, whose spiritual tone is high, and who has previously issued works of a similar nature dealing with other Books of Scripture.—Under the title of "Eve—Noah—Abraham," Messrs. Cassell have issued a layman's "Study in Genesis," which has the double merit of sincerity and simplicity.—We have also to acknowledge the receipt of a volume of poems by E. E. Gillett, collected and edited by his sons, under the title of "A Christmas Tale." Mr. Elliot Stock is the publisher.

#### RECKONING LIFE.

People for the most part form a different estimate of things, according to the various standards by which they measure, and the various points from which they view them. A philosopher came to a ferry, and got into the boat which was to take him across a Highland lake. The talk between him and the boatman was pleasant at first in the calm. As the boat went further, the wind increased and the waves splashed. Yet the philosopher heeded not. He kept on talking, and said to the boatman, "Do you know ontology?" and the answer was, "No."—"Well," said the wiseacre, "you have lost half your existence." The wind blew stronger, and the boat tossed higher, and at length the boatman said to the wiseacre, "Will you let me ask you one question? Can you swim?"—"No," said the philosopher.—"Then," was the reply, "you have lost the whole of your existence, for this boat is going to sink in five minutes." An old man, when asked how old he was, replied that he was four years old. He had been

born into the world seventy years before, but during nearly all that time he had been dead in trespasses and sins; now he had been born again, had been made a new creature in Christ Jesus, old things had passed away, all things had become new. And in truth a man has only really lived for those years in which he has lived to God. Our Lord speaks of a man's being born again, and he cannot live before he is born. According to this method of computation, how old, good reader, are you?

#### NEGLECT OF GOD'S HOUSE.

"Next Sunday," said a minister to his congregation, "the funeral of — will be held in this church. I shall preach a funeral sermon on the occasion; and the man himself will be here, the first time in twenty years." Some date their last churchgoing to the time of their baptism; and some, to that of their marriage; some particular occasion brought them there, but not their personal desire to worship Almighty God. Another minister, speaking to one of his parishioners about his neglect of public worship, was told that he always went to church when there was a charity sermon. "Ah," said the minister, "you will go to heaven under certain conditions."—"And what are they?"—"If the church is taken up into heaven when a charity sermon is being preached; and you are there." With the neglect of God's house generally comes the neglect of one's soul, and all one's spiritual concerns. It is a habit that soon grows on a man, until at last he becomes shy of being seen going to church. The dead body of which that minister spoke, it is much to be feared belonged to a dead soul.

#### FEELING LOVE AND SHOWING LOVE.

If we feel love to Christ, let us show it in any way we can. It may be that we can do so only in some very small ways, but "a feather shows how the wind blows," as the proverb says. Even the smoke from the chimney will show in what direction and with what force the wind is blowing. One Sunday on an island in the Indian Ocean, a missionary was studying a sermon to preach in the language of the people. A little boy, about half clad, came in and said, "Oh I do so love my Jesus! may I do something for His house?"—"And what can you do?" said the missionary. Blushing and stammering as if afraid to say anything, he replied, "I will be always there; I will do it loud. Please let me ring the bell." While he was a boy he rang the bell that invited the people to church; and when he became a man, he preached to his people the same glad news that he commenced calling the people to hear when he rang the Sabbath bell. Our blessed Lord Himself showed His love to His Father by His works; to the poor woman who cast in the two mites He

gave His commendation. Beginning with small things, such as lie immediately within our reach, God will promote us to greater; the boy who first called with the bell was afterwards promoted to call with the voice.

#### MAKING THE BEST OF IT: A PARABLE.

"It is old, but it must serve," said Mrs. Bodgers, wearily handing her son Joe a worn and broken umbrella.—"Oh, yes, mother, we'll make it do. It will keep us dry a bit."—"And better than sitting in school in wet clothes," chimed in Jack Clements, who lived in the next flat in a big block of model dwellings. "Father says there's nothing but what you can't make the best, or the worst, of it; and we will make the best of the old umbrella."—"Bless the boy! you're right," exclaimed Mrs. Bodgers; "and I'll see and mend it myself against the next rainy day." And, as the widow saw the two merry-faced lads go off together under the old umbrella, she realised indeed that cheerfulness is one of the best of medicines, and she turned to her day's work with a lighter heart, resolved, like the boys, to make the best of it.

#### UNBELIEF.

There is an old rhyme, "Convince a woman against her will, She's of the same opinion still." Whether this be true of woman or not, it is certainly true of many in their unbelief in God and as regards Divine things. There was a patient in a lunatic



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

asylum who imagined himself dead. Nothing could drive this delusion out of the man's brain. One day his physician said to him, "Did you ever see a dead man bleed?"—"No," he replied.—"Did you ever hear of a dead man's bleeding?"—"No."—"Well, if you'll allow me, I will try an experiment with you, and see whether you bleed or not." The patient gave his consent, and in a moment the doctor drew a little blood. "There," said he, "you see that you bleed; that proves that you are not dead."—"Not at all," the patient instantly replied; "that only proves that dead men bleed." Thus it is with unbelief. It often starts with unreasonableness; it will believe nothing but what it likes itself; professing to be guided by reason, and to be amenable to reason, it will not listen to reason at all. It is obstinate in its own opinion; it doesn't intend to be convinced. And very often it is dishonest. It will not admit of any evidence that is unfavourable to it. And it is often absurd—anything, everything, rather than believe. Argument can do nothing with minds set to unbelief. As long as the mind is insane, it will refuse evidence. It is only the Spirit of God that can penetrate the recesses in which infidelity lie; not only the great unbelief itself, but unbelief in many of the lesser forms which are continually developing in the heart.

#### A SOUND ARGUMENT.

The following we commend to those who say that they have no influence, nor any power to diminish the sin and sorrow of the world. It should make us all Christian workers:—"I am but one; but I can

do something. What I can do I ought to do, and what I ought to do, by the grace of God *I will!*"

#### "THE POOR SHALL TASTE OF IT."

When Sir Francis Crossley gave large and beautiful recreation grounds for the poor of Halifax, he said on the opening day that he attributed his prosperity in business very largely to the fact that, when he first commenced it, his mother had said, "If the Lord prosper us in this place, the poor shall taste of it."

#### "THE QUIVER" FUNDS.

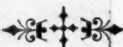
List of contributions received from July 27th, 1894, up to and including August 27th, 1894. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For "*The Quiver*" *Waifs Fund*: A Reader of *The Quiver*, Paddington (6th donation), 1s. 6d.; A Friend (L. E.), 7s.; G. C., Scotland, 5s.; J. J. E., Govan (82nd donation), 5s.; A Glasgow Mother (52nd donation), 1s.; A Well-wisher, 2s. 6d.; M. Fallowfield, Brixton, 5s.

For *The Children's Country Holiday Fund*: M. M., Birkdale, 10s.; and the following amounts sent direct—A Servant, 10s.; Two Boys at Baltimore, 8s.

For *Dr. Barnardo's Homes*: We are asked to acknowledge the following amounts—"For Christ's Sake," 5s.; Enid, 5s.

\* \* \* *The Editor will be glad to receive, and to forward to the institutions concerned, the contributions of any of his readers who desire to help external movements referred to in the pages of this magazine. Amounts of 5s. and upwards will be acknowledged in THE QUIVER when desired.*



### "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

(A NEW SERIES OF QUESTIONS BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL SCRIPTURE LESSONS.)

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 880.

121. Sychar was anciently called Shechem, and was situate at the foot of Mount Gerizim. It was the first place in the land of Canaan where Abraham settled, and was the burial-place of Joseph. (Gen. xii. 6, 7; Josh. xxiv. 32; St. John iv. 5, 6.)

122. Jacob built an altar on Mount Gerizim, and a temple was erected there by Sanballat 330 B.C., wherein the worship of God was regularly carried on. (Gen. xxxiii. 19, 20; 2 Macc. vi. 2.)

123. In reply to the woman's statement, "I know that Messiah cometh," our Lord answered, "I that speak unto thee am He." (St. John iv. 26.)

124. By representing wild beasts and serpents as hurting no one, and all living together in perfect harmony. (Is. xi. 6—10.)

125. St. Mark says, "Jesus came into Galilee preaching, 'The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.'" (Gal. iv. 4; St. Mark i. 15.)

126. That all events of the world are arranged by

God to be carried out in their due season. (St. Mark i. 15.)

127. That our blessed Lord's preaching was received with great gladness, and that His fame rapidly spread abroad. (St. Luke iv. 14, 15.)

128. The people of Nazareth tried to kill Jesus, because, while claiming to be the Messiah, He refused to perform any miracle. (St. Luke iv. 21, 23; 28—30.)

129. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." (St. John i. 11.)

130. The duty of attending public worship regularly, which is distinctly stated to have been our Lord's "custom." (St. Luke iv. 16.)

131. It caused St. Peter to acknowledge Jesus as God and influenced him and the two sons of Zebedee to follow Christ. (St. Luke v. 8—11.)

132. Because it is said the boat which Jesus used belonged to St. Peter, and St. James and St. John were partners with him; and in all ancient paintings he is represented as an old man. (St. Luke v. 3, 10.)



